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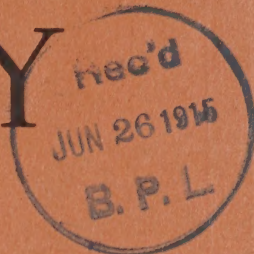
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THE
ATLANTIC
MONTHLY



JULY



1915

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1915

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE¹

BY MILDRED ALDRICH

HUIRY-SUR-MARNE
June 3, 1914.

I DID not decide to come away into a little corner in the country, in the land in which I was not born, without looking at the move from all angles. Be sure that I know what I am doing, and I have found the place where I can do it. Some day you will see the new home, I hope, and then you will understand. I have lived more than sixty years. I have lived a fairly active life, and it has been, with all its hardships, — and they have been many, — interesting. But I have had enough of the city, — even of Paris, the most beautiful city in the world. Nothing can take any of that away from me. It is treasured up in my memory. But I have come to feel the need of calm and quiet — perfect peace. I know again that there is a sort of arrogance in expecting it; but I am going to make a bold bid for it. I will agree, if you like, that it is cowardly to say that my work is done. I will even agree that we both know plenty of women who have cheerfully gone on struggling to a far greater age, and I do think it downright pretty of you to find me younger than my years. Yet you must forgive me if I say that no one can decide for another the

proper moment for striking one's colors.

I am sure that you never heard of Huiry. Yet it is a little hamlet, less than thirty miles from Paris, in that district between Paris and Meaux which is little known to the ordinary traveler. It consists of less than a dozen rude farmhouses, less than five miles, as a bird flies, from Meaux, — which, with a fair cathedral, and a beautiful chestnut-shaded promenade on the banks of the Marne, spanned just there by lines of old mills whose water-wheels churn the river into foaming eddies, has never been popular with excursionists. Some people go there to see where Bossuet wrote his funeral orations, in a little summer-house on the wall of the garden of the Archbishop's palace; now, since the 'separation,' the property of the State, and soon to be a town museum. It is not a very attractive town: it has not even an out-of-doors restaurant to tempt the passing automobilist.

My house was, when I leased it, little more than a peasant's hut. It is considerably over one hundred and fifty years old, with stables and outbuildings attached whimsically, and boasts six gables. Is it not a pity, for early associations' sake, that it has not one more?

I have, as Traddles used to say, 'Oceans of room, Copperfield,' and no joking. I have on the ground floor of

¹ These are authentic letters of an American lady to a friend in this country. — THE EDITORS.

the main building a fair-sized *salon*, into which the front door opens directly. Over that I have a long narrow bedroom and dressing-room, and above that, in the eaves, a sort of attic workshop. In an attached one-story addition, with a gable, at the west of the *salon*, I have a library lighted from both east and west. Behind the *salon* on the west side I have a double room which serves as dining- and breakfast-rooms, with a guest-chamber above. The kitchen, at the north side of the *salon*, has its own gable, and there is an old stable extending forward at the north side, and an old grange extending west from the dining-room. It is a jumble of roofs and chimneys, like the houses I used to combine from my Noah's Ark box in the days of my babyhood.

But much as I like all this, it was not this that attracted me here, but the situation. The house stands in a small garden, separated from the road by an old gnarled hedge of hazel. It is almost on the crest of the hill on the south bank of the Marne, — the hill that is the watershed between the Marne and the Grand Morin. Just here the Marne makes a wonderful loop, and is only fifteen minutes' walk away from my gate, down the hill to the north.

From the lawn, on the north side of the house, I command a panorama which I have rarely seen equaled. To me it is more beautiful than that which we have so often looked at together from the terrace at St. Germain. In the west the new part of Esbly climbs the hill; and from there to a hill at the northeast I have a wide view of the valley of the Marne, backed by a low line of hills which is the watershed between the Marne and the Aisne. Low down in the valley, at the northwest, lies Île de Villenoy, like a toy town, where the big bridge spans the Marne to carry the railroad into Meaux. On the horizon line to the west the tall chimneys of

Claye send lines of smoke into the air. In the foreground to the north, just at the foot of the hill, are the roofs of two little hamlets, — Joncheroy and Voisins, — and beyond them the trees that border the canal. On the other side of the Marne the undulating hill, with its wide stretch of fields, is dotted with little villages that peep out of the trees or are silhouetted on the sky-line. On clear days I can see the square tower of the cathedral at Meaux, and I have only to walk a short distance on the *route nationale* (which runs from Paris, across the top of my hill a little to the east, thence to Meaux and on to the frontier), to get a profile view of it standing above the town, quite detached, from foundation to clock-tower.

This is a rolling country of grain-fields, orchards, masses of black-currant bushes, and vegetable plots. It is what the French call '*une paysage riante*,' and I assure you it does more than smile these lovely June mornings. I am up every morning almost as soon as the sun, and I slip my feet into *sabots*, wrap myself in a big cloak, and run right on to the lawn to make sure that the panorama has not disappeared in the night. There it always lies — too good, almost, to be true: miles and miles of laughing country; little white towns just smiling in the early light; a thin strip of river here and there, dimpling and dancing; stretches of fields of all colors, — all so peaceful and so gay and so 'chummy,' that it gladdens the opening day, and makes me rejoice to have lived to see it. I never weary of it. It changes every hour, and I never can decide at which hour it is the loveliest. After all, it is a rather nice world.

I used to think, and I continued to think for a long time, that I could not live if my feet did not press a city pavement. The fact that I have changed my mind seems to me, at my age, a sufficient excuse for, as frankly, changing

my habits. It surely proves that I have not a sick will — yet. In the simple life I crave, — digging in the earth, living out of doors, — I expect to earn the strength of which city life and city habits were robbing me. I believe I can. Faith half wins a battle.

In any case you have no occasion to worry about me. I've a head full of memories. I am going to classify them, as I do my books. Some of them I am going to forget, just as I reject books that have ceased to interest me. I know the latter is always a wrench. The former may be impossible. I shall not be lonely. No one who reads is ever that. I may miss talking. Perhaps that is a good thing. I may have talked too much. That does happen. Remember one thing: I am not inaccessible. I may now and then get an opportunity to talk again, and in a new background. Who knows? I am counting on nothing but the facts about me. So come on, Future. I've my back against the past. Anyway, as you see, it is too late to argue. I have crossed the Rubicon; I can return only when I have built a new bridge.

June 18, 1914.

I am now absolutely settled in my little 'hole' in the country, as you call it. It has been so easy. I have been here now nearly three weeks. Everything is in perfect order. You would be amazed if you could see just how everything fell into place. The furniture has behaved itself beautifully. There are days when I wonder if either I or it ever lived anywhere else. The shabby old furniture with which you were long so familiar just slipped right into place. I had not a stick too little, and could not have placed another piece. I call that 'bull luck.'

Don't harp on that word 'alone.' I know I am living alone, in a house that has four outside doors into the bargain. But you know I am not one of the

afraid kind. I am not boasting. That is a characteristic, not a quality. One is afraid or one is not. It happens that I am not. Still, I am very prudent. You would laugh if you could see me 'shutting up' for the night. All my windows on the ground floor are heavily barred. Such of the doors as have glass in them have shutters also. The window shutters are primitive affairs of solid wood, with diamond-shaped holes in the upper part. First I put up the shutters on the door in the dining-room which leads into the garden on the south side; then I lock the door. Then I do a similar service to the kitchen door on to the front terrace, and that into the orchard, and lock both doors. Then I go out the salon door, and lock the stable and the grange and take out the keys. Then I come into the salon and lock the door after me, and push two of the biggest bolts you ever saw. After which I hang up the keys, which are as big as the historic key of the Bastille, which you may remember to have seen at the Musée Carnavalet. Then I close and bolt all the shutters downstairs. I do it systematically every night — because I promised not to be foolhardy. I always grin, and feel as if it were a scene in a play. It impresses me so much like a tremendous piece of business — dramatic suspense — which leads up to nothing except my going quietly upstairs to bed.

Never in my life — anywhere, under any circumstances — have I been so well taken care of. I have a *femme de ménage* — a sort of cross between a housekeeper and a maid-of-all-work. She is a married woman, the wife of a farmer whose house is three minutes away from mine.

Her husband's name is Abélard. Oh, yes, of course, I asked him about Héloïse the first time I saw him, and I was staggered when the little old toothless chap giggled and said, 'That was

before my time.' What do you think of that? Every one calls him 'Père Abélard,' and about the house it is shortened down to 'Père.' He is over twenty years older than Amélie — well along in his seventies.

You have no idea how little money these people spend. It must hurt them terribly to cough up their taxes. They all till the land, and eat what they grow. Amélie's husband spends exactly four cents a week — to get shaved on Sunday. He can't shave himself. A razor scares him to death. He looks as if he were going to the guillotine when he starts for the barber's, but she will not stand for a beard of more than a week's growth. He always stops at my door on his way back, to let his wife kiss his clean old face, all wreathed with smiles — the ordeal is over for another week. He never needs a sou except for that shave. He drinks nothing but his own cider. He eats his own vegetables, his own rabbits: he never goes anywhere except to the fields — does not want to — unless it is to play the violin for a dance or a *fête*. He just works, eats, sleeps, reads his newspaper, and is content. Yet he pays taxes on nearly a hundred thousand francs' worth of real estate.

June 29, 1914.

I have just received your letter — the last, you say, that you can send before you sail away again for 'The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave,' where you still seem to feel that it is my duty to return to die. I vow I will not discuss that with you again.

If ever you relent and come to see me, I can take you for some lovely walks. I can, on a Sunday afternoon, in good weather, even take you to the theatre, — what is more, to the theatre to see the players of the Comédie Française. It is only half an hour's walk from my house to Pont aux Dames, where Coquelin set up his Maison du Retraite for

aged actors, and where he died and is buried. In the old park, where the Du Barry used to walk in the days when Louis XVI clapped her in prison on a warrant wrung from the dying old King, her royal lover, there is an open-air theatre, and there, on Sundays, the actors of the Théâtre Française play, within sight of the tomb of the founder of the retreat, under the very trees — and they are stately and noble — where the Du Barry walked.

The morning paper — always late here — brings the startling news of the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria. What an unlucky family that has been! Franz Joseph must be a tough old gentleman to have stood up against so many shocks.

July 16, 1914.

Absolutely no news to write you, unless you will consider it news that my hedge of dahlias, which I planted myself a month ago, is coming up like nothing else in the world but Jack's Beanstalk. Nothing but weeds ever grew so rank before.

July 30, 1914.

This will be only a short letter — more to keep my promise to you than because I feel in the mood to write. Events have broken that. It looks, after all, as if the Servian affair was to become a European affair, and that what looked as if it might happen during the Balkan war is really coming to pass, — a general European uprising. I am sitting here this morning, as I suppose all France is doing, simply holding my breath to see what England is going to do. The tension here is terrible. The faces of the men are stern, and every one is so calm — the silence is deadly. There is an absolute suspension of work in the fields. It is as if all France were holding its breath.

One word before I forget it again. You say that you have asked me twice

if I have any friend near me. I am sure I have already answered that — yes! I have a family of friends at Voulangis, about two miles the other side of Crécy-en-Brie. Of course neighbors do not see one another in the country as often as in the city, but there they are; so I hasten to relieve your mind just now, when there is a menace of war, and I am sitting tight on my hilltop on the road to the frontier.

August 2, 1914.

Well, dear, what looked impossible is evidently coming to pass. Early yesterday morning the *garde champêtre* — who is the only thing in the way of a policeman that we have — marched up the road beating his drum. At every crossroad he stopped and read an order. I heard him at the foot of the hill, but I waited for him to pass. At the top of the hill he stopped to paste a bill on the door of the carriage-house on Père Abélard's farm. You can imagine me — in my long studio apron, with my head tied up in a muslin cap — running up the hill to join the group of poor women of the hamlet, to read the proclamation to the Armies of Land and Sea, — the order for the mobilization of the French military and naval forces, — headed by its crossed French flags. It was the first experience in my life of a thing like that. I had a cold chill down my spine as I realized that it was not so easy as I had thought to separate myself from Life. We stood there together — a little group of women — and silently read it through. No need for the men to read it. Each, with his military papers in his pocket, knew the moment he heard the drum what it meant, and knew equally well his place. I was a foreigner among them, but I forgot that, and if any of them remembered they made no sign.

It came as sort of a shock, though I might have realized it yesterday when

several of the men of the commune came to say *au revoir*, with the information that they were joining their regiments; but I felt as if some way other than cannon might be found out of the situation. War had not been declared — has not to-day. Still, things rarely go to this length and stop. Judging by this morning's papers Germany really wants it.

August 3, 1914.

War is declared.

I passed a rather restless night. I fancy every one in France did. All night I heard a murmur of voices, — an unusual thing here. It simply meant that the town was awake, and, the night being warm, every one was out of doors.

All day to-day aeroplanes have been flying between Paris and the frontier. Everything that flies seems to go right over my roof. Early this morning I saw two machines meet, right over my garden, circle about one another as if signaling, and fly off together. I could not help feeling as if one chapter of Wells's *War in the Air* had come to pass.

I am closing this up rather hurriedly, as one of the boys who joins his regiment at Fontainebleau will mail it in Paris as he passes through. I suppose you are glad that you got away before this came to pass?

August 10, 1914.

I have your cable asking me to come 'home,' as you call it. Alas, my home is where my books are — they are here. Thanks all the same.

It is a week since I wrote you — and what a week! We have had a sort of intermittent communication with the outside world since the sixth, when, after a week of deprivation, we began to get letters and an occasional newspaper, brought over from Meaux by a boy on a bicycle.

After we were certain, on the fourth

of August, that war was being declared all around Germany and Austria, and that England was to back France and Russia, a sort of stupor settled on us all. Day after day Amélie would run to the *mairie* at Quincy to read the telegraphic bulletin — half a dozen lines of facts; that was all we knew from day to day. It is all we know now.

Since the day when war was declared, even here in this little commune, whose silence is broken only by the rumbling of the trains passing in view of my garden, on the way to the frontier, and by the footsteps of the groups on the way to the train, I have seen sights that have moved me as nothing I have ever met in life before has done. Day after day, I have watched the men and their families pass silently, and an hour later seen the women come back leading the children. One day I went to Couilly to see if it was yet possible for me to get to Paris. I happened to be in the station when a train was going out. Nothing goes over the line yet but men joining their regiments. They were packed in like sardines. There were no uniforms, — just a crowd of men: men in blouses, men in patched jackets, well-dressed men, — no distinction of class; and on the platform the women and children they were leaving. There was no laughter, none of the gayety with which one has so often reproached this race — but neither were there any tears. As the crowded train began to move, bare heads were thrust out of windows, hats were waved, and a great shout of 'Vive la France!' was answered by piping children's voices, and the choked voices of women — 'Vive l'Armée!' And when the train was out of sight the women took the children by the hand and quietly climbed the hill.

Ever since the fourth of August all our crossroads have been guarded, all our railway gates closed and also guarded, — guarded by men whose only

signs of being soldiers are caps and guns, men in blouses with mobilization badges on their left arms, often in patched trousers and *sabots*, with stern faces and determined eyes; and one thought: 'The country is in danger.'

There is a crossroad just above my house, which commands the valley on either side, and leads to a little hamlet on the *route nationale* from Couilly to Meaux, and is called 'La Demi-Lune, — why 'Half Moon,' I don't know. It was there, on the sixth, that I saw for the first time an armed barricade. The gate at the railway crossing had been opened to let a cart pass, when an automobile dashed through St. Germain, which is on the other side of the track. The guard raised his bayonet in the air, to command the car to stop and show its papers, but it flew by him and dashed up the hill. The poor guard — it was his first experience of that sort — stood staring after the car, but the idea that he ought to fire at it did not occur to him until it was too late. By the time it occurred to him and he could telephone to the Demi-Lune, it had passed that guard in the same way — and disappeared. It did not pass Meaux. It simply disappeared. It is still known as the 'Phantom Car.' Within half an hour there was a barricade at the Demi-Lune, mounted by armed men, — too late, of course. However, it was not really fruitless, that barricade, as the very next day they caught three Germans there, disguised as sisters of charity — papers all in order. They were detected by a little boy's calling attention to their ungloved hands; but even then they would have got by if it had not been for the number of armed old men on the barricade.

What makes things especially serious here, so near the frontier, and where the military movements must be made, is the presence of so many

Germans and the bitter feeling there is against them. On the night of August second, just when the troops were beginning to move east, an attempt was made to blow up the railroad bridge at Île de Villenoy, between here and Meaux. The three Germans were caught with the dynamite on them, — so the story goes, — and are now in the barracks at Meaux. But the most absolute secrecy is preserved about all such things. Not only is all France under martial law, but the censorship of the press is absolute. Every one has to carry his papers and be provided with a passport, for which he is liable to be asked in simply crossing a road.

Meaux is full of Germans. The biggest department shop there is a German enterprise. Even Couilly has two. One of them — the barber — got out quick. The other did not. But he was quietly informed by some of his neighbors, — pistols in hand, — that his room was better than his company.

The barber occupied a shop in the one principal street in the village, which is, by the way, a comparatively rich place. He had a front shop, which was a café, with a well-fitted-up bar. The back, with a well-dressed window on the street, full of toilet articles, was the shaving and hair-dressing room, very neatly arranged, with modern set bowls and mirrors, cabinets full of towels, well-filled shelves of all the things that make such a place profitable. You should see it now. Its broken windows and doors stand open to the weather. The entire interior has been 'efficiently' wrecked. It is as systematic a work of destruction as I have ever seen. Not a thing was stolen, but not an article was spared. All the bottles full of things to drink and all the glasses to drink out of are smashed; so are counters, tables, chairs, and shelves. In the barber shop there is a litter of broken porcelain, broken

combs, smashed-up chairs and boxes, among a wreck of hair-dyes, perfumes, brilliantine, and torn towels, and an odor of *apéritifs* and cologne over it all. Every one pretends not to know when it happened. They say, 'It was found like that one morning.' Every one goes to look at it — no one enters, no one touches anything. They simply say, with a smile of scorn, 'Good — and so well done.'

There are many things that I wish you could see. They would give you such a new point of view regarding this race — traditionally so gay, so indifferent to many things that you consider moral, so fond of their individual comfort and personal pleasure, and often so rebellious to discipline. You would be surprised, — surprised at their unity, surprised at their seriousness, and often touched by their philosophical acceptance of it all.

Amélie's step-daughter is married to a big burly chap by the name of Georges Godot. He is a thick-necked, red-faced man, in the dynamite corps on the railroad, — the construction department. He is used to hardships. War is as good as anything else to him. When he came to say good-bye, he said, 'Well, if I have the luck to come back, so much the better. If I don't, that will be all right. You can put a *placque* down below in the cemetery with "Godot, Georges. Died for the country." And when my boys grow up, they can say to their comrades, "Papa, you know, he died on the battlefield." It will be a sort of distinction I am not likely to earn for them any other way.' And off he went. Rather fine for a man of that class.

Even the women make no cry. As for the children, even when you would think that they were old enough to understand the meaning of these partings, they make no sign, though they seem to understand all the rest of it

well enough. There is n't a boy of eight in our commune who cannot tell you how it all came about, and who is not just now full of stories of 1870, which he has heard from grandma and grandpa; for, as is natural, every one talks of 1870 now. I have lived among these people, loved them, and believed in them, even when their politics annoyed me; but I confess that they have given me a surprise.

August 17, 1914.

For days now the women and children have been climbing the hill at six in the morning, with big hats on their heads, deep baskets on their backs, low stools in their hands. There is a big field of black-currant bushes beside my garden to the south. All day, in the heat, they sit under the bushes, picking away. At sundown, they carry their heavy baskets to the weighing-machine by the roadside at the foot of the hill, and stand in line to be weighed in and paid by the English buyers for Crosse and Blackwell, Beach, and such houses, who have, I suppose, some special means of transportation.

That is, however, the regular work for the women and children. Getting in the grain is not. Yet if you could see them take hold of it, you would love them. The old men do a double amount. Amélie's husband is over seventy. His own work in his fields and orchard would seem too much for him. Yet he and Amélie and the donkey are in the fields by three o'clock every morning, and by nine o'clock, he is marching down the hill, with his rake and hoe on his shoulder, to help his neighbors.

I have just heard that there are two trains a day on which civilians can go up to Paris, *if there are places left* after the army is accommodated. There is no guaranty that I can get back the same day. Still, I am going to risk it.

I am afraid to be any longer without money, though goodness knows what I can do with it. Besides, I find that all my friends are flying, and I feel as if I should like to say good-bye. I don't know why, but I feel like indulging the impulse.

August 24, 1914.

Nothing going on here except the passing now and then of a long line of Paris street busses on the way to the front. They are all mobilized and going as heroically to the front as if they were human, and going to get smashed up just the same. It does give me a queer sensation to see them climbing this hill. The little Montmartre-St. Pierre bus, that climbs the hill to the funicular in front of Sacré Cœur, came up bravely. It was built to climb a hill. But the Bastille-Madeleine and the Ternes-Filles de Calvaire and the St. Sulpice-Villette just groaned and panted, and had to have their traction changed every few steps. I thought they would never get up, but they did. Another day it was the automobile delivery wagons of the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Printemps, Petit-St. Thomas, La Belle Jardinière, Potin, — all the automobiles with which you are so familiar in the streets of Paris. Of course, these are much lighter, and came up bravely. As a rule, they are all loaded. It is as easy to take men and material to the front that way as by railroad, since the cars must go. Only once have I seen any attempt at pleasantries on these occasions. One procession went out the other day with all sorts of funny inscriptions, some not at all pretty, many blackguarding the Kaiser, and, of course, one with the inevitable, 'À Berlin,' the first battle-cry of 1870. This time there has been very little of that. I confess it gave me a kind of shiver to see 'À Berlin — pour notre plaisir' all over the bus.

September 3, 1914.

Since the Germans crossed the frontier, our news of the war has been meagre. We got the calm, constant reiteration, 'Left wing, held by the English, forced to retreat a little.' All the same, the general impression was that, in spite of that, 'all was well.'

It was not until Tuesday afternoon — day before yesterday — that I got my first hint of the truth. That afternoon, while I was standing on the platform, I heard a drum beat in the street and sent Amélie out to see what was going on. She came back at once to say that it was the *garde champêtre* calling on the inhabitants to carry all their guns, revolvers, and so forth, to the mairie before sundown. That meant the disarming of our *département*, and it flashed through my mind that the Germans must be nearer than the official announcements had told us.

While I stood reflecting a moment, — it looked serious, — I saw approaching from the west side of the track a procession of wagons. Amélie ran down the track to the crossing to see what it meant, and came back at once to tell me that they were evacuating the towns to the north of us.

I handed the basket of fruit I was holding into a coach of the train just pulling into the station, and threw my last package of cigarettes after it; and, without a word, Amélie and I went into the street, untied the donkey, climbed into the wagon, and started for home.

By the time we got to the road which leads east to Montry, whence there is a road over the hill to the south, it was full of the flying crowd. It was a sad sight. The procession led in both directions as far as we could see. There were huge wagons of grain, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep; wagons full of household effects, with often as many as twenty people sitting aloft; carriages; automobiles with the occupants crowd-

ed in among bundles done up in sheets; women pushing overloaded handcarts; women pushing baby-carriages; dogs and cats and goats; and every sort of a vehicle you ever saw, drawn by every sort of beast that can draw, from dogs to oxen, from boys to donkeys. Here and there there was a man on horseback, riding along the line, trying to keep it moving in order and to encourage the weary. Every one was calm and silent. There was no talking, no complaining.

The whole road was blocked, however, and, even if our donkey had desired to pass, — which she did not, — we could not. We simply fell into the procession, as soon as we found a place. Amélie and I did not say a word to one another until we reached the road that turns off to the Château de Condé; but I did speak to a man on horseback, who proved to be the intendant of one of the châteaux at Daumartin, and to another who was the mayor. I simply asked from where these people had come, and was told they were evacuating Daumartin and all the towns on the plain between there and Meaux, which meant that all the villages visible from my garden were being evacuated by order of the military powers.

One of the most disquieting things about this was to see the effect of the procession as it passed along the road. All the way from Esbly to Montry people began to pack at once, and the speed with which they fell into the procession was disconcerting.

When we finally escaped from the crowd into the poplar-shaded avenue which leads to the Château de Condé, I turned to look at Amélie for the first time. I had had time to get a good hold of myself.

'Well, Amélie?' I said.

'Oh, madame,' she replied, 'I shall stay.'

'And so shall I,' I answered; but I

added, 'I think I must make an effort to get to Paris to-morrow, and I think you had better come with me. I shall not go, of course, unless I am sure of being able to get back. We may as well face the truth: if this means that Paris is in danger, or if it means that we may in our turn be forced to move on, I must get some money so as to be ready.'

'Very well, madame,' she replied, as cheerfully as if the rumble of the procession behind were not still in our ears.

The next morning — that was yesterday, September 2 — I woke just before daylight. There was a continual rumble in the air. At first I thought it was the passing of more refugees on the road. I threw open my blinds, and then realized that the noise was in the other direction, — from the *route nationale*. I listened. I said to myself, 'If that is not artillery then I never heard any.'

Sure enough, when Amélie came to get breakfast, she announced that the English were at the Demi-Lune. The infantry was camped there, and the artillery had descended to Couilly and was mounting the hill on the other side of the Morin, — between us and Paris.

I said a sort of 'Hm,' and told her to ask Père to harness at once. As we had no idea of the hours of the trains, or even if there were any, it was best to get to Esbly as early as possible. It was nine o'clock when we arrived, to find that there should be a train at half-past. The station was full. I hunted up the *chef de gare*, and asked him if I could be sure of being able to return if I went up to Paris.

He looked at me in perfect amazement.

'You want to come back?' he asked.

'Sure,' I replied.

'You can, if you take a train about four. That may be the last.'

I very nearly said, 'Jiminy-cricket!'

The train ran into the station on time, but you never saw such a sight.

It was packed as the Brookline street cars used to be on the days of a baseball game. Men were absolutely hanging on the roof; women were packed on the steps that led up to the imperials to the third-class coaches. It was a perilous-looking sight. I opened a dozen coaches — all packed, standing room as well as seats, which is ordinarily against the law. I was about to give it up when a man said to me, 'Madame, there are some coaches at the rear that look as if they were empty.'

I made a dash down the long platform, yanked open a door, and was about to ask if I might get in, when I saw that the coach was full of wounded soldiers in khaki, lying about on the floor as well as the seats. I was so shocked that if the station-master, who had run after me, had not caught me I should have fallen backward.

'Sh! madame,' he whispered, 'I'll find you a place.' And in another moment I found myself, with Amélie, in a compartment where there were already eight women, a young man, two children, and heaps of hand-luggage, — bundles in sheets, twine bags just bulging, paper parcels, and valises. Almost as soon as we were in, the train pulled slowly out of the station.

I learned from the women that Meaux was being evacuated. No one was remaining but the soldiers in the barracks and the Archbishop. They had been ordered out by the army the night before, and the railroad was taking them free. They were escaping with what they could carry in bundles, as they could take no luggage. Their calm was remarkable, — not a complaint from any one. They were of all classes, but the barriers were down.

The young man had come from farther up the line, — a newspaper chap, who had given me his seat and was sitting on a bundle. I asked him if he knew where the Germans were, and he

replied that on this wing they were at Compiègne, that the centre was advancing on Coulommier, but he did not know where the Crown Prince's division was.

I was glad I had made the effort to get to town, for this began to look as if they might succeed in arriving before the circle of steel that surrounds Paris, and God knows what good that seventy-five miles of fortifications will be against the long-range cannon that battered down Liège. I had only one wish, — to get back to my hut on the hill; I did not seem to want anything else.

Just before the train ran into Lagny — our first stop — I was surprised to see British soldiers washing their horses in the river; so I was not surprised to find the station full of men in khaki. They were sleeping on benches along the wall, and standing about in groups. As to many of the French on the train this was their first sight of the men in khaki, and as there were Scotch there in their kilts, there was a good deal of excitement.

The train made a long stop in the effort to put more people into the already overcrowded coaches. I leaned forward, wishing to get some news, and the funny thing was that I could not think how to speak to those boys in English. You may think that an affectation. It was n't. Finally I desperately sang out, 'Hallo, boys!'

You should have seen them dash for the window. I suppose that their native tongue sounded good to them so far from home.

'Where did you come from?' I asked.

'From up yonder — a place called La Fère,' one of them replied.

'What regiment?' I asked.

'Any one else here speak English?' he questioned, running his eyes along the faces thrust out of the windows.

I told him no one did.

'Well,' he said, 'we are all that is left of the North Irish Horse and a regiment of Scotch Borderers.'

'What are you doing here?'

'Retreating — and waiting for orders. How far are we from Paris?'

I told him about seventeen miles. He sighed and said that he thought they were nearer, and, as the train started, I had the idea in the back of my head that these boys actually expected to retreat inside the fortifications. La! la!

Instead of the half hour the train usually takes to get up from here to Paris, we were two hours.

I found Paris much more normal than I had expected it to be; nevertheless, it was still quite unlike itself: every one perfectly calm and no one with the slightest suspicion that the battle-line was so near, — hardly more than ten miles beyond the outer forts. I transacted my business quickly — saw only one person, and caught the four o'clock train back. We were almost the only passengers.

Just after we left Esbly, I saw an English officer standing in his stirrups and signaling across a field, where I discovered a detachment of English artillery going toward the hill. A little farther along the road, we met a couple of English officers, pipes in their mouths and sticks in their hands, strolling along as quietly and smilingly as if there were no such thing as war. The sight of them and their cannon made me feel a bit serious. I thought to myself, 'If the Germans are not expected here — well, it looks like it.'

We finished the journey in silence, and I was so tired when I got home that I fell into bed and drank only a glass of milk that Amélie insisted on pouring down my throat.

(To be continued.)

LAW, POLICE, AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

BY NEWTON D. BAKER

I

FROM the police point of view there may be no such thing as a typical city. The maintenance of order and the enforcement of police regulations present questions which can be answered only after consideration has been given to a large variety of factors, many of them local and individual. Geographical position, the ethnic character of the population, economic conditions, and the political ideas and ideals of the community, must all be borne in mind in the development of rules and theories of social control. In this, of course, the problem of the police does not differ from other institutional questions. The best form of government for a city is never some abstract, platonic conceit, but, like the best suit of clothes for an individual, it is the one that fits. A community which, for any reason, elects incompetent and untrustworthy officials and is indifferent to the kind of government it gets, is quite certain to get bad government, however admirably contrived the mere machinery of administration may be. On the other hand, inconvenient and cumbersome machinery, in the hands of capable and upright men, often produces excellent results, especially when sustained by an alert and intelligent public opinion. The matter was all stated by whatever Englishman it was who said, 'If you elect a rogue to represent you in Parliament, he does represent you!'

To the public mind the police problem in any city means the problem of

selecting and managing a force of men organized for the purpose of detecting criminals and repressing disorder. To those who have had the responsibility of being municipal executives it is rather the problem of devising ways to attract an informed public opinion to new phases of old social questions, or to anticipate prejudice by disseminating real knowledge as to new evils requiring restraint in the interest of the common good. With all his solid look, the policeman carrying out a regulation which is disapproved by the community conscience is either a tyrant or a failure. Emerson was no doubt right in his picture of the child acquiring his first notion of society from the patrolman, who seems always to have been and destined always to be; but we are not children long, and the fixed and eternal institutional world into which we are born crumbles with our first contact with a yielding fact. After that we are in the secret: laws are what men will. Bad laws are the willing of bad men; and forgotten words in statute books which no man now wills are not laws, with never so many policemen back of them. Of course this does not mean personal nullification, either in theory or in practice. All but the least restrained of us are willing to give the benefit of the doubt to the claimant, and to abate mere personal or group opinion in deference to even doubtfully authenticated public opinion; but after a while even the most law-abiding and patient find that the thing claimed to be the will of the community is no-

body's will, and then we have one of those stumbling blocks called 'dead-letter laws,' which cause more trouble and confusion than all other aspects of the problem of social control combined.

One result of this is that we Americans have got into the habit of saying of ourselves, or permitting others to say of us, that we are a law-breaking people. The fact is that we are probably the most law-abiding people in the world. We have an inexplicit and inexplicable method of repealing some of the laws we outgrow by simply ceasing to observe them; but, in the maintenance of order in society through the automatic self-control of the people, none but the simplest rural societies can compare with us.

These dead-letter laws, naturally enough, are in all stages of being dead. Those against witchcraft have been dead so long that even the sharpest eyes can find but the memory of them; those requiring men to tell the truth in personal-property tax returns, equally but not so anciently dead, can still be summoned, like Glendower's spirits and with like effect, from the vasty deep; and those of more recent repudiation have, here and there, a tardy friend who refuses to accept the current notion of their deadness and so calls them occasionally into fitful simulations of being alive. It is this last class that causes the trouble, and out of it arises one of the most embarrassing phases of the whole question of law-enforcement. Mayors, administrations, and police forces are more often and more successfully attacked from this point than any other, and the consequences, all too often, are corrupted policemen and shuffling executives who give the best excuse they can think of at the moment for failure to do the impossible, but succeed in adding nothing to the dispute but a sense of their own perplexity.

The argument ordinarily presented marches with a stately tread. 'You have taken an oath to enforce all the laws,' the chairman of the Law-Enforcement League will say; 'here is a law you are not enforcing. You are not chosen to elect which laws are to be enforced, nor have you any means whatever of determining whether this law is approved by the general conscience. The best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it.' Now the logic of this is sound enough, but the history of our law from the earliest times shows that we Anglo-Saxons have preferred a wholly different way of making and unmaking our laws; and however desirable this perfectly logical way may be in itself, it just is not our way. We have chosen to let the acts and thoughts of individuals make whatever head they can until they become customs; and then some legislative body discovers them in full operation by common consent, and by enactment 'crystallizes them into law.' The process of unmaking is much the same. A custom is the aggregate of individual habits, and a new custom replaces an old one as an increasing number of individuals change their habits, — an imperceptible and teasing process which leaves the inquirer as to the state of the law, at some moments in its course, sadly puzzled.

Even the Law-Enforcement Leagues plainly have some sense of this fact; their arguments, grounded on generalizations, always end in an instance. The sensational pulpit will rebuke the police department for its failure to enforce the law; a committee will wait upon the mayor and demand enforcement to the letter; but whether the committee be clerical or lay, and however broad the foundation laid upon the vice of disregard of law, the object finally appears to be to secure the enforcement of some particular law. It may be the

midnight or Sunday closing of saloons, the prohibition of theatrical exhibitions on Sunday or prize fights on any day, or another spasmodic revival of the notion that merely putting a few women through the amercing processes of the police court will suppress vice; but when such a delegation is asked whether the lesson of respect for law will not be further impressed by stopping Sunday street cars, suppressing the Sunday newspaper, holding up the milkman, and generally restoring by force the sabbath of the statutes, wisdom triumphs over knowledge, and the reply invariably is that it would be better to take one thing at a time and especially the one thing then agitating that particular delegation. Often the order asked is given, with the result that the committee reports back in triumph, the league chooses a new subject to fret about, and the executive goes again through the discouraging and futile experience of trying to get officers, prosecutors, judges, and juries to do just what none of them will do,—namely, convict people of crime for doing things that are the community habit and practice. Clearly it would be better if all the law could be written and all that is written be law. Clearly it is a bungling system to leave this borderland between the live and the dead law to be explored by the discretion of individual officers, and to have these constant controversies as to the existence and location of the river of doubt; but we trail centuries of experience behind us in our preference for this way of doing things, and the alternatives are not free from difficulties of a formidable kind.

For one thing, it will never be easy for us to give up the internal elasticity of our system in exchange for a rigid regimentation of society in which our daily lives will run by rules. We have a sense of freedom in our institutions

which seems almost to imply a consciousness that we made the rules to which we conform and are busy revising them from day to day. Moreover, our democracies are too large to act with the speed of a town meeting; and we must, therefore, have some way of carrying things along until we are sure enough of the permanence of a new practice to justify putting so large a machine in motion to give it formal expression. We prefer to have mistakes made, now and then, by those whose business it is to enforce the laws, rather than to subject ourselves to a mechanical enforcement of arbitrary regulations which do not grow as we grow and do not ease up as we push the whole social weight against them.

The common-law jury system exemplifies the whole story. Originally the jury was a company of eye-witnesses gathered together to declare a fact by comparison of their own recollections as to its occurrence. Now it is a company of twelve human, habit-forming beings whose function is to prevent the letter of the law from killing the spirit of the community. The lawyers may read and the judges charge, but the jury will not convict unless justice is going to be done, and justice to them means the enforcement of the expectation of the community as to personal conduct. They enforce neither the law that has been nor the law that is to be, but the law that is; and when the police have made a lot of arrests and have produced flawless proof of guilt under the letter of the statute, only to have their trouble for their pains, with acquittal following each arrest, they quite naturally decide to devote their energies to other classes of cases; and that particular statute, for the time being at least, has suffered a democratic repeal. It has been suggested that a constitutional provision might limit the life of all legislative enactments to a

fixed period, thus requiring the reënactment of such laws as were still deemed desirable; but as this requires too much explanation and is a fundamental departure from our traditional practice, it is but a fanciful comment upon the root difficulty which inheres in our system and which we have learned to tolerate. The net result of it all is that our regulations which are in the course of losing the sanction of public opinion present a robust difficulty in police administration.

II

A similar difficulty is presented by regulations which are in the course of securing the sanction of public approval. The police power, as lawyers use the phrase, is the power of the state to protect the safety, property, and possibly the convenience and comfort of the members of the society constituting the state. But there is no more indefinite power known to the philosophers in jurisprudence. Courts are constantly declaring, either that the police power is insusceptible of definition, or that, since all definitions are limitations, it would be highly impolitic to define it. This power must be kept alive and larger than any expression of it, for new ills arising in the development of industry and life will necessitate extensions of the power to cover them, and the growth of knowledge must constantly suggest new ways and new virtues in social control, all to be worked out under the police power. Every discovery of science in the field of sanitation, the cause of disease, and modes of infection; new views of community peril from fire, food, air, or water, — all summon the police power to unaccustomed action, and each such action encroaches upon that reserve of private right of person or property which theretofore has been regarded as unsundered by the individual.

Many of the police regulations thus suggested are necessarily based upon scientific considerations understood by but few members of the community, and about many of them there exist prejudices and doubts which add bitterness and a sense of wrong to the usual resentment against merely new restraints. We have varieties of religious belief and of racial custom which are often rudely offended by regulations plainly wise and enacted by men who never knew that such beliefs were entertained by anybody. Mothers resent the interference of the state in their care of their babies; men and women deny the right of society to make them change habits venerated by the recollection of stout grandparents who lived to be a hundred with just such habits from childhood; we are all sure that our houses are not going to catch fire and cause damage to our neighbors, no matter what wise men think they know about the bad habits of piles of rags carefully and conveniently put out of sight under the cellar stairs; and we have the unanswerable argument on our side that our houses never have caught fire, or if one of them once did, it was due to an exceptional cause which we are too clever to allow again. To the extent that this sort of thing is individual, eccentric, or personal, it of course presents no problem beyond the reach of tact and patience; but the very nature of many of these regulations is such that their observance could never be dictated as a spontaneous community habit; so that here again we find a police problem, and on analysis discover that its difficulty arises from the fact that it calls for measures back of which there is not as yet a well-developed community understanding and will.

The answer to the difficulty thus presented is not simple, but at least one helpful suggestion can be made about it. We must stop regarding policemen

as mere keepers of order, and we must enlarge our view of their duties far beyond the arrest of criminals and the terrorization of the neighborhood small boy. They must be selected with reference as much to their ability to catch and spread the spirit of the social advance as to their personal courage and cleverness in following the twists of the criminal mind. Their chief use will some day be the stimulation of social self-control; for even now the most powerful force for the preservation of order is not the force shown or even implied by the policeman, but that innate sense for order which we Americans have and which we enforce by the pressure of neighborhood opinion and crowd self-respect.

We can begin now to build the police force of the future. A good start would be made if a probationary period were established during which men too young for admission to the regular force could be in training for it. During that period the duties assigned should be largely on the social side, — duties such as sanitary inspection, traffic control, the regulation of amusements, and patrolling parks and public places in which people congregate for recreation; this work, under such conditions as conduce to the development of the social sense, would therefore train into these future policemen, in their impressionable years, a sympathy with people, born of association with them and of helpfulness extended to men and women and children as part of a duty flowing from employment by society itself. The use of such probationers for the enforcement of sanitary regulations and for inspections based upon scientific and mechanical considerations, and especially their activities in juvenile recreation and correction, would broaden their information and their sympathies. Officers so selected and so trained would have a less military, a

less professional and arbitrary attitude, and the enforcement of pioneer regulations would be simpler and less misunderstood from them.

III

From all that has been said, it is clear that the difficulties of the police problem, at least under our American theory and practice, lie almost wholly in the region where, for one reason or another, public opinion is uncertain in its attitude toward the things sought to be required or repressed. Where public opinion is settled and stable we police ourselves, with little need for a lot of 'Do' or 'Don't' signs, set up by authority, and with little occasion for intervention by policemen. But when we do not know what we want, the police do not know what to give us. Their perplexities and many of their shortcomings are the outcome of our own uncertainties, and disappear with them. Several illustrations will show the soundness of these reflections.

Let us look first at the disorders and contentions growing out of labor disputes. One of the curious anomalies of our social development is that in spite of a tremendous industrial advance we seem not to have arrived at anything like a settled state of the public mind with regard to the propriety and limits of intervention by law in such controversies. Year after year we have allowed strikes, boycotts, and lock-outs to interrupt the ordinary course of our industrial life, diminish the social output, disorganize values, and cause widespread suffering and destitution, all of which imposes burdens direct and indirect upon public and private relief agencies; but we have not acquired even the beginnings of a public policy on the subject.

Employers, singly and collectively, resist what they regard as unjust de-

mands, or demands which, if granted, will flush their employees with success and dispose them to make unjust demands. They combine and aid one another morally and financially in efforts to break the strength of employees attempting association for collective bargaining. Employees, on the other hand, unionize and federate primarily for the protection of the weaker individuals against the concentrated power of the employing class; and when so federated they fall victims to leaders who are sometimes corrupt, but who oftener, discouraged by the stone wall of unargued resistance, accept the theory that a labor controversy is a war in which weakness is the only crime. As a result we have lawless violence which so far impeaches the character of all associated labor as to make resistance to it seem necessary for the preservation of any semblance of security and order in society.

As each strike occurs, an opportunist policy is adopted by the police authorities. Things are tided along without any clear aim or method and without any tribunal that can determine the right and wrong of questions involved, until somebody is killed or a serious riot threatens the destruction of property. Then public opinion momentarily clarifies; we all agree that we do not want such things, no matter what happens, and the police now have a steadied sentiment to support them; the trouble is over. Until this healing incident has arisen out of the troubled waters, about all the police can do is to repress the more serious disturbances. In the surging violence of sentiment which surrounds a strike when the men begin to get desperate, the police are fortunate if they can prevent assaults and the destruction of property; they are powerless to allay the fierce outbursts of emotion which stir the participants and lead them to lawlessness.

The state of the public mind during such a time is confused and hesitant. We sit by, blaming one side or the other on such half information or interest as we may have, or wondering what ought to be done about it. Our natural sympathy is with the men who are trying to better the conditions of their employment, and we are quite tolerant of their making it unpleasant for others who have taken their places at the work-bench while they and their families are undergoing privation in the interest of more wholesome conditions, better pay, or shorter hours for the people who do the world's work. We are dimly conscious that in the nature of the case it cannot be an equal struggle, and also that it is a struggle in which there are no definite rules. We do not like violence, but somehow this seems to us excusable violence, if it be not too violent. We realize that the employers are losing money, but we assume that the loss is distributed over a large surface and that they have ways of recouping. There are, however, several things which we have not yet come to realize, as that this loss is a social loss with just so much human labor and wealth gone and so much less wealth produced. We do not realize that in this haphazard attrition of frenzied employees against stolid employers, labor loses not only the battles it ought to lose but many it ought to win. Lastly, we do not realize that the result, no matter what it is, rests upon no higher sanction than force, and therefore lacks stability and will last only until one side or the other feels strong enough to renew the struggle.

These controversies really involve the interests of all the people in addition to the interests of the apparent participants, but they are settled by but two of the parties interested. Among the remedies suggested, compulsory arbitration has perhaps been

most discussed; but labor is unwilling to surrender its freedom, and there is little public sentiment for that expedient against the protest of labor itself. From the police point of view, however, the problem remains difficult almost solely because the public mind is not at peace with itself on the subject, and this results largely from a want of knowledge or means of knowledge as to the merits of the disputes as they arise. It would seem undeniable that the public is at least entitled to this knowledge; and its effectiveness in bringing a sound public sentiment to bear is amply demonstrated by the results obtained in Canada under the Industrial Disputes Act, which does nothing more than hold the hasty hands of both sides until a disinterested inquiry can be made and published. After the publication of the report of the inquiry, either side may do as it likes, but neither side ever insists upon an extreme position, in the face of a fully informed public opinion.

Another illustration can be drawn from the enforcement of laws relating to the traffic in intoxicating liquors. This of all subjects most sharply divides public opinion. On the one side are the extreme temperance advocates, to whom the business is anathema; on the other side, in most large cities, are a majority of the people, who habitually use intoxicating liquors socially, in their homes, clubs, churches, unions, and outings, and who are easily persuaded that the whole heritage of personal liberty is bound up in the maintenance of their unrestricted right to buy drink when and where they please. The agitation proceeds all the time and throughout the state. In every state legislature the liquor question stands athwart all other legislation. Whether a particular bridge shall be built or public highway constructed is often determined by the fact that the wets are for it in a dry legislature. The short ballot,

civil-service reform, woman suffrage, all have lost or won and are winning or losing as they pick their friends between the wets and dries. The really vital subject of state and local taxation, upon which we Americans have made less progress than any other, awaits the calm atmosphere of the settlement of this insoluble question for a chance to be discussed without distortion from the license controversy.

All this shows the wrought-up state of the public mind on the liquor question. Into such a divided society the anti-saloon leagues and other organized temperance bodies, by their control of the rural vote, bring regulations, wise enough and moderate enough for the country districts and small towns, but violently disruptive of the settled habits of large city populations. These regulations the police are to enforce. If they do, the executive under whom they act is frequently voted promptly out of office; if they do not, the more excitable and sensational ministers and other excellent but hasty people conclude and proclaim that the executive and police alike are in corrupt collusion with the forces of evil, and the lines are laid for a municipal campaign in which all the great interests of the city are lost in the question whether the respective candidates for mayor are 'fanatics' or 'liberals.'

But the cheering thing about this illustration is the change which has come in our more progressive cities in the past ten or a dozen years. The economic elimination of the drunkard has of course been going on throughout the whole country. Captains of industry, commerce, and finance have been realizing more and more the waste of intemperate employees, and with the speeding up of the machinery of industry there has come a speeding up of life everywhere, so that young professional and business men have come to know

that they cannot keep up the pace with a towel wrapped about their heads. Recreation programmes, social settlements, institutional churches and schools, bicycles, automobiles, and shorter hours of labor in forced industries have all come to give more opportunity for relaxation under leisure conditions, the consequence being a lessened reliance on the saloon either as a club or a quick means of forgetfulness, if not of rest. In many of our large cities it is now possible to find ready acceptance and approval for regulations which a few years ago would have seemed an intolerable tyranny, and the police problem from this point of view is to be solved by continuing the things we have begun. A good substitute for a bad practice is a police measure, whether it is provided out of the police budget or not.

IV

A last illustration will be drawn from the efforts to regulate and control vice. Investigators invariably begin or conclude with the admission that the fact of prostitution cannot be prevented by police activity. Remedies are therefore all addressed to the quantity and conditions of the evil rather than to any present total suppression of vicious practices. Nobody has stated better the lines for such repressive activity than Dr. Flexner. Recognizing that prostitution has always existed and that it is very much more widespread than is currently believed, he regards as unpromising all attacks upon the problem which merely punish, as crimes, irregular sexual relations. The hopeful course, if his careful discussion can be so summarized without injustice, lies in the direction of police regulation against artificial stimulation in either demand or supply.

A direct example of the results of

such a course can be drawn from the city of Cleveland. In 1901 there were in Cleveland three hundred and ninety-six known and tolerated houses of prostitution, with known inmates numbering approximately four thousand. Four years ago there were forty-four houses of prostitution, with slightly more than three hundred and fifty inmates. Quite recently the chief of police has closed the district entirely, under conditions of practically general public approval and with little fear on the part of any one that the problem of clandestine vice has been seriously complicated by his action. In the mean time Cleveland has substantially doubled in population and retains the characteristics of an industrial cosmopolitan city. This progress is full of interest and suggestion, for it is unquestionable that the abolition of the segregated district would have been as impossible in 1901 as it was easy in 1915, and equally clear that the reason in both cases was the attitude of the popular mind to the question.

At the outset it was discovered that about forty of the houses were directly associated with saloons, and Tom L. Johnson, the mayor, directed the chief of police to abolish all 'saloon fronts.' Later, by similar order, the chief prohibited, successively, commercialization by men partners in the houses, red lights and other external advertisements, street soliciting, sale of liquor in the houses, and other inducements. The orders were issued sufficiently far apart in time to arouse no comment, or feeling that the impossible was to be tried or counsels of perfection to be followed. The orders were enforced by notification to the keepers of houses that so long as they and their inmates observed the regulations they would be free from danger of arrest or raid. When any violation occurred, a uniformed officer was stationed, night

and day, in front of the house, who simply took and recorded the real names of all who visited the place. Invariably the house closed in a few days, and the keepers of the remaining houses redoubled their efforts to control their inmates and keep them within the bounds set by orders from headquarters. By this system of gradual police repression the contributory allurements were withdrawn, one by one, and the advertising of the district was suppressed.

Meanwhile two other factors were at work to change the conditions of the problem. With better education and improving economic conditions women were becoming less and less willing to accept the open degradation implied from residence in the district, and the Mann Act made it discouragingly dangerous to attempt to recruit the district from the outside. There was, possibly, some increase in clandestine prostitution, but it would be difficult to attribute it to the increasing rigor of regulation within the segregated district. Moreover, there was, during all this period, a very general increase of knowledge as to the danger from a hygienic point of view, — a danger obviously greater under conditions of segregation.

The results are at once astonishing and instructive. We had at the outset an obstinate problem with which the police had struggled hopelessly for years: raids, arrests, fines, imprisonments, and spasmodic social and religious uprisings had all failed to make any impression upon the sordid business. Then we had a police administration frankly accept the community's view of the situation, recognize what it recognized, and repress the nuisance manifestations of the traffic as rapidly as public sentiment could be shown the practical possibility of each step. This police course was aided by chang-

ing conditions, but it never ran sufficiently in advance of what the people believed or felt to set up a counter current; and so, when the time came to close the district entirely, it was done as the natural and expected conclusion to a long and accepted development.

V

From all this we learn a larger sympathy for the difficulties of those to whom falls the duty of enforcing police regulations in our city communities. It will not be quite so possible to take at full value the condemnation which is sometimes heaped upon the police, who after all are a fairly faithful mirror of the ethical definiteness of the community they serve. But the more significant and useful lessons are that our own conception of the function of the police arm itself must change, and accordingly our method of selecting and training the men who are to comprise the force; and, finally, we get a helpful view of the direction in which to look and work for better things. We can grow only as we substitute knowledge for force. The policing of society is best done when most done by the people themselves. Every extension of our efforts for the dissemination of information as to the foundations of effective coöperation and social welfare brings its own enforcement at the hands of people who understand and appreciate. Practical agitation, it thus appears, is neither an appeal to emotional excitability nor a setting of arbitrary restraints upon the wicked by the good, but a spreading of the sound news of the social advance, and cultivating, in neighborliness and sympathy, a public opinion which will reflect its soundness in the laws it enacts and in the approval it gives to their enforcement.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

BY HENRY JAMES

IF at such a time as this a man of my generation finds himself on occasion revert to our ancient peace in some soreness of confusion between envy and pity, I know well how best to clear up the matter for myself at least and to recover a workable relation with the blessing in eclipse. I recover it in some degree with pity, as I say, by reason of the deep illusions and fallacies in which the great glare of the present seems to show us as then steeped; there being always, we can scarce not feel, something pathetic in the recoil from fond fatuities. When these are general enough, however, they make their own law and impose their own scheme; they go on, with their fine earnestness, to their utmost limit, and the best of course are those that go on longest. When I think that the innocent confidence cultivated over a considerable part of the earth, over all the parts most offered to my own view, was to last well-nigh my whole lifetime, I cannot deny myself a large respect for it, cannot but see that if our illusion was complete we were at least insidiously and artfully beguiled. What we had taken so actively to believing in was to bring us out at the brink of the abyss, yet as I look back I see nothing but our excuses; I cherish at any rate the image of their bright plausibility. We really, we nobly, we insanely (as it can only now strike us) held ourselves comfortably clear of the worst horror that in the past had attended the life of nations, and to the grounds of this conviction we could point with lively as-

surance. They all come back, one now recognizes, to a single supporting proposition, to the question when in the world peace had so prodigiously flourished. It had been broken, and was again briefly broken, within our view, but only as if to show with what force and authority it could freshly assert itself; whereby it grew to look too increasingly big, positively too massive even in its blandness, for interruptions not to be afraid of it.

It is in the light of this memory, I confess, that I bend fondly over the age — so prolonged, I have noted, as to yield ample space for the exercise — in which any challenge to our faith fell below the sweet serenity of it. I see that by any measure I might personally have applied, the American, or at least the Northern, state of mind and of life that began to develop just after the Civil War formed the headspring of our assumption. Odd enough might it have indeed appeared that this conception should need four years of free carnage to launch it; yet what did that mean, after all, in New York and Boston, into which places remembrance reads the complacency soon to be the most established — what did that mean unless that we had exactly *shed* the bad possibilities, were publicly purged of the dreadful disease which had come within an inch of being fatal to us, and were by that token warranted sound forever, superlatively safe? — as we could see that during the previous existence of the country we had been but comparatively so. The

breathless campaign of Sadowa, which occurred but a year after our own sublime conclusion had been sealed by Lee's surrender, enlarged the prospect much rather than ruffled it; and though we had to confess that the siege of Paris, four years later, was a false note, it was drowned in the solidification of Germany, so true, so resounding and, for all we then suspected to the contrary, so portentously pacific a one. How could peace not flourish, moreover, when wars either took only seven weeks or lasted but a summer and scarce more than a long-drawn autumn? — the siege of Paris dragging out, to our pitying sense, at the time, but raised before all the rest of us, preparing food-succor, could well turn round, and with the splendid recovery of France to follow so close on her amputation that violence fairly struck us as moving away confounded. So it was that our faith was confirmed — violence sitting down again with averted face, and the conquests we felt the truly golden ones spreading and spreading behind its back.

It was not perhaps in the purest gold of the matter that we pretended to deal in the New York and the Boston to which I have referred; but if I wish to catch again the silver tinkle at least, straining my ear for it through the sounds of to-day, I have but to recall the dawn of those associations that seemed then to promise everything, and the last declining ray of which rests, just long enough to be caught, on the benign figure of Mrs. Fields, of the latter city, recently deceased and leaving behind her much of the material out of which legend obligingly grows. She herself had the good fortune to assist, during all her later years, at an excellent case of such growth, for which nature not less than circumstance had perfectly fitted her — she was so intrin-

sically charming a link with the past and abounded so in the pleasure of reference and the grace of fidelity. She helped the present, that of her own actuality, to think well of her producing conditions, to think better of them than of many of those that open for our wonderment to-day: what a note of distinction *they* were able to contribute, she moved us to remark, what a quality of refinement they appeared to have encouraged, what a minor form of the monstrous modern noise they seemed to have been consistent with!

The truth was of course very decidedly that the seed I speak of, the seed that has flowered into legend, and with the thick growth of which her domestic scene was quite embowered, had been sown in soil peculiarly grateful and favored by pleasing accidents. The personal beauty of her younger years, long retained and not even at the end of such a stretch of life quite lost; the exquisite native tone and mode of appeal, which anciently we perhaps thought a little 'precious,' but from which the distinctive and the preservative were in time to be snatched, a greater extravagance supervening; the signal sweetness of temper and lightness of tact, in fine, were things that prepared together the easy and infallible exercise of what I have called her references. It adds greatly to one's own measure of the accumulated years to have seen her reach the age at which she could appear to the younger world about her to 'go back' wonderfully far, to be almost the only person extant who did, and to owe much of her value to this delicate aroma of antiquity.

My title for thus speaking of her is that of being myself still extant enough to have known by ocular and other observational evidence what it was she went back to and why the connection should consecrate her. Every society that amounts, as we say, to anything

has its own annals, and luckless any to which this cultivation of the sense of a golden age that has left a precious deposit happens to be closed. A local present of proper pretensions has in fact to invent a set of antecedents, something in the nature of an epoch either of giants or of fairies, when literal history may in this respect have failed it, in order to look other temporal claims of a like complexion in the face. Boston, all letterless and unashamed as she verily seems to-day, needs luckily, for recovery of self-respect, no resort to such make-believes — to legend, that is, before the fact; all her legend is well after it, absolutely upon it, the large, firm fact, and to the point of covering, and covering yet again, every discernible inch of it. I felt myself during the half-dozen years of my younger time spent thereabouts just a little late for history perhaps, though well before, or at least well abreast of, poetry; whereas now it all densely foreshortens, it positively all melts beautifully together, and I square myself in the state of mind of an authority not to be questioned. In other words, my impression of the golden age was a first-hand one, not a second or a third; and since those with whom I shared it have dropped off one by one, — I can think of but two or three of the distinguished, the intelligent and participant, that is, as left, — I fear there is no arrogance of authority that I am not capable of taking on.

James T. Fields must have had about him when I first knew him much of the freshness of the season, but I remember thinking him invested with a stately past; this as an effect of the spell cast from an early, or at least from *my* early, time by the 'Ticknor, Reed and Fields' at the bottom of every title-page of the period that conveyed, however shyly, one of the finer presumptions. I look back with wonder

to what would seem a precocious interest in title-pages, and above all into the mysterious or behind-the-scenes world suggested by publishers' names — which, in their various collocations, had a color and a character beyond even those of authors, even those of books themselves; an anomaly that I seek not now to fathom, but which the brilliant Mr. Fields, as I aspiringly saw him, had the full benefit of, not less when I first came to know him than before. Mr. Reed, Mr. Ticknor, were never at all to materialize for me; the former was soon to forfeit any pertinence, and the latter, so far as I was concerned, never so much as peeped round the titular screen. Mr. Fields, on the other hand, planted himself well before that expanse; not only had he shone betimes with the reflected light of Longfellow and Lowell, of Emerson and Hawthorne and Whittier, but to meet him was, for an ingenuous young mind, to find that he was understood to return with interest any borrowed glory and to keep the social, or I should perhaps rather say the sentimental, account straight with each of his stars. What he truly shed back, of course, was a prompt sympathy and conversability; it was in this social and personal color that he emerged from the mere imprint, and was alone, I gather, among the American publishers of the time in emerging. He had a conception of possibilities of relation with his authors and contributors that I judge no other member of his body in all the land to have had; and one easily makes out for that matter that his firm was all but alone in improving, to this effect of amenity, on the crude relation — crude, I mean, on the part of the author. Few were our native authors, and the friendly Boston house had gathered them in almost all: the other, the New York and Philadelphia houses (practically all we had) were friendly, I make out

at this distance of time, to the public in particular, whose appetite they met to abundance with cheap reprints of the products of the London press, but were doomed to represent in a lower, sometimes indeed in the very lowest, degree the element of consideration for the British original. The British original had during that age been reduced to the solatium of publicity pure and simple; knowing, or at least presuming, that he was read in America by the fact of his being appropriated, he could himself appropriate but the complacency of this consciousness.

To the Boston constellation then almost exclusively belonged the higher complacency, as one may surely call it, of being able to measure with some closeness the good purpose to which they glittered. The Fieldses could imagine so much happier a scene that the fond fancy they brought to it seems to flush it all, as I look back, with the richest tints. I so describe the sweet influence because by the time I found myself taking more direct notice the singularly graceful young wife had become, so to speak, a highly noticeable feature; her beautiful head and hair and smile and voice (we wonder if a social circle worth naming was ever ruled by a voice without charm of quality) were so many happy items in a general array. Childless, what is vulgarly called unencumbered, addicted to every hospitality and every benevolence, addicted to the cultivation of talk and wit and to the ingenious multiplication of such ties as could link the upper half of the title-page with the lower, their vivacity, their curiosity, their mobility, the felicity of their instinct for any manner of gathered relic, remnant or tribute, conspired to their helping the 'literary world' roundabout to a self-consciousness more fluttered, no doubt, yet also more romantically resolute.

To turn attention from any present

hour to a past that has become distant is always to have to look through overgrowths and reckon with perversions; but even so the domestic, the water-side museum of the Fieldses hangs there clear to me; their salon positively, so far as salons were in the old Puritan city dreamed of — by which I mean allowing for a couple of exceptions not here to be lingered on. We knew in those days little of collectors; the name of the class, however, already much impressed us, and in that long and narrow drawing-room of odd dimensions — unfortunately somewhat sacrificed, I frankly confess, as American drawing-rooms are apt to be, to its main aperture or command of outward resonance — one learned for the first time how vivid a collection might be. Nothing would reconcile me at this hour to any attempt to resolve back into its elements the brave effect of the exhibition, in which the inclusive range of 'old' portrait and letter, of old pictorial and literal autograph and other material gage or illustration, of old original edition or still more authentically consecrated current copy, disposed itself over against the cool sea-presence of the innermost great basin of Boston's port. Most does it come to me, I think, that the enviable pair went abroad with freedom and frequency, and that the inscribed and figured walls were a record of delightful adventure, a display as of votive objects attached by restored and grateful mariners to the nearest shrine. To go abroad, to *be* abroad (for the return thence was to the advantage, after all, only of those who could not so proceed) represented success in life, and our couple were immensely successful.

Dickens at that time went a great way with us, the best of him falling after this fashion well within the compass of our life; and Thackeray, for my own circle, went, I think, a greater way still,

even if already, at the season I recall, to a more ghostly effect and as a presence definitely immortalized. The register of his two American visits was piously, though without the least solemnity, kept in Charles Street; which assisted, however, at Dickens's second visit to the States and a comparatively profane contemporaneity. I was not to see him there; I was, save for a brief moment elsewhere, but to hear him and to wonder at his strange histrionic force in public; nevertheless the waterside museum never ceased to retain, for my earnest recognition, certain fine vibrations and dying echoes of all that episode. I liked to think of the house, I could n't do without thinking of it, as the great man's safest harborage through the tremendous gale of those even more leave-taking appearances, as fate was to appoint, than we then understood; and this was a fact about it, to my taste, which made all sorts of other, much more prolonged and reiterated, facts comparatively subordinate and flat. The single drawback was that the intimacies and privileges it witnessed for in that most precious connection seemed scarce credible; the inimitable presence was anecdotically enough attested, but I somehow rather missed the evidential sample, 'a feather, an eagle's feather,' as Browning says, which I should, ideally speaking, have picked up on the stairs.

I doubtless meanwhile found it the most salient of all the circumstances that the *Atlantic Monthly* had at no ancient date virtually come into being under the fostering roof, and that a charm, or at least a felt soft weight, attached to one's thinking of its full-flushed earlier form as very much edited from there. There its contributors, or many of them, dined and supped and went to tea, and there above all, in many a case, was almost gloriously revealed to them the possible relation be-

tween such amenities and hospitalities and the due degree of inspiration. It would take me too far to say how I dispose of J. R. Lowell in this reconstruction, the very first editor as he was, if I mistake not, of the supremely sympathetic light miscellany that I figure; but though I have here to pick woefully among my reminiscences I must spare a word or two for another presence too intimately associated with the scene, and too constantly predominant there, to be overlooked.

The *Atlantic* was for years practically the sole organ of that admirable writer and wit, that master of almost every form of observational, of meditational, and of humorous ingenuity, the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and of *Elsie Venner*. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had been from the first the great 'card' of the new *recueil*, and this with due deference to the fact that Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier, that Lowell himself and Hawthorne and Francis Parkman, were prone to figure in no other periodical (speaking thus of course but of the worthies originally drawn upon). Mr. Longfellow was frequent and remarkably even, neither rising above nor falling below a level ruled as straight as a line for a copybook; Emerson, on the other hand, was rare, but, to make up for it, sometimes surprising; and when I ask myself what best distinction the magazine owed to our remaining hands I of course remember that it put forth the whole later array of *The Biglow Papers*, and that the impressions and reminiscences of England gathered up by Hawthorne into *Our Old Home* had enjoyed their first bloom of publicity from month to month under Fields's protection. These things drew themselves out in delightful progression, to say nothing of other cognate felicities — everything that either Lowell or Hawthorne published in those days making its first appearance,

inveterately, in the *Atlantic* pages. Lowell's serious as well as his hilarious, that is his broadly satiric, verse was pressed into their service; though of his literary criticism, I recall, the magazine was less avid — little indeed, at the same time, as it could emulate in advance its American-born fellows of to-day in apparent dread of that insidious appeal to attention. Which remarks, as I make them, but throw into relief for me the admirable vivacity and liberality of Dr. Holmes's *Atlantic* career, quite warranting, as they again flicker and glow, no matter what easy talk about a golden age. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, the American contribution to literature, that I can recall, most nearly meeting the conditions and enjoying the fortune of a classic, quite sufficiently accounts, I think, for our sense not only at the time, but during a long stretch of the subsequent, that we had there the most precious of the metals in the very finest fusion. Such perhaps was not entirely the air in which we saw *Elsie Venner* bathed — since if this too was a case of the shining substance of the author's mind, so extraordinarily agile within its own circle of content, the application of the admirable engine was yet not perhaps so happy; in spite of all of which nothing would induce me now to lower our then claim for this fiction as the charmingest of the 'old' American group, the romances of Hawthorne of course always excepted.

The new American novel — for that was preparing — had at the season I refer to scarce glimmered into view; but its first seeds were to be sown very exactly in *Atlantic* soil, where my super-excellent friend and confrère W. D. Howells soon began editorially to cultivate them. I should find myself crossing in this reference the edge of a later period, were I moved here at all to stiff discriminations; which I am so far from

being that I absolutely *like* to remember, pressing out elated irony in it, that the magazine seemed pleased to profit by Howells, whether as wise editor or delightful writer, only up to the verge of his broadening out into mastership. He broadened gradually, and far-away back numbers exhibit the tentative light footprints that were to become such firm and confident steps; but affectionate appreciation quite consciously assisted at a process in which it could mark and measure each stage — up to the time, that is, when the process quite outgrew, as who should say, the walls of the drill-ground itself.

By this time many things, as was inevitable, — things not of the earlier tradition, — had come to pass; not the least of these being that J. T. Fields, faithfully fathering man, had fallen for always out of the circle. What was to follow his death made for itself other connections, many of which indeed had already begun; but what I think of in particular, as his beguiled loose chronicler straightening out a little — though I would not for the world overmuch — the confusion of old and doubtless, in some cases, rather shrunken importances, what I especially run to earth is that there were forms of increase which the 'original' organ might have seemed to grow rather weak in the knees for carrying. I pin my remembrance, however, only to the Fieldses — that is, above all, to *his* active relation to the affair, and to the image left with me of guiding and nursing pleasure shown always as the intensity of personal pleasure. No confident proprietor can ever have drawn more happiness from a cherished and computed value than he drew from Dr. Holmes's success, which likewise provided so blest a medium for the *Autocrat's* own expansive spirit that I see the whole commerce and inspiration in the cheerful waterside light.

I find myself couple together the two Charles Street houses, though even with most weight of consideration for that where *The Autocrat*, *The Professor*, *Elsie Venner*, and the long and bright succession of the unsurpassed Boston *pièces de circonstance* in verse, to say nothing of all the eagerest and easiest and funniest, all the most winged and kept-up, most illustrational and suggestion, table-talk that ever was, sprang smiling to life. Ineffaceably present to me is all *that* atmosphere, though I enjoyed it of course at the time but as the most wonderstruck and most indulged of extreme juniors; and in the mere ghostly breath of it old unspeakable vibrations revive. I find innumerable such for instance between the faded leaves of *Soundings from the Atlantic*, and in one of the papers there reprinted, 'My Hunt for the Captain,' in especial, the recital of the author's search among the Virginia battlefields for his gallant wounded son; which, with its companions, evokes for me also at this end of time, and mere fond memory aiding, a greater group of sacred images than I may begin to name, as well as the charm and community of that overlooking of the wide inlet which so corrected the towniness. The *Autocrat's* insuperable instinct for the double sense of words, when the drollery of the collocation was pointed enough, has its note in the title of the volume I have just mentioned (where innumerable other neglected notes would respond again, I imagine, to the ear a bit earnestly applied); but the clue that has lengthened out so far is primarily attached, no doubt, to the eloquence of the final passage of the paper, in which the rejoicing father, back from his anxious quest, sees Boston bristle again on his lifelong horizon, the immemorial signs multiply, the great dome of the State House rise not a whit less high than before, and the Bunker Hill obel-

isk point as sharply as ever its beveled capstone against the sky.

The charm I thus rake out of the period, and the aspect of the Fieldses as bathed in that soft medium — so soft after the long internecine harshness — gloss over to my present view every troubled face of my young relation with the *Atlantic*; the poor pathetic faces, as they now pass before me, being troubled for more reasons than I can recall, but above all, I think, because from the first I found 'writing for the magazines' an art still more difficult than delightful. Yet I doubt whether I wince at this hour any more than I winced on the spot at hearing it quoted from this proprietor of the first of those with which I effected an understanding that such a strain of pessimism in the would-be picture of life had an odd, had even a ridiculous, air on the part of an author with his mother's milk scarce yet dry on his lips. It was to my amused W. D. H. that I owed this communication, as I was to owe him ever such numberless invitations to partake of his amusement; and I trace back to that with interest the first note of the warning against not 'ending happily' that was for the rest of my literary life to be sounded in my ear with a good faith of which the very terms failed to reach me intelligibly enough to correct my apparent perversity. I labored always under the conviction that to terminate a fond æsthetic effort in felicity had to be as much one's obeyed law as to begin it and carry it on in the same; whereby how could one be anything less than bewildered at the non-recognition of one's inveterately plotted climax of expression and intensity? One went so far as literally to claim that in a decent production — such as one at least hoped any particular specimen of one's art to show for — the terminal virtue, driven by the whole momentum gathered on the way,

had to be most expressional of one's subject, and thereby more fortunately pointed than whatever should have gone before. I remember clinging to that measure of the point really made even in the tender dawn of the bewilderment I glance at and which I associate with the general precarious element in those first *Atlantic* efforts. It really won me to an anxious kindness for Mr. Fields that though finding me precociously dismal he yet indulgently suffered me — and this not the less for my always feeling that Howells, during a season his sub-editor, must more or less have intervened with a good result.

The great, the reconciling thing, however, was the easy medium, the generally teeming Fields atmosphere, out of which possibilities that ravished me increasingly sprang; though doubtless these may speak in the modern light quite preponderantly of the young observer's and devourer's irrepressible need to appreciate — as compared, I mean, with his need to *be* appreciated, and a due admixture of that recognized. I preserve doubtless imperfectly the old order of these successions, the thrill sometimes but blandly transmitted, sometimes directly snatched, the presented occasion and the rather ruefully missed, the apprehension that in such a circle — with centre and circumference, in Charles Street, coming well together despite the crowded, the verily crammed, space between them — the brush of æsthetic, of social, of cultural suggestion worked, when most lively, at the end of a long handle that had stretched all the way over from Europe. How it struck me as working, I remember well, on a certain afternoon when the great Swedish singer Christine Nielsen, then young and beautiful and glorious, was received among us — that is, when she stood between a pair of the windows of the Fields museum, to which she was for the moment the

most actual recruit, and accepted the homage of extremely presented and fluttered persons, not one of whom could fail to be dazzled by her extraordinary combination of different kinds of lustre. Then there was the period of Charles Fechter, who had come over from London, whither he had originally come from Paris, to establish a theatre in Boston, where he was to establish it to no great purpose, alas! and who during the early brightness of his legend seemed to create for us on the same spot an absolute community of interests with the tremendously knowing dilettanti to whom he referred. He referred most of course to Dickens, who had directed him straight upon Charles Street under a benediction that was at first to do much for him, launch him violently and to admiration, even if he was before long, no doubt, to presume overmuch on its virtue.

Highly effective too, in this connection, while the first portents lasted, was the bustling virtue of the Fieldses — on that ground and on various others indeed directly communicated from Dickens's own, and infinitely promoting the delightful roused state under which we grasped at the æsthetic freshness of Fechter's Hamlet in particular. Did n't we react with the finest collective and perceptive intensity against the manner of our great and up to that time unquestioned exponent of the part, Edwin Booth? — who, however he might come into his own again after the Fechter flurry, never recovered real credit, it was interesting to note, for the tradition of his 'head,' his facial and physiognomic make-up, of a sudden quite luridly revealed as provincial, as formed even to suggest the powerful support rendered the Ophelia of Pendennis's Miss Fotheringay. I remember, in fine, thinking that the emissary of Dickens and the fondling of the Fieldses, to express it freely, seemed to

play over our classic, our livid ring-letted image a sort of Scandinavian smoky torch, out of the lurid flicker of which it never fully emerged.

These are trivial and perhaps a bit tawdry illustrations; but there were plenty of finer accidents: projected assurances and encountered figures and snatched impressions, such as naturally make at present but a faded show, and yet not one of which has lost its distinctness for my own infatuated piety. I see now what an overcharged glory could attach to the fact that Anthony Trollope, in his habit as he lived, was at a given moment literally dining in Charles Street. I can do justice to the rich notability of my partaking of Sunday supper there in company with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and making out to my satisfaction that if she had, of intensely local New England type as she struck me as being, not a little of the nonchalance of real renown, she 'took in' circumjacent objects and more agitated presences with the true economy of genius. I even invest with the color of romance, or I did at the time, the bestowal on me, for temporary use, of the precursory pages of Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, honorably smirched by the American compositor's fingers, from which the Boston edition of that volume, with the classicism of its future awaiting it, had just been set up. I can still recover the rapture with which, then suffering under the effects of a bad accident, I lay all day on a sofa in Ashburton Place and was somehow transported, as in a shining silvery dream, to London, to Oxford, to the French Academy, to Languedoc, to Brittany, to ancient Greece; all under the fingered spell of the little loose smutty London sheets. And I somehow even felt in my face the soft side wind of that 'arranging' for punctualities of production of the great George Eliot, with whom our friends literally

conversed, to the last credibility, every time they went to London, and, thanks to whose intimate confidence in them, does n't it seem to me that I enjoyed the fragrant foretaste of *Middlemarch*? — roundabout which I patch together certain confused reminiscences of a weekly periodical, a younger and plainer sister of the *Atlantic*, its title now lost to me and the activity of which was all derivative, consisting as it did of bang-on-the-hour English first-fruits, 'advance' felicities of the London press. This must all have meant an elated season during which, in the still prolonged absence of an international copyright law, the favor of early copy, the alertness of postal transmission, in consideration of the benefit of the quickened fee, was to make international harmony prevail. I retain but an inferential sense of it all, yet gilded again to memory by perusals of Trollope, of Wilkie Collins, of Charles Reade, of others of the then distinguished, quite beneath their immediate rejoicing eye and with double the amount of quality we had up to that time extracted oozing gratefully through their pores.

Mrs. Fields was to survive her husband for many years and was to flourish as a copious second volume — the connection licenses the free figure — of the work anciently issued. She had a further and further, a very long life, all of infinite goodness and grace, and, while ever insidiously referring to the past, could not help meeting the future at least half-way. And all her implications were gay, since no one so finely sentimental could be noted as so humorous; just as no feminine humor was perhaps ever so unmistakably directed, and no state of amusement, amid quantities of reminiscence, perhaps ever so merciful. It was not that she could think no ill, but that she could n't see others thinking it, much less doing it; which was quite compatible too with

her being as little trapped by any presumptuous form of it as if she had had its measure to the last fineness. It became a case of great felicity; she was all the gentle referee and servant, the literary and social executor, so to speak, of a hundred ghosts, but the scroll of her vivid commission had never been rolled up, so that it hung there open to whatever more names and pleas might softly inscribe themselves. She kept her whole connection insistently modern, in the sense that all new recruits to it found themselves in concert with the charming old tone, and, only wanting to benefit by its authority, were much more affected by it than it was perhaps fortunately in certain cases affected by them. Beautiful the instance of an exquisite person for whom the mere grace of unimpaired duration, drawing out and out the grace implanted, established an importance that she never lifted so much as a finger to claim, and the manner of which was that, while people surrounded her, admiringly and tenderly, only to do in their own interest all the reminding, she was herself ever as little as possible caught in the more or less invidious act. It was they who preferred her possibilities of allusion to any aspect of the current jostle, and her sweetness under their pressure made her consenting modern even while the very sound of the consent was as the voice of a time so much less strident.

My sense of all this later phase was able on occasion to renew itself, but perhaps never did so in happier fashion than when Mrs. Fields, revisiting England, as she continued to embrace every opportunity of doing, kindly traveled down to see me in the country, bringing with her a young friend of great talent whose prevailing presence in her life had come little by little to give it something like a new centre. To speak in a mere parenthesis of Miss

Jewett, mistress of an art of fiction all her own, even though of a minor compass, and surpassed only by Hawthorne as producer of the most finished and penetrating of the numerous 'short stories' that have the domestic life of New England for their general and their doubtless somewhat lean subject, is to do myself, I feel, the violence of suppressing a chapter of appreciation that I should long since somewhere have found space for. Her admirable gift, that artistic sensibility in her which rivaled the rare personal, that sense for the finest kind of truthful rendering, the sober and tender note, the temperately touched, whether in the ironic or the pathetic, would have deserved some more pointed commemoration than I judge her beautiful little quantum of achievement, her free and high, yet all so generously subdued character, a sort of elegance of humility or fine flame of modesty, with her remarkably distinguished outward stamp, to have called forth before the premature and overdarkened close of her young course of production. She had come to Mrs. Fields as an adoptive daughter, both a sharer and a sustainer, and nothing could more have warmed the ancient faith of their confessingly a bit disoriented countryman than the association of the elder and the younger lady in such an emphasized susceptibility. Their reach together was of the firmest and easiest, and I verily remember being struck with the stretch of wing that the spirit of Charles Street could bring off on finding them all fragrant of a recent immersion in the country life of France, where admiring friends had opened to them iridescent vistas that made it by comparison a charity they should show the least dazzle from my so much ruder display. I preserve at any rate the memory of a dazzle corresponding, or in other words of my gratitude for their

ready apprehension of the greatness of big 'composed' Sussex, which we explored together almost to extravagance — the lesson to my own sense all remaining that of how far the pure, the peculiarly pure, old Boston spirit, old even in these women of whom one was miraculously and the other familiarly young, could travel without a scrap of loss of its ancient immunity to set against its gain of vivacity.

There was vivacity of a new sort somehow in the fact that the elder of my visitors, the elder in mere calculable years, had come fairly to cultivate, as it struck me, a personal resemblance to the great George Eliot — and this but through the quite lawful art of causing a black lace mantilla to descend from her head and happily consort with a droop of abundant hair, a formation of brow and a general fine benignity: things that at once markedly recalled the countenance of Sir Frederick Burton's admirable portrait of the author of *Romola* and made it a charming anomaly that such remains of beauty should match at all a plainness not to be blinked even under the play of Sir Frederick's harmonizing crayon. Other amplified aspects of the whole legend, as I have called it, I was afterwards to see presented on its native scene — whereby it comes back to me that Sarah Jewett's brave ghost would resent my too roughly Bostonizing her: there hangs before me such a picture of her right setting, the antique

dignity — as antiquity counts thereabouts — of a clear colonial house, in Maine, just over the New Hampshire border, and a day spent amid the very richest local revelations. These things were not so much of like as of equally flushed complexion with two or three occasions of view, at the same memorable time, of Mrs. Fields's happy alternative home on the shining Massachusetts shore, where I seem to catch in latest afternoon light the quite final form of all the pleasant evidence. To say which, however, is still considerably to foreshorten; since there supervenes for me with force as the very last word, or the one conclusive for myself at least, a haunted little feast as of ghosts, if not of skeletons, at the banquet, with the image of that immemorial and inextinguishable lady Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the most evidential and most eminent presence of them all, as she rises in her place, under the extremity of appeal, to declaim a little quaveringly, but ever so gallantly, that 'Battle-hymn of the Republic,' which she had caused to be chanted half a century before and still could accompany with a real breadth of gesture, her great clap of hands and indication of the complementary step, on the triumphant line, 'Be swift my hands to welcome him, be jubilant my feet!'

The geniality of this performance swept into our collective breast again the whole matter of my record, which I thus commend to safe spiritual keeping.

SCIENTIFIC FAITH

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

SCIENTIFIC faith is no more smooth sailing than is theological faith. One involves about as many mysteries, as many unthinkable truths, as the other. It is unthinkable that a particle of matter can be so small that it cannot be made smaller, yet the atomic theory of matter involves this contradiction. The luminiferous ether, the most dense and at the same time the most attenuated body in the universe, which science has invented to account for the action of bodies upon other bodies at a distance, is unthinkable. But with all the contradictions which it involves, we are compelled to assume its reality in order to account for things as we know them.

How many things may be affirmed of the visible, ponderable bodies on the earth's surface which are just the opposite of what is true of the invisible, imponderable bodies of the interior world of matter, and which also do not hold among the bodies of celestial space! Thus all inanimate bodies on the earth's surface are at rest until some force exterior to themselves acts upon them. In the world of molecular physics the molecules and atoms and electrons are self-moved, and are in perpetual motion. If the Brunonian movement extended to visible ponderable bodies, the earth would be uninhabitable; we should behold a sight such as we have never yet beheld. Spontaneous motion never takes place among inanimate bodies, while it is the rule among

the atoms of which they are composed. Gravity and friction bind the bodies on the surface of the earth, but these laws are inoperative in the world of atoms and electrons. On the other hand, when we reach the astronomic world, or the sidereal universe, we find the same condition that prevails in the world of the infinitely little: perpetual motion goes on, friction is abolished, and nothing is at rest; there are collisions and disruptions just as there are in the world of atoms. Height and depth, upper and under, east and west, north and south, weight and inertia, as we experience them, have vanished. There are no boundaries, no ending and no beginning, no centre and no circumference; the infinite cannot have any of these. Rest and motion are relative terms. The sun is at rest with reference to the earth, but in motion with reference to some larger system, which is again at rest when tried by the sun. Motion implies something which is not in motion. The bodies we know have weight with reference to the earth, and the earth has weight with reference to some larger body, and this again with reference to some other still larger, and so on; but the universe as a whole can have no weight. A body at the centre of the earth can have no weight. If unsupported, would it move up or down? Could one tunnel through the earth, would he be standing on his head or his heels when he emerged on the other side? The infinitely little and infinitely vast alike baffle the understanding, developed as it is by our concrete finite

life. Creation is typified by the sphere. A circle is a straight line that at every point ceases to be a straight line, and the earth's surface is a plane that every moment ceases to be a plane. Following the surface of the earth does not carry us to the under side, because there is no more an under side than there is an upper side — there is only a boundless surface. But if it were possible for us to build a globe on the globe, as large as the one we inhabit, would it not have an upper and an under side?

II

The mysteries of religion are of a different order from those of science; they are parts of an arbitrary system of man's own creation; they contradict our reason and our experience, while the mysteries of science are revealed by our reason, and transcend our experience. One implies the supernatural, while the other implies inscrutable processes or forces in the natural. That man is of animal origin is a deduction of reason, but the fact so far transcends our experience that it puts a great strain upon our scientific faith.

The miracles of our theology do violence to our understanding, but it is a part of our faith to accept them. The miracle of the loaves and the fishes, and of the turning of water into wine, have their parallels in chemical reactions, as in the conversion of starch into sugar, or of sugar into an acid; the mystery is that of chemical transformations, and occurs in the everyday processes of nature, while the biblical miracles are exceptional occurrences, and are never repeated.

The miracles of religion are to be discredited, not because we cannot conceive of them, but because they run counter to all the rest of our knowledge; while the mysteries of science, such as chemical affinity, the conservation of

energy, the indivisibility of the atom, the change of the non-living into the living, and the like, extend the boundaries of our knowledge, though the *modus operandi* of these changes remains hidden.

We do not know how the food we eat is transformed into the thoughts we think; in other words, the connection of the physical with the mental baffles us; but our familiarity with the phenomena causes us to look upon them as a matter of course. In fact, while most of the mysteries and marvels of the prescientific ages only served to measure the depth of the mental darkness of those ages, the mysteries and the marvels of modern science serve to measure the depths to which we have penetrated into the hidden processes of natural law.

The scientific faith which triumphs over all obstacles is not common. The late Alfred Russel Wallace was an eminent scientist and naturalist, collaborer with Darwin in establishing the theory of the origin of species by natural selection; but he could not accept the whole of Darwinism. The break in his scientific faith is seen in his failure to accept completely the animal origin of man; he looked upon man's spiritual nature as a miraculous addition to his animal inheritance. Natural science owes a great debt to Agassiz, but he, too, faltered before the problem of the origin of species through natural descent. He belonged to an age that had not fully emancipated itself from the dogmas of the church. He saw an incarnated thought of the Creator in every species of animal and plant. The great majority of mankind still see a dualist world — half natural and half supernatural. But the strict scientist knows only the natural. Even the origin of life is to him only a problem of the inherent potency of matter.

Darwin's scientific faith was not

quite able to stand alone; it had to lean upon teleological props. He could not accept the whole proposition of the natural origin of man and of other forms of life; his theory of descent had to start with a few forms, animal and vegetable, three or four, miraculously brought into the world by the creative power of an omnipotent being; these few original forms, through the action of natural selection, working upon chance variation, gave rise to all the infinite diversity of forms that now people the earth. Darwin's scientific faith was strong where that of Wallace was weak, inasmuch as he had no more difficulty in accounting for the mind of man by the theory of descent, than he had in accounting for the body of man. Both were an evolution of lower forms. His was a type of mind much more steady and consistent than was the mind of Wallace. Darwin's mind was of the planetary order, while Wallace's was more cometary. The later works of Wallace are a curious mixture of scientific data and theological moonshine.

Darwin's conviction of the origin of species through descent was so deep and whole-hearted that one wonders why it did not carry him back into the problem of the very beginning of life upon the globe. If natural law is adequate to account for the wonderful diversity of vegetable and animal forms, including the body and the soul of man, why should it not be adequate to account for the origin of the first primordial forms? If we are to believe that the mentality and spirituality of man as we know him to-day could arise from the blind, unreasoning lower orders, should we have any trouble in believing that living matter could arise or be evolved from the non-living? The change is no greater in the latter case than in the former.

Are we to look upon the universe

as half natural and half supernatural? Must it not be entirely one or the other to be a *universe*? Is it any easier to believe that God planted the germs of evolution in a few forms, created out of hand, so to speak, than it is to believe that He kindled the evolutionary impulse in matter itself? If we believe that one species was brought into being by a special act of creative energy, are we not bound to believe that all species were? It is the old story of our fathers: that the Creator is active in nature at certain times and places, and is passive at others. The processes of creation being miraculously started, they then continue under the guidance of natural law.

This break in Darwin's scientific faith does not at all detract from the immense value of his work. I only point to it as showing how difficult it was for even his mind to commit itself unreservedly to the full guidance of natural science. Tyndall, whose scientific faith was more consistent, saw the 'promise and the potency' of all terrestrial life in matter itself, but he wrote matter with a big M, and declared that at bottom it was essentially mysterious and transcendental; and Bruno, in declaring that matter was the mother of us all, brought the Creator near us in the same way. Such views simply show the creative energy as always immanent in the universe. They free our minds of the notion that creation is a miracle at one end, and ordinary development at the other; that a primary cause sets the machine going, then turns it over to secondary causes. How is it possible to conceive of so-called secondary causes, except as phases of the First Cause? When we use the phrase, the idea of delegated power, drawn from our civic experience, seems to be in our minds. But I doubt if the universe is run on this plan, though our ecclesiasticism has made much of this idea. Our

idea of cause, anyhow, is drawn entirely from our experience with material bodies and forces. In living nature, and in the brain of man, cause and effect meet and become one. There is no up and no down, no east and no west, no north and no south, in the depths of sidereal space; neither do any other of our mundane notions of primary and secondary causes apply to the universe as a whole.

The rain causes the grass to grow, and the sun causes the snow to melt, but we cannot apply the idea of cause, in this sense, to nature as a whole, but only to parts of nature. Gravitation caused Newton's apple to fall, but what causes the earth to fall forever and ever, and never to fall upon the body that is said to attract it?

Huxley's scientific faith was more radical and uncompromising than Darwin's. It never went into partnership with the old teleological notions of creation. Huxley not only accepted the development theory, with all that it implies, but, so far as I can make out, he accepted the theory of the physico-chemical origin of life itself. He found no more place for miracle at the beginning than at the end of evolution, yet he repudiated materialism as emphatically as he rejected what he calls spiritualism, — declaring that the latter was only the former turned bottom-side up. While recognizing that 'the logical methods of physical science are of universal applicability,' he saw clearly enough that many subjects of thought and emotion — doubtless he would say, many forms of truth — lie entirely outside the province of physical science. He recognized three forms of reality in the universe, — matter, energy, and consciousness, — and that the last-named was no conceivable modification of either of the others. Whether he assigned to consciousness the same cosmic rank as to matter and energy,

does not appear. It is quite certain that matter and energy existed before consciousness appeared, and will continue to exist after it disappears. But, in making this statement, are we projecting our consciousness into the past, and into the future?

I note one weakness in Huxley's faith: it seems to have balked at accepting the reality of things it could not conceive of. While looking upon the theory of the atomic constitution of matter as a valuable working hypothesis, it balked at the objective existence of the atom, — a point of matter, which occupied space and had form and weight, and yet was indivisible. This was beyond his power of conception, as it is beyond the power of conception of the best of us. Yet we have to accept the atom on the demonstrations of experimental science. The helium atom has been proven to be an objective entity as truly as is the sun in heaven. The apparent contradiction of an indivisible body is involved in our habits of thought formed by our dealings with ponderable bodies; we are introduced to the world of chemical reactions. We cannot conceive or picture to ourselves just what takes place when two gases unite chemically, as when hydrogen and oxygen unite to form water. Our only resource is to apply to the process mechanical images; our experience affords us no other.

We fancy that the difference between two compounds with the same chemical formula, but with widely different properties, — say alcohol and ether, — consists in the different arrangement of the particles. Arranged in one order, they produce one compound; arranged in a different order, they result in a compound with different properties. Yet every particle of these gases is supposed to be exactly like every other particle. How hard then to conceive of any mere spatial arrangement of

them as resulting in such widely different products. One has to think of each atom or electron as a little world in itself, containing different stores of energy or vibrating at a different rate of speed, in order to see substances of such different properties arising out of the different orders in which the atoms are arranged in the molecule, and the molecules in the mass. If the atoms of carbon or oxygen or hydrogen are each as unique and individual as men and women are, one can see that the order in which they join hands or select their partners may be fraught with important consequences. If the atoms are vibrating each with a different degree of energy, or carry different charges of electricity, then one can see that the different orders in which they stand to each other would be very significant. But no mechanical image, nor the action and interaction of ponderable bodies in time and space, can afford us a key to chemical combination.

How can we figure to ourselves any sort of spatial disposition of the ultimate particles of the invisible gases of oxygen and hydrogen that shall result in a product so unlike either as water? How impossible it all is in the light of our experience with visible bodies! Each atom or electron seems to get inside the other. But how can an indivisible particle of matter have either an inside or an outside, or place, or weight, or any other property that we ascribe to the bodies that we see and feel? What a world of the imagination it all is! It introduces us to some of the unthinkable truths of science — truths beyond our power to grasp, yet which experimental science verifies. It is unthinkable that matter and motion can exist without friction; that two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time; that a particle can be so small that it might not be smaller, or so large that it might not be larger; that space is

without limits, creation without beginning; that at the centre of the earth there is no up and no down, on its surface no under and no over. Two waves of sound may interfere with each other and produce a silence, and two waves of light produce a darkness.

Molecular physics has made great strides since Huxley's time. With all the phenomena of electricity before him, he could not conceive of electricity as a positive entity; he seems to have regarded it as only a mode of motion, like heat. How shall we think of dematerialized substance, of disembodied energy, of a fluid as elusive and ubiquitous as thought itself, or of the transformation of one form of energy into another, as of electrical energy into mechanical? Electricity disappears in matter beyond the reach of any analysis to reveal; it is summoned again from matter as by the wave of a wand. In a thunderstorm we see it rend the heavens and disappear again into its impossible lair as quick as thought — energy which is not energy. Yet we know the reality of all these things, and the atomic theory of electricity is securely established. This gross matter with which life struggles, and which we conceive of as at enmity with spirit, is far more wonderful stuff than we have ever dreamed of, and the step from the clod to the brain of man is not so impossible as it seems. There is deep beneath deep all around us. Gross matter has its interior in the molecule; the molecule has its interior in the atom; the atom has its interior in the electron; and the electron is matter in its fourth or its ethereal estate. We easily conceive of matter in the three states, — the solid, the liquid, the gaseous, — because experience is our guide; but how are we to figure to ourselves matter in the ethereal estate? In other words, how are we to grasp the electric constitution of matter?

III

In Sir Oliver Lodge we have an example of a thoroughly trained and equipped scientific mind which yet, to account for things as we find them in this world, has to postulate another world of a different order — the world of spiritual reality — interpenetrating and interacting with the visible and tangible world about us. In doing this, Sir Oliver takes an extra-scientific step and lays himself open to the same criticism that has been visited upon Alfred Russel Wallace.

Our Professor Loeb would account for all our gods through physical and chemical changes in matter, and would probably look as much askance upon Huxley's 'consciousness' as belonging to the trinity of cosmic realities, as upon Sir Oliver Lodge's hierarchy of spirits. Huxley's coat of mail is his agnosticism: he does not know, and sees no way of knowing, the truth of many things about which some of his fellows are so certain.

Haeckel's faith is so robust that he has no trouble in seeing life arise from lifeless matter by easy natural processes. But it is extraordinary matter that he starts with — unorganized matter charged with such potency that it goes forward from step to step up the ladder, from compound to compound, each step a nearer approach to life, till what he names the *monera*, an organism without organs, is reached, then organized protoplasm, then the cell, then the functioning organism. The first bit of unicellular life is charged with such possibilities of development that the whole world of living things lies folded in it: man and all that lies below him, all the orders and sub-orders and species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are latent in the first bit of life-stuff that Haeckel invokes by the magic of words from inert matter.

For his start Haeckel goes back to the first hardening of the earth's crust, the formation of water in a fluid condition, and great changes in the carbonic-laden atmosphere. Under these conditions a series of complicated nitrogenous carbon compounds was formed, and these first produced albumen or protein. The molecules of albumen arranged themselves in a certain way, according to their unstable chemical attractions, in larger groups of molecules; and these combined to form still larger aggregates, and thus produced homogeneous plasma-granules. As these grew they divided, to form still larger plasma-granules of a homogeneous character, and the result is what he calls the *monera*, — the first bit of living unorganized matter, a cell without nuclei.

Out of this *monera*, by surface strain and chemical differentiation and other obscure processes, that wonder, the nuclear cell, arose — the architect of all living things on the globe. Our bodies, and the bodies of all other living beings, are simply multiplications of cells, all fundamentally the same, — the work of a complex microscopic mechanism that seems to know from the start the part it is to play in the world, and proceeds to build all the diversities of living forms that we know; but why, in the one case, it builds a flea, or a cat, or a monkey, or a man, and in another a flower, or a pine, or an oak, Haeckel's exposition does not help us to understand.

Do we know of anything in the laws of matter and force, as we see them in the non-living world, that would lead us to expect such novel results? Why the cell should build anything, since the colony of living cells that Dr. Carrel has kept going for a year or more builds nothing, but only multiplies its units, is a question which Haeckel's chemistry and physics will never be able to answer.

'The organs of a living body,' he says, 'perform their functions chiefly by virtue of their chemical composition.' Undoubtedly, but what made it a living body and gave it organs? Of course the functioning of any bodily organ involves chemical processes, but do the processes determine the function? Do they assign one function to the liver, another to the kidneys, another to the heart? In other words, is the organizing effort that awakens in matter, the result of chemistry and physics?

Do we not need to go outside of the material constituents of a living body to account for its purposive organization? Can we deduce an eye or an ear or a brain from any of the known chemical properties or from their material elements? Does any living thing necessarily follow from its known chemical composition? Do the material constituents of the different parts of a machine decide the part they shall play in the whole? The function of an organ, and the organ itself, are the result of some unknown but intelligent power in the body as a whole.

I have no purpose to discredit Haeckel's science or his philosophy, but only to show how great is his scientific faith, — how much it presupposes, and what a burden it throws upon chemistry and physics. Like all the later philosophical biologists, he reaches a point in his argument when chemistry and physics become creative, while he fails to see that they differ at all in their activities from the chemistry and physics of inorganic matter. To be consistent he is

forced to believe in the possibility of the artificial production of life. He helps himself out by endowing all matter with sensation and purpose, and thus its passage from one condition to another higher in the scale is easily accomplished.

Haeckel's manipulation of matter to get life will to many persons seem like a sleight-of-hand trick. One thing disappears, and at a word another entirely different takes its place. Now we see the solid lifeless crust of the earth, then we see water and carbon dioxide, then nitrogenous carbon compounds, then, presto! we have albumen or protoplasm, the physical basis of life. Out of protoplasm by a deft use of words comes the *monera*; another flourish of his pen and there is that marvel, the living cell, with its nucleus, its chromosome, its centrosome, and all its complicated, intelligent, and self-directed activities. This may be the road the creative energy traveled, since we have to have creative energy whether in matter or apart from it; but our scientific faith hesitates until these steps can be repeated in the laboratory and life appear at the behest of chemical reactions.

The scientific faith of mankind — faith in the universality of natural causation — is greatly on the increase; it is waxing in proportion as theological faith is waning; and if love of truth is to be our form of love of God, and if the conservation of human life, and the amelioration of its conditions, are to be our form of brotherly love, then the religion of a scientific age certainly has some redeeming features.

THE PURPLE STAR

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

I

WHEN the Fifth Graders returned in the fall, they knew, to a boy and a girl, that they were to go to Room H, and they knew, too, that by passing over the threshold they would automatically become the elderly and dignified Sixth Grade. Proud and disdainful were Sixth Graders, in that they carried the largest geographies made; highly pedantic, too, were they, because they coped with mysterious institutions called fractions, which occupied the clean, unexplored back part of one's arithmetic. Fearsomely learned were they in words of seven, eight, and nine syllables. To be one of such was to be indeed Grown Up. When the new class, half-timorous, and wholly suspicious, entered Room H, they were startled to find their thirty names already written in a neat column on the blackboard, with an imperative 'DO NOT ERASE' underneath. How on earth had Miss Prawl found out their names?

It was hard for Theodora Bowles to take her seat inconspicuously, as if she were no better than stupid Freddy Beal; as if, in fact, she had not been for five years the leader of the class. Theodora, however, was not nearly so obscure as she supposed; for Miss Prawl, in secret session with the Fifth-Grade teacher, had been informed that Theodora was so quick-witted that she usually called out the answer before the teacher had finished putting the question. Furthermore, whenever the class was asked to recite in concert, she

invariably shouted the answer first, and then the rest of the class repeated what Theodora had said, and were therefore always right. The fact that she knew more than any one but the teacher had made Theodora's life one delightful arrogance of intellectual supremacy. Pretending that she was royalty in disguise, Theodora gazed impatiently at Miss Prawl, and wondered how long it would be before the new teacher found out how bright she was.

After all the children were located at desks corresponding to the ones they had occupied in Grades Five, Four, Three, Two, and One, Miss Prawl opened a drawer of her shiny, spotless desk, and took out a box which proved to contain six new pieces of different-colored chalk, lying side by side. The combination of the bright colors was so alluring that every child immediately resolved to save up for just such an outfit, in order to play hopscotch in colors. With every eager eye riveted upon her, Miss Prawl took out the piece of pink chalk, and made a very beautiful pink star on the blackboard, directly after Stella Appleton's name. Stella, it may be said, always had a good deal of undeserved prominence, because her name began with an A.

'If, at the end of the week, Stella or any one of the rest of you is perfect in spelling, that person will get a pink star after his name,' announced Miss Prawl. And she put away the pink chalk, and drew a blue-chalk star after Freddy Beal's name. 'You will all receive blue stars if you are perfect in

arithmetic,' she continued. 'And yellow —' she drew a yellow star — 'yellow is for perfect geography. Green' — she made a green star — 'green is for perfect reading; and red —' Miss Prawl paused impressively — '*red* is for perfect deportment.'

After this entrancing monologue, Miss Prawl rubbed out the explanatory stars, replaced the chalk carefully in the box, and waited. Theodora's hand at once shot up into the air.

'Well?' asked Miss Prawl.

'My-name's-Theodora-Bowles,' said Theodora. 'And there's a piece of purple chalk in your box, Miss Prawl, that you did n't say anything about. And so I wondered if you had n't forgotten to tell us about purple stars.'

The whole class leaned forward in breathless expectancy, proud of their discerning Theodora.

'I am very glad that you asked me this question, Theodora,' said Miss Prawl. 'I keep the purple chalk for a very special, wonderful reason.' Thirty pairs of glistening eyes grew rounder. 'The purple star,' said Miss Prawl, in a hushed voice, 'is the greatest reward that I can bestow on any girl or boy. It is given only for some very great deed: for some deed which shall show that the girl or boy is either very brave or very kind, or both. Although I have seen a great many fine girls and boys, it has never happened that I felt that the right time had come to give any one a purple star. But perhaps this will be purple-star year.'

Theodora listened with a great dawning worship in her eyes. How exciting it was of Miss Prawl to set up such an impossibly high standard! And how altogether interesting Miss Prawl was, too! Her eyes seemed much given to dancing and twinkling; her voice was sweet and pleasant, being especially persuasive when she said 'boy' or 'girl'; and her smile was a blended maternal-

siren affair which nobody of either sex had ever been able to resist. Miss Prawl made one feel a little ashamed, as if one had never before appreciated what a privilege and a responsibility it was to be a boy or a girl. The new teacher's dress was a soft, pretty brown, dainty and fresh. Yes, Theodora resolved that she must attain the purple star, and thus forever become famous.

Just as she had arrived at this engrossing decision, the hall door opened, and Mr. Wadsmore, the adored, portly principal, strode energetically in, leading a new boy. This person, this upstart, this unidentified stranger, this perfect nobody of a new boy faced the critical, penetrating eyes of the assembled class with an almost superhuman ease.

'Miss Prawl, this young man is Charley Starr,' said Mr. Wadsmore. 'Can you make a place for him?'

Beside Theodora there was an empty seat, the only one in the room. As it was on the 'girls' side,' the male aspirants for education with difficulty smothered their roars of laughter at the idea of a boy's sitting, debased, among the girls. Observing this ill-concealed hilarity, Miss Prawl at once led Charley to the empty seat beside Theodora.

'If you'll sit here to-day, Charley, I will rearrange the seating to-morrow,' she said.

As Charley sank into the place assigned, Theodora blushed painfully. Being nearest to the unwelcome masculine stranger embarrassed her frightfully. Her hand flew up into the air.

'May I go out and get a drink?' she asked.

'Yes, Theodora,' replied Miss Prawl evenly.

She had heard of Theodora's continuous and unquenchable thirst, and had been advised by no less a person than Mr. Wadsmore that the best

course was to allow Theodora to drink as much and as often as she wished.

After a copious raid on the water-cooler, Theodora returned, feeling a little bloated, but much more composed and natural.

'Five minutes for whispering,' announced Miss Prawl, at eleven o'clock. A deafening hubbub immediately arose.

'Say,' began Charley Starr to Theodora, from behind his desk cover, 'how do you like *her*?' He nodded toward Miss Prawl, and winked.

Theodora was unwilling to indulge in the intimacies of gossip on so slight an acquaintance.

'Where'd you come from, anyway?' she icily inquired.

'Skipped up from the Fourth Grade.'

'You did!' Hauteur was drowned in awe.

'You bet. It's the second time I've skipped in this school, too.'

Theodora studied Charley with detached, incipient dislike. Charley must be very bright indeed to have skipped *two* classes. She herself, with all her brains, had never arrived at the pinnacle of skipping. And she had so much wanted to feel the importance of marching into chapel with the class next higher up, and of smiling back at her old mates with condescending tolerance. Theodora did not know that she might have skipped several times, but for the fact that her parents, who believed in the slow unfolding of her almost too brilliant mind, had begged to have her kept back. All unconscious of this parental duplicity, Theodora was having some very uncomfortable minutes. If Charley Starr had skipped two classes, it looked as if the impossible were true, — that there actually existed on the earth a person who was brighter than she. It could not be, and yet, and yet — Charley looked disturbingly intelligent. But there, of course he had n't studied last year's subjects

in detail, so he could n't possibly compete with her. And when she received the purple star, she would be entirely safe. Star — why, the new boy's name was Star.

'Is your name spelled plain *S-t-a-r*?' she asked.

'*S-t-a-double r*,' replied Charley. 'I'm Charles Augustus Starr, Junior,' he said, in a bragging tone.

Theodora gave a shriek of delight, and punched the girl in front of her.

'Say, Laura, the new boy's father is Coal-Cart Starr!' she cried.

Laura immediately shrieked, too, and so did all the other girls when they heard the news. Bewildered at so much noise, Miss Prawl rang the bell, and asked Theodora, who seemed to be a sort of cheer-leader, to look up the word 'whisper' in the large dictionary, and write the definition on the black-board.

The cause of all the undue commotion was the fact that Charles Augustus Starr, Senior, was in the coal business, and that daily, all day long, up and down the city went huge coal carts labeled 'C. A. Starr.' At Theodora's instigation, the girls in her class had formed the 'C. A. Starr Club,' which was a very original organization. There were no dues, and the responsibilities were light. They consisted of merely looking upward into the sky, and of pointing upward simultaneously with the index finger of the right hand every time one met a coal cart. C. A. Starr was thus cunningly interpreted as 'See a star!' It rather spoiled things that there were no stars to be seen in the daytime, and that the club members never met any coal wagons at night. Still, it was extremely good fun, when you caught sight of a coal cart, to point up and look up suddenly, and to have the vulgar, uninitiated outsider ask, 'What are you doing?' and then to explain that you belonged to a secret order,

and that there were times when it was necessary to give the high sign.

As Theodora was president of the See-A-Star Club, she at once called a meeting, to be held at the noon hour, for the purpose of considering whether or not club members ought to give the high sign in the presence of C. A. Starr, Junior. It was at length decided by the president, who did all the talking, that they would point up and look up when they met C. A. Starr, Junior, outside the school grounds. Otherwise, with Charley Starr right there in the same room, they would have to be pointing up and looking up all the time, and Miss Prawl might with reason object.

'Say,' said Charley Starr to Theodora, in the afternoon whispering period, 'did you hear about the purple star?'

Theodora nodded. She was speechless, because she had just crammed an entire licorice 'shoe-string' into her mouth.

'Well, I'm laying all my plans to get that star,' proclaimed Charley.

'So 'm I,' said Theodora, thickly, with black lips. 'So there's no use in your trying. I'd give up the idea, if I was you.'

'Not much I won't. I'd like to see a girl get ahead of *me*,' retorted Charles, witheringly.

Violent sex-antagonism sprang up full grown within the soul of Theodora. This insignificant upstart who casually skipped must be taught the lesson, once and for all, that school was one of the places where girls excelled.

'Let us refresh our memories by reviewing some of last year's geography,' said Miss Prawl, ringing the dinner-bell which called the class to order.

'Aha!' thought Theodora, swallowing the last of the shoe-string whole, — clearing the decks for action, as it were, — 'I guess I'll surprise C. A. Starr, Junior, *now*!'

'Recite in concert. What is the capital of Maine?' asked Miss Prawl.

'Augusta-on-the-Kennebec!' shouted Theodora Bowles and Charley Starr, as in one voice. 'Ter-ron-the-Kennebec!' echoed the rest of the class.

'What is the capital of New Hampshire?'

Again the two brilliant ones roared the right answer, and the rest recited, 'Curd-on-the-Merrimac!'

'Vermont?' continued Miss Prawl.

'Montpelier-on-the-Winooski!' yelled the rivals.

'She's going straight through the United States in order,' decided Theodora. 'I know 'em all, backwards and forwards, and I guess Charley Starr will get left long before we get to the Dakotas.'

'What is the capital of Rhode Island?' asked the wily Miss Prawl, who had noted the absent look on Theodora's face, and purposely omitted Massachusetts. And she caught everybody in the class.

'Boston-on-Massachusetts-Bay!' the leaders cried. And the parrots mimicked them.

Miss Prawl paused so long that Theodora recalled her question.

'Providence-and-Newport-on-Narragansett-Bay!' howled Charles Starr, *ahead* of Theodora, and in a voice that could be heard all over the building.

Theodora could scarcely keep back the flood of her tears. Charley Starr had thought quicker than she! It was the first time in all her life that she had been worsted, and — well, those smarting tears were already spilling over and showing.

'May I gwout and gettadrink?' she asked. And from the depths of the dressing-room, where she was sobbing into the heart of the roller towel, she could hear Charles, the usurper, yelling, — 'Harrisburg-on-the-Susquehanna!'

When Theodora felt able to return

to society, the color which was usually in her cheeks seemed to have concentrated at the end of her nose, and her eyes looked sopping wet. Her intense little being, however, was all afire with determination to win the purple star.

II

At the end of the week, Theodora and Charles had each a pink, blue, yellow, green, and red star. So had several of the other children, for that matter, but Theodora well knew that these others would have an intellectual slump by the third or fourth week. She was right, for at the end of the month, the names of Theodora Bowles and Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, were the only ones that had a complete set of stars after them.

'Miss Prawl, now, about what kind of a deed would a person have to do, to get a purple star?' queried Charley, one day when he had stayed after school for the express purpose of extracting some inside information from Miss Prawl.

'That's just exactly what Theodora asked me yesterday,' said Miss Prawl. 'The trouble is, I shan't know, myself, until the deed is done.'

'Miss Prawl, now, if I saved the President of the United States from a runaway horse that wanted to stamp on him, would that deed get me a purple star?'

'It might,' admitted Miss Prawl. 'That would be a brave, kind act.'

'If he would only move to Brooklyn, I might stand some show,' yearned Charles.

'Now, Miss Prawl,' began Theodora excitedly, the day after the Thanksgiving recess, 'if I discovered something that nobody had ever discovered before, would that be a purple-star deed?'

'It would depend upon the nature of your discovery, Theodora. Of course,

while the world could not progress without discoveries, they are not primarily brave or kind.'

'That's just the trouble,' sighed Theodora. But she still looked hopeful. 'Miss Prawl, now, would it be a purple-star deed, if I discovered that there was another sun up in the sky besides the one we are already using?'

'If you discovered anything as remarkable as that, Theodora, I should feel entirely justified in giving you a purple star,' replied Miss Prawl, reveling in Theodora's imagination. 'But you must n't worry about it,' she advised. 'And you must n't try too hard, dear.'

Theodora could hardly believe her ears. Dear! A school-teacher had called her *dear*. How romantic she felt! She took her seat with such an expression of ecstasy on her face that Miss Prawl wondered what she could be thinking about now.

Although Miss Prawl had asked her not to try too hard, Theodora, under the impelling flattery of 'dear,' resolved that she would work more than ever to do something kindly brave or bravely kind. As there did n't seem to be any deeds of that sort lying round loose waiting to be done, Theodora worked up a bitter grudge against George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, who, before she was born, had taken a mean advantage of her by saving the country and freeing the slaves. Still, by thinking constantly of the purple star, and kind bravery, she hoped to keep in the proper frame of mind to recognize the great deed when it came along just aching to be done. Meanwhile, she practiced brave kindness, by smiling lovingly and saying sweetly 'Good morning!' to the school janitor, who was a faithful, glowering old dog of a Scotchman, — one of the few human beings who are impervious to blandishments. If any one ever spoke to him

unnecessarily, this janitor fixed a murderous gaze on the offender, as if he would deeply relish killing him, if he were n't too busy mopping or washing blackboards. All those who were not practicing bravely avoided him as much as possible.

It gets on one's nerves to try to live in perpetual exaltation, and Theodora was very often cross. Especially was she irritated at the sight of Charley Starr being driven home from school by a coxcombical groom, in a large, gleaming, red-wheeled cart, drawn by a nobby bob-tailed horse. Theodora herself lived just one block away from the school, and walked humbly to and from the halls of learning. She was not jealous of Charles, but he annoyed her, because he completely upset her theory that all very rich children were correspondingly stupid. Usually one could work out the law of compensation very pleasantly, and in a way that was extremely complimentary to one's self. The only way in which she could revenge herself on her wealthy, fortunate, scintillating rival was to call meetings of the See-A-Star Club on a certain street corner past which Charley and his liveried groom invariably drove. And when Charles was conveyed by, self-consciously, — he hated the pomp and polish which his mother prided herself upon, — the See-A-Star Club raised eyes and right hands, and gave its ear-piercing, steam-whistle 'yell.' Charles always blushed deeply, being much embarrassed before the groom, and he tried to wheedle Theodora into an explanation of her actions. She was, however, iron-heartedly uncommunicative, and continued her persecutions.

III

On a certain March afternoon, when it was snowing most unseasonably hard, and the children were drowsy

and listless, Miss Prawl dismissed her class early, with instructions to go straight home, and to change their shoes and stockings the minute they got there. On account of the deep, blinding snow, Theodora reluctantly called off the meeting of the See-A-Star Club, and as she plunged home through the biting icy flakes, she mused on the futility of even trying to get a purple star. There was no use in hoping to excel Charley Starr in the matter of ordinary stars, because he was always perfect. Neither he nor she had so far been absent or late, and neither had failed in anything. The only solution, therefore, was to invent some way of being more than perfect.

As the snow continued to fall all night, and was still coming down the next morning, Theodora, besides her usual wraps, wore a pair of shiny, unused rubber boots, a Christmas present from her grandmother, who had always worn rubber boots to school when *she* was little, and thought that girls ought to now. With a somewhat lumbering gait, Theodora waded to school, and arrived just in time to see Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, being magnificently driven up in a regal sleigh with great accompanying jingling of bells, and waving in the wind of red and yellow plumes. Besides Charley and Theodora, very few of the class were present; and as for chapel — well, it looked desolate and emptily bleak, instead of being hot and crowded as usual. Miss Prawl went through the lessons rapidly, and at eleven o'clock, Mr. Wadsmore put his head in the door, and said that school must be dismissed at once. There was a high gale, and the children were to go home as quickly as they could get there.

The next morning, the snowstorm had become a blizzard, a dangerous monster of a blizzard, in fact the one great historic blizzard, — the blizzard

of 1888. And the milkman left no milk at Theodora's house that morning. And the rooms were so dark that all the gas in the house had to be lit. And the choreman could n't come to fix the furnace, and the fire went out. Everything was cold, shivery, and unreal. Outside, the great banks of snow were impenetrable. From the downstairs rooms, you could n't have seen people on the other side of the street — supposing that there had been any people to see. A policeman went by on a floundering horse, but there were no wagons, and there was nobody walking, — no red-faced jocose postman, no ice-man, no sedate business men, no scurrying, scampering children. As she pulled on her rubber boots, Theodora, who always planned to get to school before the doors were opened, decided to allow ten minutes extra that morning. At exactly half-past eight, the Scotch janitor always took down the big bar which held the double doors in place, and Theodora was invariably the first one in. It was not necessary for her to get there until ten minutes of nine, but she never ran the slightest risk of being tardy. In all her life, she had never been tardy or absent.

'Don't worry about me, mother, if I'm late to luncheon,' said Theodora, as she appeared in the dining-room door. 'It's so snowy that it will take me longer than usual.'

'Theodora, child,' remonstrated Mrs. Bowles, 'surely you don't think that I'm going to allow you to go to school?'

'Why, yes, mother,' said Theodora, with horrible misgiving none the less.

'You could n't get there alive,' declared her mother. 'There's no one on the street. It would be positively suicidal.'

Theodora began with tears, and just the usual methods of teasing; then, finding these trusty old friends unavailing, she launched forth into impromptu

diplomatic schemes for extracting a 'yes.' She tried to trap her mother by means of a system of cross-questioning, and she endeavored to weary her, until she should impatiently exclaim, 'Oh, for mercy's sake, *go!*' But her mother, for once, was relentless. Her father had given up all idea of going to his office, and while Theodora was arguing with her mother, Mr. Bowles went down cellar to build a furnace fire. He very rarely visited the cellar, and when he did, he always returned tremendously upset about something or other. Consequently, Theodora teased in a low voice so that her father should n't hear her through the registers. She hoped to win her mother's consent and get away before her father wrathfully returned. Mrs. Bowles, however, seemed to get more flinty-hearted every minute. When ten minutes of nine came, and then nine minutes of nine, Theodora realized that never again, in all her life, could she say, 'I have never been tardy.'

She still hoped, however, that some higher power would intervene, and see to it that she got to school at nine. To be tardy was disgraceful enough, but to be absent was a crime that could never be expiated. Suddenly she ran into the library, and knelt rigidly on a rug which she had heard her mother refer to as a 'prayer rug.' And she all but prayed the soul out of her body that the rug would change into a magic carpet on which she could be transported to school. She must have invoked the wrong deity, for the rug did n't stir even a hair's breadth. But perhaps kneeling was n't enough; perhaps one ought to lie prone on the rug and pray. She had just stretched out, full-length, face down, when the hall clock boomed the fatal nine. Now she was both tardy and absent. She was just like any other ordinary human child, — she was undistinguished in any way. Well, there

was really no use in continuing to live, and oh, for a convenient way to die! How badly her mother and father would feel when they found her stretched dead on the piano bench, and how they would blame themselves for not allowing her to have her way!

Weeping miserably from self-pity, Theodora pulled off her things, and sat down to look out at the storm, and plan her end.

'Come, Pussy, don't mope!' exclaimed her father. He had just finished a bitter dissertation on the short life of the modern coal-shovel when handled by the choreman of to-day, and was beginning to feel very good-natured again. 'Let's play backgammon.'

'I'm tardy, and I'm absent,' moaned Theodora, who had about abandoned the idea of dying, in favor of disappearing forever.

'There won't be any school on such a day as this,' said Mr. Bowles, consolingly. 'Even the teachers could n't get there and live.'

This happy suggestion made Theodora decidedly less pensive. Maybe — and oh, how she prayed that it might be so! — *maybe* her father was right, and maybe, after all, she was still a supreme being, — one who had never been tardy or absent. As the day wore on, she became more and more hopeful. Her greatest comfort of all was the thought that Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, who lived over two miles from school, was even more surely a prisoner than herself.

It kept right on snowing that night. There was no discussion about any one's going out the following day, for the whole city seemed destined to be buried in the snow which fell unceasingly from low, inexhaustible clouds. Finally, after several days, when people were becoming seriously alarmed, and some of them were hungry, the snow

stopped, and the sky turned into a dazzling blue from which a blinding sun again looked down on a new white city. And then men began to open their front doors again, and shovel and pant, and pant and shovel, as they dug their way out into the world. Gradually there began to be postmen and butcher-boys and milk-men and horsecars and newspaper boys and policemen. And when Theodora's father started for his office, the long-pent-up Theodora was permitted to go to school.

IV

Although the small paths on the sidewalk were so slippery that the most nimble-footed kept tumbling down, Theodora was, as usual, the first child against the school door. And she was the first to burst into the silent building when the Scotch janitor took down the bar, and the first to dash up the creaky wooden stairs. Racing down the echoing hall, she tore off her things in the dressing room, and rushed into Room H, fearing she knew not what. And the sight that she saw on the blackboard made her blood run cold. During her enforced absence, the very worst had happened. At the end of the long line of stars which followed the name of Charles Augustus was a prominent, unmistakably new star. It was larger than any of the pink or blue or red or green or yellow stars, and there was no doubt about it, for the sun shone warmly on the blackboard: the new star opposite her rival's name was — purple. The new boy, Coal-Cart Starr's son, the skipper of classes, the groom-escorted, never-absent, late, or wrong Charley Starr, had attained the unattainable.

Slowly Theodora put her books into her desk, and sat in her place, waiting grimly for Miss Prawl. It was only a few minutes later that the teacher came in, rosy from her short run through

the snowy street, — she lived only three doors from the school, — and said cheerfully, without looking the least bit guilty, —

‘Good morning, Theodora.’

Theodora could not reply. All the while the other children were bouncing in with shiny, apple-red cheeks, and a great flourishing of clean white pocket handkerchiefs, Theodora sat as still as a little China image. In the midst of her chagrin, she dreaded meeting the exultant look which she knew would be in the eyes of the winner of the purple star. Every time any one came in from the hall, Theodora jumped from nervousness. But she jumped in vain, because Charley Starr failed to appear. Even when it was ten minutes of nine, Charley Starr had not come. With a triumphant lilt of the heart, Theodora thought, ‘Charley Starr is late!’

At nine o’clock, it dawned upon her that Charley Starr was not coming to school at all. And at the same time, an unexplained lump of uncomfortable bigness suddenly developed in her throat. She was afraid — afraid that something had happened to Charley Starr. She did n’t know why, but a panic of terror seized her. It was the first big real fear of her life. The purple star on the blackboard became the sign of some heroic tragedy. Where, where, *where* was Charley Starr?

‘Well, girls and boys,’ began Miss Prawl, ‘we have all been taking a very unexpected vacation. And there has been no school at all since you were all here before.’

Theodora’s heart flippety-flopped with relief. All her sufferings had been in vain: she was still a supreme being. But what was the thing in Miss Prawl’s face which made one sit so deadly still, and grasp the desk-cover so tight?

‘I came to school on the first morning of the blizzard, because I live so near. And one other person came, too.’

Her little audience began to look frightened. ‘The only child who came that morning was brought in unconscious.’

Charley Starr was dead — Theodora had known it all along.

‘At six o’clock on the first morning of the blizzard, Charley Starr, without any one’s knowing he was awake, went out to his father’s stable, and managed to saddle one of the horses. And in order not to be late to school, he left home at half-past six, and rode through the blinding snow, until, at nine o’clock, he reached the school. And when he finally got here, he was so exhausted that he tumbled off the horse into a snow-drift. If the janitor had n’t happened to see him, there would be no Charley Starr in our class, or in the world to-day. But the janitor *did* see him; and so, although Charley is pretty sick, he’s going to get better and come back to us again. It seemed to me that it was very brave of Charles to try to come to school, and so I gave him the purple star. He does n’t know it yet, but I am going to write to him to-day. And I want every girl and every boy who thinks I was right in giving him the star to clap with all his might.’

The spontaneous applause that at once shook the walls was due in part to enthusiasm for Charley Starr. Most of the noise, however, was caused by the exuberant joy of being allowed, for once, to make as much racket as one could within the sacred precincts of Room H. Every one set to work to blister his hands; every one but Theodora, who sat with folded arms and with burning, accusing eyes fixed on Miss Prawl. Holding up her hand for silence, Miss Prawl, with an inexplicable sinking of heart, said, —

‘Well, Theodora?’

Theodora rose, white-lipped.

‘Miss Prawl, if I’d disobeyed my parents, or stolen out when they did n’t know it, I might have come to school

and had a purple star. I was n't scared. I wanted to come. I *prayed* to come.' She knew this last statement would have to be lived down later, but at this hazardous moment, she cared not for that. 'I'd have walked till I died, if they'd let me.'

Before she had time to sit down again, an unexpected adherent suddenly sprang to his feet in the person of Freddy Beal, the class dunce.

'So would I!' shouted Freddy, desirous to support the distinguished Theodora, and at the same time to win a little unaccustomed prominence for himself. 'They caught me just as I was shinnying over the back fence, and they had to lock *me* up to keep me home. I ain't "gone" on school, but it would have been fun to come *that* day! It was the only day I ever wanted to come to school. Charley Starr had n't ought to get no purple star. That stunt of his wa'n't brav'ry.'

The greatest and the least having been heard from, every one in the class then felt called upon to rise up and say that his soul had been sick within him because he was not permitted to come to school the first day of the blizzard. Miss Prawl was devoutly wishing that she had abolished the purple star before such zealots as the critical Theodora and her followers had darkened the door of Room H, when, as if drawn into the discussion by Fate, Mr. Wadsmore entered with a brilliant smile for the class, and a rather serious look for Miss Prawl. He handed her a note, and said mysteriously, —

'From an I. P. And I'm afraid I think he's right.'

To the great delight of everyone, Mr. Wadsmore turned to the class, and joked about an impossible, prehistoric period when *he* was a small boy, — he now weighed nearly two hundred, — while Miss Prawl, with damask cheeks and too brilliant eyes read the note from

the Irate Parent. This note was written with violet ink on heavily perfumed paper with a gold coat of arms and a gold border, and it read:—

936 CLINTON AVENUE

MY DEAR MR. WADSMORE, —

On close questioning, I find that my son Charles was actuated in his dare-devil adventure of leaving for school at six-thirty o'clock on the first morning of the blizzard by a desire to win a purple-chalk star. He knows that he very nearly lost his life, and he is hoping that his rash act may be rewarded in the foolish way I mentioned above. He considers that he is a hero, unappreciated at home, and he is working himself into a fever over the whole thing.

I am a plain man [Miss Prawl's eyes wandered to the coat of arms] and I greatly disapprove of such methods in education. Unless you can do away with your purple-star system immediately, I shall be obliged to transfer Charles to another private school which is nearer, and therefore more convenient.

Awaiting your reply, I am

Very truly yours,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STARR.

Miss Prawl read the note in a flash, snatched up the eraser, rubbed out the purple star, opened the chalk box, and dropped the purple chalk in the wastebasket.

'What Theodora said about the purple star is quite true,' she said, soberly. 'And I shall never give any one a purple star. Never!'

As Mr. Wadsmore left the room with an approving smile at Miss Prawl, Theodora's eyes grew soft and bright, and she sighed with pathetic relief. For the first time since she had heard of the purple star, the world seemed altogether right.

THE LAST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

NAY, dearest, in their quiet place
The violets leave, and near his face
Set roses in the gloom;
That, should he breathe once in the chill
(Such thing, by God's releasing will,
Might hap perchance when hearths are still),
His lips may breathe perfume.

And let one taper o'er his sleep
Its trembling, tender vigil keep,
Watchful and pale and clear;
That, if by strange, august decree
Those lids but once should lifted be,
The panes, the ceiling, he may see,
And know that he is here.

Nor leave unpressed the good-night kiss —
Good-night to all 'Good-nights' is this —
(The lips are cold — touch but the hair)
In hope some thought's faint, hovering flake
The brain's deep apathy should break,
And he be glad should he awake
To feel our kisses there.

He will not speak when we are near;
He will not wake when we are here;
Of us who live the dead have fear —
Dear heart, come — come away!
Tread low! If soundless are our feet
His heart may rouse to visions sweet,
And love us in one long, last beat,
Ere it be hushed for aye.

UNIONISM AFLOAT

BY ATLANTICUS

I

It seems like sacrilege to attempt to undermine the popular belief in the glories of 'life on the rolling wave.' Yet all of us have heard the authenticated stories of brutal floggings at the triangle, and of keelhauling the last man down from aloft, that give the lie at once to those supposed glories. Such treatment of sailors was common enough in most of the navies in the Trafalgar period, the very time when most of the sentimental rubbish in poetry and song was composed. In those days men lived hard, fought hard, and died hard; or, as cynical old sailors have it, 'Wooden ships were manned by iron men, whereas now iron ships are manned by wooden men.' We should not criticize too complacently the brutality of that era; it was the almost inevitable accompaniment of the warlike, adventurous life, both of the men who fought under Nelson and Paul Jones, and of the merchant sailors of that period, who almost without exception were engaged in commerce such as the latter part of the nineteenth century never experienced on the ocean. And it must be said for the men of a century ago that they were not tainted with the commercialism of to-day, nor did they feel the effects of this commercialism, which for refined cruelty is unequaled by floggings at the triangle.

Commercially speaking, the early sixties of the last century were the palmy days of British and American sailing ships. Misfortune in the guise

of the Civil War overtook a goodly number of the best American ships and left the British with a crippled competitor. As everybody in America regretfully admits, American ships went to leeward in the race and her superb seamen went with them.

One would suppose that in the sixties the brutalities of an earlier generation would have been forgotten, and that commercial enterprise, pure and simple, would not admit of methods even remotely resembling those of Nelson's time. Yet it is a notorious fact that, in nearly every American ship and in numerous British ships, discipline was taught by brute force and maintained by methods more vigorous than polite. Hard-case Yankee packets were a byword in every quarter of the globe to the late nineties of the last century. In such ships, and in British ships as well, men were shackled for days to stanchions in the fore peak or lazarette, with only dry biscuits and water to sustain them, while the rats played havoc with their hair and bare feet. Protest brought only a crack on the cranium with an iron belaying-pin.

The afterguard of a sailing ship — usually the captain and two mates — dominated the whole crowd before the mast. Individual cases of violence with lethal weapons on the officers' part seldom met with collective resistance. When this did occur, it invariably took the form of mutiny, murder, and scuttling. The possibility of united action against even the most fiendish cruelties and victimizations never seemed to en-

ter the heads of sailing-ship men; from their boyhood they had been used to witnessing, if not actually experiencing, the gentle art of persuasion as practiced by the officers; there were no unions in those days to take the matter up; moreover, in most cases, the law sided with the officers and refused to hear the sailor's side of the story, or to see the evidence of the manhandling. There were no cowards either among the officers or among the men, for no man can be both a coward and a sailing-ship man; the life will not admit of such freakish contradictions. But there was in the air just enough fear of the consequences of insubordination, of laziness, or of daring to call one's soul one's own, to cause respect for the men who paced the poop. Worked, as they were, like dogs in all weathers; practically starved, except in American vessels, where there was always good food; losing sleep as they did by night or day, watch below or watch on deck, the sailors still observed and respected the line of demarcation which the belaying-pin and sometimes a gun in the hip-pocket chalked out.

Men worked until they dropped for want of sleep. As a boy, one had this obligation toward work driven into one's weary soul even when seasick and homesick on one's first voyage to sea. The boy who left a mother's care and a comfortable home, to pig it in a half-deck half awash in bad weather, got no pity even from his apprenticed half-deck mates; and before the first voyage was over the hardening process had begun and his brutal instincts were set floating top-sides, displacing those finer feelings which contact with women creates. Sailing-ship youngsters never did possess heart, mind, or soul: they were just young, growing, starving animals, without a care in the world save to pack their stomachs with food, no matter how maggoty it might be.

II

Perhaps my first voyage has embittered me against all officers who use violence to boys and men, though there have been times when as an officer I yearned for the days of sail again that I might knock seamanship and discipline into the worthless trash so often found in forecastles to-day.

I well remember, when we had cast off the tug and were sailing along under topsails under the lee of the land, how buoyant I felt at being aboard a sailing ship bound around the Horn. I felt a little bigger in every way than the children I had left behind at home, and I was sorry for them. But one cannot always sail in smooth seas under the lee of the land. Very soon I found this out. All through the night I was sick and miserable; and quietly I wept a little for my mother. My watch on deck was to begin at four A.M., — it was my duty to keep time on the poop by striking the time bells, — but I felt too sick to stir, so I stretched out on my sea-chest.

Very soon the mate, a Liverpool buck, missed me and sang out for me. I, not answering, and not caring what he did, hung on to my sea-chest until his ugly face, with murder in its eyes, appeared at the half-deck door. When he inquired why I was lying down during my watch on deck, I replied that I was seasick. This being no excuse, he ordered me on the poop at once, and as I did not respond in any way to his order, he hauled off with his heavy sea-booted leg and kicked me square on the cheek-bone. This so enraged me that I snatched up a sheath knife and slashed him across the back of the neck with it. I followed him up for a second jab, but I could not reach him, for he ran aft at full speed. In my rush after him I exchanged the knife for a boat-axe that for some unknown reason lay

handy on the booby hatch. Failing to catch him, I flung the thing at him as he turned to face me on the poop, and caught him full on the mouth with the flat of the axe; at the same moment I got a blow on the jaw from apparently nowhere, and went head over heels. At a providential moment the skipper had appeared, and taking in the situation at a glance had fetched me a left-hander. The mate now saw his chance and rounded on me like a tiger. But a big black retriever saved the situation, and added humor to it, by going for the seat of the mate's trousers and bringing away cloth, skin, and flesh at the first bite.

I was now used up with hunger and seasickness, and was no match for a heavy man in the prime of life. Had I been able to get at him with the axe I should have buried it in his skull, for I saw red that day; but I was helpless on the deck, kicked and bruised all over. It is a great consolation to me still to know that the mate carries to-day an ugly scar on his neck.

So much for the first contact with discipline experienced by a British boy scarcely out of knickers. Such treatment was practically unknown in American hard-case ships, for on them boys were respected and looked upon as a sacred trust. The law is now less tolerant of such methods of teaching discipline.

But in those days one forgot little incidents of this sort long before land was reached. As apprentice boys were looked upon as future officers, personal contact with a sea-boot was considered a means of gaining experience in teaching discipline. At their most impressionable age, these apprentices were brutalized; their finer instincts were stamped out, and they lost sympathy with the man before the mast because they felt that some day they might have to use forcible measures themselves.

Often it paid very well to treat the hands like dogs: I can well remember cases in which men were hounded out of their ships when their accumulated wages made brutal treatment profitable. I was shipmates once with a Nova Scotian hard-case mate who prided himself on having served five years in jail in Montevideo for driving five men overboard with the help of a boarhound, — three of the men being drowned in their attempt to swim ashore. Nor was this an empty boast. From an unexpected quarter, quite three years afterward, I heard the same story told almost word for word.

It is easy to understand why men who underwent such treatment went in for a round of drunkenness and debauchery as soon as they landed. The reaction from discipline brought no desire to prosecute; voyages were long, the men had little opportunity to talk with people on shore, and there was never any real exchange of ideas between the seamen of the different ships in port, because they were in a muddled condition as often as not; besides, the sharks and prostitutes who lived on the sailors' money took good care that their wages went with lightning speed.

III

But such treatment and methods were bound to give way before the advance of steam, of free education, — and, later, compulsory education, — and the formation of unions. Steam meant shorter voyages; it also meant more contact between the seamen and shore people, who taught them the value of education and the right way to remedy their grievances. Probably, too, steam has made seamen more sober and self-respecting; we now find a large percentage of them married, while only one in a thousand married in sail. And education had its impor-

tant results. In my apprentice days there were few men in the fore-castle who could read, and still fewer who could sign their own names. Among the older hands, on paying-off day, or signing-on day, the custom was for those who could not write to touch the pen and to mark a cross beside their names. Nowadays there is hardly a middle-aged sailor who has to go through this legal formality. Education taught the men the need of unity and coöperation. With steam came the unions, although like the seamen themselves they were treated as a joke in their infancy, and for some time did neither good nor harm.

The type of man now at sea is so strikingly different from that of a generation or two ago that the adventures, the reckless irresponsibility, and the callousness of the sailing-ship type are hard to understand nowadays. In my boyhood days I, like all my shipmates in the half-deck, looked upon stealing food as a righteous act. We were always hungry, since the legal starvation rations would not keep soul and body together; and as we were accomplished thieves, we stole food upon any and every occasion.

I well remember a pitch-black night off the Plate, — a pampero was blowing, — when one of my half-deck mates decided that we were hungry enough to tackle such luxuries as butter and marmalade. We knew where such things were stowed, and knew also that owing to the inky blackness the second mate, pacing the poop, could not see us at our act of self-preservation. We formed a chain gang between half-deck and bridge; one of us mounted the shoulders of the tallest boy and reached up to the latticed locker where the tins were stored; he pulled out enough laths to reach the case, and passed down several tins of butter and marmalade, which we passed from boy

to boy into the half-deck. In the darkness not one of us had noticed an addition to our party. Suddenly we heard a voice that we all knew and dreaded. It was the captain, who, in his wanderings about the deck, had noticed what was going on and had fallen into line unobserved.

The 'old man' was a dear. He had often told us that we could steal as much as we liked, but heaven help us if we were found out. The stuff was taken off us and handed to the steward, who cursed us roundly; and in our watches below we found ourselves kneeling on the deck with sailors' bibles in our hands, — holystones, — or perched on the main skysail yard like a family of moulting crows. That was considered lenient punishment for a commonplace occurrence of the period.

The unions have made the modern sailor a force to be reckoned with, and a force which holds the key to the transport-workers' situation and is powerful enough to upset the equilibrium of the shipping world, as well as to affect considerably those trades which depend on raw materials shipped from foreign ports. But although the present programmes of the various unions of seamen and firemen include many valuable items, many of these remain practically a dead letter and have never been made the issues of any strike. Wages, food, accommodations, and working hours are all the seaman seems to care about. Up to this time, in spite of the unions, he has left severely alone matters that are of more vital importance than animal comforts. He is thoroughly commercialized; and at present he is doing little or nothing to bring about the reforms which will insure greater respect for life and property afloat.

Now that ships have reached a tonnage and length hitherto undreamed of,

and now that they carry thousands of passengers as against hundreds in sail, it will be necessary to evolve a new type of sailor to supplant the unseamanlike hybrids who now fill the forecastles on British ships.

To the comparatively ignorant mind and low order of intelligence so prevalent in ships' forecastles, the sinking of a ship and the drowning of our sailors are 'acts of God.' God seems to be blamed because ships are sent to sea undermanned, overloaded, overinsured, and unseaworthy; and disasters, big and small, are looked upon as pieces of hard luck which show the risks of the calling. The truth is that bad management, bad legal supervision, bad laws, and bad shipowners must shoulder most of the blame. Unionism has taught seamen to-day how to fight for higher wages and better conditions of service afloat; but it has not taught them why so many of their number are drowned or maimed, or why so many ships happen to strand on the shoals, miles from their true course. The sailors do not realize that tonnage, class, speed, construction, capacities, and conditions have altered beyond recognition, with awful rapidity, and that the law cannot keep pace with these changing conditions. The unions have done nothing for the safety of passengers afloat because the sailors as a class are still ignorant in the extreme and steeped in the mud of feudalism and hero-worship.

So far all that I have said is meant to apply solely to the man before the mast. With the officers, the case is rather different. In spite of their higher education, their keener perceptions, and their responsibility to the traveling public, false pride bars them from doing any real active work. To unite and fight for vital interests of their own, means to them a loss of dignity incompatible with an officer's position.

Many of them understand to the letter such matters as the Titanic disaster; but so long as they can pace the bridge like peacocks or glorified hall-porters, such things can 'go to pot.' I have been long enough an officer, dressed like a glorified hall-porter, to know that this is the case and that the feeble attempts at unionism have failed simply because as officers we are content to form an apathetic guild with a dignified title that awes nobody and amuses many, rather than get together and tackle questions which vitally concern the helpless traveling public. But it is not my object in this paper to discuss the officers; we shall leave them to their dreams of feudalism. They have done little for or against unionism.

IV

It is to far-away Australia that we must turn to see what unionism can do for the sailor. Here we find intelligent, educated, and self-respecting seamen, who appreciate keenly the value of practical labor politics when applied to questions of travel and trade at sea; who call for and command respect; who know what they want, and get what they want; and who understand fully the ethics and aims of unionism and the good and bad in it. Australia never possessed sailing-ship men, and the vast majority of her seamen are of the steamboat breed, but they are of a comparatively high type: the mechanical and commercial age has produced in Australia mechanical and commercial seamen who are backed up in their public endeavors to lessen the risks of the sea by a labor government quite in sympathy with labor movements, and not handicapped by party politics of the English sort. Australian seamen do not believe in 'acts of God'; they know that mismanagement accounts for an overwhelming percentage of the trage-

dies of the sea; and their unions are doing something about it. Life and property in Australian ships enjoy an immunity from accident unknown in Western waters.

In order of intelligence the American sailor comes next — coaster or deep-water man, native or naturalized. The American product of the age of steam is, as a rule, more intelligent and far-sighted than the British. The native element, plus the naturalized Scandinavian, plus a republican form of government, goes far toward making the issues of strikes broader than one finds them in England. American sailors take an important part in the international conferences; at a recent one held in London, for instance, the American delegate, who was a naturalized Scandinavian, was one of the most practical, hard-headed representatives present.

But, on the whole, unionism has failed at sea, because it has not grasped its opportunity to fight for things which it could and should help to secure, and which are more important than wages and hours of work. Years before the Titanic was constructed, it knew that such ships carried only enough lifeboats to save less than one third of the passengers in case of a wreck; but it did nothing. Nor did it take action to prevent passenger steamers from carrying inflammable cargoes. In England, unionism not only left the installation of wireless apparatus to the generosity of shipowners instead of making it compulsory, but ignored the value of hydrostatic tests of fire-pumps and hose. In no country has it worked to secure the installation aboard ship of the excellent mechanical systems of fire-control which have long been on the market. It has looked calmly on while ships were built with interior fittings which were far from fireproof. Every day it shirks its responsibility for the

terrible fires which are bound to occur at sea so long as conditions remain unchanged.

It allows ships to be manned by coolies who do not understand their officers' language and who run amuck when trouble confronts them. It watches vessels putting out to sea overloaded, undermanned, and unseaworthy. The burning of the *Volturno* and its passengers, the sinking of the *Titanic* and the drowning of over a thousand innocent travelers, are signal proofs of the failure of unionism afloat.

In the Seamen's Union of Great Britain, to be more specific, certain high union officials have never smelt salt water as seamen. The union has not been careful enough to demand ability and efficiency on the part of its members; it has no examinations to test a man's ability to pull an oar, sail a boat, or steer a ship; it gives no lectures on stability, buoyancy, and construction; it gives no demonstrations to show the inflammability of cargoes and of the materials used in the construction of most vessels. It has given its members the impression that only wages matter.

Not long ago I saw a ship passing though the docks on her way to sea, with a hole bigger than a man's head in one of the lifeboats. The hole was an old one. A government nautical surveyor, standing beside me, pointed the hole out to me. He was powerless to interfere, since the matter lay beyond his jurisdiction. Such cases as this are as plentiful as berries, and yet unionism has made no fight for better legal supervision and inspection. So long as its ranks are swollen with paid-up members who are too ignorant to think of anything except agitating for higher wages, unionism seems to care not a straw for the efficiency of these members and for the safety of the traveling public.

As an officer aboard a British ship, a keen unionist and socialist, I deplore the fact that sheer inertia and apathy may any day contribute toward another ocean tragedy. The sailors must not be left to fight the battle alone. Their efforts are spasmodic; they lack

tenacity of purpose; they understand the situation only dimly, and unionism has taught them little. The unions having failed, the public must act, and see to it that the awful accidents of the past few years are not repeated and classed as 'acts of God.'

DYNAMITE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

ISOLATED and avoided, the high-explosive plant lies half hidden in a waste of sloughs and sand-dunes. Like the barren country that surrounds it, the plant itself seems a part of desolate nature, stunted and storm-beaten as the wind-swept hills. Against the straight line of the horizon rise no massive structures of steel or stone; no sound of man or machine breaks the soft stillness; no smoke clouds stain the blue of the autumn sky. Half buried in the rolling sand, a hundred small green buildings scatter in wild disorder along winding paths among the scrub oaks. The voices of undisturbed wild fowl rise from the fens and marshland.

In the little office at the gate I left my matches and put on a pair of wooden-pegged powder shoes. Outside, the faint flavor of last night's frost freshened the morning air, and above the red and yellow of the scrub oaks the autumn sun was shining in a pale blue sky.

At my side, the superintendent was explaining the processes of manufacture which I was soon to see; but my mind was curiously unresponsive; in the peace of the morning air an omin-

ous presence seemed to surround me; an invisible force that needed but a spark or the slightest impulse to awaken it, annihilating and devastating in its sudden fury.

Beyond the office, like the letter 'S,' a high sand-dune bent in a general east-and-west direction, a sweep of marshland in each sheltering curve. Against the outer bank of its first wide crescent the small power plant and a row of red one-story buildings marked a single street. From the open door of the power-house the rhythmic drone of a generator accentuated the stillness. Down a track between the buildings a horse plodded slowly over the worn ties, dragging a small flat car, the driver leaning lazily against one of the uprights which supported a dingy awning.

The manufacture of dynamite consists of two separate processes which are conducted individually up to a certain point, when their products meet, and by their union the actual dynamite is produced. In the little buildings by the power-house the first of these products was in process of manufacture. Here the fine wood-dust, mixed with other materials, was prepared, — an

absorbent to hold the nitroglycerin which was being made half a mile beyond the nearest sand-dune. Packed in paper cartridges the nitroglycerin-soaked 'dope,' or sawdust, is called by a single name — dynamite.

In two great open pans, slowly revolving paddles were turning over and over a mass of wood-pulp, fine and soft as snow. The room was warm from the sunshine on the low roof and the drying fires below the pans; there was a strong clean smell of sawdust. The building was deserted; unattended, the paddles swung noiselessly with the low sound of well-oiled machinery.

Inside the next building a couple of men were weighing great measures of white powder from bins along the wall. The superintendent picked up a printed slip from a desk by the window.

'Nitrate of soda, nitrate of ammonia, wood-pulp, marble-dust. That's the formula for this batch. Sometimes we put in sulphur, or flour, or magnesium carbonate. It's all according to what kind of an explosive is wanted, — what it's to be used for.'

Far down at the end of the little street the strong, hot smell of paraffine hung heavy in the air. Inside, against the walls of the building, the paper cartridges were drying; racks of waxed yellow tubes half filled the building.

Here the first process of manufacture was completed. Stable and harmless, the fragrant wood-dust was being prepared for its union with that strange evanescent spirit which would endow it with powers of lightning strength and rapidity.

With our powder shoes sinking in the sliding sand we climbed the path to the top of the hill which marked the centre of the twisted dune. On its summit the frame building of the nitrater notched the sky. Here in the silence between earth and clouds, a mighty force was seeking birth.

Perched on a high stool, an old man in overalls bent intently over the top of a great tank, his eyes fixed on a thermometer which protruded from its cover. Above, a shaft and slowly turning wheels moved quietly in the shadows of the roof. There was a splashing of churning liquid, and the bite of acid sharpened the air.

The old man turned his head for a moment to nod to us. Below his feet a coil of pipes white with a thick frost rime entered the bottom of the tank, a cooling solution to keep the temperature of the churning acid within the limit of safety.

As we stepped inside the doorway the splashing grew louder; the bitter reek of the acid seemed to scorch my nostrils. Slowly the old man turned a valve beside him and a thick trickle of glycerine flowed heavily into an opening in the top of the tank. Inside the blackened caldron a strange transformation was in progress. Were the glycerine allowed to become completely nitrated by the acid, the windows of the distant city would rattle in the blast which would surely follow. Carefully, the nitrating must be brought almost to that danger point and abruptly arrested; so near that later in the form of dynamite the nitrating could be instantly completed and the desired explosive obtained by the jarring impulse of an electric spark. Like a child pushing a dish to poise on the table edge, the old man was bringing this dynamic mixture to a precarious balance.

The superintendent pointed to a cistern filled with water just behind the nitrater.

'Before we had the brine pipes to keep the acid cool, it used to heat up occasionally. It gives up red fumes when it passes the danger point. You ought to see the quick work Old Charley used to do, — open that faucet in the nitrater to let the acid and glycer-

ine dump into the cistern and drown; blow the alarm whistle, and then everybody beat it!

The old man looked up from the thermometer.

'She's ready.'

Deliberately he climbed down from the stool and opened a switch behind him: the splashing of the paddles ceased; the process was completed.

Behind the tank an earthenware faucet opened into a long lead gutter that passed out of the building. Fascinated, I watched him as he slowly turned the handle. From the spout a stream of viscous liquid gushed noisily and flowed off in a sullen current.

'Nitroglycerin,' — the superintendent pointed his finger at the splashing stream; — 'of course, it's impure now, mixed with acid. We'll see it purified in the separating houses.'

I was disappointed. Vaguely I had expected that something would happen; how could this dull oily liquid be that fearful thing which it had been represented?

'There's enough in that trough now to wreck a battleship,' he added.

Under the crest of a curving hill, half a mile away, was the mix-house. From the nitrator we had followed the nitroglycerin through the dangerous process of its separation from the acid, its perfect neutralization. Here, at last, the explosive fluid would assume its final form. Mixed with the absorbent dope, in a crummy consistency it would become dynamite.

The sunshine filled the little room with yellow light; a blue fly buzzed noisily against the window. Facing the flat marshland the building rested in a deep cut in the hillside; behind it the solid hill, on either side an artificial embankment or barricade of sand and timber.

In the centre of the room was a cumbersome machine like an archaic mill

for crushing grain. Hung from an axle revolving on a perpendicular central shaft, two great wooden wheels, four feet in diameter, rested in a circular trough; a pair of giant cart-wheels with broad, smooth tires of pine.

There was a sound outside the building. Down a board walk, that disappeared behind a hill in the direction of the separating house, came a man pushing a square wagon, completely covered with rubber blankets: three hundred pounds of nitroglycerin.

Swiftly the two workmen filled the circular trough with the prepared wood-pulp. The wagon was trundled softly into the room. From a tank in the corner a measure of brown, sweet-smelling aromatic oil was mixed into the contents of the cart.

Something was going to happen. A sudden impulse to run before it was too late seized me. The cart was pushed beside the trough. From a hose in its base a heavy brown fluid gushed over the powdery dope. Slowly the steady stream became a trickle and ceased.

There was a faint sound and I knew that the current was thrown in; the great axle began to revolve on the shaft. One and then the other, the giant wheels turned heavily. Under the advancing ploughs the brown stain of nitroglycerin faded in the yellow of the dope. Round and round, heavily the smooth wheels pressed the flocculent mass, cleanly the sharp ploughs turned furrows behind them — Dynamite!

I started violently at the voice of the superintendent. It seemed hours instead of minutes since this death-taunting machine had begun; hours in which each second might bring annihilation.

'It's mixed.'

The wheels ceased to revolve. With wooden shovels the workmen scooped the dynamite from the trough and pitched it into fibre cans, as big as barrels.

As though built to withstand the siege guns of an enemy, the dugouts of the packers faced the marsh in a long straggling line against the hillside. Like the mix-house, each building sank deep into the sand bank, its sides protected by enveloping barricades.

In each small cell two men were working. There was little talking. Silence hung heavy over the hills and marshland; a strange blending of peace and terror that made harsh sounds improper and jarring to the senses.

With quick dexterity the empty paper tubes which I had seen in process of manufacture when I began this perilous journey, were inserted in the packing machine. An abrupt movement, and they were packed with dynamite and laid in boxes beside the workers.

I picked up one of the 'sticks' from a half-filled box. 'Stump Dynamite.'

Hour after hour, day after day, the filled boxes were trundled down the board walk to the magazine. 'Stump Dynamite.' I had always thought of this great industry as a destructive agency, of high explosives as carriers of death and desolation. But where the forests have vanished before the axes

of the woodmen, dynamite is clearing fields for the next year's planting. In the black entries of the mine the undercut coal-face falls shattered at the blast of the explosives. Through the walls of mountain ranges it is tearing loose the solid rock that trains may some day follow the level rails; through blasted tunnels flows water to moisten the lips of a parching city; from ocean to ocean it has opened a giant cut that deep sea vessels may carry their cargoes by shorter routes; deep under the strata of the earth's crust its sudden shock shakes the oil well into life; its rending breath tears the red ore of iron from the living rock.

Labors of Hercules! What are the feats of the earthborn son of Jupiter to the mighty wonders accomplished by this tabloid thunderbolt! Death and destruction may come from its sharp detonation, but for every life that goes out in siege or battle a hundred lives are sustained by its quiet labor in field or mine.

The afternoon sun was setting behind a mist of autumn clouds. In the silence of the dunes and marsh the clear call of a bird sounded sharp and silver-tuned in a run of hurried melody.

FREE FICTION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I

WHAT impresses me most in the contemporary short story as I find it in American magazines, is its curious sophistication. Its bloom is gone. I have read through dozens of periodicals without finding one with fresh feeling and the easy touch of the writer who writes because his story urges him. And when with relief I do encounter a narrative that is not conventional in structure and mechanical in its effects, the name of the author is almost invariably that of a newcomer, or of one of our few uncorrupted masters of the art. Still more remarkable, the good short stories that I meet with in my reading are the trivial ones, — the sketchy, the anecdotal, the merely adventurous or merely picturesque; as they mount toward literature they seem to increase in artificiality and constraint; when they purport to interpret life they become machines, and nothing more, for the discharge of sensation, sentiment, or romance. And this is true, so far as I can discover, of the stories which most critics and more editors believe to be successful, the stories which are most characteristic of magazine narrative and of the output of American fiction in our times.

I can take my text from any magazine, from the most literary to the least. In the stories selected by all of them I find the resemblances greater than the differences, and the latter seldom amount to more than a greater or a less excellence of workmanship and

style. The 'literary' magazines, it is true, more frequently surprise one by a story told with original and consummate art; but then the 'popular' magazines balance this merit by their more frequent escape from mere prettiness. In both kinds, the majority of the stories come from the same mill, even though the hands that shape them may differ in refinement and in taste. Their range is narrow, and, what is more damning, their art seems constantly to verge upon artificiality.

These made-to-order stories (and this is certainly not too strong a term for the majority of them) are not interesting to a critical reader. He sticks to the novel, or, more frequently, goes to France, to Russia, or to England for his fiction, as the sales-list of any progressive publisher will show. And I do not believe that they are deeply interesting to an uncritical reader. He reads them to pass the time; and, to judge from the magazines themselves, gives his more serious attention to the 'write-ups' of politics, current events, new discoveries, and men in the public eye, — to reality, in other words, written as if it were fiction, and more interesting than the fiction that accompanies it, because, in spite of its enlivening garb, it is guaranteed by writer and editor to be true. I am not impressed by the perfervid letters published by the editor in praise of somebody's story as a 'soul-cure,' or the greatest of the decade. They were written, I suppose, but they are not typical. They do not insult the intelligence as do the ridicu-

lous puffs which it is now the fashion to place like a sickly limelight at the head of a story; but they do not convince me of the story's success with the public. Actually, men and women, discussing these magazines, seldom speak of the stories. They have been interested, — in a measure. The 'formula,' as I shall show later, is bound to get that result. But they have dismissed the characters and forgotten the plots.

I do not deny that this supposedly successful short story is easy to read. It is — fatally easy. And here precisely is the trouble. To borrow a term from dramatic criticism, it is 'well made,' and that is what makes it so thin, so bloodless, and so unprofitable to remember, in spite of its easy narrative and its 'punch.' Its success as literature, curiously enough for a new literature and a new race like ours, is limited, not by crudity, or inexpressiveness, but by form, by the very rigidity of its carefully perfected form. Like other patent medicines, it is constructed by formula.

II

It is not difficult to construct an outline of the 'formula' by which thousands of current narratives are being whipped into shape. Indeed, by turning to the nearest textbook on 'Selling the Short Story,' I could find one ready-made. (There could be no clearer symptom of the disease I wish to diagnose than these many 'practical' textbooks, with their over-emphasis upon technique and their under-estimate of all else that makes literature.) The story *must* begin, it appears, with action or with dialogue. A mother packs her son's trunk while she gives him unheeded advice mingled with questions about shirts and socks; a corrupt and infuriated director pounds on the mahogany table at his board meeting, and

curse the honest fool (hero of the story) who has got in his way; or, "Where did Mary Worden get that curious gown?" inquired Mrs. Van Deming, glancing across the sparkling glass and silver of the hotel terrace.' Any one of these will serve as instance of the break-neck beginning which Kipling made obligatory. Once started, the narrative must move, move, move furiously, each action and every speech pointing directly toward the unknown climax. A pause is a confession of weakness. This Poe taught for a special kind of story; and this a later generation, with a servility which would have amazed that sturdy fighter, requires of all narrative. Then the climax, which must neatly, quickly, and definitely end the action for all time, either by a solution you have been urged to hope for by the wily author in every preceding paragraph, or in a way which is logically correct but never, never suspected. O. Henry is responsible for the vogue of the latter of these two alternatives, — and the strain of living up to his inventiveness has been frightful. Finally comes a last suspiration, usually in the advertising pages. Sometimes it is a beautiful descriptive sentence charged with sentiment, sometimes a smart epigram, according to the style of story, or the 'line' expected of the author. Try this, as the advertisements say, on your favorite magazine.

This formula, with variations which readers can supply for themselves or draw from textbooks on the short story, is not a wholly bad method of writing fiction. It is, I venture to assert, a very good one, — if you desire merely effective story-telling. It is probably the best way of making the short story a thoroughly efficient tool for the presentation of modern life. And there lies, I believe, the whole trouble. The short story, its course

plotted and its form prescribed, has become too efficient. Now efficiency is all that we ask of a railroad, efficiency is half at least of what we ask of journalism; but efficiency is not the most, it is perhaps the least, important among the undoubted elements of good literature.

In order to make the short story efficient, the dialogue, the setting, the plot, the character development, have been squeezed and whittled and moulded until the means of telling the story fit the ends of the story-telling as neatly as hook fits eye. As one writer on how to manufacture short stories tells us in discussing character development, the aspirant must —

‘Eliminate every trait or deed which does not help peculiarly to make the character’s part in the particular story either intelligible or open to such sympathy as it merits;

‘Paint in only the “high lights,” that is . . . never qualify or elaborate a trait or episode, merely for the sake of preserving the effect of the character’s full reality.’

And thus the story is to be subdued to the service of the climax as the body of man to his brain.

But what these writers upon the short story do not tell us is that efficiency of this order works backward as well as forward. If means are to correspond with ends, why then ends must be adjusted to means. Not only must the devices of the story-teller be directed with sincerity toward the tremendous effect he wishes to make with his climax upon you and me, his readers; but the interesting life which it is or should be his purpose to write about for our delectation must be manœuvred, or must be chosen or rejected, not according to the limitation which small space — enough in all conscience — imposes, but with its suitability to the ‘formula’ in mind. In brief, if we are

to have complete efficiency, the right kind of life and no other must be put into the short-story hopper. Nothing which cannot be told rapidly must be dropped in, lest it clog the ‘formula’s’ smoothly spinning wheels. If it is a story of slowly developing incongruity in married life, the action must be speeded beyond probability, like a film in the moving pictures, before it is ready to be made into a short story. If it is a tale of disillusionment on a prairie farm, with the world and life flattening out together, some sharp climax must be provided nevertheless, because that is the only way in which to tell a story. Indeed it is easy to see the dangers which arise from sacrificing truth to a formula in the interests of efficiency.

This is the limitation by form; the limitation by subject is quite as annoying. American writers from Poe down have been fertile in plots. Especially since O. Henry took the place of Kipling as a literary master, ingenuity, inventiveness, cleverness in its American sense, have been squandered upon the short story. But plots do not make variety. Themes make variety. Human nature regarded in its multitudinous phases makes variety. There are only a few themes in current American short stories, — the sentimental theme from which breed ten thousand narratives; the theme of intellectual analysis and of moral psychology favored by the ‘literary’ magazines; the ‘big-business’ theme; the theme of American effrontery; the social-contrast theme; the theme of successful crime. Add a few more, and you will have them all. Read a hundred examples, and you will see how infallibly the authors — always excepting our few masters — limit themselves to conventional aspects of even these conventional themes. Reflect, and you will see how the first — the theme of sentiment — has over-

flowed its banks and washed over all the rest, so that, whatever else a story may be, it must somewhere, somehow, make the honest American heart beat more softly.

There is an obvious cause for this in the taste of the American public, which I do not propose to neglect. But here too we are in the grip of the 'formula,' of the idea that there is only one way to construct a short story — a swift succession of climaxes rising precipitously to a giddy eminence. For the formula is rigid, not plastic as life is plastic. It fails to grasp innumerable stories which break the surface of American life day by day and disappear uncaught. Stories of quiet homely life, events significant for themselves that never reach a burning climax, situations that end in irony, or doubt, or aspiration, it mars in the telling. The method which, as teachers of the short story tell us, makes story-telling easy, itself limits our variety.

Nothing brings home the artificiality and the narrowness of this American fiction so clearly as a comparison, for better and for worse, with the Russian short story. I have in mind the works of Anton Tchekoff, whose short stories have lately been translated into excellent English and published in two volumes. Fresh from a reading of these books, one feels, it is true, quite as inclined to criticize as to praise. Why are the characters therein depicted so persistently disagreeable, even in the lighter stories? Why are the women always freckled, the men predominantly red and watery in the eye? Why is the country so flat, so foggy, so desolate; and why are the peasants so lumpy and miserable? Russia cannot be quite so dreary as this; the prevailing grimness must be due to some mental obfuscation of her writers. I do not refer to the gloomy, powerful realism of the stories of hopeless misery. There,

if one criticizes, it must be only the advisability of the choice of such subjects. One does not doubt the truth of the picture. I mean the needless dinginess of much of Russian fiction, and of many of these powerful short stories.

Nevertheless, when one has said his worst, and particularly when he has eliminated the dingier stories of the collection, he returns with an admiration, almost passionate, to the truth, the variety, above all to the freedom of these stories. I do not know Russia or the Russians, and yet I am as sure of the absolute truth of that unfortunate doctor in 'La Cigale,' who builds up his heroic life of self-sacrifice while his wife seeks selfishly elsewhere for a hero, as I am convinced of the essential unreality, except in dialect and manners, of the detectives, the 'dope-fiends,' the hard business men, the heroic boys and lovely girls that people most American short stories. As for variety, — the Russian does not handle numerous themes. He is obsessed with the dreariness of life, and his obsession is only occasionally lifted; he has no room to wander widely through human nature. And yet his work gives an impression of variety that the American magazine never attains. He is free to be various. When the mood of gloom is off him, he experiments at will, and often with consummate success. He seems to be sublimely unconscious that readers are supposed to like only a few kinds of stories; and as unaware of the taboo upon religious or reflective narrative as of the prohibition upon the ugly in fiction. As life in any manifestation becomes interesting in his eyes, his pen moves freely. And so he makes life interesting in many varieties, even when his Russian prepossessions lead him far away from our Western moods.

Freedom. That is the word here, and also in his method of telling these stories. No one seems to have said to

Tchekoff, 'Your stories must move, move, move.' Sometimes, indeed, he pauses outright, as life pauses; sometimes he seems to turn aside, as life turns aside before its progress is resumed. No one has ever made clear to him that every word from the first of the story must point unerringly toward the solution and the effect of the plot. His paragraphs spring from the characters and the situation. They are led on to the climax by the story itself. They do not drag the panting reader down a rapid action, to fling him breathless upon the 'I told you so' of a conclusion prepared in advance.

I have in mind especially a story of Tchekoff's called 'The Night Before Easter.' It is a very interesting story; it is a very admirable story, conveying in a few pages much of Russian spirituality and more of universal human nature; but I believe that all, or nearly all, of our American magazines would refuse it; not because it lacks picturesque, or narrative suspense, or vivid characterization — all of these it has in large measure. They would reject it because it does not seem to move rapidly, or because it lacks a vigorous climax. The Goltva swollen in flood lies under the Easter stars. As the monk Jerome ferries the traveler over to where fire and cannon-shot and rocket announce the rising of Christ to the riotous monastery, he asks, 'Can you tell me, kind master, why it is that even in the presence of great happiness a man cannot forget his grief?' Deacon Nicholas is dead, who alone in the monastery could write prayers that touched the heart. And of them all, only Jerome read his 'akaphists.' 'He used to open the door of his cell and make me sit by him, and we used to read. . . . His face was compassionate and tender —' In the monastery the countryside is crowding to hear the Easter service. The choir sings 'Lift

up thine eyes, O Zion, and behold.' But Nicholas is dead, and there is none to penetrate the meaning of the Easter canon, except Jerome who toils all night on the ferry because they had forgotten him. In the morning, the traveler recrosses the Goltva. Jerome is still on the ferry. He rests his dim, timid eyes upon them all, and then fixes his gaze on the rosy face of a merchant's wife. There is little of the man in that long gaze. He is seeking in the woman's face the sweet and gentle features of his lost friend.

The American editor refuses such a story. There is no plot here, he says, and no 'punch.' He is wrong, although an imperfect abstract like mine cannot convict him. For the narrative presents an unforgettable portrait of wistful hero-worship, set in the dim mists of a Russian river against the barbaric splendor of an Easter midnight mass. To force a climax upon this poignant story would be to spoil it. And when it appears, as it will, in reprint, in some periodical anthology of current fiction, it will not fail to impress American readers.

But the American editor must have a climax which drives home what he thinks the public wants. If it is not true, so much the worse for truth. If it falsifies the story, well, a lying story with a 'punch' is better than a true one that lacks a fire-spitting climax. The audience who judge a play by the effect of its 'curtain,' will not complain of a trifling illogicality in narrative, or a little juggling with what might happen if the story were life. Of what the editor wants I find a typical example in a recent number of a popular magazine. The story is well written; it is interesting until it begins to lie; moreover it is 'featured' as one of the best short stories of the year. An American girl, brought up in luxury, has fed her heart with romantic sentiment. The

world is a Christmas tree. If you are good and pretty and 'nice,' you have only to wait until you get big enough to shake it, and then down will come some present — respect from one's friends and family, perhaps a lover. And then she wakes up. Her father points out that she is pinching him by her extravagance. Nobody seems to want her kind of 'niceness'; which indeed does no one much good. There is nothing that she can do that is useful in the world, for she has never learned. She begins to doubt the Christmas tree. There enters a man — a young electrical engineer, highly trained, highly ambitious, but caught in the wheels of a great corporation where he is merely a cog; wanting to live, wanting to love, wanting to be married, yet condemned to labor for many years more upon a salary which perhaps would little more than pay for her clothes. By an ingenious device they are thrown together in a bit of wild country near town, and are made to exchange confidences. So far, no one can complain of the truth of this story; and furthermore it is well told. Here are two products of our social machine, both true to type. Suppose they want to marry? What can we do about it? The story-teller has posed his question with a force not to be denied. But I wish we had had a Tchekoff to answer it. As for this author, he leads his characters to a conveniently deserted house, lights a fire on the hearth, sets water boiling for tea, and in a few pages of charming romance would persuade us that with a few economies in this rural residence, true love may have its course and a successful marriage crown the morning's adventure. Thus in one dazzling sweep, the greatest and most sugary plum of all drops from the very tip of the Christmas tree into the lap of the lady, who had just learned that happiness in the real world comes in no such

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haphazard and undeserved a fashion. Really! Have we degenerated from Lincoln's day? Is it easy now to fool all of us all of the time, so that a tale-teller dares to expose silly romance at the beginning of his story, and yet dose us with it at the end! Not that one objects to romance. It is as necessary as food, and almost as valuable. But romance that pretends to be realism, realism that fizzles out into sentimental romance — is there any excuse for that? Even if it provides 'heart interest' and an effective climax?

The truth is, of course, that the Russian stories are based upon life; the typical stories of the American magazines, for all their realistic details, are too often studied, not from American life but from literary convention. Even when their substance is fresh, their unfoldings and above all their solutions are second-hand. If the Russian authors could write American stories I believe that their work would be more truly popular than what we are now getting. They would be free to be interesting in any direction and by any method. The writer of the American short story is not free.

III

I should like to leave the subject here with a comparison that any reader can make for himself. But American pride recalls the past glory of our short story, and common knowledge indicates the present reality of a few authors — several of them women — who are writing fiction of which any race might be proud. The optimist cannot resist meditating on the way out for our enslaved short story.

The ultimate responsibility for its present position must fall, I suppose, upon our American taste, which, when taken by and large, is unquestionably crude, easily satisfied, and not sensi-

tive to good things. American taste does not rebel against the 'formula.' If interest is pricked it does not inquire too curiously into the nature of the goad. American taste is partial to sentiment, and antagonistic to themes that fail to present the American in the light of optimistic romance. But our defects in taste are slowly but certainly being remedied. The schools are at work upon them; journalism, for all its noisy vulgarity, is at work upon them. Our taste in art, our taste in poetry, our taste in architecture, our taste in music go up, as our taste in fiction seems to go down.

But what are the writers of short stories and what are the editors and publishers doing to help taste improve itself until, as Henry James says, it acquires a keener relish than ever before?

It profits nothing to attack the American writer. He does, it may fairly be assumed, what he can, and I do not wish to discuss here the responsibility of the public for his deficiencies. The editor and the publisher, however, stand in a somewhat different relationship to the American short story. They may assert with much justice that they are public servants merely; nevertheless they *do* control the organs of literary expression, and it is through them that any positive influence on the side of restriction or proscription must be exerted, whatever may be its ultimate source. If a lack of freedom in method and in choice of subject is one reason for the sophistication of our short story, then the editorial policy of American magazines is a legitimate field for speculation.

I can reason only from the evidence of the product and the testimony of authors, successful and unsuccessful. Yet one conclusion springs to the eye, and is enough in itself to justify investigation. The critical basis upon which the American editor professes to

build his magazine is of doubtful validity. I believe that it is unsound. His policy, as stated in 'editorial announcements' and confirmed by his advertisements of the material he selects, is first to find out what the public wants, and next to supply it. This is reasonable in appearance. It would seem to be good commercially, and, as a policy, I should consider it good for art, which must consult the popular taste or lose its vitality. But a pitfall lies between this theory of editorial selection and its successful practice. The editor must really know what the public wants. If he does not, he becomes a dogmatic critic of a very dangerous school.

Those who know the theatre and its playwrights, are agreed that the dramatic manager, at least in America, is a very poor judge of what the public desires. The percentage of bad guesses in every metropolitan season is said to be very high. Is the editor more competent? It would seem that he is, to judge from the stability of our popular magazines. But that he follows the public taste with any certainty of judgment is rendered unlikely, not only by inherent improbability, but also by three specific facts: the tiresome succession of like stories which follow unendingly in the wake of every popular success; the palpable fear of the editor to attempt innovation, experiment, or leadership; and the general complaint against 'magazine stories.' In truth, the American editor plays safe, constantly and from conviction; and playing safe in the short story means the adoption of the 'formula,' which is sure to be somewhat successful; it means restriction to a few safe themes. He swings from the detective story to the tale of the alien, from the 'heart-interest' story to the narrative of 'big business.' When, as has happened recently, a magazine experimented with eroticism, and found it successful, the

initiative of its editor was felt to be worthy of general remark.

If one reduces this imperfect sketch of existing conditions to terms of literary criticism, the result is interesting. There are two great schools of criticism: the judicial and the impressionistic. The judicial critic — a Boileau, a Matthew Arnold — bases his criticism upon fundamental principles. The impressionistic critic follows the now hackneyed advice of Anatole France, to let his soul adventure among masterpieces, and seeks the reaction for good or bad of a given work upon his own finely strung mind. The first group must be sure of the breadth, the soundness, and the just application of their principles. The second group must depend upon their own good taste.

The American editor has flung aside as archaic the fundamental principles of criticism upon which judicial critics have based their opinions. And yet he has chosen to be dogmatic. He has transformed his guess as to what the public wants into a fundamental principle, and acted upon it with the confidence of an Aristotle. He asserts freely and frankly that, in his private capacity, such and such a story pleases *him*, is *good* (privately he is an impressionist and holds opinions far more valid than his editorial judgment, since they are founded upon taste and not upon intuition merely); but that 'the public will not like it,' or 'in our rivalry with seventy other magazines we cannot afford to print this excellent work.' He is frequently right. He is also frequently wrong.

I speak not from personal experience, since other reasons in my own case have usually, though not always, led me to agree with the editor's verdict, when it has been unfavorable; but from the broader testimony of many writers, the indisputable evidence of works thus rejected which have later

attained success, and the failure of American short fiction to impress permanently the reading public. Based upon an intuition of the public mind, changing with the wind, — always after, never before it, — such editorial judgment, indeed, must be of doubtful validity; must lead in many instances to unwise and unprofitable restrictions upon originality in fiction.

I am well aware that it is useless to consider current American literature without regard to the multitude of readers who, being, like all multitudes, mediocre, demand the mediocre in literature. And I know that it is equally foolish to neglect the popular elements in the developing American genius — that genius which is so colloquial now, and yet so inventive; so vulgar sometimes, and yet, when sophistication is not forced upon it, so fresh. I have no wish to evade the necessity for consulting the wishes and the taste of the public, which good sense and commercial necessity alike impose upon the editor. I would not have the American editor less practical, less sensitive to the popular wave; I would have him more so. But I would have him less dogmatic. All forms of dogmatism are dangerous for men whose business it is to publish, not to criticize, contemporary literature. But an unsound and arbitrary dogmatism is the worst. If the editor is to give the people what they want instead of what they have wanted, he must have more confidence in himself, and more belief in their capacity for liking the good. He should be dogmatic only where he can be sure. Elsewhere let him follow the method of science and experiment. He should trust to his taste in practice as well as in private theory, and let the results of such criticism sometimes, at least, dominate his choice.

In both our 'popular' and our 'literary' magazines, freer fiction would

follow upon better criticism. The readers of the 'literary' magazines are already seeking foreign-made narratives, and neglecting the American short story built for them according to the standardized model of 1915. The readers of the 'popular' magazines want chiefly journalism (an utterly different thing from literature); and that they are getting in good measure in the non-fiction and part-fiction sections of the magazines. But they also seek, as all men seek, some literature. If, instead of imposing the 'formula' (which is, after all, a journalistic mechanism — and a good one — adapted for speedy and evanescent effects), if, instead of imposing the 'formula' upon all the subjects they propose to have turned into fiction, the editors of these magazines should also experiment, should release some subjects from the tyranny of the 'formula,' and admit others which its cult has kept out, the result might be surprising. It is true that the masses have no taste for literature, — as a steady diet; it is still more certain that not even the most mediocre of multitudes can be permanently hoodwinked by formula.

But the magazines can take care of themselves; it is the short story in which I am chiefly interested. Better criticism and greater freedom for fiction might vitalize our overabundant, unoriginal, unreal, unversatile, — everything but unformed short story. Its artifice might again become art. Even the more careful, the more artistic work, such excellent narrative, for example, as one finds in Mrs. Gerould's recent publication, *Vain Oblations*, — even such reading leaves one with the impression that these stories have sought a 'line,' and found an acceptable formula. And when one thinks of the multitudinous situations, impres-

sions, incidents in this fascinating whirl of modern life, incapable perhaps of presentation in a novel because of their very impermanence, admirably adapted to the short story because of their vividness and their deep if narrow significance, the voice of protest must go up against any artificial, arbitrary limitations upon the art. Freedom to make his appeal to the public with any subject not morbid or indecent, is all the writer can ask. Freedom to publish sometimes what the editor likes and the public may like, instead of what the editor approves because the public has liked it, is all that he needs. There is plenty of blood in the American short story yet, though I have read through whole magazines without finding a drop of it.

When we give literature in America the same opportunity to invent, to experiment, that we have already given journalism, there will be more legitimate successors to Irving, to Hawthorne, to Poe and Bret Harte. There will be more writers, like O. Henry, who write stories to please themselves, and thus please the majority. There will be fewer writers, like O. Henry, who stop short of the final touch of perfection because American taste (and the American editor) puts no premium upon artistic work. There will be fewer stories, I trust, where sentiment is no longer a part, but the whole of life. Most of all, form, *the form*, the *formula*, will relax its grip upon the short story, will cease its endless tapping upon the door of interest, and its smug content when some underling (while the brain sleeps) answers its stereotyped appeal. And we may get more narratives like Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, to make us feel that now as much as ever there is literary genius waiting in America.

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

V. THE YOUTH OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

WE met Lena in a shabby house in a near-by street, where we had been called because of her illness. The family were attractive Russians of the blond type, and the patient herself was very beautiful, her exceeding pallor giving her an almost ethereal look. The rooms were as bare as the traditional poor man's home of the story books, but the mother had hidden the degradation of the broken couch with a clean linen sheet, relic of her bridal outfit.

After convalescence Lena was glad to accept employment and resume her share of the family burden. One day she rushed in from the tailor's shop during working hours, and, literally on her knees, begged for other work. She could no longer endure the obscene language of her employer, which she felt was directed especially to her. The story to experienced ears signaled danger, but to extricate her without destruction of the pride which repelled financial aid was not simple. Readjustments had to be made to give her a belated training that would fit her for employment outside the ranks of the unskilled. Fortunately, the parents needed little stimulus to comprehend the humiliation to their daughter, and they readily agreed to the postponement of help from her, although they were at a low tide of income.

The very coarseness of this kind of

attack upon a girl's sensibilities, I have learned in the course of years, makes it easier to combat than the subtle and less tangible suggestions that mislead and then betray. Sometimes these are inherent in the work itself.

A girl leading an immoral life was once sent to me for possible help. She called in the evening and we sat together on the pleasant back porch adjoining my sitting-room. Here the shrill noises of the street came but faintly, and the quiet and privacy helped to create an atmosphere that led easily to confidence.

It was long past midnight when we separated. The picture of the wretched home that she had presented, — its congestion, the slovenly housekeeping, the demanding infant, the ill-prepared food snatched from the stove by the members of the family as they returned from work, — I knew it only too well. The girl herself, refined in speech and pretty, slept in a bed with three others. She had gone to work when she was eleven, and later became a demonstrator in a department store where the display of expensive finery on the counters and its easy purchase by luxurious women had evidently played a part in her moral deterioration. Her most conscious desire was for silk underwear; at least it was the only one she seemed able to formulate! And this trivial desire, infinitely pathetic in its disclosure, told her story. As I stood at the front

door after bidding her good-night, and watched her down the street, it did not seem possible that so frail a creature could summon up the heroism necessary to rise above the demoralization of the home to which she was returning and the kind of work open to her.

During that summer she came each day to the settlement for instruction in English preliminary to a training in telegraphy, for which she had expressed a preference. Nothing in her conduct during that time could have been criticized, but subsequent chapters in her career have shown that she was unable to overcome the inclinations that were the evil legacy of her mode of life.

The menace to the morals of youth is not confined to the pretty, poor young girl. The lad also is exposed. I could wish there were more sympathy with the very young men who at times are trapped into immorality by means not so very different, except in degree, from those that imperil the girl. The careless way in which boys are intrusted with money by employers has tempted many who are not naturally thievish. I have known dishonesty of this kind on the part of boys who never in after life repeated the offense.

An instance of grave misbehavior of another kind was once brought to me by our own young men, three of whom called upon me, evidently in painful embarrassment. After struggling to bring their courage to the speaking point, they told me that L. was leading an immoral life, and they were sure that if I knew it I would not allow him to dance with the girls. They had been considering for some time whether or not I should be informed. Heartily disliking the task, one of the young men had consulted his mother and she had made it plain that it was my right to know. Fortunately the district attorney then in office had from time to time invoked the coöperation of the settle-

ment in problems that could not be met by a prosecutor. A telephone message to him brought the needed aid with dispatch. When all the facts were known, I felt that the young man had been trapped exactly as had been the young girl who was with him. Both were victims of the wretched creature whose exile from New York the district attorney insisted upon. The three had met in a dance-hall, widely advertised and popular among young people.

The inquiry of the famous Committee of Fifteen, as New Yorkers know, was given its first impetus by the action of a group of young men of our neighborhood, who were already distinguished for the ethical stand they had taken on social matters,—all of them members for many years of clubs in another settlement and our own. They comprehended the hideous cost of the red-light district and resented its existence in their neighborhood, where not even the children escaped knowledge of its evils.

Although in the twenty-one years of the organized life of the settlement no girl or young woman identified with us has 'gone wrong' in the usual understanding of that term, we have been so little conscious of working definitely for this end that my attention was drawn to the fact only when a distinguished probation officer made the statement that never in the Night Court or in institutions for delinquents had she found a girl who had 'belonged' to our settlement.¹

I record this bit of testimony with some hesitation, as it does not seem right to make it matter for marvel or congratulation. One does not expect

¹ While these articles are being written we learn that a child attending a settlement club has been involved in practices that indicate a perversion; but she cannot properly be included in the above classification because of her extreme youth. — THE AUTHOR.

a mother to be surprised or gratified that her daughters are virtuous; and it would be a grave injustice to the girls of character and lofty ideals who through the years have been connected with the settlement, if we assumed the credit for their fine qualities.

But as in ordinary families there are diversities of character, of strength and of weakness, so in an enormous community family, if I may so define the relationship of the settlement membership, these diversities are more strongly marked; and it is a gratification that we are often able to give to young girls — frail, ignorant, unequipped for the struggle into which they are so early plunged — some of the protection that under other circumstances would be provided by their families and social environment.

All classes show occasional instances of girls who 'go wrong.' The commonly accepted theory that the direct incentive is a mercenary one is not borne out by our experience. The thousands of poor young girls we have known, into whose minds the thought of wrong-doing of this kind has never entered, testify against it.

However, a low family income means a poor home, underfeeding, congestion, lack of privacy, and lack of proper safeguards against the emotional crises of adolescence for both boys and girls. Exhaustion following excessive or monotonous toil weakens moral and physical resistance; and as a result of the inadequate provision for wholesome, inexpensive recreation, pleasures are secured at great risk.

In the summer of 1912 a notorious gambler was murdered in New York, and the whole country was shocked by the disclosure of the existence of groups of young men organized for crime and designated as 'gunmen.' There is not space here for a discussion of this tragic result of street life. It is probable

that the four young men who were executed for the murder were led astray in the first place by their craving for adventure. They were found to have been the tools of a powerful police officer, and it was generally believed that they were mentally defective, and were thus made more readily the dupes of an imposing personality. They had not suffered from extreme poverty, nor had they been without religious instruction; two of them, in fact, came from homes of orthodox strictness; but it was plain from their histories that there had been no adjustment of environment to meet their needs. There was no evidence that they had at any time come in contact with people or institutions that recognized the social impulses of youth.

At the time of the murder I was in the mountains recovering from an illness. The letters I received, following the disclosure of the existence of the 'gunmen,' particularly those from young men, carried a peculiar appeal. Our own club members urged the need of the settlement's extending protection to greater numbers of boys. Some of the young men wrote frankly of perils from which they had barely escaped and of which I had had no knowledge. They all laid stress upon the importance of *preventing* disaster by the provision of wholesome recreation which, as one correspondent wrote, 'should have excitement also.' Their belief in the efficacy of club control is firmly fixed. A few evenings ago, one of the young men of the settlement conversant with conditions, speaking to a new resident, defined a 'gang' as 'a club gone wrong.'

Mothers from time to time come to the Henry Street house for help to rescue their erring sons. They come secretly, fearing to have their sons or the police trace disclosures to them. A poolroom on a near-by street, said to have been, at one time, a 'hang out' of

the gunmen, and its lure evidently enhanced by that fact, was reported to us as 'suspicious.' The police and a society organized to suppress such places told me that the evidence they could secure was insufficient to warrant hope of conviction. Mothers who suspected that stolen property was taken there, made alert by anxiety for their sons, furnished me with evidence that warranted insistence on my part that the Police Commissioner order the place closed.

Formal meetings with parents to consider matters affecting their children are a fixed part of the settlement programme, and the problems of adolescence are freely and frankly discussed. An experienced and humane judge, addressing one such meeting, spoke simply and directly of the young people who were brought before him charged with crime, showing his understanding of the causes that led to it and his sympathy with the offenders as well as with their harassed parents. He begged for a revival of the old homely virtues and for the strengthening of family ties. A mother in the group rose and confessed her helplessness. She reminded the judge of the difficulty of keeping young people under observation and guarding them from the temptations of street life when the mothers, like herself, went out to work. Ordinary boys and girls, she thought, could not resist these temptations unaided; and speaking of her own boy, who had been brought before him, she summed up her understanding of the situation in the words, 'It's not that my son is bad; it's just that he's not a hero.'

II

I do not know who originated the idea of a 'club' as a means of guidance and instruction for the young. Our inducement to organize socially came

from a group of small boys in the summer of 1895, our first in the Henry Street house. We had already acquired a large circle of juvenile friends, and it soon became evident that definite hours must be set aside for meeting different groups if our time was not to be dissipated in fragmentary visits. When these boys of eleven and twelve years of age, who had not, up to that time, given any evidence of partiality for our society, called to ask if they could see me some time when I 'was n't busy,' I made an appointment with them for the next Saturday evening, whereupon the club was organized.

It is still in existence with practically the original membership; and the relationship of the members of this first group to the settlement and to me personally has been of priceless value. Many of its members have for years been club leaders. They contribute generously to the settlement and in a variety of ways enter into its life and responsibilities. Clubs formed since then, for all ages and almost all nationalities, have proved to be of great value in affording opportunity for fellowship, and, during the susceptible years, in aiding the formation of character; and the continuity of the relationship has made possible an interchange of knowledge and experience of great advantage to those brought together.

The training of club leaders is as essential as the guidance of the club members. Brilliant personalities are attracted to the settlement, but it can use to good purpose the moderate talents and abilities of more ordinary people, whose good-will and interest are otherwise apt to be wasted because they find no expression for them.

Given sincerity, and that vague but essential quality called personality, in the leaders, we do not care very much what the programme of a club may be. I have never known a club leader pos-

sessing these qualifications who did not get out of the experience as much as it was possible to give, if not more. An interest in basic social problems develops naturally out of the club relationship. Housing conditions, immigration, unemployment, minimum wage, political control, labor unions, are no longer remote and academic. They are subjects of immediate concern because of their vital importance to the new circle of friends.

We remind our young people from time to time that conventions established in sophisticated society have usually a sound basis in social experience, and the cultivation of the minor morals of good manners develops consideration for others.

We interpret the 'coming out' party as a glorification of youth. When the members of the young women's clubs reach the age of eighteen, the annual ball of the settlement, its most popular social function, is made the occasion of their formal introduction and promotion to the senior group. As Head Resident I am their hostess, and in giving the invitations I make much of the fact that they have reached young womanhood with the added privileges, dignity, and responsibility that it brings.

Intimate and long-sustained association, not only with the individual, but with the entire family, gives opportunities that would never open up if the acquaintance were casual or the settlement formally institutional. The incidents that follow illustrate this, and I could add many more.

Two girls classified as 'near tough' seemed beyond the control of their club leader, who entreated help from the more experienced. On a favorable occasion Bessie was invited to the cosy intimacy of my sitting-room. That she and Eveline, her chum, were conscious of their exaggerated raiment was obvious, for she hastened to say, 'I guess it's

on account of my yellow waist. Eveline and me faded away when we saw you at dancing class the other night.' It was easy to follow up her introduction by pointing out that pronounced lack of modesty in dress was one of several signs; that their dancing, their talk, their freedom of manner all combined to render them conspicuous and to cause their friends anxiety. Bessie listened, observed that she 'could n't throw the waist away, for it cost five dollars,' but insisted that she was 'good on the inside.' An offer to buy the waist and burn it because her dignity was worth more than five dollars was illuminating. 'That strikes me as something grand. I would n't let you do it, but I'll never wear the waist again.' So far as we know she has kept her word.

When Sophie's manner and dress caused comment among her associates, her club leader, who had been waiting for a suitable opportunity, called to see her on Sunday morning, when the girl would be sure to be at home. Sitting on the edge of the bed in the cramped room, they talked the matter over. As for the paint, — many girls thought it wise to use it, for employers did not like to have jaded-looking girls working for them; and as for the finery, — 'Lots of uptown swells are wearing earrings.'

Contrasted with the girl's generosity to her family, the cost of the finery was pathetically small. She had spent on an overcoat for her father the whole of the Christmas gratuity given by her employer for a year of good service, and her pay envelope was handed unopened to her mother every week.

Sophie finally comprehended the reasons for her friend's solicitude, and at the end of their talk said she would have done the same for a young sister.

It is often a solace to find eternal youth expressing itself in a harmless

gayety of attire, which it is possible to construe as evidence of a sense of self-respect and self-importance. It is, at any rate, a more encouraging indication than a sight I remember in the poor quarter of London. I watched the girls at lunch time pour into a famous tea-house from the near-by factories, many of them with buttonless shoes, the tops flapping as they walked, skirts separated from untidy blouses, unkempt hair, — a sight that could nowhere be found among working girls in America.

The settlement's sympathy with this aspect of youth may not seem eminently practical, but when Mollie took the accumulated pay for many weeks overtime, amounting to twenty-five dollars, and 'blew it in' on a hat with a marvelous plume, we thought we understood the impulse that might have found more disastrous expression. The hat itself became a white elephant, a source of endless embarrassment, but buying it had been an orgy. This interpretation of Mollie's extravagance, when presented to the mother, who in her vexation had complained to us, influenced her to refrain from nagging and too often reminding the girl of the many uses to which the money might have been put.

At the hearing of the Factory Investigation Commission in New York during the winter of 1914-15, a witness testified regarding the dreary and incessant economies practiced by low-paid working girls. This stimulated discussion, and an editorial in a morning paper queried where the girls were, pointing out that the working girls of New York presented not only an attractive but often a stylish appearance. I asked a young acquaintance, whose appearance justified the newspaper description, to give me her budget. She had lived on five dollars a week. Her board and laundry cost \$4. She pur-

chased stockings from pushcart vendors, 'seconds' of odd colors but good quality, for ten cents a pair; combinations, 'seconds' also, cost 25 cents. She bought boys' blouses, as they were better and cheaper. These cost 25 cents. Hats (peanut straw) cost ten cents; tooth-paste ten cents a month. Having very small and narrow feet she was able to take advantage of special sales when she could buy a good pair of shoes for 50 cents. Her coat, bought out of season for \$7, was being worn for the third winter. Conditions were exceptional in her case, as she boarded with friends who obviously charged her less than she would otherwise have been compelled to pay; but there was practically nothing left for carfares, for pleasure, or for the many demands made upon even the most meagre purse; and few people, in any circumstances, would be able to show such excellent discretion in the expenditure of income.

III

In the tenements family life is disturbed and often threatened with disintegration by the sheer physical conditions of the home. Where there is no privacy there is inevitable loss of the support and strength that comes from the interchange of confidences and assurance of understanding. I felt this anew when I called upon Henrietta on the evening of the day her father died. The tie between father and daughter had been close. When I sought to express the sympathy that even the strong and self-reliant need, so crowded were the little rooms that we were forced to sit together on the tenement-house stairs, amid the coming and going of sympathetic and excited neighbors, and all the passing and repassing of the twenty other families that the house sheltered. It would have been impossible for any one to offer, in the

midst of that curious though not ill-meaning crowd, the solace she so sadly needed.

Emotional experiences cannot be made public without danger of blunting or coarsening the fibre of character. Privacy is needed for intimate talks, even between mother and daughter. The casual nature of the employment of the unskilled has also its bearing on the family relationship. The name or address of the place of employment of the various members of the family is often not known. 'How could I know Louisa was in trouble?' said a simple mother of our neighborhood. 'She is a good girl to me. I don't know where she works. I don't know her friends.'

And the wide span that stretches between the conventions of one generation and another must also be reckoned with. The clash between them, unhappily familiar to many whose experiences never become known outside the family circle, is likely to be intensified when the Americanized wage-earning son or daughter reverses the relationship of child and parent by becoming the protector and the link between the outside world and the home. The service of the settlement as interpreter seems in this narrower sphere almost as useful as its attempts to bring about understanding between separated sections of society.

Quite naturally it came about in the beginning of our understanding of the young people that we should take some action to protect them from the disastrous consequences of their ignorance; for it is difficult for the mothers to touch upon certain themes of great import. They are not indifferent, but rather helpless, in the face of the modern city's demands upon motherhood. Rarely do they feel adequate to meet them. Yet they desire that their girls, and the boys too, should be guarded from the dangers that threaten them.

Years ago we invited the school-teachers of the neighborhood to a conference on sex-problems and offered them speakers and literature. The public has since then become aroused on the subject of sex hygiene, and possibly, in some instances, the pendulum has swung too far; but we are convinced that this obligation to the young cannot be ignored without assuming grave risks. Never have I known an unfavorable reaction when the presentation of this subject has been well considered. It is impossible to give directions as to how it should be done; temperament, development, and environment influence the approach. The girl invariably responds to the glorification of her importance as woman and as future mother, and the theme leads on naturally to the miracle of nature that guards and then creates; and the young men have shown themselves far from indifferent to their future fatherhood. Fathers and mothers should be qualified, and an increasing number are trying to take this duty upon themselves; but where the parents confess their helplessness the duty plainly devolves upon those who have established confidential relations with the members of the family.

IV

When we came to Henry Street, the appearance of a carriage before the door caused some commotion, and members of the settlement returning to the house would be met by excited little girls who announced, 'You's got a wedding by you. There's a carriage there.' It was taken for granted in those days that nothing short of a wedding would justify such magnificence.

In one way or another we were continually reminded of the paramount importance of the wedding in the life of the neighborhood. 'What!' said a shocked father to whom I expressed

my occidental revolt against insistence upon his daughter's marriage to a man who was brought by the professional match-maker and was a stranger to the girl; 'let a girl of seventeen, with no judgment whatsoever, decide on anything so important as a husband?' But as youth asserts itself under the new conditions, the *Schädchen*, or marriage-broker, no longer occupies an important position.

When we first visited families in the tenements, we might have been misled as to the decline in the family fortunes if we judged their previous estate by the photographs hung high on the walls of the poor homes, of bride and groom, splendidly arrayed for the wedding ceremony. But we learned that the costumes had been rented and the photographs taken, partly that the couple might keep a reminder of the splendor of that brief hour, and also that relations on the other side of the water might be impressed with their prosperity.

Since those days the neighborhood has become more sophisticated, and brides are more likely to make their own wedding gowns, often exhibiting good taste as well as skill; though the shop windows in the foreign quarters still display waxen figures of modishly attired bride and groom, with alluring announcements of the low rates at which the garments may be hired.

At a typical wedding of twenty years ago the supper was spread in the basement of one of the public halls, and the incongruities were not more painfully obvious to us than to the delicate-minded bride. The rabbi chanted the blessings, and the 'poet' sang old Jewish legends, weaving in stories of the families united that evening. We were moved almost to tears by the pathos of these exiles clinging to the poetic traditions of the past amid filthy surroundings; for the tables were

encompassed by piles of beer kegs, with their suggestion of drink so foreign to the people gathered there; and men and women who were not guests came and went to the dressing-rooms that opened into the dining-hall. Every time we attended a wedding it shocked us anew that these sober and right-behaving people were obliged to use for their social functions the offensive halls over or behind saloons, because there were no others to be had.

An incident a few days after my coming to the East Side had first brought to my attention the question of meeting-places for the people. As usual in hard times it was difficult for the unhappy, dissatisfied unemployed to find a place for the discussion of their troubles. Spontaneous gatherings were frequent that summer, and in one of them, described by the papers next morning as a street riot, I accidentally found myself.

It was no more than an attempt of men out of work to get together and talk over their situation. They had no money for the rent of a meeting-place, and having been driven by the police from the street corners, they tried to get into an unoccupied hall on Grand Street. Rough handling by the police stirred them to retaliation, and a show of clubs was met by missiles — pieces of smoked fish snatched from a near-by stand kept by an old woman. Violence and ill-feeling might have been averted by the simple expedient of permitting them to meet unmolested. Instinctively I realized this and felt for my purse, but I had come out with only sufficient carfare to carry me on my rounds, and an unknown, impecunious young woman in a nurse's cotton dress was not in a position to speak convincingly on the subject of renting halls.

Later, when I visited London, I could understand the wisdom of non-interference with the well-known Hyde Park

meetings. It is encouraging to note that common sense is touching the judgment of New York's officials regarding the right of the people to meet and speak freely.

Other occurrences of those early days pointed to the need of some place of assemblage other than the unclean rooms connected with saloons. Walhalla Hall on Orchard Street, famous long ago as a meeting-place for labor organizations, provided them with accommodations not more appropriate than those I have described. When from time to time a settlement resident helped to hide beer kegs with impromptu decorations, we pledged ourselves that whenever it came into our power we would provide a meeting-place for social functions and labor gatherings and a forum for public debate that would not sacrifice the dignity of those who used it. Our own settlement rooms were by that time in constant service for the neighborhood; but it was plain that even if we could have given them up entirely to such purposes, a place entirely free from 'auspices' and to be rented — not given under favor — was required. Prince Kropotkin, then on a visit to America, urged upon me the wisdom of keeping a people free by allowing freedom of speech, and of respecting their assemblages by affording dignified accommodations for them.

It was curious, when one realized it, that recognition of the normal, wholesome impulse of young people to congregate should also have been left to the saloon-keeper; and the young lads who haunted undesirable places were often wholly unaware that they themselves were, to use their own diction, 'easy marks.'

A genial red-haired lad, a teamster by trade, referred with pride to his ability as a boxer. In answer to pointed questions as to where and how he acquired his skill, he said a saloon-keeper,

'an awful good sport,' allowed the boys to use his back room. Fortunately the 'good sport's' saloon was at some distance; and, suggesting that it must be a bore to go so far after a day's hard work, I offered to provide a room and a professional to coach them on fine points if James thought the 'fellows' would care for it. James did not inquire if I had either the room or the trainer ready. A call next morning at the office of the Children's Aid Society resulted in permission to put to this service an unused part of a near-by building, and during the day a promising boxer was engaged. When James called the next evening he had a list of young men for the club.

Some weeks later a 'throw-away' — a small handbill to announce events — came into my hands. It read: —

EAT 'EM ALIVE

GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF THE — OF
THE NURSES' SETTLEMENT¹

The date was given and the price of admission 'with wardrobe';² and to my horror the place designated for this function was a notorious hall on the Bowery, its door adjacent to one opening into 'Suicide Hall,' so designated because of several self-murders recently committed there. There was a great deal of mystery about the object of the ball, and the instructor, guileless in almost everything but the art of boxing, reluctantly betrayed the secret. They had in mind to make a large sum of money and with it buy me a present. They dreamed of a writing desk. It was a difficult situation, but the young men, their chivalrous instincts touched, reacted to my little speech and seemed to realize that it would embarrass the

¹ We have been popularly known as the Nurses' Settlement, but our corporate name is The Henry Street Settlement. — THE AUTHOR.

² Hat and coat checked without charge.

ladies of the settlement to be placed under the implication of profiting by the sale of liquor, — though this was rather delicate ground to tread upon, since members of the families of several of the club members were bar-tenders or in the saloon business; but the name of the settlement had been used to advertise the ball, and 'there was something in it.'

To emphasize my point and to relieve them of complications, since they had contracted for the use of the place, I offered to pay the owner of the hall a sum of money (one hundred dollars, as I recall it) if he would keep the bar closed on the night of the dance; and I pledged the young men that we would all attend and help to make the ball a success if we could compromise in this manner. The owner of the hall, however, as some of the more worldly-wise members had prophesied, scoffed at my offer.

It was soon clear to us that an entirely innocent and natural desire for recreation afforded continual opportunity for the over-stimulation of the senses and for dangerous exploitation. Later, when the question could be formally brought to the notice of the public, men and women whose minds had been turned to the evils of the dance-halls and the causes of social unrest responded to our appeal, and the Social Halls Association was organized.

Clinton Hall, a handsome, fireproof structure, was erected on Clinton Street in 1904. It provides meeting rooms for trade-unions, lodges, and benefit societies; an auditorium and ball-room, pool-rooms, dining-halls, and kitchens, with provision for the Kosher preparation of meals. In summer there is a roof-garden, with a stage for dramatic performances. The building was opened with a charming dance given by the young men of the settlement, followed soon after by a beautiful and impres-

sive performance of the *Ajax* of Sophocles by the Greeks of New York.

The stock was subscribed for by people of means, by the small merchants of the neighborhood, and by settlement residents and their friends. A janitress brought her bank book, showing savings amounting to \$200, with which she desired to purchase two shares. She was with difficulty dissuaded from the investment, which I felt she could not afford. When I explained that the people who were subscribing for the stock were prepared not to receive any return from it; that they were risking the money for the sake of those who were obliged to frequent undesirable halls, Mrs. H. replied, 'That's just the way Jim and me feel about it. We've been janitors, and we know.' The Social Halls Association is a business corporation and has its own board of directors, of which I have been president from the beginning.

Clinton Hall has afforded an excellent illustration of the psychology of suggestion. The fact that no bar is in evidence and no white-aproned waiters parade in and out of the ball-room or halls for meetings has resulted in a minimum consumption of liquor, although, during the first years, drinks could have been purchased by leaving the crowd and the music and sitting at a table in a room one floor below the ball-room. Leaders of rougher crowds than the usual clientèle of Clinton Hall, accustomed to a 'rake off' from the bar at the end of festivities, had to have documentary evidence of the small sales, so incredible did it seem to them that the 'crowd' had drunk so little.

It has been a disappointment that the income has not met the reasonable expectations of those interested. This is due partly to some mistakes of construction, — not surprising since there was no precedent to guide us, — largely to the competition of places with

different standards which derive profit from a stimulated sale of liquor, and also partly to the inability, not peculiar to our neighbors, to distinguish between a direct and an indirect charge. In all other respects the history of this building has justified our faith that the people are ready to pay for decency. It is patronized by from five to six hundred thousand people every year.

V

The portrayal of youth in a neighborhood such as ours cannot be dissociated from labor conditions, and it was not incongruous that some of the deeper implications of this problem should have been brought to us by young women.

In the early nineties nothing in the experience or education of young people outside of labor circles prepared them to understand the movement among working people for labor organization. Happily for our democracy and the breadth of our culture, that could not be so sweepingly said to-day. Schools, colleges, leagues for political education, clubs, and associations bring this subject now to the attention of pupils and the public.

Our neighbors in the Jefferson Street tenement where we at first lived, had, like ourselves, little time for purely social intercourse. With the large family on the floor below we had established a stairway acquaintance. We had remarked the tidy appearance of a daughter of the house, and wondered how, with her long hours of work, she was able to accomplish it, — for we knew our own struggle to keep up a standard of beauty and order. We often saw her going out in the evening with books under her arm, and surmised that she attended night school. She called one evening, and our pleasure was mingled with consternation to learn that

she wished aid in organizing a trade-union. Even the term was unknown to me. She spoke without bitterness of the troubles of her shop-mates, and tried to make me see why they thought a union would bring them relief. It was evident that she came to me because of her faith that one who spoke English so easily would know how to organize in the 'American' way, and perhaps with a hope that the union might gain respectability from the alliance. We soon learned that one great obstacle to the organization of young women in the trades was a fear on their part that it would be considered 'unladylike' and might even militate against their marriage.

The next day I managed to find time to visit the library for academic information on the subject of trade-unions. That evening, in a basement in a nearby street, I listened to the broken English of the cigar-maker who was trying to help the girls; and it was interesting to find that what he gave them was neither more nor less than the philosophic argument of the book I had consulted, — that collective power might be employed to insure justice for the individual himself powerless.

The girls had real grievances for which they blamed their forewoman. One or two who had tried to reach the owner of the factory had been dismissed, — at the instance of the forewoman, they believed. It was determined to send a committee to present their complaints and to stand by the girls who were appointed on it.

The union organized that night did not last very long, for the stability of the personnel of the trade-union, particularly among women, cannot always be reckoned on. People as yet step from class to class in America with ease, as compared with other countries, and this has obvious democratic advantages; but it is not so fortunate for the trade

organizations or for the standardization of the trade itself, which is thus continually recruited from the inexperienced. There is flux among the workers, the union officials, and the employers themselves. Among women, the more or less ephemeral character of much of their work, their frequent change of occupation, and marriage, all operate against permanency. The girl who knocked at our door that night, to invite us to our first trade-union meeting, is now in a profession.

Later, when we moved to Henry Street, Fannie, who lived in the next block, enlisted our sympathy in her efforts to organize the girls in her trade. She based her arguments for shorter hours on their need of time to acquire knowledge of housekeeping and homemaking before marriage and motherhood came to them, touching instinctively a fundamental argument against excessive hours for women.

We invited Fannie to a conference of philanthropists on methods of improving the condition of working girls, in order that she might give her conception of what would be advantageous. Representatives of the various societies reported on their work: vacations provided, seats in stores, religious instruction, and so on. 'We are the hands of the boss,' said Fannie when her turn came. 'What does he care for us? I say, let our hands be for him and our heads for ourselves. We must work for bread now, but we must think of our future homes. What time has a working girl to make ready for this? We never see a meal prepared. For all we know, soup grows on trees.'

Fannie, who was headlined by the press during a strike as a Joan of Arc leading militant hosts to battle, had no educational preparation for leadership; no equipment beyond her sound good sense and her woman's subtlety. Speaking once of the difficulty of earn-

ing a living without training, she told me that her mother could do nothing but sell potatoes from a pushcart in the street, 'among those rough people.' Then, repenting of her harshness, 'Of course some of those people must be nice too, but it is hard to find a diamond in the mud.'

Frequent and prolonged conferences at the settlement with Fannie and Lottie, her equally intelligent companion, and with many others, inevitably led to some action on our part; and long anticipating the Women's Trades Union League, we took the initiative in organizing a union at the time of a strike in the cloak trade. The eloquence of the girl leaders, the charm of our back yard as a meeting-place, and possibly our own conviction that only through organization could wages be raised and shop conditions improved, finally prevailed and the union was organized. One of our residents and a brilliant young Yiddish-speaking neighbor took upon themselves some of the duties of the walking delegate. When the strike was settled and agreements for the season were about to be signed by the contractors (or middlemen) and the leader of the men's organization, I was invited into a smoke-filled room in Walhalla Hall long after midnight, to be told that the girls were included in the terms of the contract.

Though its immediate object was accomplished, this union also proved to be an ephemeral organization. For years I held the funds, amounting to sixteen dollars, because the members had scattered and we could never assemble a quorum to dispose of the money.

When, in 1903, I was asked to participate in the formation of the National Women's Trades Union League, I recognized the importance of the movement in enlisting sympathy and support for organizations among working

women. To my regret I cannot claim to have rendered services of any value in the development of the League. It was inevitable that its purpose, as epitomized in its motto, — 'The Eight Hour Day; A Living Wage; To Guard the Home' — should draw to it effective participants and develop strong leaders among working women themselves. Those who are familiar with factory and shop conditions are convinced that through organization and not through the appeal to pity can permanent reforms be assured. It is undoubtedly true that the enforcement of existing laws is in large measure dependent upon watchful trade-unions. The women's trade-union leagues, national and state, are not only valuable because of support given to the workers, but because they make it possible for women other than wage-earners to identify themselves with working people, and thus give practical expression to their belief that with them and through them the realization of the ideals of democracy can be advanced.

The imagination of New Yorkers has been fired from time to time by young working women who have had no little influence in helping to rouse public interest in labor conditions. My associates and I, in the early years of the settlement, owed much to a mother and daughter of singularly lofty mind and character, both working women, who for a time joined the settlement family. They had been affiliated with labor organizations almost all their lives. The ardor of the daughter continually prodded us to action, and the clear-minded, intellectual mother helped us to a completer realization of the deep-lying causes that had inspired Mazzini and other great leaders, whose works we were re-reading.

More recently a young cap-maker has stimulated recognition of the public's responsibility for the well-being of

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the young worker. Despite her long hours, she found time to organize a union in her trade, not in a spurt of enthusiasm but as a result of a sober realization that women workers must stand together for themselves and for those who come after them.

The inquiry that followed the disastrous fire in the factory of the Triangle Waist Company in March, 1911, when one hundred and forty-three girls were burned, or leaped from windows to their death, disclosed the fact that the owners of this factory, like many others, kept the doors of the lofts locked. Hundreds of girls, many stories above the streets, were thus cut off from access to stairs or fire-escapes because of the fear of small thefts of material. The girls in this factory had tried, a short time before the fire, to organize a union to protest against bad shop conditions and petty tyrannies.

After the tragedy, at a meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House called together by horrified men and women of the city, this young cap-maker stood at the edge of the great opera-house stage and in a voice hardly raised, although it reached every person in that vast audience, arraigned society for regarding human life so cheaply. No one could have been insensitive to her cry for justice, her anguish over the youth so ruthlessly destroyed; and there must have been many in that audience for whom ever after the little, brown-clad figure with the tragic voice symbolized the factory girl in the lofts high above the streets of an indifferent metropolis.

Before the fire the 'shirt-waist strike' had brought out a wave of popular sympathy. This was due in part to the youth of a majority of the workers, to a realization of the heroic sacrifices some of them were making (an inkling of which got to the public), and in part also to disapproval of the methods

used to break the strike. Fashionable women's clubs held meetings to hear the story from the lips of girl strikers themselves, and women gave voice to their disapproval of judges who sentenced the young strikers to prison, where they were associated — often sharing the same cells — with criminals and prostitutes. Little wonder that women who had never known the bitterness of poverty or oppression found satisfaction in picketing side by side with the working girls who were paying the great cost of the strike. Many, among them settlement residents, readily went bail or paid fines for the girls who were arrested.

Cruel and dramatic exploitation of workers is in the main a thing of the past, but the more subtle injuries of modern industry, due to over-strain, speeding-up, and a minimum of leisure, have only recently attracted attention. It is barely three years (1912) since the New York Factory Law was amended to prohibit the employment of girls over sixteen for more than ten hours in one day or fifty-four hours a week. The legislation reflected the new compunction of the community concerning these workers, though unlimited hours are still permitted in stores during the Christmas season.

Few people realize what even a ten-hour day means, especially when the worker lives at some distance from the shop or factory and additional hours must be spent in going to and from the place of employment. And in New York, travel during the rush hours may mean standing the entire distance.

Working girls, in their own vernacular, have 'two jobs.' Those who have long hours and poor pay must live at the cheapest rate. Often they are not able to pay for more than part use of a bed; and however generous may be the provision of working girls' hotels, the low-paid workers are not able to

avail themselves of these. The girl who receives the least wage must live down to the bone, cook her own meals, wash and iron her own shirt-waists, attend to all the necessary details of her home and person, and this after the long day. The cheapest worker is also likely to be the overtime worker, a fact that is most obvious to the public at Christmas time.

The Factory Investigating Commission, appointed after the Triangle fire to recommend measures for safety, has been continued for the purpose of inquiry into the wages of labor throughout the state and also into the advisability of establishing a minimum wage rate. The reports of the commission, the public hearings, and the invaluable contributions to current periodicals, are enlightening the community on the social perils due to giving a wage less than the necessary cost of decent living; and as the great majority of employees concerning whom this information has been gathered are young girls, the appeal to the public is bound to bring recommendations for safety in this respect. The dulness of life, when pettiest economies must be forever practiced, has also been well pictured in the testimony brought out by the commission.

In this article I have sought to portray the youth of our neighborhood at its more conscious and responsible period, when the age of greatest incorrigibility (said to be between thirteen and sixteen) has been passed. Labor discussions and solemn conferences on social problems may seem an incongruous background for a picture of youth. Happily, its gayety is not easily suppressed, and comforting reassurance lies in the fact that recreation has ever for the young its strong and legitimate appeal; that art and music carry their message, and that the public conscience,

which recognizes the requirements of youth, is reflected in the increasing provision for its pleasures. 'Wider use of school buildings,' 'recreation directors,' 'social centres,' 'municipal dances' are new terms that have crept into our vocabularies.

Though the Italians have brought charming *festas* into our city streets, it was not until I had admired the decorations that enhance the picturesque streets of Japan, and enjoyed the sight of the gay dancers on the boulevards of Paris on the day in July when the French celebrate, that it occurred to me that we might bring some color and gayety to the streets — even the ugly streets — of New York. For years Henry Street has had its dance on the Fourth of July, and the city and citizens share in the preparation and expense. The asphalt is put in good condition (once, for the very special occasion of the Settlement's twentieth birthday, the city officials hastened a contemplated renewal of the asphalt); the street-cleaning department gives an extra late-afternoon cleaning and keeps a white-uniformed sweeper on duty during the festivity; the police

department loans the stanchions and the park department the rope; the Edison Company illuminates with lavish generosity; from the tenements and the settlement houses hang the flags and the bunting streamers; and the neighbors — all of us together — pay for the band. Asphalt, when swept and cleaned, makes an admirable dancing floor, and to this street dance come all the neighbors and their friends. The children play games to the music in their roped-off section, the young people dance, and all are merry. The first year of the experiment, the friendly captain of the precinct asked what protection was needed. We had courage and faith to request that no officer should be added to the regular man on the beat, and the good conduct of the five or six thousand who danced or were spectators, entirely justified the faith and the courage.

The protective legislation, the new terms in our vocabulary, and the dance on the street are but symbols of the acceptance by the community of its responsibility for protecting and nurturing its precious possession, — the youth of the city.

THE CLEAREST VOICE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THE little business frown which John Wareham usually wore only at his office, and put off as he put on his hat in starting for home, lingered that evening, persisting through the long street-car ride, the walk past rows of suburban houses, and even to the brook at the foot of the hill below his home. Here it vanished, for the brook marked the spot where the world stopped, and Alice began. He watched with a meditative happy smile the rough stone fence which bordered this bit of meadow land, with the trailing woodbine and clematis that made it a thing of beauty; and, as he climbed the hill, the deepening color in the sunset clouds, and the notes of a wood thrush from the forest edge not far away, became part of a deep sense of harmony, breaking a mood of anxiety and fear.

Then came the comforting glimpse of the red brick house through the encompassing green, with its white daintiness of porch, fan-window, and window facings. It all looked like her; in its serene and simple distinction it seemed to embody her; her creative touch was everywhere. The bay window, about which they had disagreed when the house was planned, had, surprisingly, turned out to the liking of both; as he fumbled at the latch of the gate, and pinched his finger as he always did, a vexed sense of triumph came to him, for it surely would have worked better if he had insisted on having his own way! Everywhere were traces of little worries and little triumphs, the latter predominating. It

was the very soul of home, from the threshold to the branches of the tall elm that touched the roof protectingly; it was wholly desirable, — and it might have to go.

As he followed the brick walk, in bitterness he closed his eyes that he might not see, and so ran into a porch pillar, the one on which Alice's red roses were blossoming; the queer little groan that he gave in some strange way took on the sound of 'Railroads!' and again 'railroads!' as he beat his head against the pillar once or twice purposely; and his voice had a note of contempt. He had not felt that way about railroads when he had invested his savings, partly in the stock of a new railroad in the West, partly in the stock of an old railroad in the East that was doing wild things in the way of improvements. Then there had been nothing too good for him to say about the earning power of railroads, the wise management of railroads, the net profits of railroads. Now, both railroads were in trouble; dividends were cut, and the stock which he had hoped to sell at a profit had dropped almost to zero; the mortgage loan on his house was due in a month; and he, a man earning only a moderate salary in a real-estate office, had nothing in the world wherewith to meet the emergency. Even the savings-bank deposit had gone into railroad stock, in order that the mortgage might be paid off more quickly.

But his face lighted up with a smile both sad and bright that made quite a different face of it as he crossed the

threshold, that threshold on which Alice had stopped to kiss him the day he had married her and brought her home. There was something here that shut out all the trouble in the universe: about the doorway his wife's laughter seemed to be always floating, — that laughter, merry, touched with tenderness, made up of mirth and sorrow, as all wise laughter is. Just then came little Jack to meet him, speeding madly down the baluster; and John, as he picked up his boy, kissed him, and reproved him for coming downstairs that way, had nothing to answer, when his son averred that it was lots better than a railroad, save 'That might well be.'

'There's ice cream for dinner,' the boy exploded; and the father, roughly smoothing Jack's tousled hair, started as he caught a sound of chatter from the living-room, and stood still in dismay. That to-day of all days should be the time of the family gathering which brought two uncles, two aunts, and three cousins to the house! How completely he had forgotten! He hung up his hat and grasped little Jack's hand; he would tell them nothing about his troubles, nothing; he would be the ideal host, concealing his personal vexations under a cordial smile.

But hardly had he opened the door, with his office bag still held absent-mindedly in his hand, than they were upon him. The cordial smile did not deceive them for a minute. Aunt Janet, who was sitting by the fireplace, looked the most troubled of all, though she said nothing. It was 'Why, John, what's the matter?' from Aunt Mary, and 'Well, John, how goes it?' from Uncle Philip, who looked as if he knew that it went very badly indeed; and 'What makes you look so worried? With a home like this, no man ought to look worried,' from his Cousin Austin, who had recently become engaged and was thinking about homes. He

nodded approvingly at the room, which was simply furnished, soft in coloring, with English chintzes, a few pictures of trees and of water, — all out-of-door things, — and a fireplace that showed signs of constant use.

John's face brightened as he caught this look of admiration; not all the confusion of greeting and inquiries in regard to health, not all the business worries in the world could check the sense of peace that always came to him in entering this room, which, more perfectly than any other spot, expressed the personality of Alice. He managed to make his way through the little crowd of sympathetic wrinkled faces, and wondering smooth faces. There were, it was discovered, comfortable chairs enough for all, and John found himself, as host, the centre of a little group bent on probing his affairs, in friendly fashion, to the bottom.

It was his sister Emily who finally started the flood of questioning that led to the betrayal of the secret he had meant to keep for the present. She came bustling in through the door leading to the dining-room, looking anxious as soon as she glanced at her brother; and from the brass bowl of yellow roses held unsteadily in her hand, a few drops splattered to the floor.

'Are you ill, John,' she asked, 'or have you lost —' Among all the many voices of inquiry, comment, question whereby she was interrupted, the voice of Alice was the clearest, making the others, no matter how near the speakers stood, seem to come from far away. Little Jack came and climbed upon his father's knee, a curious reproduction of the family look of worry appearing upon his chubby face. John the elder leaned his head back in the chintz-covered chair, shutting his eyes for a minute with a sense of warmth and satisfaction, and the nearness of the cuddling body of his son.

'Everything's the matter,' he said wearily, 'everything'; and he had a momentary twinge of conscience, realizing that he was not being the ideal host.

They all watched him anxiously, sympathetically, in silence; and Aunt Mary, near the window, went on drawing her needle in and out with exquisite precision, her gray head bent over a centrepiece which she intended to present to the house.

'Oh no, I'm not ill,' said John Wareham, suddenly sitting upright; 'but the Long Gorge Railroad has gone into a receiver's hands, and three days ago the New York and Nineveh cut its dividend. I'm done for.'

Emily gave a little gasp, and said nothing. 'You will pull through all right,' asserted Uncle Philip, stirring up the fire in order to hide his face. And Cousin Austin slapped John's shoulder, saying facetiously, 'Take courage, Jeremiah. The worst is yet to come.'

John laughed in spite of himself, and struck his fist upon the knee not occupied by Jack.

'Every dollar I had in the world I had drawn out and put into those two cursed things. Now I've nothing, no capital, no credit. The place has got to go.'

'No, no!' cried the women-folk.

'The place has got to go,' repeated John Wareham, his face in little Jack's hair. 'And I feel as if I could rob a bank or a jewelry store to prevent that.'

Jack burst into a delighted giggle, through which John heard, 'You would n't do any such thing, and you must n't talk that way before Jack.' It was Alice who spoke, with a little catch in her voice that sometimes came, half way between a laugh and a sob; and it was echoed by the two aunts.

'Railroads!' growled John, with supreme contempt. 'It would have been a great deal better if railroads had

never been invented. Jack, we shall have to get a prairie schooner, and trek to the West.'

Jack's eyes shone like stars, but he got no chance to say anything, for, with that outburst, the springs of speech were loosened. There was the clamor, the chorus clamor, of relatives, indignant, inquisitive, sympathetic relatives, all eager to help, and all uneasily conscious that their own small measure of prosperity would hardly stand the strain. He shook his head sadly in answer to the inquiry as to whether he could not borrow: he had no security. Aunt Mary did not fail to remind him that she had warned him at the time; Aunt Janet, in a thin but affectionate voice, admitted that she had suffered in the same way heavily. And then the clock ticked through a brief silence.

'Why don't you read your letters?' asked Emily suddenly. She stood, absent-mindedly arranging the flowers with one finger, busy already with plans for the future.

There was a small pile of letters on the centre table, quite within John's reach; he began tearing open the envelopes in mechanical fashion, throwing them untidily upon the floor. As each one fell, Jack slid down and picked it up, climbing back to his father's knee. One was a wedding announcement; one was a plumber's bill; at the third, John paused, read, looked up bewildered, and read again.

'Why, Emily!' he exploded, boyishly. 'This can't be. Read that, will you, and tell me if I have lost my mind.'

Emily put down the roses, and read the letter slowly, wonderingly, smiling even as her brother had smiled.

'Not Uncle John! And we were always so afraid of him!'

'Twenty thousand dollars,' murmured John.

Open-mouthed silence waited upon

them, until Cousin Austin broke the spell with, —

‘I say, would you mind if I looked over your shoulder?’

And John flung him the letter with a little whoop of joy.

‘Is this plain living, or is this a fairy story?’ he demanded quizzically. ‘I never thought of myself as a dark-eyed hero with a fortune dropping into my hands just in the nick of time! A title ought to go with it!’

The vibrant energy of the man was back again; the dry humor that, in sunny seasons, quivered about his mouth, was once more there; the mocking incredulity of his words belied the growing look of peace and security in his face. The years seemed slipping from him, bringing him a mellow boyhood.

‘Twenty thousand dollars is n’t exactly a fortune, John.’

‘It will buy the place twice over,’ exulted the man, ‘and we shan’t have to start for the West in a prairie schooner right away!’

‘Shan’t we, papa?’ asked little Jack, in hungry disappointment.

But the child’s shrill voice had little chance where everybody was speaking at once. Aunt Mary’s ‘Well, I hope you will hang on to this, and not be foolish again,’ and Cousin Austin’s ‘You deserve it, John,’ and Uncle Howard’s ‘Well, I *am* glad. Shake!’ and several other congratulatory remarks all came at once.

‘The poor old fellow; the poor old fellow,’ said John to himself softly, rubbing his hands. ‘I suppose he died out in Oklahoma all alone. How he happened to will this to me, I give up; he did n’t like me very well.’

The very atmosphere of the room had changed; once more a feeling of quiet pleasure pervaded it. The full sense of home, peace, security came back, with a suggestion of a kettle sing-

ing on the hearth, though there was no kettle nearer than the kitchen.

‘But there’s Frank —’ It must have been Alice who suggested this, and a something disturbing, questioning, crept into the air.

‘Frank!’ said John Wareham suddenly. ‘Why, I’d forgotten all about Frank! We have n’t heard of him for more than fifteen years or so, have we?’

‘More than that,’ answered Emily. ‘He was in Mexico, the last we knew.’

‘He may be living,’ suggested John. ‘Mexico is always in such a state — I suppose the mails can’t be trusted.’

‘We ought to find out,’ said Alice.

‘Uncle John had cast him off,’ suggested Emily tentatively, anxiously.

‘But he was Uncle John’s own son,’ said Alice, earnestly, compellingly; ‘and wasn’t Uncle John in the wrong?’

‘Uncle John was a queer customer,’ said John hastily. ‘He was cranky, no doubt about it, but he was n’t crazy; and if this lawyer’s statement is correct, I’ve got a good legal right to the twenty thousand, have n’t I?’

‘Of course you have!’ said Aunt Mary.

‘But the moral right?’ whispered Alice.

‘What was the quarrel about, anyway?’ asked Austin. ‘Frank’s marriage, was n’t it? I never heard much about it.’

‘That was part of it,’ said Aunt Janet. ‘Frank, you know, fell in love with a little country girl whom his father did not want him to marry, but he insisted on having his way, and married her.’

‘Good for him,’ nodded Austin approvingly.

Little Jack, glancing from one to another with wide blue eyes, was silently weaving his philosophy of life, and his interpretation of humanity.

‘Religion was mixed up in it in some way,’ contributed John. ‘Uncle grew to be something of a fanatic, and he

wanted them both to believe what he believed, and they would n't, or did n't, or could n't. It was incompatibility of temper all round, I dare say.'

'Frank was a good son,' reminded Alice. 'He was patient with his father, and he all but gave up his life for Uncle John, nursing him through diphtheria.'

More and more the sweet, persistent voice brought trouble and question into the atmosphere from which trouble and question had so suddenly cleared. The new security began to seem unstable; the new-found joy a stolen thing. Even in the pauses, the personality of the woman spoke from curtain and cushion and fireplace of this room of her devising. She dominated the whole, seeming the only presence there; brother and sister and guests shrank in the radiance of her.

'Do you really think I ought to hunt Frank up?' asked the man.

Emily shook her head, but doubtfully.

'You probably couldn't find him, after all these years.'

'I could try,' admitted John.

'Nonsense!' cried Aunt Mary, over her embroidery. 'You stay right where you are, and pay off your mortgage. A man who has worked as hard as you have, and has had as much trouble, ought to take a bit of good luck when it comes.'

'Think how much good you could do with it,' murmured Aunt Janet.

'As the pickpocket said when he put the stolen dime in the collection plate,' said Austin; but fortunately Aunt Janet did not understand.

'Uncle had a right to do what he pleased with his own,' said John defiantly. 'If he chose to cast off his son, for reasons which he considered sufficient, he had the right.'

'But you cannot cast off your son,' persisted Alice. 'John, we have a boy

of our own. You know that the obligation is one for all eternity; you cannot get rid of fatherhood.'

'O papa, papa, you hurt me,' squealed little John, suddenly interrupted in his philosophy-weaving.

'Confound it all!' cried John with sudden irritation. 'Is n't this just like life! To hold out the rope, just to grab it away again with a grin — I won't, I say. What is mine is mine.'

'But it is n't yours.'

'Did Frank have any children?' he asked.

'Several, I believe,' admitted Emily reluctantly.

'And he never got on?'

'He never got on.'

'And the twenty thousand might save their pesky little Mexican souls.'

The child's laughter rippled out across the shocked silence of the elders.

'Maybe Uncle John left them something,' suggested Emily. 'For a man who tried such big things this does n't seem much money.'

Her brother shook his head.

'“The entire sum of which he stands possessed,”' he read from the lawyer's letter.

'You might make a few inquiries through the post. I rather imagine the Mexican mail service is n't very trustworthy,' suggested Aunt Mary, hopefully.

He looked at her, but in abstracted fashion, as if it were not to Aunt Mary that he was listening.

'I'll write to this Oklahoma lawyer, and then I must go to Mexico.'

'Is n't it a little quixotic?'

'It's most likely all kinds of foolishness, like everything else I do,' groaned the man. 'But it's what I'd want done for my little chap if I were dead and he alive, and I had quarreled with him. I suppose I could keep this money and save my skin, but —'

'You could n't keep it without find-

ing out,' murmured Alice, 'because you are you, and the real you is incapable of doing a mean thing.'

'You must do as you think best,' said Emily at last. 'Maybe, if you find Frank, he won't want it all, but will divide, knowing that his father willed it to you.'

'That may be as it may be,' said the

man, leaning back in his chair with the face of one listening. 'But I go to Mexico. It's a queer game we play here, and I'll be dashed if I can understand it, but I'm going to play it as fairly as I know how.'

So the voice of Alice won, — of Alice, who had been dead for five long years.

BUSINESS AND DEMOCRACY

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

I

MANY important forms of the social fabric are to-day in the 'melting pot.' New proposals are legion. Opinion gathers quickly behind a taking novelty, and conditions are such that it spreads by some lateral absorption like water in a lump of sugar. Industrial democracy is receptive and expectant of change — even if only for the sake of change. Currents of impatient protest arise suddenly and flood with Daytonian ruin old established bulwarks of society. Old landmarks are submerged. Reverence for the authority of age and experience — and even of law — is slight. The independence of a strongly individualistic democracy is feeling the pride of new strength, and delights in its power without much thought of consequences. If the rising tide has lifted our anchors, where are we drifting? Are we throwing aside compass and quadrant, and sailing by caprice for a port closed in by fog?

Whether we like it or not, we must face the fact that large groups of men

— and women — have found in democracy the opportunity and occasion to give expression to a raw, untrained pride of opinion on the most difficult questions of government and economics. Respect for authority, for those who have achieved something important, for experience and knowledge, has seemingly disappeared. Gross ignorance noisily reigns in the marketplace; and the man who refuses to 'blow his own horn,' and who bases his claims on his merits, is lost in the crowd. We have democracy growing rank; settling policies, not according to insight and merit, but according to their effect in catching votes. An untrained, uneducated constituency, no matter how honest, is a very paradise for the demagogue. The confidence of conceit and passion is in direct ratio to ignorance. Why is it that the son seems to have more assurance than his father? 'Cheek,' brazen effrontery, cock-sureness, and unwillingness to hear criticism are the marks of men who guide other men of less force. These are some of the evident results of democracy;

but they are as old as Socrates. The same characteristics that trouble us to-day showed themselves in Athens. And yet the world has progressed since those days in Athens.

On all sides we hear of 'social unrest,' of Socialism, of *sabotage*, and the Industrial Workers of the World. Many intelligent people seem to have acquired a stubborn conviction that no man can have become rich honestly.

It is doubtless true that many forms and opinions are undergoing change. Some things, to be sure, are certainly going by the board. But while changes are coming, the stars in their courses still show us the same firmament. Crews may mutiny against officers; but officers and discipline are still the rule of the sea. We may have eruptions of ignorance and passion; but sooner or later the shallow and the criminal give way before the inevitable, permanent forces of right and progress.

II

Democracy in its old significance bore on political relations and equality of treatment by the government. But now we hear of industrial democracy, and economic equality; that is, since one man's vote is as good as another's, it is assumed that one man's wages should be as good as another's. Right there is the break with logic and human nature: all men never were born equal in industrial capacity, and consequently have no right to equal industrial rewards. Indeed, the whole distribution system of wealth is necessarily based on the fact that some men are more efficient in productive industry than others.

There is, moreover, a further association with industrial democracy: it is assumed that the existing system of industry supplied by private capital and managed by individuals is unjust; that

men are not getting 'social' and economic justice; and that, so long as there are poor men, large fortunes must have been unjustly accumulated. And so we are made aware that, when laborers in any field, having formerly received, say three dollars a day, are by virtue of strikes now getting five or six dollars, and for less hours in the day, yet they are not satisfied. They have no intention of stopping the campaign for higher wages; if they have already doubled wages, why not double them again? if they have gained five dollars a day, why not keep on until they have fifty? what is to prevent this consummation? The truth that increasing wages for the same effort increases expenses of production and consequently prices to the consumer is lightly ignored. As long as employers have palatial homes, fine horses and automobiles, and dine at tables of Levi, why should laborers not keep on demanding? In brief, industrial democracy assumes that wealth is unjustly distributed, and its avowed end is a new and different distribution. This purpose, every man who has capital invested in his own business must face. It is the purpose of growing numbers in our community; and these numbers, having votes, wish to use state and national legislation to aid in forcing their system on society. Then those who seek high office, and wish to secure these votes, are cleverly bidding for followers under the standard of 'social justice.' They have spread their sails to catch that particular slant of wind to gain their desired end.

What does 'social justice' mean? Supposedly, it means the extension of justice not now obtainable by law to a field of economic rewards in which injustice is assumed. For instance, if wages in some sweated industries are very low, it would be 'social justice' to raise them. But, if wages should be

equal among those of equal earning capacity, how can the wages of the less capable be made equal to those of the more highly capable? Certainly not by legislation. Such a position, however, is not inconsistent with the belief that intelligent legislation may often change environment so as better to equalize opportunity and choice of occupation. But we do not need a new phrase, 'social justice,' to cover justice to men for acts included under accepted codes. For instance, a disease-breeding sweatshop is a violation of municipal health regulations and to be dealt with accordingly. 'Social justice' is a convenient phrase to the politician, because it appeals to most men's sense of dissatisfaction with their material reward, and it is too vague to be concretely challenged.

III

The reason that some men are rich and some are poor has nothing to do with their goodness; a good man may be stupid, or he may have an artistic temperament unaccompanied by practical business sense; while another man, just as honest, may have foresight, good judgment, a cool head, executive ability, and great business sagacity. The former is likely to remain poor; while the latter may amass a great fortune. The former may be a great artist, and, from the side of culture, he may be a more valuable man to society than the latter: it all depends on whether we rate creative art higher than riches. It is no disparagement to be poor, if one can serve society in other ways than by gaining wealth; and many men gain wealth who do nothing for the well-being of others in society. Now, without attempting to grade the pursuits of men, whether the accumulation of wealth is higher or lower in value than other pursuits, most of us are obliged to face the practical problem of income.

It is a purely material question; it concerns man's capacity to get material rewards. To some people — fortunately not all — this is the sole problem. And it may here be observed that Socialism is a purely material philosophy; its objective is to overturn existing privately managed industry in order to obtain for the workers more material wealth to consume. They may not get it; but that is their end. It is not their aim to get more goodness, but more material wealth; unless by having more to spend they expect to grow in grace.

By unthinking persons discrimination is thrown to the wind. If they hear of one rich man who is evil, all rich men are evil. Without any economic examination, it is assumed that, if a man is rich, it can be only because he has got riches at the expense of others, and especially of his laborers. Hence the theory — already alluded to — that workmen are right in pressing for higher wages until all shall become equally rich. That is in essence the hope of industrial democracy.

Let us face this assumption. 'All the fools are not dead yet,' it is true; but it is equally true that the saving grace of common sense is still a characteristic of our American people. Let me give a concrete case, which after all is only typical of legions of others.

Among the cowboys on a Southwestern ranch was one quiet, silent fellow of eighteen; he rode well, knew the nature of a cow, took a joke on himself good-naturedly, and said nothing. At the end of the month the 'bunch blew in' the month's wages at the saloons in the nearest town; but our young man, in a lonesome way, stayed on the ranch and did not go to town. He took the usual jibes, grinned, and said nothing. He was fed and found on the ranch, and at the end of the year he had \$360 to his credit. This went on three or four years. Suddenly he was known to

have preëmpted 160 acres of the best land in the region; he built his shack and stocked his farm from his savings. He was a good judge of horses and cattle, and worked indefatigably on his farm — which was truly his 'savings bank.' In one year his wheat sold for \$3500. His 'stand' of alfalfa was as good as any in the country. He needed more help, and he employed some of the boys he had known on the old ranch, and he paid them more than they had earned in the saddle. Then, after having paid for his farm, he had enough to buy an adjoining 160 acres for cash; he had a rapidly increasing herd on the open range. In a very few years he became the owner of 1200 acres of alfalfa in Texas, apart from his other farms and herds. His annual income at one time some years ago from wheat alone was over \$10,000. Then he invested in more land, bought bank stock, helped build new railways, and was in recent years popularly acclaimed a millionaire.

Now, did this man gain his fortune at the expense of others? Any other of those mad-riding, reckless cowboys could have done the same, if they had had the qualities that industrial success demands. Aye: there's the rub. Industrial success is personal, not social. Society is not holding a man down; the existing social system is not keeping men at the bottom; it is their own personal deficiencies that keep them there. Industrial success can be won at a price; and the price is observance of the inevitable rules of the game, — namely, sobriety, industry, saving, avoidance of speculation, knowledge of human nature, good judgment, common sense, persistence, intelligence, and integrity. No social system ever keeps a man down who has these qualities. Is it not the best thing for the world to find out that industrial success can be won only by the display of these qualities? Is it 'social justice' to

proclaim to the thriftless, or careless, that the social system is responsible for their scanty means, and that they should claim a share in the wealth of our rich and successful cowboy? He should be made to divide. On with 'social justice' to the unfortunate; down with the plutocrats! There is indeed much wrong in the world to be righted; but it does not avail to separate wrong from its personal nature and ascribe it to a vague thing like the social system.

IV

'Yes: what you say is obvious,' I hear some one remark, 'but how about the malefactors of great wealth?' In the first place, size is no crime; if business, legitimately carried on, becomes very large, that is a mark of success and of the phenomenal opportunities of a new country abounding in natural resources, inhabited by a constantly growing population. Great fortunes honestly won are just as possible as small fortunes honestly won. 'Very good; but look at the big rascals in high finance,' says the suspicious man. Now let us face that point directly. Here is the place to insist upon a significant distinction: robbery, cheating, stealing, falsehood, dishonesty are to-day under the ban of law; the laws of the land are sufficient to convict any perpetration of these wrongs, if there is proof; and we all insist that the law shall be enforced. This we are all agreed upon. But, on the other hand, if I am poor, and B is very rich, am I justified in declaring that B is thereby a 'malefactor of great wealth.' That assumes the economic proposition that no man could become very rich except at the expense of others, or by unfair practices. That proposition cannot be admitted for one moment. We may readily admit that some men may have become rich by rascality, by cheating

others, by devices which escape the letter of the law, and which are dishonest and unmoral; but it is stupid to say that that is true of all rich men. It is the mark of the untrained mind that it can make no discriminations. Indeed, we are living in such a hysterical age that no discriminating judgments seem to be popular. Consequently the business world must face the fact that half-baked teaching, and demagogic appeals to prejudice, have made masses of our people believe that if a man is very rich he is necessarily a bad man. It is assumed that no man ought to accumulate more than a certain amount; and there follows the corollary that the masses of voters, being poor, should force the rich to give up a portion of their accumulations; and one form of this contention appears in a demand for progressive taxes to pay a greater proportion of the expenses of government. Such a policy has no economic basis; it is solely the development of industrial democracy. A counting of noses settles that question, not a counting of economic arguments. As long as economic questions are settled, not by expert advice, but by universal suffrage, there is no help for the business world but the education of the voter.

v

The equality of political democracy, as I have said, is by facile logic transferred to industrial democracy; but these two realms of human actions are founded on radically different bases and conditions. What is true of one is not true of the other. All men have, and should have, equal rights before the law; each should have equal protection of life and property; but if A is sober and thrifty and saves up \$10,000, and, if B is never sober and owns perhaps only his horse, then the state owes A the same protection over his \$10,000 that

it owes B over his one horse. And the principle is the same whether A has \$10,000 or \$100,000,000 — provided he does not violate the rights of others. In industrial democracy B ought to have no more right over A's \$10,000 than he has over my overcoat. Unless that is founded in adamant, what protection has B for his horse against the dishonest, powerful rich man? The Middle Ages is the answer to that.

But industrial democracy openly attacks this system of property and its theory of justice. It is sometimes forgotten that the development of individual private property since 600 A.D. has been a large part of the growth of civil liberty and the acquisition of freedom and equality of the individual. It was not forced on the race by any great conqueror. Like all permanent law, it is an expression of the wishes and customs of the race. Our rights to property to-day are what they are because the race is what it is. Now comes Socialism, in all its varied forms, and proposes to put the control of capital and industry in the hands of the state. It is in pursuit of material rewards. If, in the open competition of men with men, in the industrial struggle, B is surpassed by A, he accepts his individual failure; but B asks the state to make A share the results of his skill with him. That is the essence of Socialism: as I have said elsewhere, it is a philosophy of failure. It is not likely to succeed in the ultimate end; but it is coloring industrial democracy through and through. Its practical form is governmental interference with industry. In the case of public utilities and monopolies there is a reason for the intervention of the state, but it is not a Socialistic reason. Whenever an industry is by nature more or less monopolistic, competitive conditions can be best preserved by the supervision of society. But, standing on the rock of civil and religious

freedom, one must fight every attempt to regulate and restrict the freedom of individual initiative in industry wherever it may be shown that it does not infringe on the rights of others.

There is to-day being created a nebulous area in human activities in which the legislatures and the courts are being urged to interfere with the acts of individuals on the ground that the state knows better than the individual what is good for him; that you can make men better by legislation; and can prevent 'social power' from going to waste. There is danger in that attitude to the efficiency and virility of the race. On the other hand, while we urge altruistic ideals, we must preserve the soundness of the individual unit if society as a whole is to keep its vigor.

Yet men of note sometimes show a sort of intellectual strabismus on such a simple matter as the functions of capital — which comes into existence only by personal control over consumption, and is necessary to the very existence of modern production on its present scale and necessary to the very consumption of the laboring classes. We are told that 'one of the greatest pieces of work mapped out for the workers of this century was to socialize steam as earlier inventions and discoveries had been socialized and made the property of the whole people in past centuries. . . . The nineteenth century saw the greatest revolution of the world — that of feudalism to industrialism. The twentieth century will see an even greater revolution, that from the control of capital to the control of men.' To socialize steam! Why not socialize the spots on the sun, or the new River of Doubt in Brazil, or the serum of infantile paralysis? Furthermore, who now controls capital but men? Or is it meant that thriftless men who never accumulate any capital should be put in control of capital created by other

men? The purpose could be more quickly accomplished by abolishing all laws against stealing.

VI

The analysis of the whole situation gives us a very clear understanding of what business must face. The essential idea of industrial democracy is equality of industrial rewards. What is being done to reach that objective? Left to purely economic processes, it would be impossible of realization; that is, in the give and take of actual business, it would never happen that the unskilled should receive the same wages as the skilled, or that men of no executive ability should be entrusted with important work of direction in positions of great responsibility, and be given similar rewards. Then, how does industrial democracy intend to gain its ends? Simply by introducing the machinery and methods of political democracy into industrial democracy; by treating all social and industrial grievances politically. Now, note what that means. It transfers the solution of an industrial difficulty from the realm of economics into the realm of politics. By taking away such a thing, for example, as price-fixing from the realm of economic forces like demand and supply, it hands it over to decision by the political agencies of the state.

Let me illustrate. Railways supplied with capital by private persons serve a quasi-public service, and are properly subjected to governmental supervision. Railways, however, — leaving out of account fraudulent manipulation, — supply transportation supposedly at a price sufficient to cover legitimate expenses and a reasonable rate of dividend on the capital invested. In any ordinary business, when the cost of materials and wages rises, the manufacturer may raise the price of his pro-

duct to the consumer. Not so with the railways under industrial democracy. The government leaves materials and wages to economic causes which have greatly increased the cost of operating the railways; but political agencies prevent the railways from correspondingly raising the rates for transportation.

Suppose the state were to say to men in private business, that, when wages, rents, coal, and materials rise, they must not raise the prices of their goods. How would they feel? They would think that was going a little too far; and yet very similar proposals are now before us. Let me illustrate by another instance the injection of political agencies into the industrial realm. Not realizing that wages must be paid in some proportion to earning power, our industrial democracy is proposing to enact a law fixing a minimum rate of wages. Although now introduced for women, it is well understood that it will be followed by similar laws for men. It introduces a new and unjustifiable basis of wages, — that wages shall be paid on the shifting basis of what it costs to live, — the thriftless to receive more than the competent.

Because of the growing assumption that it is 'social justice' for the state to take away wealth from those who have and give it to those who have not, we are having some remarkable developments in the practice of taxation. Such needs as roads, bridges, schools, asylums, hospitals, care of the poor, and the like have been generally regarded as desirable objects of taxation. But now we are undoubtedly confronted with a new theory on which taxation is to be extended. Since great numbers of men are poor and are receiving small industrial rewards, it is proposed that the state should by taxation take from the wealth of the country and expend it in ways that would practically increase the returns of the many. This is

the fundamental reason for increasing taxes to meet 'social needs.' There is an important distinction to be drawn here. On the one hand are those objects which could be carried out only by the power of the state and by some social coöperation beyond the power of individual initiative; on the other hand are those expenditures which, however gracious and appealing, pauperize the classes relieved from desirable self-sacrifice. To-day, it is no exaggeration to say that public expenditures which are intended to catch the votes of the many under the pretense of 'social justice' are becoming enormous. The increasing taxes on business are taking on the character of a portent. What is the end? Assuming the growing intention to expend for 'social' purposes, new taxes, like the income tax and the tax on land-value, are devised, but without in any way reducing the burden of existing forms of taxation.

VII

This vague area in which increasing action by the state is urged is the field wherein all the novel projects of the day arise. This vagueness is a paradise for dreamers, sentimentalists, and revolutionists. If I am not mistaken, one of the side-shows of industrial democracy is the 'Return of Government to the People.' If any wrong is being done and the 'law' is silent, then the sooner a new law is made to cover a new situation the better; we are all agreed on that. However, it must be admitted that the face of the business world is changing; new methods of doing business are superseding old ones; centres of trade are shifting; distance is annihilated; international relations touch our daily transactions. The regulation of the rights of individuals in their new relations is a complex and serious matter. For instance, the development of

irrigation and water-power has forced the creation of a new body of law. Also, for instance, the form of our government, with state and federal laws valid over the same territory, raises a whole series of new problems as to interstate commerce, and the regulation of monopolies. These problems are legion; they are at once new and difficult.

Now, with the history of the growth of civil liberty behind us, with the experience of centuries to warn us, to what kind of persons, and in what way, should we entrust the solution of these problems? The fine flower of Anglo-Saxon civilization — its gift to the rest of the world — is representative government. What is implied in that? Simply that difficult matters of law-making should not be left to the untrained, to a hit-and-miss body of all citizens; but that the whole body should pick out the best trained, the best qualified, and tell them to give their whole time to this expert service, since the average citizen, busied in industry, has no time or capacity for specialized study. That is practical, intelligent government for the people and by the people. It is the application of the old principle of division of labor.

Now, on what ground is it advisable to take away the initiative in legislation from representatives of all the people and refer it to the people themselves? On the ground that representatives do not represent? Then, what is the difficulty in selecting those who do? If we say the whole body cannot do this, then we are effectively indicting the intelligence and motives of this general body of voters. If this be accepted, then they are certainly unfit to pass on legislation which requires specialized expertness. There is no satisfactory answer to this argument. Obviously, the only remedy for poor legislation is greater alertness and responsibility in choosing our representatives. That, in

my judgment, is the pith of the whole matter raised by the advocates of the initiative and referendum. Popular voting on technical questions of money, banking, labor, price-regulation, and monopolies is the height of absurdity. If you have an attack of appendicitis you do not call in as surgeon the first stranger you meet on the street. Why do we not need the expert on legislation affecting industry as well as the expert in surgery? We are most truly returning the government to the people when we are placing government in the hands of honest and intelligent representatives, and taking it away from the bigoted and the ignorant, whoever they may be.

VIII

In this brief way the salient characteristics of recent thinking known as industrial democracy have been touched upon. Whither are we drifting? What is the meaning to business of this 'new thought'? By business, of course, is meant legitimate business, thoughtfully and honestly conducted. It is obvious that such business is threatened with very serious misconceptions, with widespread delusions having no economic justification. It is not to the point to say these are illogical or mistaken; saying so does not change the fact of their existence. Fantastic proposals affecting business are urged upon legislatures in order to give the effect of law to some passing wave of sentiment. And we must remember, too, that a great many of these proposals are put forward by enthusiastic radicals who are often quite sincere and honest in their beliefs. Attacks are being made on established institutions; nothing is taken for granted; and the justification for established institutions must be given anew. In short we can hold the bulwarks of constitutional government only by fighting for them.

Democracy gives an open forum for all shades of opinion from conservatism to radicalism — and worse; and that is as it should be. If established institutions are the best, they will survive without question; but we are undoubtedly in for a hot debate on fundamentals. I, for one, welcome that discussion; after a full and free discussion the American people have never gone far wrong. A state is dead that cannot bear free discussion. But the situation calls for serious and alert intelligence to watch that the rights of legitimate business are well defended and not weakened. Attacks are not to be regarded as a basis for discouragement, but rather as a stimulus to virile thinking and activity. A dead fish can float downstream; only a live fish can swim upstream.

There is no use disguising the fact of a tendency in modern industrial democracy to an exaggerated doctrine of equality; by that I mean a tendency to regard all men as having a right to equal shares of wealth, independent of the God-given differences in mind and body. Dissatisfaction with existing shares, as now distributed, is general; and few there are who are sufficiently trained to explain why rewards are what they are to-day. If dissatisfaction is general, and if economic insight and training are rare, you have the inevitable field for agitation. Educating the public intelligence is the obvious remedy; but widespread education in economics is a slow process. Meanwhile, gusts of popular opinion, no matter how wrong, are certain to break forth, and the kind of legislators we now choose are likely to follow public opinion in order to retain office. Hence, we are almost certain to have quixotic legislation on business concerns. If wrong, they will do damage. When the radicals are not influenced by reason and experience, there is no teacher so con-

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vincing as the merciless blows of disaster. 'Experience is a dear school, and fools learn therein.' There is probably no other schoolmaster likely to teach the millions of men unable to think correctly in economics. As to the final result there can be no doubt: the light-headed agitator of the day and his followers, buoyed up by an inflated gas of passion, may have a brief flight of triumph, to be followed by a destructive fall to cold fact. In this process damage will be done; both conservatives and radicals will suffer; but the middle truth of common sense and right will always emerge, and the fads will sooner or later be forgotten. The extremes of these outbreaks will be diminished in violence just in proportion as public opinion is better educated and better regulated.

IX

The business man, as a rule, is a coward. He is usually willing to compromise in any serious emergency in order to protect his earnings; his credit is probably extended to the limit of the willingness of the banker to lend; his credit and his operations are dependent on his earnings, which are fully known to his banker. Consequently, it is unusual for him to stand out for a principle, or to fight for his rights. How can he as an individual oppose his hundreds or thousands of employees? But if disaster is the inevitable outcome of industrial democracy, he cannot escape it by procrastination. What can he do?

The man who carries on a legitimate business must do the same thing that the employee has done: he must organize, and resort to collective bargaining, for his own salvation. But, it is said, the laws forbid this; while labor unions are being excepted by Congress. A curious hysteria possesses our politicians. The chiefs of the labor organizations sat in the galleries of Congress to

watch and mark the votes of members in the interest of the labor vote in coming campaigns for reëlection. To show how far this hysteria has developed, imagine the effect if the chief leaders of big business were to ask for special legislation and then openly gather in the galleries of Congress to 'spot' those who voted against their interests.

Meanwhile, every means should be used to further equality in industry. It should be the aim of every one to see that those of equal capacities should have, as nearly as possible, equal rewards. In the actual whirl of busy pro-

duction this may not always be so; and our business men are in duty bound to see that there is no cause for complaint on the score of a desire to get profits at the expense of another human being. The rich and successful are under a moral obligation to the poor and unsuccessful. Much may be done to show the workmen that they are regarded, not as machines to earn profit, but as human beings to be given greater comfort and happiness. In the sense of equal wages for equal capacities, industrial democracy can hope for industrial equality.

RUPERT BROOKE

(Died at the Dardanelles, April, 1915)

BY CONRAD AIKEN

You need no praise, nor is this meant to be:
 But the sincere and baffled grief of one
 Who walked with you under last summer's sun,
 And laughed with you at vain mortality.
 An hour, that afternoon, we sat for tea
 In a café, upstairs. Time soon had run.
 We talked of great things waiting to be done, —
 Talking, as young men will, ambitiously.
 I smiled, then, seeing your open throat, soft tie,
 The golden, godlike head, your eyes' bold blue,
 Your burning seriousness, — O youth! thought I.
 But now (not strange), I think and think of you
 Saying that day, 'It does not matter why
 Men act; what matters most is what men do.'

BRITISH GENERALSHIP

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

It is probable that no war since Bannockburn democratized the battlefield has been so revolutionary in method and resource as that into which Europe was plunged last August. It was forty-four years since Germany and France were last engaged in warfare on any considerable scale; over twelve years since England was at war with the Boer republics, and ten years since Russia was at war with Japan. The echoes of the Balkan wars, it is true, had hardly died away; but those wars, bloody though they were, had the character of the wars of the past. The movements were rapid, the decisions swift, and the resources and methods employed were familiar.

Not until the Russo-Japanese war was there any suggestion that the art and conduct of war were on the eve of vital changes, consequent upon the dominating influence which artillery had established in the field. The battle of Mukden was the precursor of the new siege warfare which, with its dullness and its ugliness, was to supersede the old romantic war of swift surprise, crashing blow, and shifting scene. But in the ten years that had succeeded Mukden there had been developments whose effect could be only to differentiate still further modern warfare from that of the past. The conquest of the air, the invention of wireless communication, the improvement in motor traction, were among the most important of the factors which had come into opera-

tion; and inasmuch as the practice of warfare, like the practice of anything else, is largely governed by its tools, it was clear that when war on the grand scale came, it would be marked by new possibilities which could be only dimly imagined. What would be the relation of the mobile gun and the bomb-proof fort? Would Lord Sydenham's view that the fortress was effete and that earthworks were the essential corollary of modern artillery, be justified? What place would the cavalry have in future encounters? Would it be rendered as obsolete by the motor vehicle as the cab-horse had been rendered obsolete by the 'taxi'? Would its function as the vision of the army be henceforth assumed by the aeroplane? What was the true function of the air in warfare? Would the airship prove to be an effective military instrument, or would the aeroplane, with its superiority in numbers and mobility, reduce it to a clumsy futility?

These were typical of the questions to which only practical experience could furnish decisive answers. But so far as the calculable elements were concerned, the advantage was, of course, decisively with that power which had made preparations for war its supreme function. That advantage was not limited to the specifically military equipment which Germany had organized with such astonishing thoroughness. It extended to the whole field of the national life, every department of which was developed with a view to its effective coöperation in the purposes of war.

The contempt which Germany had for the military potentialities of Great Britain was not altogether unreasonable. It was founded, not merely upon the negligible proportions of the British army, but also upon the fact that the whole conception of the state was non-warlike and its organization entirely industrial and pacific. England relied upon the sea for her protection and still believed in the maxim of Chatham that 'the standing army of England is the navy,' — a maxim in which a defensive and not an offensive attitude is implicit. Had the Prussian mind been more open to the teaching of history it would have understood, from such episodes as the American Civil War, that great military resources may be latent in a non-military people; but it has been one of the fatal mistakes of the Prussians to calculate only on the visible and the material and to ignore the human and spiritual forces that they have challenged.

But though, tested by the Continental scale, the British army was negligible, there were two points in which it was incomparable. It was small in numbers, but it was great in experience. It was the only professional army in Europe, and, apart from the Russian, it was the only army that had had the supreme qualification of actual experience of war. It may be said with almost strict truth that when the German and French armies faced each other last August there was hardly a man on either side who had seen a shot fired in battle. The English army, on the other hand, in addition to the qualities of the professional soldier who had served all over the world, had in it a powerful stiffening of seasoned men who had been through the South African War and had been inured to all the rough vicissitudes of battle.

And the second point was even more vital. The British army was generated

by men all of whom were familiar with the practice of war and whose merits had been discovered, not in manœuvres, but on the battlefield. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated. It is one of the paradoxes of Lord Fisher that 'disobedience is the whole art of war.' 'In peace,' he will say, 'you want a man who will obey orders. In war you want a man who knows when to disobey them. Nelson disobeyed Jervis at St. Vincent and won the battle; he disobeyed at Copenhagen and bluffed the Danes into surrender.'

Perhaps it is a perilous maxim; but it is true that war is an art as well as a science and that one may have great success in the pedantries of manœuvres and be discovered to be a great fool in the presence of realities on the battlefield. Now except for a few men like Hindenburg, Pau, and Castelnau, who as youngsters took part in the campaign of 1870, none of the generals on either the French or the German side had ever been under fire. They were theorists of war. They were the product of manœuvres and textbooks. They might be good men, but they had to be taken on trust. And the result was what might have been expected. Von Moltke was deposed within two months of the beginning of the war, and on both sides there has been a rapid displacement of inefficient generals. Forty disappeared on the French side alone.

Now the case was different with the English. There was not an officer in high command in the army who had not spent a large part of his life in active service in the field. Many of them bore the witness of old battlefields on their persons; all of them carried on their breasts the symbols of some act of valor or some display of military talent. They had fought in many fields: on the frontiers of India, in Afghanistan, in Burma, in Somaliland, in Egypt, but

chiefly in South Africa. In that great struggle they had learned the meaning of war and had tasted all its bitterness. It had humbled them, and in humbling them had made them better students and better soldiers. No one who went through the South African War emerged from it unpurged of military arrogance, — that arrogance that is born in the classroom and dies on the battlefield.

II

The saying that South Africa is the grave of reputations is older than the second Boer War, but it was that war which gave it the significance that attaches to it to-day. Buller's failure, although most conspicuous, was only typical of what happened in the early stages of the war; and in the later stages Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, though more successful, cannot be said to have added to their reputations. There was, however, one conspicuous exception to the depressing rule — one reputation which found in South Africa not a grave but a birthplace. Sir John French went into the war unknown to the world; he emerged from it with the most secure reputation as a fighting general in the British army. This suggests no reflection on Lord Kitchener, whose success has been that of the organizer of war rather than that of the general in the field.

If we ask what was the source of that deep and confident faith in Sir John French which was the product of the war, we shall find that it was not merely the almost unvarying success which attended him, but the sense that in him there worked an original genius of a rare and indisputable kind. Now, originality in any walk of life is hard to achieve. It is most difficult of all to achieve in the military profession, in which the law of discipline makes the free play of the mind seem like the most

dangerous of all heresies. Discipline and originality are natural enemies, but they are enemies that have to be reconciled if the highest efficiency of an army is to be realized. It was this necessity which haunted Bernhardt when he was showing Germany how it was to win the next war. Prince von Bülow has said that the spirit of discipline, even without enthusiasm, had enabled Prussia to march to victory in the past; but Bernhardt, like Scharnhorst before him, saw that in the new conditions of war mere reliance upon the unquestioning discipline of the mass was fatal, and he was never tired of preaching that, with discipline, there must be the element of individual initiative.

If this element is important in the case of the man it is vastly more important in the case of the officer. But the sterilizing dominion of precedent and tradition, in his case, is most difficult to attack, because it is founded, not only in the idea of obedience, but in professional pride. It is easy to confuse loyalty to the spirit of the profession, which should be constant, with loyalty to its methods, which should be varying. 'It's a way we have in the army,' becomes an easy formula for getting rid of thinking and for treating every one who dares to think as a dangerous person.

Now Sir John French is one of those men who are not terrorized by tradition. He has an independent life of the mind which enables him to shake himself free from conventional thought, and he encourages the same freedom in others. When he was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1912, he issued a memorandum inviting officers to contribute to the pages of the new *Army Review*, and to give expression to original ideas even though they differed from the doctrines of the official textbooks. He has the wisdom to

see that war is both a science and an art, — that it is necessary to equip the mind with all the science of war, with all that has been thought and done by the masters in the past, and that it is equally necessary in action to be the master and not the slave of that science.

Sir Evelyn Wood said recently that, when he inspected Major French's regiment many years ago, he asked a superior his opinion of the major. 'Forever reading military books,' was the reply. And his sister, Mrs. Despard, — under whose eye he was brought up after the death of his parents, — has borne similar witness to his lifelong concentration upon the one theme that dominates his mind — the theory and practice of war.

For, in spite of an early predilection for preaching, he has been a soldier all his life. It is true that in obedience to the parental example — for his father, Captain French, of Ripple Vale, Kent, had been an officer in the navy — young French, in 1866, at the age of fourteen, joined the senior service and served four years as a naval cadet on the *Britannia*. But the natural genius of the lad prevailed, and in 1874 he began his military career with a commission in the 19th Hussars. It was here that his independence of mind began to show itself, not in assertive eccentricity (for he is the most modest of men and his genius consists in the possession of common sense in an uncommon measure), but in the fresh and original thought he brought to bear on his profession. His regiment was not in those days a smart affair. It was one of those, formed after the Indian Mutiny, in which only small men were enlisted, and which, in consequence, were known as the 'Dumpies.' The atmosphere of the officers' mess in the 19th Hussars was no better and no worse than the average in those days of dry

rot. The military calling was merely a phase of the sporting equipment of a gentleman, and drill and manœuvres were rather dull and perfunctory incidents in an otherwise agreeable mode of life, while anything like the serious study of the science of war marked a man out as a curiosity, if not as rather a vulgar fellow. Soldiering was a sport which could only be degraded by study. And as for the cavalry, its chief function was to give tone to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl. It needed a man of strong will and clear ideas to cut across such ingrained habits of thought and set up a new professional standard, and French was the man for the task. His influence prevailed, and the subsequent reputation achieved by the 19th was chiefly due to his efforts.

His success here and always was more enduring because it was won in such a human and unpretentious way. He has not the grim aloofness of commanders like Wellington or Kitchener, nor does he cultivate the Napoleonic arts of flattery. But he is not inferior to any of these men in conveying that impression which is essential to the great general, — the impression that he has the secret of victory in him. Without that assurance an army goes into battle robbed of its most powerful asset. Sir John French conveys the impression, not by enveloping himself in an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery, but by giving the sense of a singularly sane, balanced, daylight mind, firm in its judgments, yet open to conviction; masterful, yet without the fatal blemish of vanity or ambition; profoundly instructed, yet wholly free from the taint of the doctrinaire. He is, in a word, the ordinary man in an extraordinary degree, — fearless of danger, imperturbable in action, free alike from exaltations and despairs, cool when the temperature is highest and warm when the blast is coldest, and, in all circum-

stances, human, generous, a little hot-tempered, and always comprehensible. One would be tempted to say that he was the *beau idéal* of the Englishman, but for the fact that he is Irish.

But in spite of his high personal qualities and the universal affection with which he is regarded, his path has not been unobstructed. No man who thinks independently and acts on his thinking can expect that, in a world governed by precedent; least of all can he expect it in an institution which, like the army, makes every rut sacred. He became known to the conventional as a man with rather heretical notions about the use of cavalry, — for example, he taught his men that they might have to fight on foot, — and he had the distinction (and, incidentally, the good fortune) to be passed over at a critical moment in his career by the late Duke of Cambridge, to whom a new idea was perdition and the man who entertained it a peril. Even his successes were, to the pedants, gained by means so unorthodox as to rule him out as an unsafe man. Thus when, commanding the cavalry in the manœuvres of 1897, he achieved a brilliant success, his tactics were severely assailed as unsound and as involving undue risks, and his nomination to the command of the cavalry in the Boer War was opposed on the ground that he was 'inefficient to command in the field.' Fortunately, General Buller had had experience with General French in Egypt, at Abu Klea and Metemneh, and he insisted on his appointment to the cavalry command.

Now if one judged war as a science only, as the Germans do, and not as an art, as Napoleon did, there would have been a reasonable case against the selection of French. For though he has been one of the most careful students of war of his time, and though, when at the War Office as Assistant Adju-

tant-General, he devoted himself daily to working out tactical problems, he is essentially a pragmatist in war. He knows that war is too irrational, too incalculable a thing to be governed by rules, that every situation is unprecedented, is made up of factors, human, material, moral, that have never occurred in the same relation before; that in the last resource it is judgment, inspiration, common sense, informed by science but not controlled by it, which must be in command. To put it in another way, it is not a man's theories that count, but his personality. It was possible to condemn French on his work in manœuvres because according to the rules he took too great risks, and manœuvres having no reality could not demonstrate that those risks were warranted. Only actual war could reveal whether audacity and caution were in due equipoise.

And that was the revelation of the Boer War in regard to Sir John French. It showed that he had the genius for seizing a situation swiftly and truly; that he was always master of the whole sum, — not only the sum of his own resources, but the sum of his enemy's resources; that the risks he took, though they might ignore rules, never ignored facts.

As an example, take the best known but not the greatest of his achievements in the Boer War, — the relief of Kimberley. When French hurled his cavalry division at the Boer lines he took risks which in manœuvres would have been denounced as fatal. By every theory of the textbooks he should have been destroyed. Instead, the fury, the unexpectedness, the momentum of the act carried him through the storm unscathed. The clouds of dust flung up by the flying feet of the horses enveloped the charge in obscurity, and the Boers for once lost their heads and fired confusedly. Their line was pierced,

they fled in disorder, and Kimberley was relieved. It was the first great success of the war. It was achieved in the teeth of all doctrine, and on the basis of actual present conditions, the meaning and values of which only a swift and sure intuition could reveal.

Or take that still greater, because more complex and sustained, feat at Koodoosrand Drift. French and his cavalry, worn out after the long action at Dronfield, were resting in the evening when news came that Cronje was fleeing to Bloemfontein with all his force, and that French must cut him off at Koodoosrand Drift. On the face of it, so great a task was physically impossible to the exhausted horses and tired men, but French is never overawed by the 'impossible.' What does the soldier live for except to prove that the impossible is possible and snatch victory as the reward? 'Impossible? Is that all? Then the sooner we set about it the better,' is his attitude.

By midnight he was moving; by nine in the morning his advance patrol came in sight of the enemy crossing the Modder in a confused mass, and never dreaming of danger from the west. The apparition of French across the path was as startling as the descent of Montrose at Inverlochy, or of Stonewall Jackson at Manassas Junction. But Cronje was in overwhelming superiority, and it was only by the most audacious 'bluff,' by spreading his little force over a wide front and giving the impression of numbers, that French was able to hold the enemy in check until the panting infantry under Kitchener came up from the east and sealed Cronje's fate.

This incident disclosed qualities in French not less important than his brilliant daring, — qualities which are proving invaluable in his present gigantic task. I refer to his unquestioning loyalty and his incomparable power

of endurance. Without them there would have been disaster in France. The coöperation of allies is always a delicate and perilous operation, and the relations of Sir John French and General Joffre were peculiarly susceptible to strain. Not only is French a field marshal, and therefore Joffre's superior in rank, but he entered the war with a reputation established on the field of battle, — a reputation second to none in Europe, — while his chief had had no experience of war on a great scale. Nevertheless, the English commander has given the world a supreme example of perfect loyalty, not merely in deed and word, but in spirit, that furnishes one of the most chivalrous object lessons in the history of war.

And his endurance has been no less invaluable. It is not merely physical endurance. That, with his short, unromantic, but very serviceable figure, he possesses in an extraordinary degree. Weariness of body seems unknown to him. But even more important is his mental endurance. There is a touch of habitual depression in Kitchener, just a little sense of impending disaster. But French has the unconquerable cheerfulness of the man who lives in the moment, bends all his faculties to the immediate task, and refuses to be terrorized by what is before him or behind. It is not that he is without imagination, — in the military sense he has abundance of that quality, — but that he is free from the temperamental moods of the artist and has that constancy of mind which is the first essential of the man of action.

It was this sense of stability and balance that marked him out for high command. The brilliant cavalry officer is not often a brilliant commander. His task is incidental rather than constructive, and his success comes from the impetuous rush of the spirit rather

than from the steady glow of the mind. French's rare merit is that he combines the momentary inspiration of the cavalry leader with the power of surveying a large and complex situation from a detached point of view. In a word, he has the power of thought as well as the instinct for action. This was shown in a very decisive way by the operations which he carried out in front of the Colesberg position. From a military standpoint, those operations were the most conspicuous success of the war. It was in them that French found himself, and the military world discovered a leader of original genius. During three months, by every art of finesse and 'bluff,' by skillful mystification, by caution that suddenly changed to audacity and audacity that changed to caution, by delicate calculations of time, of material values, and of moral factors, he held in check a force often as much as five times greater than his own; a force, moreover, commanded by leaders of the high quality of Delarey and De Wet. It may be said that it was before Colesberg that French learned the art of generalship on the great scale, and served his true apprenticeship for the most momentous task ever imposed upon a British general in the field.

It is here that we first see in operation that very rare combination of qualities which his unassuming personality contains: the steadiness of mind that supported him under the tremendous strain of the retreat from Mons; the calculated daring that made him, when he shifted from the Aisne to Flanders, take the risk, so brilliantly justified, of spreading out his line to a perilous tenuity; the unfailing cheerfulness of one who, dismissing fears of the future or regrets for the past, lives deliberately in the possibilities of the present; the untiring body and the constant, bulldog purpose.

The sense of loyalty which I have emphasized as one of the conspicuous traits of Sir John French's character is not confined to the professional sphere. His loyalty as a soldier has its counterpart in his loyalty to the civil authority. That was very markedly displayed during the Ulster crisis. It is an open secret that, had his opinion been followed, there would have been short shrift with the potential rebels of Curragh Camp. The final announcement that the soldier whose fine instinct of loyalty to constituted authority was the one redeeming feature of that unhappy business, had found it impossible to reconcile honor with the withdrawal of his resignation, seemed to leave the country face to face with an unprecedented danger. Only Mr. Asquith's dramatic assumption at that moment of the Secretaryship of War saved the situation.

That episode seemed like the unworthy eclipse of a great career. Five months later, French was saving the liberties of Europe by a retreat that has few parallels in the history of war. When it was known that he was to command the Expeditionary Force there was no dissident left in all the land. He was not merely the obvious choice: he was the only conceivable choice, and every day that has elapsed since then has deepened the general gratitude that that choice was possible.

III

It would not be easy to find a more striking contrast to Sir John French in externals than that furnished by the general who has been given the command of the Dardanelles expedition. Sir John French does not touch the imagination with any sense of romance. He is, like General Joffre, an entirely prosaic and matter-of-fact figure whose high merit is the possession of common

qualities in an uncommon degree and in that equilibrium which, if not genius, is, in practical affairs, often better than genius. He represents the business of war. Sir Ian Hamilton, on the other hand, suggests the romance of war. In temperament and appearance he is the cavalier, and very little effort of the imagination is needed to picture him fighting a forlorn battle for the hopeless Stuart cause. He is without the tragic seriousness of Montrose, perhaps without that depth and intensity that give Montrose so enduring a hold on the imagination; but it is the spirit of Montrose that he recalls in his mingling of the poet and the adventurer, and if there is any distrust of him at all, it proceeds from the pedestrian fear that a man who looks so much like an embodiment of romance cannot at the same time possess the humdrum qualities of the organizer of victory.

The suspicion is natural. The plain man disapproves of wit in his politicians and of poetry in his soldiers. He likes his men of affairs to talk in monosyllables and to preserve a dour and inflexible seriousness. Wellington was trusted all the more because he was so curt and said 'Damn' with such vehemence; and the enormous prestige of Joffre and Kitchener to-day is largely a tribute to their incomparable gift of silence.

Now Sir Ian Hamilton has not only committed the fatal error of publishing poetry, but he carries in every lineament the impress of the poet and of the man of romantic ancestry and taste. He is the painter's soldier, and with his tall spare figure, his mobile, aristocratic features and dark eye, gives the impression that his main function in life is to adorn the walls of the Royal Academy and then to die an heroic death on behalf of some mistaken loyalty, and with a cavalier jest upon his lips.

And, indeed, there is no doubt that the natural instinct of the man is a chivalrous intrepidity rather than a calculating caution. The withered hand and wrist serve as a reminder of that. For they are a souvenir of that memorable day, thirty years ago, when the young lieutenant of the 92nd Highlanders shared in the disaster on Majuba Hill, and gave the first conspicuous expression of the stuff that was in him. It was not the first occasion on which he had been under fire, for he had served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and had taken part in the operations at Cabul in 1879. But it was an occasion that for the first time discovered the spirit of the young Highlander. The day was going badly for the English and only desperate remedies could save it. In the duel of marksmanship the Boer farmers were easily superior, and Ian Hamilton, with the Highlander's passion for the charge surging in his veins, saw that the one hope was the bayonet. With the courage born of a vision denied to the unhappy commander, Hamilton approached Sir George Colley. 'Forgive my presumption, sir,' he said, 'but will you let the Gordon Highlanders charge with the bayonet?' 'No presumption, young gentleman,' replied Colley. 'We'll let them charge us; then we'll give them a volley and charge.' It is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which Ian Hamilton returned to his men.

But his charge was to come nevertheless. Nearly twenty years had gone by and once more the British were facing the Boers on a hill not far from the scene of the earlier exploit. It was the sixth day of January, 1900, and on that day the fate of Ladysmith and of the British army besieged there was hanging in the balance. In the darkness the Boers had stolen up the sides of Waggon Hill, and on the crest of that hill, amid a thunderstorm of unusual

intensity, there was waged a battle not less pregnant with results than that of Majuba, for, had it been lost, South Africa itself could hardly have been saved. Across the plateau the armies faced each other, firing at point-blank range, and often obscured by the torrential rain. As at Majuba the Boers had the advantage with the rifle, but on this occasion they had to deal with the young lieutenant, — a lieutenant no longer, but a general with the power to put his faith in the bayonet into practice. For long the battle was in doubt, but then came the moment for which Ian Hamilton had waited, and the charge of the Devons swept the Boers from the hill and saved Ladysmith and its army.

And though it was not the 92nd who had given him his revenge, there was to come a day later in that war when at Doornkop his favorite Gordons heard his order to charge, and passing amid a rain of bullets across the open *veldt*, stormed with fixed bayonets the further slope, carried the position, and won as proud a victory as any in all their famous history. And that night, when the stars came out and the camp fires twinkled on the *veldt*, Ian Hamilton visited his old comrades of the regiment that he was born in and thanked them for the gallantry that would ring through far-away Scotland on the following day.

But though he has the Highlander's love of the charge, it would be a profound mistake to regard him simply as a brilliant adventurer of the battlefield. He is that, but he is more than that. When Lord Roberts, not long before his death, was asked whom among the generals of the British army he regarded as the ablest commander in the field, he replied, 'Ian Hamilton.' The judgment was disputable, but not indefensible; and it was founded, not on Hamilton's audacity, but on his knowledge

and on his coolness in directing the complex movements of the battlefield. Like General French, he has been a serious student of war all his life. He comes of a soldier strain, for his father once commanded the 92nd Highlanders, and an ancestor of his was aide-de-camp to the great Marlborough; and his natural aptitude for war has been cultivated, not merely by experience in the field, but by familiarity with Continental methods. As a youth he went to Germany, and from the old Hanoverian, General Dammers, acquired the strategy that had made the Prussians the military masters of Europe. And since then he has learned to apply and qualify that science by the actual experience of war in many fields, — in India, in Egypt, in South Africa.

He has not the imperturbable quality of Sir John French, for his temperament is that of the artist; and he once confessed, half jestingly, but with a certain seriousness, that he had 'never gone into battle without being in a blue funk and wondering how on earth he was to get through.'

But that element of nervous tension is often the most dangerous in action. It means intellectual speed and passion; and when, as in the case of Ian Hamilton, that motion is controlled by a cool head, we have the elements of a great general. The operations in Gallipoli are as formidable as any that a military commander has ever had to face. They call for daring, for swift inspiration, but they call also for caution and calm judgment. On the first gate of Busyrane there was inscribed the words 'Be bold'; on the second, 'Be bold and ever more bold'; on the third, 'Be not too bold.' These are the invisible inscriptions on the gates of the Dardanelles. There is confidence that Sir Ian Hamilton has the vision to see them and understand their mingled warning and challenge.

IV

One other type of British generalship calls for remark. In many respects the most significant figure in the British army to-day is General Sir William Robertson. He is a man of whom the public hears little, but for sheer intellectual force he has no rival. The measure of his genius may be understood from the fact that he is a 'ranker.' It is long since Gladstone abolished purchase in the army; but the abolition of purchase did not mean the democratizing of the commands. It only meant that it was possible for a man of brains to secure a commission when it was too late for his talents to win a field for their exercise. The officering of the British army was still an aristocratic prerogative, safeguarded by the conditions of the service. General Robertson, it is true, is not the first 'ranker' to attain the rank of general. Hector Macdonald was also a 'ranker'; but the qualities that brought that tragic hero to greatness were the qualities of the fighting man. The remarkable fact about General Robertson is that he has won his way to distinction by the qualities of his mind. He has brought into the British army the rare element of abstract thinking,

— that learning of which we in the past have had too little and the Germans apparently too much. That he is a gallant soldier goes without saying. It is said that, although born in Lincolnshire, he comes of that fighting stock, the Clan Chattan, memorable to every reader of Scott. And he has seen active service in India and in South Africa and was wounded in Chitral.

But it is in the lecture-room and the study, and not in the field, that the youth who enlisted in the 16th Lancers more than thirty years ago has won his unique distinction. He discovered a genius for languages, including Indian dialects, and this paved his way to notice. And when he had once got his foot on the ladder his progress was irresistible, for he revealed an understanding of the science of war that impressed all who came in contact with him, and his ultimate appointment as Commandant of the Staff College at Comberley gave the army the rare experience of an incomparable lecturer. To-day there is no officer in the British army who is listened to with such respect as the former private of the 16th Lancers. As Chief of the Staff to Sir John French he is the power behind the throne.

THE FUTURE OF TURKEY AND THE BALKAN STATES

BY SIR EDWIN PEARS

I

When Constantine, by his defeat of Licinius in 330 A.D., gained for the Roman Empire control over the Balkan peninsula, he set himself the task of learning what was the best position in which to establish the capital of his empire. Finally, with a statesmanlike grasp of the question, he decided on Byzantium on the shore of the Bosphorus. It was in Europe, and while easily accessible from Asia Minor and the Ægean, could be made to command the trade, then in its infancy but already developing, from the Danube and the Black Sea. Thereupon Constantine made it the capital of the Empire, and on its formal inauguration he called it New Rome, though the more popular name of its founder has been more generally used. It is interesting to note that from that time to this, the Patriarch of the Holy Orthodox Church has described himself as 'Patriarch of New Rome.'

The city steadily grew in importance, and this by reason of its then incomparable position. My friend Sir William Ramsay is fond of saying that while the English people have made London, and the Americans, New York and Chicago, it is the position of Constantinople which has made that city.

Two centuries later Justinian, 'the Law-Giver,' gained equal renown as a road- and bridge-maker. We can readily recognize what were the ideas in the

minds of Justinian and his colleagues and successors in their system of road-construction. During many centuries, perhaps even millenniums, the countries which obtained the traffic between East and West have been the most prosperous. Justinian contrived that his roads should go up the Euphrates, some of them through Cilicia, others to the north of it, and that they should terminate either at Smyrna or at Ismidt for Constantinople. By this time the *pax romana* had largely cleared the Black Sea of pirates, and the enterprising Greeks were exploring its coasts and bringing down cargoes from the great rivers, the Danube, the Dniester, and others, which had to pass by Constantinople in order to be distributed in the countries of western Europe.

It was owing to these causes that Constantinople flourished and became, during the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, far and away the wealthiest city in Europe. She had many bad rulers as well as able ones, but her situation prevented her from losing her advantages, no matter how incompetent the ruler.

The first deadly blow to the prosperity of Constantinople was struck by the Latin Crusaders of the West, who in 1204 captured the city, enriched Western Europe from its plunder, and held it until 1258, when the Greeks recaptured it. Villehardouin, who was one of the chiefs of the Fourth Crusade, speaks of Constantinople as 'a city at

least ten times as large as Our Lord's city of Paris.' The Crusade in question was a filibustering expedition, and no layman could use stronger words in condemnation of its members than did Pope Innocent III. The great injury that the expedition did to the city was that it destroyed the security of commerce in the Black Sea, the Marmora, and neighboring waters. The government was weak and the destruction of the city was nearly complete. It recovered, however, much of its trade; but until 1453, when it was captured by Mahomet, the Ottoman Turk, it never attained to its former prosperity.

Since 1453 its position has always secured a share of commerce. But the absolute ineptitude of the Turk for everything commercial did everything that could be done, short of destroying the city, to render it of less importance. This state of things continued for upwards of three centuries. During the past hundred years, owing partly to the influence of foreign states, partly to that of the education of the Christian population and to a lesser extent of the Moslems, Constantinople has somewhat increased its commerce.

I have given the above general sketch of the growth of Constantinople to explain how its reputation as a great commercial city was obtained. The enormous commerce in hides, slaves, furs, and other produce which passed through the Bosphorus had enriched the city. This traffic was not merely in the heavy goods mentioned, but in spices, and objects of art and industry, produced in all the lands of south central Asia between China and the Black Sea, and coming through Asia Minor. For the continuation of such a trade absolute security was essential, and this no longer existed. It is not too much to say that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and down even to 1800, the seas were unsafe. Pirates

everywhere abounded. The Turk, after the battle of Lepanto in 1571, when Don John of Austria inflicted a crushing blow upon the Turkish fleet, seemed to have settled down into a singular apathy in reference to his power at sea, an apathy which is summed up in the Turkish saying which continues to this hour, that 'Allah has given power over the waters to the unbelievers, but over land to the faithful.' The Turk also has never shown any inclination for commerce or appreciation of its advantages. To this day the number of Moslems in Turkey who engage in trade is surprisingly limited; and when an inquiry is made as to who are the Moslem traders in Turkey, it will generally be found that they are Arabs without any Turkish blood in them. In Constantinople and in all the harbors of the Empire any notion that assistance should be given to merchants in order that trade into or through the country should be facilitated is foreign to the Turkish idea. In my own experience I have known merchants who, dealing with Western Europe and America, have been compelled to find means to send their goods from Persia through Russia, or by sea *via* India, so as to avoid the obstructions placed in the way of commerce by the official Turk. The outrageous exactions of Turkish customhouses have been notorious for centuries, and even in the seventeenth century were proverbial.

In the matter of customhouse exactions, Turkey has changed little. Thirty years ago Sir John Gorst, an admirer, at a distance, of the Turk, was sent on a special mission to Constantinople by the British government, and determined to disprove the common allegation that even passengers' luggage could not be got through without bribery. When he returned to England he related in the House of Commons how he had honestly tried to obtain his bag-

gage by regular means, but how, having need of it, he had been compelled after some weeks' delay to give the 'bakshish' demanded. Facts such as these, related by hundreds in books of English and American travel, lead to the conclusion that the Turk in matters of commerce is hopeless.

But it will be asked, supposing, as looks probable, that Constantinople passes into other hands, will not its incomparable position bring back its importance as a commercial city of the first rank? My answer is that it will not. Modern science has changed the situation. The steamer works under different conditions from the sailing vessel. Constantinople was for centuries a centre for the collection of merchandise. Many small sailing vessels collected even half a century ago their small cargoes in Greek islands, along the shores of the Black Sea and in the Danube, and discharged them at Constantinople into large steamers which conveyed them westward. Such steamers brought manufactured goods and other European products with which the small fleets obtained return cargoes. This procedure has been largely changed. Two facts have to be borne in mind in reference to sea carriage. First, that under normal conditions it is very much cheaper than land carriage, and second, that the great cost in the transit of goods is in their handling or manutention. To avoid the cost of manutention, fairly large ships now go round to the ports and collect or discharge their cargoes. In hundreds of cases ships passing through the Bosphorus do not stop at Constantinople, except to purchase necessities, and consequently hardly enrich the city at all. The produce of South Russia, of the north coast of Anatolia, and of the Danubian states, can be shipped directly in steamers and carried to Western ports without stopping at Constantinople.

And though the Bagdad Railway follows the line chosen by Justinian for the transportation to the West of the produce of the East, it does not follow that results will be obtained by that railway such as had followed the efforts of the great road-makers of Justinian's time. It is in the highest degree improbable that it will bring any considerable amount of traffic from India to Europe. The cost of carriage between Calcutta or Bombay and Europe by water will necessarily be much less than by railway between Bagdad and the Bosphorus. Steamers are yearly increasing their speed, and with ships that do their fifteen to twenty knots an hour, very little time would be saved if trans-shipment from the ports above mentioned were made at Basra and again at Constantinople. The cutting of the Suez Canal has made the route much shorter in time between India and the West than it could have been before the construction of railways, or than it is likely to be when the Bagdad Railway is completed. Readers will recognize that this is a case where land carriage cannot compete with that by water.

Lest it should be thought that I have any prejudice against the Bagdad Railway, I may mention that eight years ago I pronounced very strongly in its favor. Every mile of railway in Turkey is a gain for civilization, and a great trunk line, as the Bagdad Railway will be, will prove of immense value for the people of the country through which it passes. For Constantinople its value will be comparatively slight.

II

Now comes the question, what is to become of Constantinople after the present war? The general opinion is that, if the Entente powers succeed, the Turk will no longer be allowed to

hold it. I may recall here a statement made by General Grant on his visit to Constantinople, in the year 1879, I think. It was shortly after the time when a British fleet was anchored at Prinkipo, about ten miles from the capital. The general had visited Alexandria and various places in Syria and Asia Minor, and had formed a just estimate of Turkish government. The statement in question may have been published, though I have not seen it. 'Had I been in command,' said he, 'of the Russian army at San Stefano, notwithstanding the protests of the British government and the presence of its fleet, I would have taken possession of Constantinople and disarmed Europe the next day.' The question was naturally asked how the second part of such a task would have been accomplished. 'I would have issued a proclamation which would have said to Europe, "Here I am and here I remain until Europe has decided what shall be done with this city. I make only one condition: the Turk shall no longer reign here."'

The statement was a bold one, and worthy of General Grant's reputation. Possibly he overlooked the fact that such conduct required the sacrifice of Russia's dream of becoming the ruler on the Bosphorus. However this may be, it looks now as if Europe will consent to Russia's becoming the owner of Constantinople. My own impression is that if Russia has set her mind upon having it, neither England nor France will make serious opposition. She has done so much in the present war and has been so loyal to her allies, — while on the other hand Turkey has thrown herself into the hands of the Germans, — that few would begrudge her the possession of Constantinople.

Nevertheless I sincerely hope that Russia will not put forward a claim to the occupation of the city. With an ex-

ceptional knowledge of the East, I do not believe that it is to her interest to do so. I admit that the sentiment among Russians is in favor of her taking possession. Every Russian seems to be born with the belief that it is the destiny of his country to occupy Constantinople. They claim that the rightful succession to Constantine is theirs. It is a sentimental claim; but, to explain or to justify it, it must be remembered that under the Greek emperors the imperial sovereignty was to a considerable extent in commission, as indeed was the case for long centuries with the Holy Roman Empire of the West. Just as the rulers of the latter were the Emperor, in things temporal, and the Pope, in things spiritual, so in the East the Emperor at Constantinople ruled in the first capacity, and the Patriarch of New Rome, though nominally only *primus inter pares*, shared the sovereignty in things spiritual. The insignia still possessed by the Patriarch are only one of many pieces of evidence in support of this view. The Russian Church, which, although autonomous, has always highly respected the traditional functions and position of the Patriarch, has largely aided in the development of the opinion, not only that the two churches are one, but that the temporal portion of sovereignty should be vested in the ruler of the most important state which adheres to the Orthodox Church.

There are many statesmen in Russia, however, who agree that it is not to the interest of the Empire that she should be in possession of Constantinople. The advantage of such possession is that she will have a free road to the Mediterranean for her men of war and merchant ships. If she were in possession simply on the same terms as the Turk, she could close the passage to all warships except her own, and there are publicists in Petrograd who boldly

take up the position that Russia must have Constantinople in order that she may so secure the monopoly of the passage. Such a contention would inevitably lead to war and is not likely openly to be put forward.

The disadvantages to Russia are however great. She is respected by every Balkan state, and justly regarded by each one as its deliverer from the Turkish yoke. If she were at Constantinople, probably every Balkan state would look upon her occupation with suspicion. Greece believes, with a fervency even greater than that of the Russians, that she alone is the true heir to the Imperial City. It is alleged that Ferdinand of Bulgaria hoped to be crowned in Saint Sophia as emperor.

But a more serious disadvantage than those named will be seen from a glance at the map. If Russia were in possession of the city she could pass her troops there only by sea, which in winter is usually dangerous, or by land with the consent of Roumania and Bulgaria. There would certainly arise an attitude of hostility toward her on the part of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. Inasmuch as the desire of Europe is to provide a settlement in the Balkan Peninsula which will last a good many years, those who wish well for such a settlement hope that Russia will not insist upon being allowed to occupy Constantinople. For her it would be only an isolated port in a remote corner of her empire; it would be a constant source of irritation for her Balkan neighbors. Indeed the Russian occupation will be a European calamity. It will raise as many and as difficult questions as it will solve, and will therefore not conduce to European peace. The Emperor Nicholas saw the objections half a century ago; the present Czar sees them; and it may yet be hoped that the sager counsels of Russian statesmen will prevail.

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When it is decided that the Turk shall no longer rule on the Bosphorus, the only practical alternative which has been suggested is that a small internationalized state should be created which should include the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles—with a back country on the European side extending from Enos to Media on the Black Sea, and on the Asiatic side following the line known as the False Bosphorus, running almost due north from Ismidt and southward to a point near Adramyttium on the Ægean. This state should be governed by an international commission, corresponding to a similar commission which has regulated the navigation of the Danube with success during many years. Probably the powers would gladly consent to allow Russia the presidency of the commission. In the international agreement which would establish it, one of the most important provisions would be that no fortification of any kind should be erected on either the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus. The state itself would be under the guaranty of the European powers. Various suggestions have been made as to who should be at its head. King Albert of Belgium was proposed. Another suggestion was that its government should be under the United States. The majority of those who are in favor of the creation of an internationalized state do not, however, see the necessity of having any permanent head. A president of the commission would be sufficient.

III

But now I come to the second part of my subject, — namely, what will be the probable results of the great war on the countries of the Balkan Peninsula? To answer this question, the ambitious aims of Austria must be stated.

Looking backwards over the history

of the past forty years it is easy to recognize that Austria has been the great disturber of peace in the Balkans. Her statesmen seem to have concluded that for the development of the Empire it was essential that she should have possession of a port on the *Ægean*, and for her purpose the most advantageous was Salonica. As far back as the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, her statesmen had this purpose well in view. Though Bismarck never appears to have had any sympathy with it, Austria never lost sight of it. At the commencement of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, she made a secret bargain with Russia, whereby, in return for the latter power being permitted to enter the Balkan Peninsula and to establish a principality of Bulgaria, Austria was to be allowed to administer the large district known as Bosnia and Herzegovina. These provinces she administered until 1908, and then formally annexed them. It was generally believed that one of her main objects in obtaining this accession of territory was to secure a passage for her troops down the valley of the Vardar to Salonica. Her military experts, however, soon informed her that the difficulties of sending an army through in that direction were enormous, and she then directed her attention to obtaining a dominant influence over Serbia, through whose territory the military difficulties of reaching the *Ægean* would be less.

Five years ago I met in London the representatives of the leading Hungarian paper, of the leading Slav paper of Vienna, and of another published in the same place which represented the German element; and I was astonished to see their unanimity in believing that Serbia was then absolutely in the hands of Austria, who could take it whenever she pleased. During the past twenty years, dealers in land residing in Constantinople urged their clients to

purchase in southern Macedonia, because within a short time Austrian rule would be there established and landed property would be multiplied in value.

With the object of rendering Serbia less powerful, Austria did her utmost to prevent the two Slav states, Bulgaria and Serbia, from coming to an agreement. After long negotiations, the ministries of the two countries established a commercial treaty between them, in reference to which, however, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, in giving his adhesion, expressed his belief that Austria would never consent to allow Serbia to sign it. His anticipation was right, and neither then nor on any subsequent occasion would Austria permit any step which tended toward an understanding between the two Slav states. Even in 1885, when Bulgaria had a difference with Russia, and the Czar, without previous notice, withdrew all Russian officers from that country, King Milan of Serbia suddenly attacked his neighbor. The Bulgarians, with no officers of their own above the rank of lieutenant, took the matter into their own hands, drove the Serbians back to the frontier, and would have chased them to Belgrade had not Austria intervened and declared that if they entered Serbia they would have to deal with her.

Austria's policy and action were not limited to preventing the two Slav peoples from coming together. She wished to annex southern Macedonia in order to obtain Salonica, and entered upon the diabolical policy of thwarting every effort of reform made by the western powers in that province. England, France, and even Italy, neither of whom had an axe to grind, but each of whom desired security for life and property in Macedonia, urged the Porte to make reforms in that country which were in Turkey's own interest, as well as in that of the inhabitants. Not only Mr.

Gladstone, but Lord Salisbury and every British minister, wished that good government might be established under the Sultan, and labored hard to obtain it. Various projects were set on foot and were thwarted by Adbul Hamid, supported by Austria, and at a subsequent date by Germany. During all this period I was resident in Turkey, and no honest-minded man who knows the history of that time can doubt that the efforts made by England and France were unselfish ones, based on the desire to prevent wholesale murder, rape, and the plunder of the inhabitants. After many efforts, Abdul Hamid consented to send his own commissioner, Hilmi Pasha, to investigate, and to suggest improvements in a condition of things which the European powers regarded as intolerable. A recent grand vizier, who had read his reports and who was friendly to Hilmi Pasha, assured me that they contained stronger illustrations of Turkish misgovernment than any which had been presented to the foreign embassies, and that the recommendations he made for better government were of a drastic though careful character. These reports were never published, and no remedial measures were attempted.

The following incident illustrates the working of Austrian policy. In the biography published about 1907, after the death of a grand vizier of three years earlier, the Turkish biographer relates that the Vizier received a visit from the Austrian Ambassador, who informed him that he and all his colleagues had drafted a project of reforms which would be very embarrassing for the Turks; but that he, as a friend of Turkey, wished to inform the Grand Vizier of the fact, and to suggest that the Porte should draw up a plan which, in plain English, would deceive the powers and prevent the project of reforms from being presented.

When he expressed his doubts as to whether the statement was true, the Vizier declares that the Ambassador produced the project itself, signed by his colleagues. In the biography is reproduced in Turkish a photographic facsimile of the letter which the Grand Vizier wrote to the Sultan on the subject. Duplicity indeed marked all the conduct of Austria in everything relating to Salonica and Macedonia.

In 1904 a project of reform, known as the 'Murzsteg Programme,' was agreed upon between Austria and Russia. It failed, because, while Russia and the western powers supported it, it was opposed by Austria and Germany. A system of *gendarmerie* was instituted in Macedonia, under an Italian general who had had experience in such work. Russia, England, and France sent gendarmery officers and gave it every assistance. It failed for the same reason. Austria and Germany declined even to appoint officers. A further programme of reforms was agreed upon at Revel in January, 1908; but before it came into operation, the 'Young Turkey' movement began; and on July 23 of that year, the Turkish Constitution was proclaimed, and Europe agreed to wait and see whether the country could reform herself under the 'Young Turkey' party.

Readers will remember the formation in February, 1912, of the Balkan League, which at first included only Serbia and Bulgaria, although afterwards Greece came in. The Balkan allies were altogether successful in their first campaign. Bulgaria swept the Turks before her, through Luli Burgas to the lines of Chatalja. Serbia defeated them at Kumanova. Austria became alarmed. Her declaration regarding Albania deprived Serbia of her hope of obtaining a port on the Adriatic. The inspired *Reichspost* wrote with probable truth that 'from the begin-

ning of the formation of the Balkanic League, we set ourselves to break it.' Unfortunately they succeeded in this attempt and led to the rupture between the allies. The idea of Austria was to keep the two Slav states quarreling and not to permit them to come together.

I am far from wishing to exonerate Bulgaria for her share in bringing about the terrible Second Balkan War. It is yet too soon to decide whether Ferdinand, with his Austrian tendencies, must not bear a large share of responsibility. There is a good deal of evidence both for and against such a contention, which space alone forbids me from presenting. But the rupture between the allies was undoubtedly a success for Austrian policy. When the second war was over and the Treaty of Bucharest was drawn up, to which poor Bulgaria was compelled to be a party, the Kaiser spoke of the treaty as 'definitive,' and claimed that he 'fought like a lion' for his brother-in-law to obtain Cavalla. Greece had unfortunately allied herself with Serbia, and I suppose that one must take it as natural that a king would fight for his brother-in-law, but in so doing he was far from contributing to the peace of the Balkans. I have, however, to deal with facts as they are, and with the position which is likely to result from the present struggle.

IV

Let me pass to the countries of the Balkan Peninsula which are more directly concerned in the fate of Turkey, — countries all of which less than a century ago were under the rule of the Sultan. Roumania at the present time is the most populous, the wealthiest, and possibly even the most powerful. So long as she continues friendly with Russia she may remain the dominant state in the Balkans. The genius of her

generals and the military spirit of her people saved the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. It is true that the Russian army is more powerful and better organized than it then was; but with the natural protection of her hills, Roumania could make an excellent defense even against Russia. Nor can it fairly be said that Roumania has shown herself an aggressive power. Her conduct in 1912 was not friendly toward Bulgaria; but as an observer who entertains more kindly feelings toward Bulgaria than toward any other of the Balkan states, I hold the opinion that she provoked the interference of Roumania by her foolish conduct in reference to Silistria. I regret the mistake that Roumania made in taking an additional part of the Dobrutsha, because it is to her interest to remain on good terms with Bulgaria.

We pass now to Bulgaria, 'the Peasant State,' as it is sometimes called. Bulgaria's future will largely depend upon her conduct during the next three or four weeks. Her present government still declares its intention of being strictly neutral as between the Entente powers on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other. Such neutrality is distrusted for various reasons. King Ferdinand is known to have Austrian leanings, and the present Prime Minister, M. Radoslavoff, is the author of a policy which was judged in 1913 to have been in favor of Austria. Let me remark in passing that the royal houses of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece are all suspect to the peoples which they govern. King Ferdinand of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and though of the Catholic branch is believed to be greatly influenced by his family connections. His namesake of Bulgaria, as already stated, is believed to look to Austria.

King Constantine of Greece is married to the sister of the Kaiser, and very

recently brought the country within measurable distance of a revolution, which would expel the dynasty, by quarreling with M. Venizelos, who represents the policy of probably at least three fourths of the Greek population, — in favor of the Entente powers.

But Greece is not the only country in which the majority of the people sympathize with the Entente. It is natural that the Greeks should do so. England, France, and Russia were the first powers to strike a great blow, in the battle of Navarino, for Greek freedom, that is, for the freedom of all Christian subjects of the Sultan. When it is remembered that the famous English Ambassador, Stratford Canning, who was then in Constantinople, burned his papers and anticipated that, following the usages of Turkey for centuries, he and his colleagues would be sent as prisoners to the Seven Towers, it will be realized how great was the anxiety caused by their destruction of the Turkish fleet. In Bulgaria, Russia has always been spoken of as 'the Deliverer,' and it was directly due to her that Bulgaria obtained her freedom. With a folly which has constantly characterized Russian diplomacy, Russia attempted, immediately the war was over, to treat the Bulgarians as a subject race, and aroused the angry feelings of the nation which she had created. After the crushing results of a general election in England, which condemned Mr. Disraeli's policy in regard to Bulgaria by an overwhelming majority, the Bulgarians have always recognized the friendly way in which their country has been treated by the British government. At the present time, if a popular vote could be obtained, the policy of neutrality would be swept aside, and the nation would declare in favor of the side to which Russia and England belong.

Bulgarian neutrality, at the present

time, is, however, a menace to both her neighbors. So long as it continues, Serbia has always to keep a certain number of troops in readiness lest Bulgaria should take advantage of a temporary defeat by Austria. Roumania, when she joins in the war, — as she will probably do whenever the Dardanelles are open to traffic, — will have to keep a number of troops on her Bulgarian frontier. Such at least is the fear both in Serbia and in Roumania. It is useless guessing what Bulgaria would do in such an event, but it is only fair to her to state that, in the months of November and December last, when the fortunes of Serbia were at their lowest ebb, when indeed the general belief in England and in Constantinople was that the Serbian army had been annihilated, Bulgaria declared to the British government that she was neutral and intended to continue so, and kept her word. In like manner all the intrigues conducted by the Turks at Sofia, and the attempt so to arrange matters that German troops should be sent across the Danube to join the Turkish troops in Adrianople, failed to induce Bulgaria to depart from her policy of neutrality.

At the present time the hostility between Bulgarians and Greeks, and between Bulgarians and Serbians, is intense. Bulgaria has a real grievance which ought to be removed and which will be. But if, forgetful of present conditions, we look into the future, we may anticipate that Bulgaria and Serbia are as bound to come together in friendly union as were England and Scotland. They speak the same language, are members of the same church, and are both Slavs. Russia for many years past has been occupied in thwarting the policy of Austria at Belgrade. The remark of a Bulgarian statesman to me is probably well founded, that 'Of many things which are doubtful,

two are certain. First, that no Bulgarian government could remain in power for a week which declared war against Russia; and second, that it is unthinkable that they should ever fight on the side of the Turks.' The two states have been kept apart mainly by Austria.

In Roumania, with its population increased to nearly eleven millions by additions from Bukowina and Transylvania, all speaking the same language and nearly all belonging to the same faith, I foresee a country which will desire peace in order that it may develop its petroleum, corn, and other industries, and become self-supporting. In Serbia I see a larger state, including the populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina and great accessions from the Slavic population to the west of the Danube. Once Bulgaria and Serbia are on good terms, a great Slavic state will have been created which will tend constantly to increase from accessions from the Czechs of Bohemia, and which will probably work harmoniously with Roumania.

At the moment of closing this article I can say little of the attitude of Greece. The fact that the Queen of Greece is the sister of the Kaiser places the royal family in opposition to the great mass of the people. The great attack on the Dardanelles is still going on. It would have been greatly facilitated if Greece had joined the Allies. In return for her assistance she would have obtained Smyrna and the vilayet of Aidin, of which Smyrna is the most important city. Probably at least two thirds of the population are Greek. The city of Smyrna and the neighborhood have been Greek in race for three thousand years. Smyrna, as your readers will remember, is one of the places claimed as the birthplace of Homer himself. The Seven Churches of Asia Minor — familiar to all readers of the New

Testament — were composed largely of Greeks. *Magna Graecia* plays a large part in the history of Greek literature and art. The Greeks of the kingdom would dearly like to have it. Moreover, the persecution which the Greeks have suffered at the hands of the Moslem population during the last three years has been at once grievous and indefensible: houses and vineyards wantonly plundered and destroyed, people violated or driven from their homes. As punishment even for their crimes in that part of the Empire, the Turks ought to lose it. If Greece had been ready to lend her assistance to the Allies, Europe would have been glad to see her enter into possession. Her chance, however, is, I think, gone.

It is curious to observe that of the series of peoples occupying the Balkan Peninsula, the Roumanians on the east and the Greeks on the south, people of quite distinct races and language from each other, are each of them equally distinct from the two great Slavic peoples between them, the Bulgarians and the Serbians. The great difficulty before the Greeks in their future is that of population. Greece is herself a naturally poor country, possessing few natural resources, and the inducements held out to her inhabitants, especially by the United States, are a temptation to emigration. One of the coolest and ablest Greek ministers declared to me that this question of emigration was for him far and away the most serious with which his country had to deal. The people are industrious, make excellent sailors, and are enterprising. Lord Kitchener said of them, some four or five years ago, that wherever he had penetrated into the interior of Africa, he had always found Greek traders. Greece has already obtained possession of most of the islands of the Ægean, which she will be permitted to keep. But as those who have sailed among

them will remember, they are generally barren lands which are incapable of supporting a large population. They may still remain the homes of patriotic Greeks who have made their small fortunes in distant countries. Even under Turkish rule the island of Chios had become, a century ago, an island well peopled by Greeks who had thus returned from foreign countries. Their wealth, indeed, was the chief inducement that led to the terrible massacre of 1825. One may well hope that under the government of their own people the Isles of Greece —

Where grew the arts of war and peace,

Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung —

may once more justify their ancient renown.

Nor must it be forgotten that Greece has obtained within the past two years

a large accession of territory in Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia. But these again allow little room for expansion. Greece, however, with her glorious traditions and her innumerable classic associations, will always remain a country dear to all civilized peoples.

With Austria's ambitions defeated and the Turk expelled from Europe; with a contented Greece on one side of the peninsula and an enlarged Roumania on the other; and with a powerful Slav state, including Serbia and Bulgaria in alliance, holding the intervening lands, it appears to me that there will be good reason to hope that a peaceful and durable settlement of the Balkan Peninsula will be achieved. This hope will be increased if Russia wisely foregoes any intention of occupying Constantinople.

SERBIA AND SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

I

THE problem of Southeastern Europe may be best defined as the problem of those races which were at one time subject to the Turk. Those races include the Magyar, the Roumanian, the South Slav (Croat and Serb), the Bulgarian, the Greek, and the Albanian. A mistake has often been made in England and America in dividing up this single Southeastern problem into two water-tight compartments, one labeled 'Balkan States' and the other 'Austria-Hungary.' But the two sets of intricate race-problems associated

with the words 'Balkans' and 'Austria-Hungary' respectively are in fact indissolubly connected, for this reason, — that the independent part of the South Slav race inhabiting Serbia and Montenegro is in the Balkan Peninsula, while the greater part of the South Slav race is found in Austria-Hungary. And similarly, while independent Roumania is one of the four Christian powers of the Balkan Peninsula, there are some three and a half million Roumanians in Hungary subject to Magyar rule. In fact the South Slav race and the Roumanian race are each cut in half, — one half free in the Balkans, the other

half subject to the rule of the Emperor Francis Joseph. For this reason it is impossible to dissociate the Balkan question from the questions of southern Austria-Hungary.

The Balkans, Hungary, and Bosnia are the selfsame countries of Europe which were at one time submerged beneath the Turkish flood. The high-water mark of that flood was reached at the abortive siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683. In the generation following that event the Turkish flood first began to subside, in the time of the great Austrian general Prince Eugene, best known to Englishmen as Marlborough's colleague at Blenheim. Largely by the victories of Eugene, the whole of Hungary was delivered from the Ottoman yoke, and modern Austria-Hungary (except Bosnia and Dalmatia) was then formed. It was formed at the expense of the Turk, but it was formed no less at the expense of the future freedom of the races that Austria then delivered. In delivering them from the Turk, the House of Hapsburg made them subject to its own dominion. On the other hand, the lands that now constitute independent Serbia and Roumania continued as parts of the Turkish Empire throughout the eighteenth century. At that price they purchased their present national existence.

During the eighteenth century the Turks usually held Belgrade, as the outpost of decivilization against Europe. And so things remained until, in the first years of the nineteenth century, the movement for the emancipation of the Balkan races began with the revolt of northwest Serbia under the hero Kara George. A dozen years later, in the time of Byron, the Greeks imitated the Serbians; and in yet another generation, in the time of Gladstone and Disraeli, the Bulgarians followed suit. Finally, in 1912, the Turks were

driven into a very small corner of Europe by a combination of Bulgarian, Serbian, and Greek. The Roumanians, who had never been so completely enslaved by the Turks as the Balkan peoples south of the Danube, were throughout the nineteenth century consolidating the independence and prosperity of modern Roumania. This work was carried to success by the good King Carol, who died a few months ago.

This nineteenth-century work of the liberation of the Balkans from Turkey differs in character from Prince Eugene's liberation of Hungary. In the first place, the nineteenth century was the era of nationality, ushered in by the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon. French ideas of liberty profoundly affected the races subject to the Turk. Hence in the nineteenth century we find the Balkan peoples working out their own liberation and forming independent states on the basis of nationality and democracy,—Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece. This is a much more complete work of liberation than the work which Prince Eugene had accomplished under the *ancien régime*, of substituting the Austrian for the Turkish rule in Hungary.

We must also remark another difference between the earlier and the later expulsions of the Turk. Austria had been the instrument of the earlier expulsion; but during the whole nineteenth century Russia was the leader of the liberationist movement. England sometimes went against the Turk, under Byron and Gladstone, sometimes for him, under Palmerston and Disraeli. But Russia has for a hundred years been the steady friend of liberation in the Turkish Empire, and has fought at least three wars in that interest. We have to recognize frankly, as Bright and Gladstone recognized, as Palmerston and Disraeli failed to recognize, that, although Russia is a

despotism at home, she has been more ready to engage in wars of liberation abroad than any other country in Europe or America. Roumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria are independent democracies, and they owe their freedom, first to their own efforts, and secondly to Russia. Hitherto Russia has got nothing in return for all these efforts except Bessarabia — a doubtful boon. She has not even got access to warm water and the world's oceans through the closed Dardanelles. In Sofia (Bulgaria's noble city, which thirty years ago was a dirty Turkish village) there stands in the grand square before the Parliament house the equestrian statue of the Czar Liberator, — the Russian despot who freed Bulgaria in the war of 1877.

And what was Austria's rôle during these nineteenth-century wars of liberation? Her rôle was to remain neutral as between Turk and Christian, and to carry off as much as she could in the scramble. When Bosnia, an entirely Serb province, bravely revolted against the Turk, Austria took Bosnia for herself, — by occupation, in 1878, followed by a long war against the Serb inhabitants, and by formal annexation in 1908. She thus increased the number of South Slavs in her dominions to nearly seven millions, and so compensated herself for the Italian possessions which she had recently lost.

Outside the borders of Austria-Hungary lie the two independent South Slav states, Montenegro and Serbia. Their very proximity to the oppressed South Slavs of Bosnia naturally causes friction with the Austro-Hungarian oppressor. Unfortunately, the Serbians of independent Serbia have not only this standing quarrel with Austria, but a standing quarrel with Bulgaria also. For since the war of 1913 Serbia holds territory down south which the Bul-

garians regard as rightly belonging to themselves, — the vexed region of northern Macedonia, including the Vardar Valley and coveted Monastir. The possession of Monastir and the Vardar Valley is a more difficult question than either Serbian or Bulgarian sympathizers are wont to admit. Macedonia is a mixture of races, — Greek, Turk, Albanian, Vlach, Bulgar, Serb, and Macedonian Slav. The Macedonian Slavs are the most important race, akin to both Serbian and Bulgarian but not identical with either. But in the generation prior to 1912 Bulgaria was stronger in Macedonia than Serbia, and the Bulgarian claim is strong.

On the other hand, the Serbian standpoint in regard to Macedonia is clear. The Vardar Valley and railway, terminating in friendly Greek territory at Salonika, is Serbia's only connection with the rest of the world. She cannot part with it until she has got some other exit for her commerce not dominated by her enemy Austria, who blocks all her routes to the north and denies her expansion to the Adriatic. In the present war, if it were not for the supplies which Serbia has got up the Vardar Valley from Western Europe (by way of Salonika), she would months ago have been conquered by Austria. And in times of peace the Vardar line is equally vital to her commerce and connection with the world. Austria blocks her to north and west and drives her to seek an exit to the south. In 1913, Austria threatened us all with a European war rather than let Serbia get an outlet on the Adriatic. Austria won her point then, but we have got the European war after all. Because Serbia was not allowed to get out to the Adriatic after the Turkish war, she had to cling to Macedonia and the Greek connection as her only other outlet to the sea. At the same time, Austria's attitude encouraged King Ferdinand

of Bulgaria to attack Serbia and Greece, instead of going to arbitration. The consequence was the fatal war of 1913 between the Christian allies, — a triumph for Austrian diplomacy. That war prevented and still prevents a Balkan league against Austria.

Let us be fair to these Balkan states. If they fought savage wars against each other, and if they now fail to agree, the issues are real and vital, and difficult beyond the comprehension of those who have not studied them closely. The Macedonian problem presented real difficulties to any peaceful solution. These difficulties, greatly aggravated by the policy of Austria, caused the Second Balkan War. It was a wicked war, but there was far more reason for it than there is for the present war between the great powers. The great powers might have prevented the Second Balkan War, but instead of that Austria did her best to bring it about by denying Serbia access to the sea except by way of Macedonia and Salonika. Finally, when Serbia had disappointed Austria by emerging victorious over Bulgaria, Austria proposed to Italy to make an unprovoked attack upon Serbia, in August, 1913, nearly a year before the Sarajevo murders. Italy refused. This significant fact of secret diplomacy was recently revealed in the Italian Chamber by Signor Giolitti himself, to whom the proposal was made.

Why is Austria-Hungary so jealous of Serbia? Because she is breaking down the South Slav races within her own borders, and therefore an independent South Slav state must either be her vassal or her deadly foe. Serbia stands toward Austria in the same relation that little Piedmont once stood to her in Italy.

Again, let us be just to these Balkan races. While they were under the Turk we idealized them as Christian mar-

tyrs, and when they threw off that yoke we were surprised to find that after five hundred years of crushing barbarian rule they were not more perfect than ourselves. It is not the only case in history of an enslaved race being over-idealized until it had been set free, and then being unreasonably abused for not coming up to impossible expectations.

There is no doubt that the Second Balkan War caused a great revulsion of feeling throughout the world against Serbian, Greek, and Bulgarian. This was much enhanced when Mr. Carnegie's Commission published its *Report on the Causes and Conduct of the Second Balkan War*. I do not think that report was the last word on the causes of the war, but it established beyond question the fact that atrocities had been committed in its conduct. But those atrocities by Serbians, Bulgarians, and Greeks in 1913 have now to be set side by side with the atrocities committed by the Austro-Hungarian troops in Serbia, near Shabatz and Losnitza, in the middle days of August, 1914. The Austro-Hungarian troops then and there murdered two to three thousand civilians, burning many women and children alive, and committing the most ghoulisn outrages on many others. I have visited the scenes of these events, and I have the proofs and details under my hand.¹ So far as I was able to ascertain, the Serbians have committed no reprisals. Their 60,000 Austrian prisoners in Serbia have no stories of such reprisals; they have no complaints to make, and in the hospitals the Austrian wounded are given absolute equality of treatment with

¹ First-hand evidence has been given to the world in the article by Dr. Reiss of Lausanne University in the *Revue de Paris*, April 1, 1915, as well as in the Serbian government report, drawn up on evidence taken by Dr. Jules Schmidt of Switzerland and Dr. Arius Van Tienhoven of The Hague, Holland. — THE AUTHOR.

the Serbian. The Serbians are less barbarous than their great 'civilized' neighbor.

II

The Serbs of independent Serbia offer to the student of political philosophy one of the rare examples of a purely democratic society. Serbia is far more democratic than either America or England. In our countries wealth is very unequally divided; we can only redress these social inequalities in our politics. In Serbia no one talks about democracy, because they are all democrats. It is no more necessary to emphasize the fact of democracy in Serbia than it is for the human body to emphasize the function of breathing. There is only one important class, — the peasant proprietors, who number eighty-six per cent of the population. There is practically only one kind of wealth, — land, — and that is equally divided up. There is no pauperism, and on the other hand no one is really rich. There is therefore no social problem in Serbia, and consequently no politics except foreign politics.

This pure form of democracy has both advantages and disadvantages. The average Serbian is as fine a fellow as you could wish to meet, and in peace time he and his family live, perhaps, a happier and better life in their red-roofed farm set in the orchard, than most of the denizens of our American and English cities. On the other hand the state sadly lacks leadership in industry, politics, and administration.

For good and for evil there is no landlord class and practically no mercantile class, and only such industries as every agricultural village requires. The great traditions of the 'gentleman,' the 'merchant,' and the 'workman' which have done so much to mould Western Europe and America, have no existence among the Serbians.

They are all 'yeomen.' The Turks killed off the 'gentleman' class, the mediæval Serbian nobility, and effectually prevented the 'merchant' from arising. And since then the Austrians, by cutting off Serbia from the sea and from communication with Europe, have helped to prevent what we call the 'development' of her mineral resources, or the rise of a modern industrial class, such as we now find in nearly every other nation, including even Russia.

If, as a result of the present war, the Serbians get down to the Adriatic and so come into contact with England and the other countries of Western Europe, this primitive society will gradually be modified. Nearly all the Serbians ardently desire this change; they desire to get out of the 'sack' in which, as they say, Austria has tied them up. But I met one Serbian, an artillery officer, a thoughtful man who had studied at Paris and Vienna, who held other views. He said that he deprecated the change though he was fighting to bring it about; because, he said, the virtues of the Serbian peasant were due to his isolation from all contact with the corrupt modern civilization of Europe. People who have read about the Serbians only in books written by their enemies may laugh at this saying. Having seen the Serbians, I do not laugh, though I do not agree with so conservative a doctrine.

The professional and administrative classes of Serbia are improvised; they are peasants at one remove, mostly born on the farm. They lack professional tradition. Hence the poor standard of civil administration, the bad organization which one so often notices, the political scandals which culminated in the regicide of 1903, and have since then been improved away, until we now have the rule of the able and excellent M. Pashich, a Prime Minister that any country might envy.

The leading class is improvised, and the best of it goes into the army. At one time and another I have spent more than two months mainly in the company of Serbian officers, and I have the greatest respect for the intellectual and moral qualities of many of them as shown in their conversation. For their professional merits, the world can refer to their deeds in battle. Their popularity with their 'brother' soldiers, whom they command not on any system of caste, but as copartners in the national defense, recalls the French officers of the armies of the First Republic. There is no class division between them and the men they command, only a difference of education. You may see them dancing the *kolo*, the pretty national dance of interwoven steps, hand in hand with their men. When it comes to the charge, they say, not 'Forward, men,' but 'Let us charge, brothers.'

But after all, the private (infantryman)—the peasant soldier, who has come from tilling his own farm—is the backbone of the Serbian army. It is the stout yeomen, free and equal brothers in arms, who drove an Austrian host of 400,000, twice as numerous as themselves, in headlong rout out of the Serbian soil, and captured all their artillery. That victory of the Serbians last December is the most thrilling feat of arms that this war has anywhere witnessed, as a triumph of the human spirit against material odds. It was a victory in which Washington or Garibaldi would have loved to take part. The Serbians won because they were freemen,—accustomed to liberty at home, fighting to save their country from a host of war-slaves who spoke six different languages and were for the most part lukewarm or hostile to the cause in which they were compelled to fight. The patriotism of the Serbian surpasses the patriotism of any nation

engaged in this war. For they are free and equal at home, and they have no class divisions; there is no *arrière pensée* in their devotion to their country's cause. They have no politics except patriotism, no loyalty except to their country. There is no nation in Europe so much at one with itself and with its government.

But the Serbians have not always been at one with their government. They have sometimes had very bad and unpopular governments. Since the origin of the state a hundred years ago, under the hero Kara George and his wise successor Milosh Obrenovitch, this simple peasant community has on several occasions fallen into bad hands. It has had some very poor luck with its kings, though the present king and crown prince are both excellent. The worst kings of all reigned during the last part of the nineteenth century. They were Kings Milan and Alexander, who made their country the vassal of Austria, and at Austria's behest made an unprovoked attack on Bulgaria in 1885. That war was most unpopular with the mass of the Serbians, who therefore fought badly and got Serbia a very bad military reputation, which lasted until 1912. Finally King Alexander suspended the democratic constitution and set up a tyranny, and a very inefficient tyranny at that. The country was going to anarchy, and Alexander had to be dethroned. Unfortunately, instead of being decently dethroned, he was murdered in a peculiarly brutal manner in 1903. All that Europe knew about Serbia was the fact of this murder, and for long Europe judged Serbia by that alone.

This deficiency in the higher branches of government, natural to a peasant democracy, put Serbia back for a generation or more. She had begun her independent existence (in the north-west corner of her present territory)

sixty years before any part of Bulgaria was set free, and she ought therefore to have remained ahead in the race of progress. Yet at the close of the nineteenth century she dropped behind Bulgaria in education, in the arts of life, and in military proficiency. Bulgaria, though a peasant democracy like Serbia, had the great advantage of a group of leaders educated at the American Robert College, Constantinople. So Bulgaria, in the first generation of her independent existence, forged ahead, and from 1878 to 1913 every one courted Bulgaria and despised Serbia. The enemies of Turkish rule, like the British Balkan Committee, looked to the Bulgarian army to deliver the Balkan Christians, and scarcely visited Serbia. The Macedonians looked for deliverance to Sofia, not to Belgrade. To Europe in general the Serbians were an unknown race, dwelling somewhere in the interior of Eastern Europe. People forgot that the Serbians, under Kara George and Milosh Obrenovitch, had won their liberty from the Turk earlier — and with less help from outside — than Greeks, Roumanians, or Bulgars.

Yet during these years when they were held in such contempt, a remarkable national revival was going on. The present King Peter restored parliamentary government, and presided as a constitutional monarch over the resumed democratic life of the nation. M. Pashich, a man of high honor and ability, was chosen as the people's premier, and he has done almost as much for Serbia as M. Venizelos for Greece. Education and administration were greatly improved. Above all, the army was made efficient.

The change for the good was most rapid after 1908. In that year Austria proclaimed the formal annexation of the Serb province of Bosnia, which she had occupied for thirty years past. This

outrage on Serb race-feeling stung the Serbians to the quick, and from that moment they pulled themselves together and began to arm in real earnest. A national moral revival was observed by the very few who watched Serbia. But Turk, Bulgar, and Austrian despised Serbia too much to observe the change. And consequently in three successive years — 1912, 1913, and 1914 — Turk, Bulgar, and Austrian have suffered most unexpected defeats at the hands of the Serbian army.

III

The Croat section of the South Slav race inhabits principally Dalmatia and Croatia. The Croats are practically the same in race and language as the Serbs, but differ in religion, being Roman Catholics. The movement for the political union of these two branches of the South Slav race has grown rapidly in the past few years, though it is still opposed by one party among the Croats, the party of M. Frank.

Prior to 1868 the various races of Austria-Hungary were ruled by the German-Austrians by the sword. In 1848 the Magyars of Hungary attempted to get free, under the leadership of Kossuth, but they were suppressed by Vienna. Their defeat was largely owing to the great Kossuth's great mistake in refusing to take the Roumanians, Slovaks, and South Slavs into partnership with the Magyars. Kossuth's policy of forcibly 'magyarizing' all these races of Hungary has become the permanent policy of the race of which he is the hero. Twenty years passed, and in 1868 the Austrians of Vienna found they could no longer rule their immense empire alone, and took the Magyars into partnership. Since then the German-Austrians and the Magyars have divided between them the government of the various races of

the Empire, — South Slavs and Italians, and further north, Slovaks, Ruthenes, Poles, and Czechs. An empire so heterogeneous in race as Austria-Hungary must either be a despotism ruled by the sword, or a land of federal liberty. Since 1868 it has halted between these two paths, the Magyars pulling toward despotism, while the German-Austrians showed some inclination toward liberalism in their treatment of the Poles. But the test case was the treatment of the South Slav race, part of which was in Hungary under the Magyars, part in Dalmatia under the Austrians, and part under their joint rule in Bosnia. Unfortunately in the past few years the Magyars have dragged Austria after them in the domestic policy of repression of South Slav national consciousness. The worst incidents of oppression have been the most recent. In 1908–09, the scandalous treason trial of Agram unjustly condemned a number of Croat leaders to prison. To justify this reign of terror, forged documents were published which had been procured by the Austrian Minister at Belgrade, Count Forgach. His crime was exposed in the Friedjung trial at Vienna, and by the work of Professor Massaryh, but he was not disgraced and became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Vienna. The exposure of the Austrian Dreyfus case made no difference to men or policy. It was this Count Forgach who recently had the face to accuse the Serbian government of connivance in the murder of the Archduke last summer.

In 1912 the Constitution of Croatia was suspended by arbitrary decree of the Hungarian Premier. This drew the Croats nearer to the Serbs and made something of a working alliance between the two branches of the South Slav race. Since then the Austrians have followed the Magyar lead, and applied the military system of arrests

and terrorism to the Croats of Dalmatia. The Magyars, in the same year 1912, also abolished the constitution of the Serb Orthodox Church in Hungary and seized its funds, and a year later the Patriarch Bogdanovic committed suicide in despair.

IV

The present war was in its origin a 'punitive expedition' against the Serbians, for having the impudence to sympathize with their brother Serbs and Croats in Austria-Hungary. The expedition was to have been made in August, 1913, as Signor Giolitti recently revealed to the world, but owing to Italy's refusal to join in a war of aggression it was postponed for a year, until the murder of the Archduke by Austrian Serb subjects seemed a fitting opportunity to wipe independent Serbia off the map.

There will be no peace in Europe until the subject populations of Austria-Hungary obtain liberty in one form or another. The rule of the sword cannot give permanent peace. The terrorism existing in the South Slav provinces of Austria-Hungary since the war began is as bad as anything in the annals of oppression. The Austrians have recently driven scores of thousands of Bosnian Serb peasants — men, women, and children — out of Bosnia into Montenegro, to starve or perish there. The leaders of the subject populations are in prison, or in exile, where I have met many of them; the young men are all under the dread surveillance of military discipline in the conscript army. It is because the young men are all drafted into the army the moment there is any sign of trouble, that there can be no revolution attempted in any part of Europe to-day. The modern militarist organization makes revolutions impossible. That is why Europe is in

very great danger of falling under a system of tyranny which will be far more impregnable to assault and far more pitiless to prayer than the tyrannies against which the peoples of Europe rebelled in 1848. We are told that the time for small states has gone by. But if the big empires that devour them deny all racial, cultural, and political liberty

within their borders, and turn all their subjects, irrespective of personal or racial differences, into so many pieces of a grinding military machine, then the extinction of little democracies like Serbia (and others elsewhere) would mean the extinction of human freedom and of all that is noblest in the spirit of man.

THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-GERMAN RIVALRY

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

IF the Germans are to be believed, their only implacable and unappeasable enmity in the war is against England.

Toward France they express a kind of brutal, contemptuous liking. As providing opportunities for military glory in 1870 and again last August, France has deserved well of the Fatherland. Toward Russia they have the tolerance of merely momentary hostility, with the consciousness that the grounds of quarrel are finite and capable of adjustment. But toward England they express a hatred which nothing can satisfy except the utter destruction of England's power. Portugal, Spain, Holland, were once great maritime and colonial empires, but they are fallen from their high estate; so England is to fall, if Germany in its present mood is to have its way.

This attitude is not confined to journalists or the thoughtless multitude; it is to be found equally in the deliberate writings of learned men. Very instructive from this point of view is an article by the historian Eduard Meyer,

in the Italian periodical *Scientia*, on England's war against Germany and the problems of the future.¹ The erudite professor, following Mommsen, considers Germany as the analogue of Rome and England as the analogue of Carthage. He hardly hopes for a decisive victory now, but looks forward to a succession of conflicts like the Punic Wars, ending, we are to suppose, in an equally final triumph. 'Especially in America,' he says, 'but also in Europe, above all in the neutral countries, there are not a few well-meaning people who believe that this tremendous war will be the last for a long time to come, that a new era of peaceful development and of harmonious international peace will follow. I regard these views as a utopian dream. Their realization could be hoped for only in case we should succeed in really casting England to the ground, breaking her maritime dominion, and thereby conquering the freedom of the seas, and at the

¹ 'Englands Krieg gegen Deutschland und die Probleme der Zukunft'; March, 1915, pp. 286-300.

same time in so controlling our other enemies that they would lose for ever the desire to attack us again. But so high our hopes can hardly rise; it seems far more probable that we shall have to be content with much less, even if we remain victorious to the end. But then, so far as one can foresee, this peace will only be a short truce; England will use the first opportunity of beginning the fight again, better prepared, at the head of a new coalition if not of the old one, and a long series of difficult and bloody wars will follow, until at last the definite decision is obtained.' He adds that modern civilization, from now on, is to decline, as ancient civilization declined; that the era of attempts at international friendship is definitely past, and that 'the characteristic of the next century will be unconquerable opposition and embittered hate between England and Germany.'

Very similar sentiments are expressed by English professors, except that their military hopes are less modest, and they expect to achieve in this war that crushing victory which, like Eduard Meyer, they regard as the only possible road to a permanent peace. They hope, at any rate, to crush German militarism, and Professor Meyer assures us that 'whoever intends to destroy German militarism must destroy the German nation.'

Are the professors of England and Germany in the right? Is it certain that these two nations will continue to fight and hate each other until one of them is utterly broken? Fortunately, no country consists wholly of professors, not even Germany; and it may be hoped that more sanity is to be found among those who have not been made mad by much learning. For the moment, both countries are wholly blind to their own faults, and utterly fantastic in the crimes which they attribute to the enemy. A vast but shadowy

economic conflict has been invented to rationalize their hostility, which in fact is as irrational and instinctive as that of dogs who snarl and fly at each other in the street. The cynic who said, 'Speech has been given us to conceal our thoughts,' might well have added, 'Thought has been given us to conceal our passions from ourselves.' At least I am sure that this is true of thought in war-time.

In this article, I wish to examine, in a neutral spirit, the causes and supposed justifications of Anglo-German enmity, and to suggest ways by which it may be possible hereafter to avoid the appalling consequences contemplated by Professor Meyer.

The first thing that must strike any impartial observer of England and Germany in war-time is their amazing similarity in myth and melodrama. France and Russia each has its myth, for without myth no great national upheaval is possible. But their myths are different from ours, whereas the myths of England and Germany are all but identical. Each believes itself a great peace-loving nation, powerful, but always using its power to further worthy ends. Each believes that the other, with an incredible perfidy inspired by the basest jealousy, suddenly stirred up the war, after many years of careful preparation, military in the one case, diplomatic in the other. Each believes that only the utter humiliation of the other can secure the peace of the world and the ordered progress of civilization. In each, a pacifist minority urges moderation in the use of victory, while yielding to none in the conviction that victory is the indispensable preliminary to any future reconstruction. Each is absolutely confident of victory, and prepared for any sacrifice, however great, in order to secure victory. Each is quite unable to believe that the other is sincere in the opinion which it pro-

fesses: its own innocence and the other's guilt are as clear as noon-day, and can be denied only by the most abject hypocrisy.

Both cannot be right in these opinions, and *a priori* it is not likely that either is right. No nation was ever so virtuous as each believes itself, and none was ever so wicked as each believes the other. If these beliefs survive the war, no real peace will be possible. Both nations have concentrated their energies so wholly on making war that they have rendered it almost impossible to make peace. In normal times civilized and humane people find a difficulty in believing that they do well to butcher each other. In order to overcome this feeling, journalists have filled the minds of their readers with such appalling accounts of the enemy's crimes that hatred has come to seem a noble indignation, and it has grown difficult to believe that any of our opponents deserve to live. Yet peace, if it is to be real, must be accompanied by respect, and must bring with it some sense of justice toward rival claims. What these claims are, and what justice demands if they are to be reconciled, must be realized in some degree before the peace, if the peace is to heal the wounds which the war is inflicting.

Apart from accusations of crime connected with the war, what have been the grounds of England's opposition to Germany in recent years?

Far the most important ground has been fear of the German navy, not as it has hitherto been, but as it may become. It is said on the Continent — not only by Germans — that jealousy of Germany's economic development was an equal cause of hostility; but I believe this to be an entire mistake. America's economic development has been quite as remarkable as that of Germany, but it has not produced the slightest ripple of political hostility. The government

in power, as free traders, do not believe that the prosperity of one country is economically injurious to that of another, and in this opinion a majority of the nation agree with them. Most Germans think of trade in nationalist terms, but in England this habit is not very common. And whatever may be thought abroad, it is contrary to British political instincts to allow trade rivalry to cause diplomatic opposition, — largely, no doubt, because we realize that a nation's trade is not necessarily injured by defeat in war.

But whoever threatens our naval supremacy touches a sensitive nerve, awakening an instinctive movement of self-protection in all classes, even the most uneducated and the least conscious of international complications. When the Germans, with their usual incautious explicitness, made the announcement, 'Our future is on the sea,' most Englishmen felt, almost without conscious thought, that the Germans might as well have announced that their future lay through the death of England's greatness and the starvation of our population. In vain the Germans protested that their navy was purely defensive, and was not intended to be as strong as ours. As we watched the carrying out of their Navy Law, as we realized how the era of dreadnoughts had diminished our superiority, something not far removed from apprehension began to be felt; and in a proud nation apprehension inevitably shows itself in hostility. Because the apprehension was real and deep-seated, the hostility was rather blind and instinctive; although, in the region of conscious thought, the hopes of an understanding were not abandoned, yet in that deeper region out of which effective action springs, the belief in a future conflict had taken root and could no longer be dislodged.

At the same time Germany's grow-

ing friendship with Turkey produced uneasiness in our governing classes, with whom the consciousness of Indian problems has become almost as much part of the texture of everyday thought as the need of naval supremacy. Our traditional policy of protecting the Turk, while it had caused untold misery in the Balkans, had been maintained chiefly on account of the Mohammedan population of India. When the Kaiser supplanted us at Constantinople, and announced himself the protector of all Mohammedans, we dreaded the effect on the most warlike races of India; and our dread was not diminished by the Bagdad Railway, with the prospect which it opened of German colonization in Mesopotamia and a German naval base on the Persian Gulf. But this motive, although it affected our government and that small section of the population which is alive to Indian problems, did not, like the challenge to our sea-power, affect all classes or attain the status of a question to be discussed at general elections. Moreover, this whole problem was in its nature capable of diplomatic adjustment by mutual concessions; indeed, we are told that an agreement had almost been concluded when the war broke out.

Let us now try to see the history of the past fifteen years from the German point of view. Before speaking of their supposed grievances, I wish to say that I regard the whole theory out of which they spring as wholly mistaken: I do not believe that it is of any real importance to a nation to possess colonies or to develop either its military or its naval forces beyond the point which is necessary to prevent invasion. This, however, is not the official English view; and the official German view seems, apart from questions of method, merely an echo of the principles by which English policy has been governed

for centuries. It is only this similarity — not absolute validity — that I wish to exhibit in stating the German case.

The Germans are commonly regarded as an exceptionally aggressive nation. This is no doubt true of their spirit, but when we come to inquire into their actual acquisitions, we find that in recent years their gains of territory have been insignificant in comparison with those of England, France, and Russia. Since 1900, we have gained the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, we have consolidated our position in Egypt, and we have secured a protectorate over Southern Persia and its oilwells. The French meanwhile have gained Morocco, and the Russians, though they have lost a small portion of Manchuria, have gained more than half of Persia. The Germans, in the same period, have gained only a not very large or very valuable colony in West Africa.¹ Their designs in Morocco and Mesopotamia have been thwarted, largely by England's efforts. Yet they feel that their economic progress and their growing population make the need of colonies far greater for them than for the French.

I am not for a moment denying that we had weighty reasons for our opposi-

¹ The following figures are not without interest: —

Total area of colonies	
Great Britain	11,429,078 square miles
France	4,512,543 " "
Germany	1,027,820 " "
Increase in area of colonies since 1900	
Great Britain	324,500 square miles
Germany	100,820 " "
France	92,180 " "

The British increase consists almost wholly of the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the British sphere in Persia. The French increase consists almost wholly of Morocco, less the portion of the Congo ceded to Germany in 1911; and the German increase consists wholly of this portion of the Congo, less a small area in the Cameroons ceded to France in 1911. The Russian sphere in Persia contains 305,000 square miles and 6,400,000 inhabitants. — THE AUTHOR.

tion to German expansion, though perhaps weightier reasons could have been found for not opposing it. I am only concerned, for the moment, with the way in which our actions impressed the Germans, not with the justification of our actions. The Germans, in spite of their progress, their energy, and their population, are very inferior in colonial possessions, not only to England and Russia, but also to France. This seems to them unjust; but wherever they turn to try to acquire new colonies, England and England's navy block the way, because of our friendship with France, or our sensitiveness about India, or some other interest in the complicated web of our foreign policy.

German aggressiveness, real and obnoxious as it has become, is the result of experience. Germany cannot, as we do, acquire colonies absent-mindedly, without intention, and almost without effort. When colonies were easier to acquire than they are now, Germany had not yet entered into the competition; and since Germany became a great power, it has been handicapped by naval inferiority and by the necessity of defending two frontiers. It is these accidents of history and geography, rather than innate wickedness, which have produced German aggressiveness. The aims of German policy are closely similar to those which we have always pursued, but its methods cannot be the unobtrusive methods which we have usually adopted, because such methods, in the circumstances, would achieve nothing.

Colonial ambitions are no doubt one reason why Germany has developed a navy; but another and still more imperative reason is the necessity of safeguarding foreign trade.

In the time of Bismarck, Germany had not yet become a great industrial nation: it was independent of foreign

food, and its exports of manufactures were insignificant. Its industrial expansion dates from the introduction of the Bessemer process in 1879, by which its supplies of iron became possible to work at a profit. From that time onward, German industrial progress has been extraordinarily rapid; more and more, Germany has tended to become dependent, like England, upon the possibility of importing food and exporting manufactures. In this war, as we see, Germany is just able, by very painful economy, to subsist upon the stock of food in the country; but another ten years of such development as was taking place before the war would have made this impossible. High agrarian protection, which alone could have retarded the process, was naturally disliked by the manufacturers and the working classes, and could not be carried beyond a certain point for fear of leading to a triumph of Socialism.

It thus became obvious that, in a few years' time, Germany would be liable to defeat by starvation in any war with a superior naval power. In 1900, when the Germans decided to build a great navy, the Triple Alliance was weaker than France and Russia on the sea. The wish not to be inferior to France and Russia is enough to account for the beginnings of the German navy; the rivalry with us may perhaps have been no part of the original intention, but merely a result of the suspicions produced in England by the German programme. However that may be, it ought to have been obvious to the Germans that a strong navy was sure to make us hostile, and would therefore not serve the purposes for which it was intended unless it was stronger than our navy. But it could not be supposed that we should submit to the existence of a navy stronger than our own, unless we had first been utterly and hopelessly defeated; and

there was no way of defeating us except by first having a navy stronger than ours. For these reasons, the German policy was inherently incapable of success. And yet, without success, all industrial progress and all colonial expansion remain perpetually at England's mercy. If we ask ourselves how we should feel if we were similarly at the mercy of Germany, we shall perhaps begin to understand why the Germans hate us. And yet we can hardly feel any sense of guilt, because a supreme navy is for us a matter of life and death.

This dilemma must be faced, if we are to understand the conflict of England and Germany, and not regard it as merely due to wickedness on one side or on the other. After the war, sooner or later, exactly the same problem will have to be faced again. The native energy of the Germans cannot be permanently checked by defeat: after a longer or shorter period of recuperation, they will again feel that commercial safety and colonial expansion demand a strong navy, if they are not to be content to live on sufferance and to be compelled to bow to England's will on all occasions of serious dispute. The problem is a new one, since hitherto England has been the only nation dependent for subsistence on food imported by sea, and England has had unquestioned naval supremacy. But if we are to avoid the century of internecine warfare contemplated by Eduard Meyer, we must find some solution of the problem, and not be content merely to hope that, whenever war comes, we shall be victorious. Germany's industrial ambitions, at least, are entirely legitimate; and they alone make some security for German trade an imperative necessity. It is not only justice that makes it necessary to find a solution, but also self-preservation. It is impossible to know how submarines

may develop; perhaps, in future, no degree of naval power will be sufficient to protect sea-borne trade. Even now, our position might be precarious if all the men and money which Germany has devoted to useless dreadnoughts had been devoted to the multiplication of submarines. After the war, our own future safety, as well as the peace of the world, will demand some new and statesmanlike development in our naval policy.

No solution will be possible until it grows clear to the Germans that they cannot reasonably hope to become superior to us at sea. So long as that hope remains with them, they will go on struggling to acquire that complete world-dominion which they believe would result from possession of both the strongest navy and the strongest army in the world. It is to be expected that the present war will persuade them of the futility of their hopes. They speak to neutrals of their wish to secure for all nations 'the freedom of the sea,' but the neutrals remain deaf to all their blandishments. The neutrals do not see how there would be more freedom under German supremacy than under that of England, and they do see that, so long as any nation has naval supremacy, it is better that it should be a nation without a strong army or the means of invasion. This will enable us to avoid hostile coalitions, and to make a German victory over us at some future date exceedingly unlikely. But it will not, by itself, prevent Germany from hating us, or from seeking every possible means of injuring us. And if Germany's industrial development continues, it will leave Germany increasingly dependent upon us for its means of subsistence in any war in which Russia is on our side.

Such a situation will be full of danger to the peace of Europe and of possible harm to ourselves as well as to

Germany. For the sake of the progress of civilization, and also for the sake of our security as well as Germany's, both nations, if they have any statesmanship, will be driven to seek some means by which food-supply can be secured from the menace of attack by a hostile power.

Before this war, many would have thought that abolition of the right of capture at sea would achieve this object. But it is now evident that no reliance can be placed upon paper guaranties which are not backed by force. If it could be expected that a nation which resorted to capture at sea would have to face a coalition of neutrals, the practice of capture might be effectively abolished. But so long as neutrals do not intervene by force of arms to protect international law, it cannot be expected that its provisions will be observed; nor would they be observed if neutrals should intervene, unless they were sufficiently powerful to turn the scale. If Germany's submarine blockade could have been made effective, all the neutrals in the world would have been powerless to prevent it.

In this matter, as also in regard to armies, the future of civilization depends on the discovery of means which will make nations strong for defense but weak for attack. The naval problem is particularly urgent, because, if submarines develop as may be expected, navies will become strong for attack and weak for defense, 'attack' being understood as including the capture or destruction of merchant ships.

There is one obvious solution, which would be adopted if any large section of mankind were actuated by humanity or reason or even self-interest. If this were the case, national armies and navies would be abolished, and only an international army and navy would

be retained, for police purposes. But among all the great powers, pride is stronger than self-interest: men prefer the risk of death for themselves and their sons, the certainty of impoverishment and the possibility of national disaster, to loss of the opportunity for bullying which is afforded by an army and navy. Under these circumstances, there is probably no chance of a theoretically complete solution of the problem. The best hope is that through the experience of the present war, men will acquire a more firm resolve to preserve the peace, and neutrals will realize that war is a disaster even to those who do not take part in it. It may be that, in time, the powers not directly interested in a quarrel will insist upon its being always submitted to an international tribunal, and will make their insistence effective by threatening war if it is disregarded. In that case, any power could secure safety by merely abstaining from aggression. At present, no great power wishes to make aggression impossible. But experience of war, the progress of democracy, and the growing economic interdependence of different countries, are causing rapid changes in public opinion. It is at least as rational to expect that the next hundred years will see the growth and victory of an international council for the settlement of all disputes between nations, as it is to expect, with Eduard Meyer, that they will see civilization engulfed in a futile contest for supremacy between England and Germany.

The learned historian, I am confident, does injustice to his compatriots; I know that he does injustice to the English. Without hope, nothing will be achieved; but with hope, no limits can be set to what may be achieved toward realizing the ideal of international coöperation.

THE WAR AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

BY SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

THERE is no need to dwell upon the greatness of the present time. We are well enough aware that never in its whole history has humanity been stirred as it is now; that never before has human faculty, capacity, and endurance been so stretched; that never have men shown greater bravery and more willing self-sacrifice, or nations closer unity. We are living in incomparably the greatest times that have ever been: in the most momentous year of all history. And we know that upon our actions now, upon the degree of wisdom we have exercised in the choice of our ideals, and upon the vigor, courage, and steadfastness with which we pursue them will depend the course of humanity, for good or ill, for many long years to come. All this we recognize, and it fortunately needs no emphasis.

But when the welfare of future generations thus depends so much upon what we of the present day do, the old and crucial question must recur to us with redoubled force and must call for clear and convincing answer: Are we or are we not being directed from above by some All-wise, Omnipotent, and Perfect Being who knows all and sees all and can do all, and who, being good, may be trusted to do for us what is best? In these critical times can our public men, our statesmen, our naval and military commanders rely for aid and guidance upon such a Being?

In the inconceivably intricate questions which present themselves continually to our statesmen, can they expect to be shown their way through? When

many alternative courses open up, each with its advantages and disadvantages so evenly balanced, can the responsible leaders of a nation expect to be shown the only right one? When a commander is on the eve of attacking or of being attacked can he count upon being supported by an Omnipotent Being? These thousands and millions of men who are daily risking their lives must clearly be actuated by motives which they honestly believe are good; they are therefore deserving of the support of any Omnipotent Ruler who is also good. Can they safely reckon upon the support of any such Being? Can individual men and women, can nations, can the human race safely depend, in this the greatest crisis of the human race, upon being protected from dangers, diverted from wrong courses, supported and guided on right courses by One who has the power and the will to lead man and men aright?

Without referring to living men (although a prominent instance is ready to hand) we can find a conspicuous example of one not so long dead, who led his country in most critical times and profoundly influenced the destinies of many other countries, and who did hold the belief that the actions of men were guided from above. Bismarck's letters to his wife and to his son, written during the Franco-Prussian War, are now available, and they abound in reference to the Deity. After one of the early victories, he writes, 'The campaign will be as good as over, unless God visibly intervenes on behalf of the

French, which, I am confident, will not happen.' He speaks of Sedan as 'a victory for which we must thank the Lord our God in all humility.' He refers to the Emperor Napoleon III as being 'cut down by God's almighty hand.' He tells his wife to 'trust in God, who has preserved our children from the very jaws of death.' And when his son complains about being sent to a *dépôt* squadron, he writes to him, 'I am too superstitious a father to do anything about it, but let things go as God ordains.' There is hardly a letter in which God is not mentioned.

Bismarck genuinely believed that the affairs of men were ordered by an Omnipotent Autocrat above. And hundreds of millions of men think as Bismarck did. Most, indeed, of those who are now directing nations think so. And so also do those who are fighting their battles. Have they any real and proper justification for their belief? This is the momentous question we have to ask ourselves, and in a short article we can do little more than raise it and emphasize its importance. But we can at least show that it has not been finally answered yet, and indicate the reply that we ourselves would give.

That the majority of men believe that their lives are ordered and that the world is governed by some Ruler above must be admitted. Yet most would also admit that in this majority few have ever thought this question out or done anything else than accept as true the beliefs which have been handed down to them by their forefathers. Again, it would be acknowledged that a man of affairs like Bismarck would most certainly feel that men really were being swayed by some invisible agency in whose presence even one so powerful as he would seem powerless. But when he assumed that this power was exercised by some Being external to men, he may not have

thought the matter out very thoroughly, but have merely accepted the ideas in which he was brought up. Most men do accept this belief on trust; and so might we all, as we would accept the law of gravitation, and not trouble to examine the grounds for our belief, if there were general agreement among those who really have gone into the question.

But in regard to a belief that the world is governed and controlled by a Being external to it there is no such agreement among leading thinkers as there is among scientists regarding the law of gravitation. Some of the deepest and clearest thinkers do not admit the existence of such a Person. The Unseen Power which even a Bismarck would feel that he had to reckon with, they would say might come from within, not from without,—from within the world and from within men, and not from outside. And they would see in the want of perfection in any direction whatever, or in one single individual or any part of an individual and at any time, and in the prevalence of imperfection at all times and everywhere, a staggering objection to the view that this world can have been planned, created, and governed by any Being who was both good and all-powerful. We are running great risks therefore if we unquestioningly accept such a belief simply because it was handed down to us by our forefathers; and before we hand it on to our children, to guide them in the still more complex lives which they will have to lead, we should make really certain of our ground for holding it.

I will not restate here the objections which have been urged; but I would briefly outline an alternative conception of things which, as it seems to me, better accords with our observation and experience of the world. It is that the Power which a man feels acting on

him, and which he can see is acting on other men and throughout the world, is not exerted by any outside Being, but is something welling up from within the world and working through men and forcing them on toward perfection. Though no single thing or person has yet reached perfection, a view over this earth's history so far back as we know it — say over five hundred million years — does show a considerable progress. And it seems more natural to hold that the world contains within itself, as part of its nature and constitution, that which orders it and constrains it toward perfection, than to conceive of it as being operated upon by some one outside it. So we would not have in our minds the conception of a Creator, Artificer, and Organizer on the one hand, and, on the other, heaps of inert matter and swarms of men and animals, and of the Artificer fashioning the material into shape, ordering the men this way and that, inciting them to do this and restraining them from doing that, pushing them forward in one direction and holding them back in another. For we find, as a matter of scientific observation, that no particles of matter, however small, are in the faintest degree inert, but that all, down to the minutest and simplest, are intensely active, — and active on their own account, — 'behaving' strictly in accordance with the dictates of their own inherent nature.

We find further that no one is isolated, standing or moving by itself, un-influencing or uninfluenced by the others, but that all are interconnected and form a united whole. The interrelatedness of things is the one fundamental fact which science and philosophy have established. All things are interrelated; all things mutually influence each other. The world does not consist of masses of inert nonentities which would lie motionless and inactive unless they

were manipulated by some external agent, pushed this way or pulled that, raised up here, pressed down there. It consists of myriads of intensely active — and self-active — entities, with properties and characteristics of their own, all mutually influencing one another to form a real unity. And when we find, as we do, at least on the earth, that the state of things is improving, it is quite as reasonable to assume that it contains within itself that which brings about improvement as to suppose that an external agent operating upon it from outside produced this result. And if we discover further, as some believe they have found, that man himself has risen from the animals, that animals and plants have arisen from microscopic and simplest forms of life, and these from complex chemical compounds, and so on back and back to the simplest ultimate particles of matter, then man also would be interconnected with the rest, would be part with it of one whole; and would have been uplifted to where he is by that same Spirit which, emanating from the parts, animates the whole, and which, driving on through all the ages, has been making persistently for better and better things.

We were accustomed in our childhood to think of a Creator, Maker, and Ruler, a vague Personage residing remotely in the skies; to think of this earth as something solid and material and everlasting which was 'made' by this distant Person, and upon which He now looks *down* as an aviator might from his machine; and to think of ourselves as having also been made and fashioned in some mysterious way by this Being and set upon this earth and as being there governed and guided by Him.

This is roughly the idea of things which we bring with us from our childhood and which has been handed down

to us, generation by generation, from the childhood of the race.

But in the new conception of things which is forming as we grow older and better informed, this Creator, the earth, and we men all merge into one spiritual process. We find that we ourselves sprang from the earth and in the course of millions of years have arisen from its very bosom and from nowhere else. We discover that what was once a fiery mist has so developed to what we see around us to-day, with all its varied plant and animal life, and with us men and women as the crowning flower so far reached, because it has always borne within it, emanating from its individual component parts, in their mutual influence upon one another, a spring, a vital impulse, an impetus ever bursting upward; because it was so composed and constituted that it had by its very nature to go on reconstituting itself better, in much the same way as the pliable and plastic British Constitution is constantly remodeling itself from within through the activities of individual Englishmen in their mutual influence upon one another, and through their being animated with the spirit of England to which their mutual influence gives rise.

Those who hold the later view will be inspired to an intense degree with the sense of unity. They will know that it will be a unity of differences, and they will expect that as the unity of the whole grows closer, so also will the diversity of the parts. They know that for individuals (men or nations) to maintain and develop their individuality, healthy opposition, conflict, struggle, and controversy are necessary, whether by war or only by words. But the point they will have at the back of their minds is the fundamental unity which exists along with this diversity and in spite of all the opposition.

We have had the most remarkable

instances of it in this war. For, on each side, more unity has been displayed than any nation has ever shown before. Neither France nor Germany, neither the British Empire nor Russia, has ever been united as now. And even the Austro-Hungarian Empire has shown a degree of unity which no one had expected. Further, we do not seriously look upon the present conflict as the fundamental and lasting relationship between the nations engaged. Tremendous though it is, it is an episode only, and perhaps a means of paving the way to eventual unity. The fact that France and England, who were so bitterly hostile a century ago, are now allied, should point to the possibility of what may happen a century hence. All the opposition and struggle in life, so necessary for the development of individuality, need not blind us to the unity which underlies it and which the maturing of individuality will only strengthen.

And men who regard themselves as integral parts of a whole, with every single other part of which they are most intimately related, and who also realize that each, in his own small degree, contributes to form that spirit which has made them, will have not only this deep sense of unity, but a craving to make it still closer and still more intimate. They will resent the tyranny of a rigid order imposed from outside, but they will establish for themselves that full and flexible order which free individuals, possessed of the sense of the responsibility which freedom engenders, naturally evolve for themselves. They will allow scope for individuality, for they will know that thereby will unity be increased. And the conflict which the emergence of individuality necessitates, they will seek to humanize and make more chivalrous and courteous, and they will always regard as temporary and ephemeral

in comparison with the fundamental unity. It is not so much peace and rest to which they would look forward as the harmony which comes of activity, — an activity bent on fusing all discords.

And the upward thrust, urging all men from the bad to the good, from the good to the better, and from the better to the better still, on and on to perfection, makes men mark out for themselves an ideal at which they can aim. And the more acute their sense of unity, the more painful will be any difference which separates them from either higher or lower men, and the sharper will be their yearning to reach the level of the higher and to carry others upward with them. A reaching-forwardness will they also feel, — an intensity of desire, not only to make the best of themselves, to do their best for the present generation, but to sacrifice all for generations to come; not to save their own souls and not for any future happiness of their own (beyond that joy which comes to all who highly strive and greatly sacrifice), but that they may feel that they have done their mite to leave this world a little better than they found it.

But while men who have the later conception of things of which we have spoken will feel themselves in deepening unity with their fellows and swept upward in the Universal Spirit, it will rest with individual men themselves to achieve in actual fact what they feel themselves incited to attempt.

We may be sure that in any of the countries now at war the statesmen, soldiers, and sailors are inspired by a deep love of country, that this patriotic feeling irresistibly impels them to do their very utmost for their country's good, and that it upholds them and sustains them in many an hour of trial. We know, too, that men like to put themselves in touch with what

deepens and intensifies their patriotic fervor and gives fresh strength and volume to its ardent impulse. But we are also perfectly well aware that the mere possession of this impulse is not enough, and that actually to achieve what is really best for his country, each individual statesman, sailor, and soldier must exert his own will, must put forth his most considered wisdom, and make the utmost of every bodily and mental faculty he has. While he may be swept along with true and noble patriotic feeling, he knows that, when the moment for action arrives, he must keep his head cool and his faculties taut, and must act upon his own responsibility and depend upon his own resources.

So is it with men imbued with the Universal Spirit. They will be sensible of it working through them, making always for what is good, and propelling them upward. They may confidently count upon it to uphold them in every effort toward the good. And they may seek all means of drawing more and more of it into them and filling themselves with it to the full. And they will often feel themselves carried upward in waves of religious emotion which seem to make all things possible. But yet, in the very midst of the Spirit's onrush, they will have to realize that it is they, and they alone, who must make the choice from among all the alternative courses which moment after moment present themselves; that it is they, and they alone, who must fix the standard by which to gauge their actions and set up far ahead of them the ideal toward which they will strive; and that it is they and they alone who must furnish the resolution, the steadfastness, and the endurance to persevere along the way they choose.

In one sense we individual men, as minute parts of a whole of unimagin-

able magnitude, are being swept onward and upward with seemingly irresistible force. In another sense the future of each individual and the worth of all his activity depends solely on himself. And the two views go together, the one being incomplete without the other. But a man's duty is clear. He must fill himself to the full with this exalting Spirit and lose no opportunity of inhaling it till he is saturated with it through and through, for it is from its inspiration that he will gain both the strength he so much needs and the sensitiveness of taste and touch which is no less essential. On the other hand when action is demanded he will concentrate himself, summon up all his resources, and rely only on

himself, for it is he and only he that can create the future.

So we gain the impression of a day-spring from within and not from on high. We have faith in the innate Goodness of Things, in ourselves, and in the future it lies with us to make. We are inspired with hope as we realize what has been accomplished so far and what therefore may be done in time to come. And the sense of being so intimately related in one living whole and of being animated by the same uplifting Spirit deepens and widens our love. These three still remain. And the greatest of them is the same now as it was nineteen hundred years ago. But in the end there will be left only one — the greatest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLD-CLOTHES SENSATIONS

PEOPLE whom penury has never compelled in infancy or adolescence to wear other people's clothes have missed a valuable lesson in social sympathy. In our journey from the period when we first strutted thoughtlessly in our Cousin Charles's cast-off coat on to the time when we resented its misfit, and thence to that latest and best day when we could bestow our own discarded jacket on poor little Cousin Billy, we have successively experienced all the gradations of soul between pauper and philanthropist. Most of us are fortunate enough to put away other people's clothes when we put away the rest of childhood's indignities; but our early experiences should make us thoughtful of those who have no such

luck, who seem ordained from birth to be all the world's poor relations. In gift-clothes there is something peculiarly heart-searching both for giver and recipient.

This delicacy inherent in the present of cast-off suit or frock is due perhaps to the subtle clinging of the giver's self to the serge or silk. It is a strong man who feels that he is himself in another man's old coat. If an individuality is fine enough to be worth retaining, it is likely to be fine enough to disappear utterly beneath the weight of another man's shoulders upon one's own. Most of us would rather have our creeds chosen for us than our clothes. Most of us would rather select our own tatters than have another's cast-off splendors thrust upon us. It is no light achievement, the living up to and into

other people's clothes. Clothes acquire so much personality from their first wearer, — adjust themselves to the swell of the chest, the quirk of the elbow, the hitch in the hip-joint, — that the first wearer always wears them, no matter how many times they may be given away. He is always felt to be inside, so that the second wearer's ego is constantly bruised by the pressure resulting from two gentlemen occupying the same waistcoat.

Middle children are to be pitied for being condemned to be constantly made over out of the luckier eldest's outgrown raiment. How can Tommy be sure he is Tommy, when he is always walking around in Johnny's shoes? Or Polly, grown to girlhood, ever find her own heart, when all her life it has beaten under Anna's pinafore?

The evil is still worse when the garments come from outside the family, for one may readily accept from blood-kin bounty that which, bestowed by a stranger, would arouse a corroding resentment. This is because one can always revenge one's self on one's relatives for an abasement of gratitude by means of self-respecting kicks and pinches. A growing soul may safely wear his big brother's ulster, but no one else's; for there are germs in other people's clothes, — the big bad yellow bacilli of covetousness. People give you their old clothes because they have new ones, and this fact is hard to forgive.

There may, of course, exist mitigating circumstances that often serve to solace or remove this basic resentment. To receive gown or hat or boots direct from the donor is degrading, but in proportion as they come to us through a lengthening chain of transferring hands the indignity fades out, the previous wearer's personality becomes less insistent; until, when identification is

an impossibility, we may even take pleasure in conjecturing who may have previously occupied our pockets, may even feel the pull of real friendliness toward the unknown heart that beat beneath the warm woolen bosom presented to us.

Further, the potential bitterness of the recipient is dependent on the stage of his racial development and the color of his skin. The Ethiopian prefers old clothes to new. The black cook would rather have her mistress's cast-off frock than a new one, and the cook is therein canny. She trusts the correctness of the costume that her lady has chosen for herself, but distrusts the selection the lady might make for her maid. On assuming the white woman's clothes, the black woman feels that she succeeds also to the white woman's dignity. The duskiest race stands at the same point of evolution with the child who falls upon the box of cast-off finery and who straightway struts about therein without thought of his own discarded independence.

I may be perceived to write from the point of view of one clothed in childhood out of the missionary box. Those first old clothes received were donned with gloating and glory; but later, in my teens, — that period so strangely composed for all of us out of spiritual shabbiness and spiritual splendor, — sensations toward the cast-off became uneasy, uncomfortable, at last unbearable. The sprouting personality resisted the impact of that other personality who had first worn my garments. I wanted raiment all my own, dully at first, then fiercely.

No one who has passed from a previous condition of servitude to the dignity of his own earnings will ever forget the pride of his first self-bought clothes. At last one is one's self and belongs not to another man's coat, or another woman's gown. It is a period of

expansion, of pride: when one's clothes are altogether one's own, one's pauper days are done. But it is best for sympathy not to forget them, not only for the sake of the pauper, but for the sake of the plutocrat we are on the verge of becoming; for our sensations in regard to old clothes are about to enter a new phase; we are about to undergo the ordeal of being ourselves the donors of our own old clothes.

It was not alone for the new coat's intrinsic sake that we desired it; we coveted still more the experience of giving it away when we were done with it. There is no more soul-warming sensation than that of giving away something that you no longer want. The pain of a recipient's feelings on receiving a thing which you can afford to give away, but which he himself cannot afford to buy, is exactly balanced by your pride in presenting him with something that you can't use.

The best way to get rid of the pauper spirit is to pauperize someone else. This is cynical philanthropy, but veracious psychology. It follows that the best way to restore a pauper's self-respect is to present him with some old clothes to give to some one still poorer; for clothes are, above all gifts, a supreme test of character. It was the custom of epics to represent the king as bestowing upon his guest-friends gifts of clothes, but they were never old clothes. If you could picture some Homeric monarch in the act of giving away his worn-out raiment, in that moment you would see his kingliness dwindle.

The man who can receive another man's old clothes without thereby losing his self-respect is fit to be a prince among paupers, but the man who can give another man his old clothes without wounding that man's self-respect is fit to be the king of all philanthropists.

ON THE ROOF

Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hand can nigh the stars enclose:
I dare not raise my voice to speak
For fear of startling God's repose.

So run the lines of an ancient Chinese poet, in the version of Giles of Cambridge; and I often think of them when I undo my door and step out on the ridgepole of the sleeping city underneath the moon.

From my dooryard atop of the tallest apartment building I look down on a glittering plain of light. It is as though giant Roman candles had spilled white and yellow balls of incandescence like carnival blossoms along every thoroughfare. The starry heavens pale by comparison. The City Hall tower lifts its glittering tiara to mock the Corona Borealis. The planets are outgloried by carbon points and tungsten filaments. A ferry boat on the river is a galaxy of roving fires that dims the Pleiades.

Up and down the streets crawl the trolley cars, their retrorse antennæ hissing crescendo and decrescendo, their fender-jaws forever hungry, their Cyclopean dragon-eyes ablaze, — Fafners submissive to the rails, and to sharp voices that forever cry, 'Step lively!' Even up here one is poignantly aware of them, for at the intersection of the cross-lines, they seem to squat on their truck-haunches for the balky fraction of a second, and then, in two crashes, they and their eight wheels are over, and they go roaring on their rigid steel pathway where once the Indian moccasins slid noiselessly along the mossy runnels of the forest glades. How would Beowulf's or St. George's dragon have felt, to depend on a distant power-house for a soul? Verily 'A groove is akin to a grave'; behemoth and leviathan themselves could not survive the indignity of harnessed servitude to a rapid-transit system.

The glimmer of the dusk veils the squares and streets with a suffusion of amethystine light, like the purple of cold snow in the lap of the hills late on a winter afternoon. Then it is that grim utilitarian office-buildings are suddenly transformed, as at the touch of a necromancer's wand, into palaces of fairy-land, magnificent with fire, each window a plate of beaten gold, shining like the back of a Stradivarius violin. It is hard to tell which window holds the reflex of the sundown, and which a lighted lamp.

A little yellow bird came flying to my window the other night, sentient of the flowers within and the radiance and the warmth, furious because it could not pierce the glass like water. I felt as though I were the keeper of a lighthouse in a storm, against whose lantern sea-birds beat and scream and die; but my bird winged away ere I could bring my mind and hand to the window to let that mad, fleet whirring come in out of the night. I thought of the ancient explanation Caedmon gave of the soul of a man, when he said to the king that it was as if, as they sat at meat with the thanes and the aldermen, a white bird entered the room, flying from the dark and out into the dark again. Then of the passage in Pater's *Marius*, where the lad's mother tells him that his soul is a little white bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded market-place. But my soul went away from me that night, it would seem, and has not come back to me again.

By day I can see the hats and muffs, — but not the faces, — the perambulators and the nursemaids of coddled children in the square below. The stone walks among the leafless trees are picked out with errant blurs of color, a peripatetic flower-garden, as though geraniums should whimsically walk away from their own leaves. Here an old man

crawls at a snail's pace, — to feed a squirrel, perhaps, which I cannot see, — and there, direct and forcible as a steam-engine, goes a woman in whose hammering, get-there gait is revealed a claimant of the suffrage. But generally persons are seen only as the shreds and flying tassels of a crowd; and the talk of voices is replaced by the talk of the town.

That talk of the town is a wonderful thing. It may fall away to a restless, fitful murmur in the middle of the night, but it goes on unceasingly. The honk of the motor-car is its punctuation-mark, and in its indistinguishable vast uproar blend the accents of nearly two million human beings, to say nothing of the wild laughter and tribulations of lesser animals, with an eye or a tongue to the moon that rules more tides than those of the sea.

For there be many voices, but one Voice.

I love particularly the other-worldliness my station in space sometimes assumes, when a thick fog or a cloud-stratum leaves me pendant like Mahomet's coffin, even though I know there is a telephone in my closet and I can throw a verbal anchor down to the earth if I please. Miracles, near and far, are wrought by great black striations that shoot in like Zeppelins; sometimes these phantasmagoria are colored light green, like the under side of 'little leaves new-born,' and sometimes they are black as a fox's fur can be, and thicker still. When a storm comes, I am all wrapped up in clouds and singing winds, and then it is best of all, and I wonder why most people care to live so near the ground. It is nice to know that here and there folk who cast far into the future are painting across roof-tops horizontal advertisements, that they may be aeroplanely read; and I have seen a grand stand built on an office-building's top to witness the

horrendous feats of an aviator. Before long we of the housetop will, like the skylark, spurn the ground altogether, and using the skylights for our front doors, will find the Attic philosopher come into his kingdom at last. All the trees will be roof-trees, and all the gardens, roof-gardens. As I look round me now on other roofs, I can see awnings, and even children's sand-piles, and steamer-chairs, and hammocks, and various canvased arrangements for outdoor sleep.

Even the cats have a roof-garden in a refuge whereof I am aware, and schools have netted enclosures for basket-ball playing as well as for mittened and tippetted recitation. How good is all this migration roofward, while space is at a premium on the ground! We revert to the archaic wisdom of Babylon, the current history of Tibet and the Himalayan peasants, the practice of our western Indians upon their mesas, the Chinese on their terraces, who use their housetops underfoot as well as overhead. One does not realize what a vast unpopulated, unutilized area lies but a few feet above the teeming metropolis, till one looks down upon one hundred and thirty square miles of housetops from above. Then one thinks better than ever of the civil engineering of Semiramis, who, pining for green turf and plashing fountains in place of the sun-baked clay, built a secondary heaven that was some consolation for the grand ruin of Babel.

DICKENS THEN AND NOW

My eldest and most literary niece has just remarked as we sat playing Ruth Ashmore over the mending, 'Aunt Jane, I loathe Dickens. I am simply drowned in the melodrama of it. I hold my breath, plunge in, manage to get my head above water when

a quarter through the book, and climb out dripping on the bank.' Dickens has been a state of mind with me for so many years that I argue about him poorly, so we turned to Tolstoi's idea of Art, which she was preparing for her next college recitation in Slavic 5, and we said no more about it.

Is there a reason or no reason why this is not a Dickens generation? I have experimented with some care among the young people I know best, and this is what it comes to. My last hope among the girls is only eleven, but I sent her last winter the fairest copy I could find of one of my favorites, only to overhear her brother say a little later, 'Theodora says she is almost sorry she told any one she liked Dickens. Seven people sent her that for Christmas, and she did not have any other books.' I've given my nephews football and baseball stories and boarding-school exploits till my conscience is sore, but what else can I do? The only Dickens I ever saw on their shelves was a blue and gold, diluted version of the Death of Little Nell, and I was glad to see that the leaves were uncut.

C. has read all the best of Thackeray three times or more. She knows Kipling by heart and picks up Ruskin for pleasure, but she 'loathes Dickens.' Last winter we tried to have a church Dickens party. But none of the young people knew Captain Cuttle from Tommy Traddles, and after all my best endeavor to show how Mrs. Jellyby really looked and spoke, to be met with, 'I think you must be the Little Marchioness,' was chilling. More than half the people who were asked to take part said blithely, 'I never read the book, but if you will tell me what to wear and what to do, I shall be glad to help.' Imagine telling Sam Weller what to wear and what to do!

Now forty and fifty years ago it certainly was different, and the Dickens

love I know best of all began with a cradle. There are a few cradles still left in attics and, as I remember, the Great Napoleon never took his away from Fontainebleau, but to a modern baby a cradle is more to be feared than a germ. The latest little lad I love lies all day in a firmly anchored, pink-ribbed basket. I found him the other day with not a parent or grandparent or nurse in sight, and I picked him up, wrapped in one of his twenty-seven pink blankets, and tucking him comfortably under one ear as I used to carry his father some thirty-five years ago, I snuggled him up and down the room in great content till I heard the door squeak. If he had been in a cradle now, how easy to have slipped down on the floor beside him, and with one hand on a rocker in case he moved, with the other to turn the pages of — well, *Bleak House*, we will say, and go back through the years to one of my dearest memories — for ‘that’s where it all began, my dears, that’s where it all began.’

Morning naps for the babies were the fashion in our family, and what more helpful task for the daughter older than the rest than to let her prolong this peaceful period by jogging the cradle when necessary, and seeing that no one disturbed the quiet of the darkened room? So, flat on the floor, on her stomach, she lay, ready at the slightest sign to sway the simple little wicker bed, but all the time hearing, really, the rain on the terrace at Chesney Wold — or the dip of oars by Wapping Old Stairs. What races there were sometimes when the baby thought two hours long enough for a nap just as Sidney Carton was ready to take The Only Way or the schoolmaster had

come up behind Eugene Wrayburn at the lock? So between ten and fourteen, or thereabouts, it was all done, with one or two small exceptions. The spring days were the best. Do you know that first forenoon, when the sun is warm enough to make closing green blinds attractive, and leaving the window wide open lets the cool little breeze stir the ruffles on the white curtain? The light is like no other light then, and the air is sweet with locust blossoms from a neighbor’s trees. Then, if there were no books, there is nothing that smooths the wrinkles out of your soul like looking at a sleeping baby; and though the souls of little girls of ten are not so very wrinkled, it was a still little island in the stream to creep to every day — even if there were no book. But there was always the book. Why it was always Dickens I do not know. I cannot remember that any one suggested it, and the only volume of Dickens the house afforded in those days was *Pickwick Papers*, which was the only one I never read. But the college library had a mottled-covered, Browne-illustrated set, with soft-cream paper and type for dim rooms; and volume by volume they became for the time being my books. The pictures were very good, and the dismal memory of how Lady Dedlock looked lying at the gate of the little cemetery, and the oily black water through which Lizzie Hexam rowed, lured me many miles in London once to find the places. That same set of books, discredited now, removed from circulation and piled away on a dusty shelf, is waiting for a time when college sentiment yields to mine, for it is understood that whenever they move to new shelves it will be to *my* shelves.

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HEPATICAS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

OTHER people's sons were coming home for the three or four days' leave. The first gigantic struggle — furious onslaught and grim resistance — was over. Paris, pale, and slightly shuddering still, stood safe. Calais was not taken, and, dug into their trenches, it was evident that the opposing armies would lie face to face, with no decisive encounter possible until the spring.

There was, with all their beauty and terror, an element of the facetious in these unexpected holidays, of the matter-of-factness, the freedom from strain or sentiment that was the English oddity and the English strength. Men who had known the horrors of the retreat from Mons or the carnage of Ypres, who had not taken off their clothes for ten days at a stretch or slept for four nights, came home from trenches knee-deep in mud, from battlefields heaped with unburied dead, and appeared immaculate and cheerful at breakfast; a little sober and preoccupied, perhaps; touched, perhaps, with strangeness; but ready for the valorous family jest, and alluding to the war as if, while something too solemn for adequate comment, it were yet something that lent itself to laughter. One did such funny things, and saw them; of

the other things one did not speak; and there was the huge standing joke of an enemy who actually hated one. These grave and cheerful young men hated nobody; but they were very eager to go back again; and they were all ready, not only to die but to die good-humoredly. From the demeanor of mothers and wives and sisters it was evident that nothing would be said or done to make this readiness difficult; but Mrs. Bradley, who showed serenity to the world and did not even when alone allow herself to cry, suspected that the others, beneath their smiles, carried hearts as heavy with dread as her own.

It had been heavy, with hope now as well as with dread, for the past week. It was a week since she had last heard from Jack. Mrs. Crawley, over the hill, had had her wire, and her husband was now with her; and Lady Wrexham expected her boy to-morrow. There was no certainty at all as regarded herself; yet at any moment she might have a wire; and feeling to-day the stress of waiting too great to be borne in passivity, she left her books and letters and put on her gardening shoes and gloves and went out to her borders.

For weeks now the incessant rain had made the relief and solace of gardening almost an impossibility; but to-day was mild and clear. There was no

radiance in the air; curtains of pearly mist shut out the sky; yet here and there a soft opening in the white showed a pale, far blue, gentle and remote as the gaze of a wandering goddess, and the hills seemed to smile quietly up at the unseen sun. Mrs. Bradley, as she went along the river-path, could look across at the hills; the river-path and the hills were the great feature of Dorrington, — the placid, comely red brick house to which she and Jack had come fifteen years ago, after the death of her husband in India. Enclosed by woods, and almost catching sight of the road, — from its upper windows and over its old brick wall, — the house could have seemed to her too commonplace and almost suburban, in spite of the indubitably old oak-paneling of the drawing-room, had it not been for the river and the hills. Stepping out on to the lawn from the windows of the drawing-room, she and Jack, on that April day, had found themselves confronting both — the limpid, rapid little stream, spanned near the house by its mossy bridge, and the hills, beyond the meadows, streaked with purple woodlands and rising, above the woods, to slopes russet, fawn, and azure. Jack, holding her by the hand, had pointed at once with an eager 'Is n't it pretty, mummy!' — even at eight he had cared almost as much as she, and extraordinarily in the same way, for the sights of the country; and if the hills had n't settled the question, it was settled, quite finally, ten minutes later, by the white hepaticas.

They had come upon them suddenly, after their tour of the walled kitchen garden and their survey of the lawn with its ugly shrubberies, — now long forgotten, — penetrating a thicket of hazels and finding themselves in an opening under trees where neighboring woods looked at them over an old stone wall, and where, from an old stone bench, one could see the river. The

ground was soft with the fallen leaves of many an autumn; a narrow path ran, half obliterated, down to the river; and among the faded brown, everywhere, rose the thick clusters, the dark leaves, and the snowy flowers, — poignant, amazing in their beauty.

She and Jack had stopped short to gaze. She had never seen such white hepaticas, or so many, or so placed. And Jack, presently, lifting his dear nut-brown head and nut-brown eyes, had said, gazing up at her as he had gazed at the flowers, 'They are just like you, mummy.'

She had felt at once that they were like her; more like than the little boy's instinct could grasp. He had thought of the darkness and whiteness; her widow's weeds and pale face had suggested that; but he could not know the sorrow, the longing, the earthly sense of irreparable loss, the heavenly sense of a possession unalterably hers, that the dark, melancholy leaves and celestial whiteness of the flowers expressed to her. Tears had risen to her eyes and she had stooped and kissed her child, — how like her husband's that little face! — and had said, after a moment, 'We must never leave them, Jack.'

They had never left them. Dorrington had been their home for fifteen years, and the hepaticas the heart of it, it had always seemed to them both; the loveliest ritual of the year that early spring one when, in the hazel copse, they would find the white hepaticas again in flower. And of all the autumnal labors none were sweeter than those that cherished and divided and protected the beloved flowers.

Mrs. Bradley, to-day, worked in her long border, weeding, troweling, placing belated labels. She was dressed in black, her straw hat bound beneath her chin by a ribbon and her soft gardening gloves rolling back from her firm, white wrists. Her gestures ex-

pressed a calm energy, an accurate grace. She was tall, and when she raised herself to look over the meadows at the hills, she showed small, decisive features, all marked, in the pallor of her face, as if with the delicate, neutral emphasis of an etching: the gray, scrutinizing eyes, the charming yet ugly nose, the tranquil mouth that had, at the corners, a little drop, half sweet, half bitter, as if with tears repressed or a summoned smile. Squared at brow and chin, it would, but for the mildness of the gaze, have been an imperious face; and her head, its whitened hair drawn back and looped in wide braids behind, had an air at once majestic and unworldly.

She had worked for over an hour and the last label was set beside a precious clump of iris. The hazel copse lay near by; and gathering up her tools, drawing off her wet gloves, she followed the path under the leafless branches and among the hepaticas to the stone bench, where, sinking down, she knew that she was very tired. She could see, below the bank, the dark, quick stream; a pale, diffused light in the sky showed where the sun was dropping toward the hills.

Where was Jack at this moment, this quiet moment of a monotonous English winter day?—so like the days of all the other years that it was impossible to think of what was happening a few hours' journey away across the Channel. Impossible to think of it; yet the thick throb of her heart spoke to the full of its significance. She had told herself from the beginning—passionate, rebellious creature as, at bottom, she knew herself to be, always in need of discipline and only in these later years schooled to a control and submission that, in her youth, she would have believed impossible to her—she had told herself, when he had gone from her, that, as a soldier's widow, she must see her soldier son go to

death. She must give him to that; be ready for it; and if he came back to her it would be as if he were born again, a gift, a grace, unexpected and unclaimed. She must feel, for herself as well as for her country, that these days of dread were also days of a splendor and beauty unmatched by any in England's history, and that a soldier's widow must ask for no more glorious fate for her son than death in such a cause. She had told herself all this many times; yet, as she sat there, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes on the stream below, she felt that she was now merely motherhood, tense, huddled, throbbing and longing, longing for its child.

Then, suddenly, she heard Jack's footsteps. They came, quick and light, along the garden path; they entered the wood; they were near, but softened by the fallen leaves. And, half rising, afraid of her own joy, she hardly knew that she saw him before she was in his arms; and it was better to meet thus, in the blindness and darkness of their embrace, her cheek pressed against his hair, his head buried close between her neck and shoulder.

'Jack!—Jack!' she heard herself say.

He said nothing, holding her tightly to him, with quick breaths; and even after she had opened her eyes and could look down at him,—her own, her dear, beautiful Jack,—could see the nut-brown head, the smooth brown cheek, the firm brown hand which grasped her, he did not for a long time raise his head and look at her. When, at last, he did look up, she could not tell, through her tears, whether, like herself, he was trying to smile.

They sat down together on the bench. She did not ask him why he had not wired. That question pressed too sharply on her heart; to ask might seem to reproach.

'Darling—you are so thin,—so

much older, — but you look — strong and well.'

'We're all of us extraordinarily fit, mummy. It's wholesome, living in mud.'

'And wholesome living among bursting shells? I had your last letter telling of that miraculous escape.'

'There have been a lot more since then. Every day seems a miracle — that one's alive at the end of it.'

'But you get used to it?'

'All except the noise. That always seems to daze me still. Some of our fellows are deaf from it. — You heard of Toppie, mother?' Jack asked.

Toppie was Alan Thorpe, Jack's nearest friend. He had been killed ten days ago.

'I heard it, Jack. Were you with him?'

'Yes. It was in a bayonet charge. He did n't suffer. A bullet went right through him. He just gave a little cry and fell.' Jack's voice had the mildness of a sorrow that has passed beyond the capacity for emotion. 'We found him afterwards. He is buried out there.'

'You must tell Frances about it, Jack. I went to her at once.' Frances was Toppie's sister. 'She is bearing it so bravely.'

'I must write to her. She would be sure to be plucky.'

He answered all her questions, sitting closely against her, his arm around her; looking down, while he spoke, and twisting, as had always been his boyish way, a button on her coat. He was at that enchanting moment of young manhood when the child is still apparent in the man. His glance was shy yet candid; his small, firm lips had a child's gravity. With his splendid shoulders, long legs, and noble little head, he was yet as endearing as he was impressive. His mother's heart ached with love and pride and fear as she gazed at him.

And a question came, near the sharp one, yet hoping to evade it: —

'Jack, dearest, how long will you be with me? How long is the leave?'

He raised his eyes then and looked at her; a curious look. Something in it blurred her mind with a sense of some other sort of fear.

'Only till to-night,' he said.

It seemed confusion rather than pain that she felt. 'Only till to-night, Jack? But Richard Crawley has been back for three days already. I thought they gave you longer?'

'I know, mummy.' His eyes were dropped again and his hand at the button — did it tremble? — twisted and untwisted. 'I've been back for three days already. — I've been in London.'

'In London?' Her breath failed her. The sense of alien fear became a fog, horrible, suffocating. 'But — Jack — why?'

'I did n't wire, mummy, because I knew I'd have to be there for most of my time. I felt I could n't wire and tell you. I felt I had to see you when I told you. Mother — I'm married. — I came back to get married. — I was married this morning. — Oh, mother, can you ever forgive me?'

His shaking hands held her and his eyes could not meet hers.

She felt the blood rush, as if her heart had been divided with a sword, to her throat, to her eyes, choking her, burning her; and as if from far away she heard her own voice saying, after a little time had passed, 'There's nothing I could n't forgive you, Jack. Tell me. Don't be afraid of hurting me.'

He held her tightly, still looking down as he said, 'She is a dancer, mother, a little dancer. It was in London, last summer. A lot of us came up from Aldershot together. She was in the chorus of one of those musical comedies. Mother, you can never understand. But it was n't just low and vulgar. She

was so lovely, — so very young, — with the most wonderful golden hair and the sweetest eyes. — I don't know. — I simply went off my head when I saw her. We all had supper together afterwards. Toppie knew one of the other girls, and Dollie was there. That's her name — Dollie Vaughan — her stage name. Her real name was Byles. Her people, I think, were little tradespeople, and she'd lost her father and mother, and an aunt had been very unkind. She told me all about it that night. Mother, please believe just this: it was n't only the obvious thing. — I know I can't explain. But you remember, when we read *War and Peace* — His broken voice groped for the analogy — 'You remember Natacha, when she falls in love with Anatole, and nothing that was real before seems real, and she is ready for anything. — It was like that. It was all fairyland, like that. No one thought it wrong. It didn't seem wrong. Everything went together.'

She had gathered his hand closely in hers and she sat there, quiet, looking at her hopes lying slain before her. Her Jack. The wife who was, perhaps, to have been his. The children that she, perhaps, should have seen. All dead. The future blotted out. Only this wraith-like present; only this moment of decision; Jack and his desperate need the only real things left.

And after a moment, for his laboring breath had failed, she said, 'Yes, dear?' and smiled at him.

He covered his face with his hands. 'Mother, I've ruined your life.'

He had, of course, in ruining his own; yet even at that moment of wreckage she was able to remember, if not to feel, that life could mend from terrible wounds, could marvelously grow from compromises and defeats. 'No, dearest, no,' she said. 'While I have you, nothing is ruined. We shall see what can be done. Go on. Tell me the rest.'

He put out his hand to hers again and sat now a little turned away from her, speaking on in his deadened, bitter voice.

'There was n't any glamour after that first time. I only saw her once or twice again. I was awfully sorry and ashamed over the whole thing. Her company left London, on tour, and then the war came, and I simply forgot all about her. And the other day, over there, I had a letter from her. She was in terrible trouble. She was ill and had no money, and no work. And she was going to have a child — my child; and she begged me to send her a little money to help her through, or she did n't know what would become of her.'

The fog, the horrible confusion, even the despair, had passed now. The sense of ruin, of wreckage almost irreparable, was there; yet with it, too, was the strangest sense of gladness. He was her own Jack, completely hers, for she saw now why he had done it; she could be glad that he had done it. 'Go on, dear,' she said. 'I understand; I understand perfectly.'

'O mother, bless you!' He put her hand to his lips, bowing his head upon it for a moment. 'I was afraid you could n't. I was afraid you could n't forgive me. But I had to do it. I thought it all over — out there. Everything had become so different after what one had been through. One saw everything differently. Some things did n't matter at all, and other things mattered tremendously. This was one of them. I knew I could n't just send her money. I knew I could n't bear to have the poor child born without a name and with only that foolish little mother to take care of it. And when I found I could get this leave, I knew I must marry her. That was why I did n't wire. I thought I might not have time to come to you at all.'

'Where is she, Jack?' Her voice, her

eyes, her smile at him, showed him that, indeed, she understood perfectly.

'In lodgings that I found for her; nice and quiet, with a kind landlady. She was in such an awful place in Ealing. She is so changed, poor little thing. I should hardly have known her. Mother, darling, I wonder, could you just go and see her once or twice? She's frightfully lonely; and so very young. — If you could. — If you would just help things along a little till the baby comes, I should be so grateful. And, then, if I don't come back, will you, for my sake, see that they are safe?'

'But, Jack,' she said, smiling at him, 'she is coming here, of course. I shall go and get her to-morrow.'

He stared at her and his color rose. 'Get her? Bring her here, to stay?'

'Of course, darling. And if you don't come back, I will take care of them, always.'

'But, mother,' said Jack, and there were tears in his eyes, 'you don't know, you don't realize. I mean — she's a dear little thing — but you could n't be happy with her. She'd get most frightfully on your nerves. She's just — just a silly little dancer who has got into trouble.'

Jack was clear-sighted. Every vestige of fairyland had vanished. And she was deeply thankful that they should see alike, while she answered, 'It's not exactly a time for considering one's nerves, is it, Jack? I hope I won't get on hers. I must just try and make her as happy as I can.'

She made it all seem natural and almost sweet. The tears were in his eyes, yet he had to smile back at her when she said, 'You know that I am good at managing people. I'll manage her. And perhaps when you come back, my darling, she won't be a silly little dancer.'

They sat now for a little while in silence. While they had talked, a golden

sunset, slowly, had illuminated the western sky. The river below them was golden, and the wintry woodlands bathed in light. Jack held her hands and gazed at her. Love could say no more than his eyes, in their trust and sorrow, said to her; she could never more completely possess her son. Sitting there with him, hand in hand, while the light slowly ebbed and twilight fell about them, she felt it to be, in its accepted sorrow, the culminating and transfiguring moment of her maternity.

When they at last rose to go it was the hour for Jack's departure, and it had become almost dark. Far away, through the trees, they could see the lighted windows of the house that waited for them, but to which she must return alone. With his arms around her shoulders, Jack paused a moment, looking about him. 'Do you remember that day — when we first came here, mummy?' he asked.

She felt in him suddenly a sadness deeper than any he had yet shown her. The burden of the past she had lifted from him; but he must bear now the burden of what he had done to her, to their life, to all the future. And, protesting against his pain, her mother's heart strove still to shelter him while she answered, as if she did not feel his sadness, 'Yes, dear, and do you remember the hepaticas on that day?'

'Like you,' said Jack in a gentle voice. 'I can hardly see the plants. Are they all right?'

'They are doing beautifully.'

'I wish the flowers were out,' said Jack. 'I wish it were the time for the flowers to be out, so that I could have seen you and them together, like that first day.' And then, putting his head down on her shoulder, he murmured, 'It will never be the same again. I've spoiled everything for you.'

But he was not to go from her un-

comforted. She found the firmest voice in which to answer him, stroking his hair and pressing him to her with the full reassurance of her resolution. 'Nothing is spoiled, Jack, nothing. You have never been so near me — so how can anything be spoiled? And when you come back, darling, you'll find your son, perhaps, and the hepaticas may be in flower, waiting for you.'

II

Mrs. Bradley and her daughter-in-law sat together in the drawing-room. They sat opposite each other on the two chintz chesterfields placed at right angles to the pleasantly blazing fire, the chintz curtains drawn against a rainy evening. It was a long, low room, with paneled walls; and, like Mrs. Bradley's head, it had an air at once majestic, decorated, and old-fashioned. It was a rather crowded room, with many deep chairs and large couches, many tables with lamps and books and photographs upon them, many porcelains, prints, and pots of growing flowers. Mrs. Bradley, her tea-table before her, was in her evening black silk; lace ruffles rose about her throat; she wore her accustomed necklace of old enamel, blue, black, and white, set with small diamonds, and the enamel locket that had within it Jack's face on one side and his father's on the other; her white hands, moving gently among the teacups, showed an ancient cluster of diamonds above the slender wedding-ring. From time to time she lifted her eyes and smiled quietly over at her daughter-in-law. It was the first time that she had really seen Dollie, that is, in any sense that meant contemplative observation. Dollie had spent her first week at Dorrington in bed, sodden with fatigue rather than ill. 'What you need,' Mrs. Bradley had said, 'is to go to sleep for a fortnight'; and Dollie had almost

literally carried out the prescription. Stealing carefully into the darkened room, with its flowers and opened windows and steadily glowing fire, Mrs. Bradley had stood and looked for long moments at all that she could see of her daughter-in-law, — a flushed, almost babyish face lying on the pillow between thick golden braids, sleeping so deeply, so unconsciously, — her sleep making her mother-in-law think of a little boat gliding slowly yet steadily on and on, between new shores; so that, when she was to awake and look about her, it would be as if, with no bewilderment or readjustment, she found herself transformed, a denizen of an altered world. That was what Mrs. Bradley wanted, that Dollie should become an inmate of Dorrington with as little effort or consciousness for any of them as possible, and the drowsy days and nights of infantine slumbers seemed indeed to have brought her very near. She and Pickering, the admirable woman who filled so skillfully the combined positions of lady's maid and parlormaid in her little establishment, had braided Dollie's thick tresses, one on either side, — Mrs. Bradley laughing a little and both older women touched, almost happy in their sense of something so young and helpless to take care of. Pickering understood, nearly as well as Jack's mother, that Master Jack, as he had remained to her, had married very much beneath him; but at this time of tragic issues and primitive values, she, nearly as much as Jack's mother, felt only the claim, the pathos of youth and helplessness. It was as if they had a singularly appealing case of a refugee to take care of; social and even moral appraisals were inapplicable to such a case, and Mrs. Bradley felt that she had never so admired Pickering as when seeing that for her, too, they were in abeyance. It was a comfort to feel so fond of Pickering at

a time when one was in need of any comfort one could get; and to feel that, creature of codes and discriminations as she was, to a degree that had made her mistress sometimes think of her as a sort of Samurai of service, a function rather than a person, she was even more fundamentally a kind and Christian woman. Between them, cook intelligently sustaining them from below and the housemaids helpful in their degree, they fed and tended and nursed Dollie, and by that eighth day she was more than ready to get up and go down and investigate her new surroundings.

She sat there now, in the pretty tea-gown her mother-in-law had bought for her, leaning back against her cushions, one arm lying along the back of the couch and one foot in its patent-leather shoe, with its sparkling buckle and alarming heel, thrusting forward a carefully arched instep. The attitude made one realize, however completely tenderer preoccupations held the foreground of one's consciousness, how often and successfully she must have sat to theatrical photographers. Her way of smiling, too, very softly, yet with the effect of a calculated and dazzling display of pearly teeth, was impersonal, and directed, as it were, to the public *via* the camera rather than to any individual interlocutor. Mrs. Bradley even imagined, unversed as she was in the methods of Dollie's world, that of allurements in its conscious and determined sense, she was almost innocent. She placed herself, she adjusted her arm and her foot, and she smiled gently; intention hardly went further than that wish to look her best.

Pink and white and gold as she was, and draped there on the chesterfield in a profusion of youth and a frivolity that was yet all passivity, she made her mother-in-law think, and with a certain sinking of the heart, of a Dorothy Perkins rose, a flower she had never cared

for; and Dollie carried on the analogy in the sense she gave that there were such myriads more just like her. On almost every page of every illustrated weekly paper, one saw the ingenuous, limpid eyes, the display of eyelash, the lips, their outline emphasized by just that touch of rouge, those copious waves of hair. Like the Dorothy Perkins roses on their pergolas, so these pretty faces seemed — looped, draped, festooned — to climb over all the available spaces of the modern press.

But this, Mrs. Bradley told herself, was to see Dollie with a dry, hard eye, was to see her superficially, from the social rather than from the human point of view. Under the photographic creature must lie the young, young girl, — so young, so harmless that it would be very possible to mould her, with all discretion, all tenderness, into some suitability as Jack's wife. Dollie, from the moment that she had found her, a sodden, battered rose indeed, in the London lodging-house, had shown herself grateful, even humble, and endlessly acquiescent. She had not shown herself at all abashed or apologetic, and that had been a relief; had counted for her, indeed, in her mother-in-law's eyes, as a sort of innocence, a sort of dignity. But if Dollie were contented with her new mother, and very grateful to her, she was also contented with herself; Mrs. Bradley had been aware of this at once; and she knew now that if she were being carefully and commendingly watched while she poured out the tea, this concentration did not imply unqualified approval. Dollie was the type of young woman to whom she herself stood as the type of the 'perfect lady'; but with the appreciation went the proviso of the sharp little London mind, — versed in the whole ritual of smartness as it displayed itself at theatre or restaurant, — that she was a rather dowdy one. She was a lady,

perfect but not smart, while, at the same time, the quality of her defect was, she imagined, a little bewildering and therefore a little impressive. Actually to awe Dollie and to make her shy, it would be necessary to be smart; but it was far more pleasant and perhaps as efficacious merely to impress her, and it was as well that Dollie should be impressed; for anything in the nature of an advantage that she could recognize would make it easier to direct, protect, and mould her.

She asked her a good many leisurely and unstressed questions on this first evening, and drew Dollie to ask her others in return; and she saw herself stooping thoughtfully over a flourishing young plant that yet needed transplanting, softly moving the soil about its roots, softly finding out if there were any very deep tap-root that would have to be dealt with. But Dollie, so far as tastes and ideas went, hardly seemed to have any roots at all; so few that it was a question if any change of soil could affect a creature so shallow. She smiled, she was at ease; she showed her complete assurance that a young lady so lavishly endowed with all the most significant gifts, need not occupy herself with mental adornments.

'You're a great one for books, I see,' she commented, looking about the room; 'I suppose you do a great deal of reading down here to keep from feeling too dull'; and she added that she herself, if there was 'nothing doing,' liked a good novel, especially if she had a box of sweets to eat while she read it.

'You shall have a box of sweets tomorrow,' Mrs. Bradley told her, 'with or without the novel, as you like.'

And Dollie thanked her, watching her cut the cake, and, as the rain lashed against the windows, remarking on the bad weather and cheerfully hoping that 'poor old Jack' was n't in those horrid trenches. 'I think war's a wicked thing,

don't you, Mrs. Bradley?' she added.

When Dollie talked in this conventionally solicitous tone of Jack, her mother-in-law could but wish her upstairs again, merely young, merely the tired and battered refugee. She had not much tenderness for Jack, that was evident, nor much imaginativeness in regard to the feelings of Jack's mother. But she soon passed from the theme of Jack and his danger. Her tea was finished and she got up and went to the piano, remarking that there was one thing she *could* do. 'Poor mother used to always say I was made of music. From the time I was a mere tot I could pick out anything on the piano.' And placing herself, pressing down the patent-leather shoe on the loud pedal, she surged into a waltz as foolish and as conventionally alluring as her own eyes. Her inaccuracy was equaled only by her facility. Smiling, swaying over the keys with alternate speed and languor, she addressed her audience with altogether the easy mastery of a music-hall *artiste*: 'It's a lovely thing — one of my favorites. I'll often play, Mrs. Bradley, and cheer us up. There is nothing like music for that, is there? it speaks so to the heart.' And, wholeheartedly indeed, she accompanied the melody by a passionate humming.

The piano was Jack's and it was poor Jack who was made of music. How was he to bear it, his mother asked herself, as she sat listening. Dollie, after that initiation, spent many hours at the piano every day, — so many and such noisy hours, that her mother-in-law, unnoticed, could shut herself in the little morning-room that overlooked the brick wall at the front of the house and had the morning sun.

It was difficult to devise other occupations for Dollie. She earnestly disclaimed any wish to have proper music lessons, and when her mother-in-law, patiently persistent, arranged for a

skillful mistress to come down twice a week from London, Dollie showed such apathy and dullness that any hope of developing such musical ability as she possessed had to be abandoned. She did not like walking, and the sober pageant of the winter days was a blank book to her. Sewing, she said, had always given her frightful fidgets; and it was with the strangest sense of a privilege, a joy, un hoped-for and now thrust upon her, that Mrs. Bradley sat alone working at the little garments that meant all her future and all Jack's. The baby seemed already more hers than Dollie's.

Sometimes, on a warm afternoon, Dollie, wrapped in her fur cloak, would emerge for a little while and watch her mother-in-law at work in her borders. The sight amused and surprised but hardly interested her, and she soon went tottering back to the house on the preposterous heels that Mrs. Bradley had, as yet, found no means of tactfully banishing. And sometimes, when the piano again resounded, Mrs. Bradley would leave her borders and retreat to the hazel-copse, where, as she sat on the stone bench, she could hear, through the soft sound of the running water, hardly more than the distant beat and hum of Dollie's waltzes; and where, with more and more the sense of escape and safety, she could find a refuge from the sight and sound and scent of Dollie, — the thick, sweet, penetrating scent that was always to be indelibly associated in her mother-in-law's mind with this winter of foreboding, of hope, and of growing hopelessness.

In her letters to Jack, she found herself, involuntarily at first, and then deliberately, altering, suppressing, even falsifying. While Dollie had been in bed, when so much hope had been possible of a creature so unrevealed, she had written very tenderly, and she continued, now, to write tenderly, and it was not false to do that; she could

feel no hardness or antagonism against poor Dollie. But she continued to write hopefully, as every day hope grew less.

Jack, himself, did not say much of Dollie, though there was always the affectionate message and the affectionate inquiry. But what was difficult to deal with were the hints of his anxiety and fear that stole among the terse, cheerful descriptions of his precarious days. What was she doing with herself? How were she and Dollie getting on? Did Dollie care about any of the things she cared about?

She told him that they got on excellently well, that Dollie spent a good deal of time at the piano, and that when they went out to tea people were perfectly nice and understanding. She knew, indeed, that she could depend on her friends to be that. They accepted Dollie on the terms she asked for her. From friends so near as Mrs. Crawley and Lady Wrexham she had not concealed the fact that Dollie was a misfortune; but if others thought so they were not to show it. She still hoped, by degrees, to make Dollie a figure easier to deal with at such neighborly gatherings. She had abandoned any hope that Dollie would grow; anything so feeble and so foolish could not grow; there was no other girl under the little dancer; she was simply no more and no less than she showed herself to be; but, at this later stage of their relationship, Mrs. Bradley essayed, now and then, a deliberate if kindly severity, — as to heels, as to scents, as to touches of rouge.

'Oh, but I'm as careful, just as careful, Mrs. Bradley!' Dollie protested. 'I can't walk in lower heels. They hurt my instep. I've a very high instep and it needs support.' She was genuinely amazed that any one could dislike her scent and that any one could think the rouge unbecoming. She seemed to acquiesce, but the acquiescence was fol-

lowed by moods of mournfulness and even by tears. There was no capacity in her for temper or rebellion, and she was all unconscious of giving a warning as she sobbed, 'It's nothing — really nothing, Mrs. Bradley. I'm sure you mean to be kind. Only — it's rather quiet and lonely here. I've always been used to so many people, — to having everything so bright and jolly.'

She was not rapacious; she was not dissolute; she could be kept respectable and even contented if she were not made too aware of the contrast between her past existence and her present lot. With an air only of pensive pride she would sometimes point out to Mrs. Bradley, in the pages of those same illustrated weeklies with which her mother-in-law associated her, the face of some former companion. One of these young ladies had recently married the son of a peer. 'She *is* in luck, Floss,' said Dollie. 'We always thought it would come to that. He's been gone on her for ages, but his people were horrid.'

Mrs. Bradley felt that, at all events, Dollie had no ground for thinking her 'horrid'; yet she imagined that there lay drowsing at the back of her mind a plaintive little sense of being caught and imprisoned. Floss had stepped, triumphant, from the footlights to the registrar's office, and apparently had succeeded in uniting the radiance of her past and present status. No, Dollie could be kept respectable and contented only if the pressure were of the lightest. She could not change, she could only shift; and although Mrs. Bradley felt that for herself, her life behind her, her story told, she could manage to put up with a merely shifted Dollie, she could not see how Jack was to manage it. What was Jack to do with her? was the thought that pressed with a growing weight on her mother's heart. She could never be of Jack's life; yet here she was, in it, planted there by his own

generous yet inevitable act, and by hers, — in its very centre, and not to be evaded or forgotten.

And the contrast between what Jack's life might have been and what it now must be was made more poignantly apparent to her when Frances Thorpe came down to stay from a Saturday to Monday; Frances in her black, tired and thin from Red-Cross work in London; bereaved in more, her old friend knew, than dear Toppie's death; yet with her leisurely, unstressed cheerfulness almost unaltered, the lightness that went with so much tenderness, the drollery that went with so much depth. Dearest, most charming of girls, — but for Jack's wretched stumble into 'fairyland' last summer, destined obviously to be his wife, — could any presence have shown more disastrously, in its contrast with poor Dollie, how Jack had done for himself? She watched the two together that evening, — Frances with her thick, crinkled hair and clearly curved brow and her merry, steady eyes, leaning, elbow on knee, to talk and listen to Dollie; and Dollie, poor Dollie, flushed, touched with an unbecoming sulkiness, aware, swiftly and unerringly, of a rival type. Frances was of the type that young men married when they did not 'do for themselves.' There was now no gulf of age or habit to veil from Dollie her disadvantage. She answered shortly, with now and then a dry, ironic little laugh; and, getting up at last, she went to the piano and loudly played.

'He could n't have done differently. It was the only thing he could do,' Frances said that night before her bedroom fire. She did not hide her recognition of Jack's plight, but she was staunch.

'I would n't have had him do differently. But it will ruin his life,' said the mother. 'If he comes back, it will ruin his life.'

'No, no,' said Frances, looking at the flames. 'Why should it? A man does n't depend on his marriage like that. He has his career.'

'Yes. He has his career. A career is n't a life.'

'Is n't it?' The girl gazed down. 'But it's what so many people have to put up with. And so many have n't even a career.' Something came into her voice and she turned from it quickly. 'He's crippled, in a sense, of course. But you are here. He will have you to come back to always.'

'I shall soon be old, dear, and she will always be here. That's inevitable. Some day I shall have to leave her to Jack to bear with alone.'

'She may become more of a companion.'

'No; no, she won't.' The bitterness of the mother's heart expressed itself in the dry, light utterance. It was a comfort to express bitterness, for once, to somebody.

'She is a harmless little thing,' Frances offered after a moment.

'Harmless?' Mrs. Bradley turned it over dryly and lightly. 'I can't feel her that. I feel her blameless if you like. And it will be easy to keep her contented. That is really the best that one can say of poor Dollie. And, then, there will be the child. I am pinning all my hopes to the child, Frances.'

Frances understood that.

Dollie, as the winter wore on, kept remarkably well. She had felt it the proper thing to allude to Jack and his danger; and so, now, she more and more frequently felt it the proper thing to allude, humorously, if with a touch of melancholy, to 'baby.' Her main interest in baby, Mrs. Bradley felt, was an alarmed one. She was a good deal frightened, poor little soul, and in need of constant reassurances; and it was when one need only pet and pity Dollie that she was easier to deal with. Mrs.

Bradley tried to interest her in plans for the baby; what it should be named, and how its hair should be done if it were a little girl, — for only on this assumption could Dollie's interest be at all vividly roused; and Mrs. Bradley more than ever hoped for a boy when she found Dollie's idle yet stubborn thoughts fixed on the name of Gloria.

She was able to evade discussion of this point, and when the baby came, fortunately and robustly, into the world on a fine March morning, she could feel it as a minor but very real cause for thanksgiving that Dollie need now never know what she thought of Gloria as a name. The baby was a boy, and now that he was here Dollie seemed as well pleased that he should be a commonplace Jack, and that there should be no question of tying his hair with cockades of ribbon over each ear. Smiling and rosy and languid, she lay in her charming room, not at all more maternal — though she showed a bland satisfaction in her child and noted that his eyes were just like Jack's — yet subtly more wifely. Baby, she no doubt felt, with the dim instinct that did duty for thought with her, placed and rooted her and gave her final rights. She referred now to Jack with the pensive but open affection of their shared complacency, and made her mother-in-law think, as she lay there, of a soft and sleepy and tenacious creeper, fixing tentacle after tentacle in the walls of Jack's house of life.

If only one could feel that she had furnished it with a treasure! Gravely, with a sad fondness, the grandmother studied the little face, so unfamiliar, for signs of Jack. She was a helplessly clear-sighted woman, and remembrance was poignantly vivid in her of Jack's face at a week old. Already she loved the baby since its eyes, indubitably, were his; but she could find no other trace of him. It was not a Bradley

baby; and in the dreamy, foreboding flickers of individuality that pass uncannily across an infant's features, her melancholy and steady discernment could see only the Byles ancestry.

She was to do all she could for the baby: to save him, so far as might be, from his Byles ancestry and to keep him, so far as might be, Jack's and hers. That was to be her task. But with all the moulding that could, mercifully, be applied from the very beginning, she could not bring herself to believe that this was ever to be a very significant human being.

She sent Jack his wire: 'A son. Dollie doing splendidly.' And she had his answer: 'Best thanks. Love to Dollie.' It was curious, indeed, this strange new fact they had now, always, to deal with; this light little 'Dollie' that must be passed between them. The baby might have made Jack happy, but it had not solved the problem of his future.

III

A week later the telegram was brought to her telling her that he had been killed in action.

It was a beautiful spring day, just such a day as that on which she and Jack had first seen Dorrington, and she had been working in the garden. When she had read, she turned and walked down the path that led to the hazel-copse. She hardly knew what had happened to her; there was only an instinct for flight, concealment, secrecy; but, as she walked, there rose in her, without sound, as if in a nightmare, the terrible cry of her loneliness. The dark wet earth that covered him seemed heaped upon her heart.

The hazel-copse was tasseled thickly with golden-green, and as she entered it she saw that the hepaticas were in flower. They seemed to shine with their own celestial whiteness, set in

their melancholy green among the fallen leaves. She had never seen them look so beautiful.

She followed the path, looking down at them, and she seemed to feel Jack's little hand in hers and to see, at her side, his nut-brown head. It had been on just such a morning. She came to the stone bench; but the impulse that had led her here was altered. She did not sink down and cover her face, but stood looking around her at the flowers, the telegram still open in her hand; and slowly, with stealing calm, the sense of sanctuary fell about her.

She had lost him, and with him went all her life. He was dead, his youth and strength and beauty. Yet what was this strange up-welling of relief, deep, deep relief, for Jack; this gladness, poignant and celestial, like that of the hepaticas? He was dead and the dark earth covered him; yet he was here, with her, safe in his youth and strength and beauty for ever. He had died the glorious death, and no future, tangled, perplexed, fretful with its foolish burden, lay before him. There was no loss for Jack; no fading, no waste. The burden was for her and he was free.

Later, when pain should have dissolved thought, her agony would come to her unalleviated; but this hour was hers, and his. She heard the river and the soft whisperings of spring. A bird dropped lightly, unafraid, from branch to branch of a tree near by. From the woods came the rapid, insistent tapping of a woodpecker; and, as in so many springs, she seemed to hear Jack say, 'Hark, mummy,' and his little hand was always held in hers. And, everywhere, telling of irreparable loss, of a possession unalterable, the tragic, the celestial hepaticas.

She sat down on the stone bench now and closed her eyes for a little while, so holding them more closely — Jack and the hepaticas — together.

QUESTIONS FOR PACIFISTS

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

I

THE propaganda for universal peace has been one of the prominent world-movements of our time. Until recently it was apparently making substantial headway. A literature of immense volume, much of it of high intellectual quality, had developed; a great number of peace societies had been organized; 'foundations,' dedicating many millions of dollars to the cause, had been established; international conferences, embracing a wide variety of subjects, had been held, the most important being the historic Hague Conferences; arbitration treaties in increasing numbers had been entered into; and a powerful body of public opinion averse to war had been developed in all lands. There had indeed been warnings of impending danger, and there had been caution against trusting to theories which were liable to prove more visionary than practical; but on the whole the movement had met with amazing success, and many earnest minds had come to believe that such a thing as a general war among the nations was not a probability of the future.

In the midst of this summer sunshine of confidence and hope burst the terrible cyclone of the present war. As we look back upon those fateful days of July and August, 1914, how impossible and unreal seemed the drama then forming! How earnestly, to the last, men clung to the belief that it could not be! How incredible it seemed that such a 'crime,' as it was universally

stigmatized, could be committed! It came to pass, nevertheless. Irresistibly it has gone on developing, until it has become the most stupendous of man's performances since history began. In following day by day with burning eagerness the course of events, we are overwhelmed on the one hand with the proof of man's collective power to do great things, and dismayed on the other at his impotence to deflect in the slightest degree the inscrutable course of fate. We have been undergoing an education — in geography, in history, in knowledge of races, of government, and of the times in which we live, and above all in the complexity of motives which control the affairs of men. Except among extremists, the cheerful assurance with which theories of public policy on these matters were set up and expounded only yesterday is less in evidence to-day. The problem of war and peace stands out in all its perplexing intricacies as has never been the case before, and men frankly confess that they know not whether to face the future with confidence or with despair.

Nevertheless, enlightened opinion on the subject of war has not changed in any essential respect as a result of the catastrophe which has befallen the world. It still holds that, in our civilization, war has become an anachronism; that some better way must be found; that, as man has met and overcome, or is surely overcoming, the scourges of pestilence, famine, and flood, so he must overcome this greatest of human scourges; and that, in

particular, the gnawing canker of armed peace must in some way be purged from the body politic. Public feeling on this subject has been greatly intensified by the experience which the world is now undergoing, and the best minds of the age are studying the problem as never before. Peace organizations the world over, pacifist writers and speakers, and even trained political observers, have put forth, with greater confidence than prudence, perhaps, their particular theories for its solution. Here are a few taken at random from as many published programmes: 'world-state,' 'supreme court of nations,' 'confederacy of European states,' 'league of peace,' 'international police force,' 'national disarmament,' 'nationalization of armament manufacture,' 'abolition of secret diplomacy,' 'elimination of economic causes of war,' 'no war indemnities,' 'no changes of territory without consent of inhabitants,' and so forth.

It is the purpose of this article to examine as closely as may be in so brief a space some of these tenets of the peace propagandists; to estimate their value as practical working hypotheses; and to inquire if their almost negative record of achievement thus far is to be taken as a reasonable prognostication of their future success.

II

In the medley of purposes outlined above, one idea stands prominently forth, — that, namely, of a world-organization which shall take over and handle these complicated international problems. The model which is generally in mind, particularly here in America, is the federal system of the United States, in which matters of interstate concern are managed by the individual states; and in which there is a judicial tribunal for the determination of con-

troversies between the states. Inasmuch, however, as such a consummation is admittedly a matter of the distant future, lesser ends of more immediate promise, but stepping stones to the ultimate goal, are proposed. Among these are the world-court, the league of peace, and the international police force, just referred to. They all partake in some degree of world-authority, and imply some surrender of individual state authority. It is therefore desirable, at the outset, to inquire what are the chief obstacles liable to be encountered in applying to the problem in hand this fundamental principle which to the pacifist seems so logical and so ideal.

The distinctive characteristic of the state is its sovereignty. It recognizes no higher authority than itself. Some states have greater power than others, and are able, by its arbitrary exercise, to impose their will upon weaker states; but there is no such acknowledged right. Now to bring into existence any form of world-organization, or to recognize an international police force, is to surrender *pro tanto* this sovereignty. It would be in itself a complete revolution in human affairs. It is difficult to estimate what this means, particularly to strong and vigorous states, proud of their nationality, intent on working out their separate destiny, biding their time, and watching their opportunity for greater development. Nothing is more repugnant to such a state than the thought of surrendering any of its prerogatives. It has been one of the most difficult things to accomplish, even on a relatively small scale. Our own country is an example. To-day we can scarcely appreciate the reluctance, the dread and suspicion with which our little original states gave up a part of their sovereignty to form a union, and their unwillingness to subject themselves to the possibility of compulsion;

and how for two generations, until quenched in a mighty war, the claim of the right to assert this sovereignty persisted. The history of the long process of merging the many German states into a single empire is full of examples of this unwillingness to give up any portion of independence. How much stronger must this feeling be where states are so much more unrelated than in the examples cited, — often of different races, languages, systems of religion and government, and estranged by historic antagonisms and prejudices! One cannot expect such a consummation among such states except as a result of slow evolution. It may come — it would seem that ultimately it must come in some form — but it will not be to-day or to-morrow or at the close of the present war.

It is impossible to exaggerate the force of this consideration. It is the one which embraces all others. Special objections to this or that feature of the general scheme invariably come back to the objection that the sacrifice of a great principle is being made; that ideals are being surrendered. The guiding spirits of most of the great powers, while they may not take the extreme view of Treitschke that 'the idea of a world-state is odious,' do nevertheless feel that, however beautiful as an ideal, it is not yet a practical ideal.

Of the lesser measures to which reference has been made, the world-court comes least into conflict with the principle of sovereignty, and may be looked to as a promising development of the near future. A strong movement for its advocacy has already been organized in this country. Even if resort to such a court be entirely voluntary, and without any infringement of state sovereignty, increasing use and the winning of public confidence may gradually develop it into a powerful agency for peace. Akin to this method in principle

is that of arbitration, which is already firmly established in practice and which will continue until the growth of the world-court shall absorb its functions.

The defect of these methods is the very quality which recommends them as initial measures, — their voluntary character. There is nowhere any super-authority to compel states to resort to them and to abide by their decrees. They are the voice of persuasion rather than the voice of command. They undoubtedly promote peace, but they have no power to prevent war. Moreover, so long as national rivalry in military strength continues unchecked, it would seem that neither method can bring much relief from the burden of armed peace. To accomplish these ends the power of coercion must reside somewhere, and this recognized necessity is the *raison d'être* of the much-talked-of league of peace. Its fundamental purpose is to *enforce peace* among states by the use of military force, if failure of pacific methods makes it necessary. The future organization of such a league is as yet inchoate and only dimly discerned. The nearest approach to a definite proposition which has fallen under the writer's observation is contained in a recent pamphlet issued by the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. It makes the concrete suggestion that the league should embrace 'all or nearly all' of the progressive states, but not the non-progressive; that it should be executive in character, leaving the determination of controversies to some form of court, and confining itself to enforcement of the court's decisions and to the maintenance of order; and that its police force (which should be both army and navy) 'should be a federal force, supported and controlled by the league . . . and overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any one mem-

ber of the league.' What the nature of the compact forming this league is to be, or how its powers, resources, and obligations are to be defined, there is nowhere vouchsafed any suggestion, for the reason, no doubt, that no one has yet succeeded in devising a workable plan.

With a caution born of long experience, Great Britain's distinguished Premier recently referred to this subject as follows: 'It [the result of the war] ought to mean, perhaps, by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the chaos of competition, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise—the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights, and established and enforced by a common will.' But Mr. Asquith does not enlighten us as to how this 'European partnership' will differ, except in the numbers embraced, from the alliances and *ententes* which it is intended to replace. As to this supremely important matter we are everywhere left in the dark.

It must, we think, be assumed that, to start with, the proposed league of peace would be strictly in the nature of an alliance among its members, subject to the weakness and uncertainties of such alliances. If it were considered indispensable that all the great powers be members, the project would no doubt be so emasculated by mutual concessions necessary to unanimous consent as to lose all force and vitality from the outset. If the league were limited to such of the powers as could agree on a reasonably efficient working plan, the question of the extent of its activities would at once assume serious importance. It is suggested by some that its functions be limited to the preservation of peace among its own members. This might fall far short of effective results, particularly if it excluded those nations

which are the chief disturbers of the peace. If, as some others suggest, it assumed police power over non-members, it might succeed with non-progressive and lawless states, and utterly fail with a highly efficient military power. In any case, attempted coercion, whether against members or against outsiders, would mean war pure and simple, probable invasion of territory, and all the accompanying evils of armed strife. It is doubtful if any league could stand the strain of such a situation. The more one attempts to figure out in detail how such a scheme could be made to work practically, the more one's doubts of its feasibility increase.

Let us now pass to a consideration of the agency or means by which the league of peace is to carry its purposes into effect. It is apparent at the outset that the ultimate reliance of such a league must be physical force — coercion. It will, if necessary, make war to maintain peace. Recalcitrant states are to be held in line by military force, if conciliation fails. An international police force is therefore an indispensable agency of the league, and its probable organization becomes interesting to examine. The idea itself is backed by very high authority, and indeed something of this kind appears to be necessary to the existence and efficiency of the league itself. But the moment we descend from generalities to particulars we land in serious difficulty. How would such a force be made up? If of already organized units — vessels of war, regiments, and so forth — contributed by the several states, there would be the complicated question of command, with its fruitful sources of friction; the liability, if not certainty, of defection of any contingent whose state might be the subject of coercion; and other embarrassments which readily suggest themselves. If, on the other hand, the force should be an entirely

new and self-contained organization, 'supported and controlled by the league,' there would have to be an independent sovereign power in the league itself to bring it into existence at all. This is important, in view of the discussion in the paragraphs immediately preceding, as showing to what lengths the league organization must go before it would have the power to create an international police. Assuming that it had progressed far enough for that purpose, the force would presumably be recruited from all the world, certainly from all the states constituting the league; but even then, differences of language and custom would necessitate organizing the units by nationality, with the risks and uncertainties just pointed out.

On whom would such a force rely for munitions of war and all the vast equipment necessary to make it efficient? To whom would it look for funds? If dependent upon contributions and without power to enforce them, its existence would be precarious. Where would be its rendezvous, or base of operations? Surely not scattered among the different states, and no state would consent that it be located in any other. Some independent situation would have to be provided. Would such a force be military and naval? Or naval only? How strong would it be? If 'overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any one member of the league,' — and this is indeed a logical conclusion, if the force is to be really effective, — we can imagine what it would mean if Great Britain and Germany, with their normal establishments, were members. Is it not certain that the burden of armed peace would be greatly increased? Such a result must necessarily follow unless a way is found to curtail materially existing military and naval establishments. This brings us directly to that feature of the

problem which is the most difficult and complicated of all, yet the most important and the one on which the success of the whole movement depends, — a substantial reduction of existing armaments.

III

The writer should perhaps state his grounds for the opinion just expressed, that the armament question is the most important in the whole war-and-peace problem. War itself is of short duration; it produces results, and relief and recuperation follow. But armed peace is a never-ceasing loss, and the hopeless feature of it is that it never arrives. It is a constant outlay without commensurate return. With the utmost that can be done, the *relative* strengths of states are changed but slightly if at all. Possibly the weaker states profit by this preparation as compared with their more powerful neighbors, but even this is doubtful. It may in some cases tend to preserve peace; in others it certainly makes for war. It does one or the other according to its purpose and the strenuousness with which it is carried on. When war-preparation is purely from a defensive motive, and not aggressive, as may truthfully be said of nations like the United States and Switzerland, it certainly has a tendency to deter aggression and to make for peace. But when such preparation is made with war as an object of national policy, or to keep up a rivalry of military or naval power, its tendency is to arouse suspicion of motive, to foster the belief that such preparation means war, and thus directly to lead to the likelihood of war.

The impossible feature of the situation lies in the absence of any criterion or mutual understanding among the powers as to the lengths to which each may go. Indeed, such an understanding seems supremely difficult to arrive

at. Fear, suspicion, and the imperative duty of self-defense cause each rival state to meet every move of its neighbor, and if possible to surpass it. Unrestrained rivalry constantly sets new standards, and leads onward from one excess to another, until there seems no end except in the capacity of genius to devise and of national wealth to construct. It is a sort of mathematical series with infinity as its limit. It grows by its own growth. A departure or addition at one point provokes one at another. Rival nations, in their strenuous efforts to outdo one another, keep up a mad race which has no attainable goal.¹ Implements of war, which, when built, were considered the last word in their line, suddenly become antiquated through some new discovery and achievement, and have to be superseded. The 'obsolete' contingent in national armaments is something stupendous, not so much because armament wears out as because it is outgrown by newer devices. To no other subject is the ingenuity of the race so incessantly and intensely applied. The drain itself is perpetual and enormous. If it achieved results things would be different, but it does not, for it leaves the nations relatively where they were before.

It is not intended to argue that this system should be done away with simply for the relief of the taxpayer. No greater mistake could be committed by a state than to make that an object of policy. Every citizen should sacrifice something for the public good — it is really for his own good. A few less entertainments, circuses, drinks, and cigars would more than cancel the burden, and the individual himself would be better off. The toll of the 'movies' last year is given by a high authority as \$275,000,000, or more than the an-

nual cost of the American army and navy. The great misfortune is that no strictly national purpose except defense seems adequate to call forth these efforts. The Panama Canal came nearest it. It is not the burden itself of armed peace, but the uselessness of it, that the writer condemns. There may be some compensations (apart from the very necessary ones of self-defense and proper standing with other powers), such as the discipline and education of universal military service in Europe, and the reflected advantage to industrial life of scientific discoveries for military purposes; but on the whole it is without adequate compensation, or anything approaching it, and some degree of relief from it should be a primary object of statesmanship.

It is not surprising, in view of the magnitude of the evil aimed at, that all peace programmes demand a reduction of armament and armed forces. It is surprising that none of them is specific as to how it is to be accomplished. The end is obvious enough, the means are not obvious at all. It may be suggested that reduction be upon the basis of equal armaments for all the great powers. But A says, 'That will not do for me: I rely upon my navy for protection, and I must maintain my superiority on the sea.' Should a reduction proportionate to present strength then be suggested, B protests that it is as great a state as A, and that it cannot, in keeping with its own dignity, admit the right of A to a greater control of the sea than its own. If A can keep for itself that control, well and good, but no compact can be entered into that will make it secure. Paraphrasing Wordsworth, — 'Let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can.' And there you are; how is the consenting mind to be obtained?

The suggestion that land forces be limited to the police necessities of the

¹ 'A satire and reflection upon our civilization.' — SIR EDWARD GREY.

various states is a precarious one. B would judge its necessities very much by what C was doing; and conversely, C would estimate its requirements very much by the standards maintained by its neighbors. Who would decide, and how would the decision be enforced?

It may also be suggested that land forces be established on a basis of a certain percentage of the population. But the small state would protest that that would be to sign and seal its inferiority from the outset. Being a weaker state, it stands more in need of protection than a large one, and must be allowed to meet the situation to the full extent of its ability. Thus, in Switzerland every man is a soldier. This argument is reasonable, nay conclusive, and there is no sufficient answer.

Closely related to the question of the reduction of armament is the demand that its manufacture be nationalized. The purpose is to eliminate the element of private profit in such manufacture, and the assumed tendency on the part of the manufacturer to favor military expenditures in order to increase opportunities for gain. Those who advocate this policy are doubtless convinced that it is directed against a real evil. A manufacturer of war material is naturally not displeased at receiving profitable orders from his government, just as other manufacturers welcome orders for dredges, building materials, and so forth. But it would be difficult to establish any political influence of consequence emanating from such a source, and it is scarcely conceivable that public policy is determined by such considerations.

Admit for the moment, however, the existence of the evil; is the proposed remedy a practical one? What, in the first place, is it to embrace? Naval vessels, presumably, of all descriptions; likewise ordnance, from the heaviest cannon down; armor plate; aviation

material; stores and munitions of war in all their enormous variety, and so forth. If the alleged influence of private profit is to be eliminated, all these things must be included. Now it is undoubtedly an advantage for a state to have plants for its more important war material sufficient to form a considerable reliance independent of private interests. Besides the advantage of control in time of war, they serve as a check on private contractors. But until general industry is nationalized more than it is likely to be for some time to come, such an extreme measure as that proposed would be very wasteful. The reason is plain. Private plants embrace a wide field of enterprise and are not dependent, as government plants would be, on a single line of work. With equal efficiency in both cases, the operation of the private plant should be the more economical. Then it would be wholly inadmissible to impose any such requirement upon smaller states; but that probably is not contemplated by its advocates. For both large and small states, therefore, any absolute requirement on these lines would seem unwise. Partial reliance, at least, on the outside, or on private establishments, would probably be considered indispensable by any state.

But if the proposition were accepted in principle, how could it be put into practice? The manufacture of material and munitions of war is an even more important necessity than the training of men. Men can be trained in a few months, but plants require years for creation. The government which should provide itself with the most complete plants might have a more decisive power in war than if it had a few regiments, dreadnoughts, or forts more than its rivals. It would be necessary for the league of peace to regulate this matter quite as strictly as any other feature of armed equipment,

and this would mean entering the domain of every such power and exercising supervisory control. As a practical proposition it is certainly not very promising.

At this point more appropriately, perhaps, than at any other, we may note one of the most fatuous policies of the ultra-pacifists. That is resistance to military preparedness of any sort, and insistence that individual states shall curtail armament irrespective of what others may do. In the perplexing difficulties of this question, the fact which stands out above all others is that nothing in this line can be done except by concert, tacit or positive, of the leading powers of the world. No one power can accomplish the work alone. And it is equally certain that the authority of any state in the council of nations will not be promoted by a self-adopted policy of disarmament. Military power carries respect and authority. Pending the accomplishment of some effective concert of action, it is the duty of every state to provide against eventualities. 'It is idle,' as Lloyd George once said, 'to talk of disarming in the midst of an armed camp.' And Viscount Bryce, at one of the Lake Mohonk Conferences, said, 'Every nation must be prepared to repel all dangers at all likely to threaten.' Franklin himself has left a similar record, and we know what Washington's opinion was. It is impossible to get away from this necessity. While laboring assiduously to bring all nations into some common agreement in this matter, every state is in duty bound to keep itself prepared for what may befall.

And this brings out very forcibly certain inconsistencies of the various peace programmes, particularly of those originating in this country. They all indorse the idea of a league of peace, and its corollary, an international police force. The United States, being

one of the most populous and wealthy of the great powers, and an acknowledged leader in the cause of peace, would naturally be expected to have a prominent share in this police force. What would have to be our contribution in men, ships, munitions of war, and money? By any possible consideration not based upon visionary assumptions, it would mean a material increase over our present establishment. Is it not incongruous, almost to the verge of absurdity, that those who oppose the necessary means for self-protection here at home, while our country minds its own business, commit themselves, in theory, at least, to providing a greater force to be used in regulating the affairs of other nations?

The peace organization quoted a little way back, which seems to have gone into the subject more thoroughly than most of them, is of the opinion that the league of peace, though limited to the 'progressive' states, should nevertheless coerce the non-progressive states into maintenance of order. Yet this society, in common with all other peace organizations, would instantly repudiate the suggestion that the United States coerce Mexico into the maintenance of order.

All peace organizations commend with unstinted praise the time-honored policy of this country in holding aloof from European entanglements; yet by their very advocacy of a league of peace and an international police force, they avowedly would commit their country to interference in every international controversy on the globe which should assume the character of armed conflict.

These points are not raised as an argument for intervention in Mexico, or against a league of peace, and the United States playing its full part therein; but to show how inconsistent with their own theories are those who are trying

to keep their government from taking measures which are essential to its safety and its standing among the nations of the earth, and to the performance of self-assumed obligations on this continent.

IV

Only one other feature of the pacifist propaganda is it possible to consider here; but it is typical of the rest in the absence of any critical analysis by its proponents of its merits as a working proposition. With practical unanimity peace advocates demand that hereafter there shall be no transfers of territory as a result of war except with the consent of the inhabitants. And yet, despite this unanimity, it may be safely asserted that scarcely any other tenet of the peace propaganda has so little to support it, and that, as a workable scheme, it is impossible, and would be undesirable even if it could be carried out. It is based on erroneous premises. It assumes, as a matter of course, that the chief interest concerned is the population of the territory in question. That may or may not be the case. It certainly is not in many instances, some of which will be cited presently.

The interest of the inhabitant is mainly the sentimental one of partiality for the language, laws, and government to which he has been accustomed. It is a sentiment entitled to all the weight that may be given it without imperiling the greater interests of the world at large. These broader questions the average local resident is absolutely unqualified to pass upon, and it has happened more than once that transfers which were unwelcome to him have proved best even for his own personal interests. A plebiscite is, of all methods, the least rational for deciding such questions. Certain portions of a territory may be strong on one side, others

on the other. How absurd to say that a majority of perhaps a few votes, influenced no doubt at the time by terrific pressure, is the proper criterion for determining the broad issues involved! Forcible conquest and subjugation of territory are to be avoided in the future, and public opinion is in no mood to permit them any longer; but that is very different from preventing (as the plebiscite method might do) such transfers as shall satisfy racial conditions, restore relations broken off by former violence, remove pregnant causes of unrest, and perhaps accomplish great ends in the economical, commercial, and social well-being of many related communities. For the determination of these questions there is still no better agency than an enlightened statesmanship, and the more closely the subject is studied, the more will this truth impress itself. Let us consider a few examples.

The cession of Louisiana to the United States was as much a result of military pressure as if compelled by the arms of this country. The Mississippi Valley had been inhabited nearly a century, even St. Louis being founded long before the Revolution. The transfer was a cause of much regret and sadness among the French inhabitants, who would certainly have voted against it, if given a chance. Yet that change was in the interest of a whole future empire of millions of people. To have permitted the wishes of the inhabitants to control in that matter would have been folly and really against their own interest. The same would have been true when the oldest American colony, Florida, was transferred to the United States, and likewise when was transferred the extensive region embracing the second oldest settlement, Santa Fé. In fact, in any of the territorial acquisitions of the United States (except possibly Texas) no such course was even

considered or would have been wise. It may be said that the circumstances were exceptional, but where is the line to be drawn? They were all old settlements, even if the number of inhabitants was small; and they were of different language, nationality, religion, and customs from the state to which they were transferred.

Consider the changes now imminent in European Turkey. The rearrangement of that territory, if the Turks lose in the present war, will certainly be a difficult problem; but if there is one agency to which it should not be left, it is the inhabitants themselves. The farmer of southern Russia and the consumer in France and England have a greater interest in the control of the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles than has any one else. The spectacle in 1912, when the commerce of empires was held up in those straits, and the interests of millions of people in regions near and remote were jeopardized, — when at one time nearly 200 vessels laden with the varied commerce of civilization were riding idly at anchor because of the whim of a decadent government, — is one proof of the utter impossibility of leaving the destiny of that territory to the people who now happen to occupy it.

The case of Alsace-Lorraine is doubtless the one which advocates of this proposition have in mind. The conscience of the world has never approved the course of Germany in 1871. It is the one shining example in which a plebiscite might have wrought substantial justice, for the people were of one mind and there were no vital extraneous interests at stake. The situation would be different now, if the question were to come up again. The population would probably be nearly equally divided upon any question of transfer. Moreover, if the suggestion so frequently being made, that these provinces be

erected into a neutral state in the interests of European peace, should seem advisable of adoption, would not the question assume a far-reaching character which would entirely overshadow the desires of the few who might throw an election one way or another?

And consider the very different case of Africa, the future destiny of which is in the hands of European civilization. Would a proposition to leave the political status of the vast interior of that continent to a vote of the native inhabitants in the approaching readjustment, be much more commendable than would have been a similar proposition to leave the political destiny of North America to a plebiscite of its original population?

Evidently this question is peculiarly one of details, to be decided only upon a thorough understanding of the circumstances of each particular case.

V

In the foregoing review of some of the articles of the pacifist creed, we have rejected the philosophy of the ostrich and have openly scrutinized our surroundings. If that scrutiny has disclosed things which we would rather not see, nevertheless, if they are there, it is better that we know it. Perhaps it may lead us to be more sparing in our censure of those charged with the handling of this great problem, and to admit that possibly the fault of slow accomplishment is not with them but with the infinite complexity of the problem itself. Indeed, we venture to assert that there has never existed in this world at any one time the combined wisdom adequate for its solution. Only by the slow process of gradual development — the work of years, perhaps of centuries, and of a multitude of minds — can the vast result be ultimately secured.

'But,' exclaims the impatient pacifist, 'are we then helpless? Must things go on in this way forever? Here, at the beginning of this twentieth century, are we to confess our civilization a failure by its inability to avert a scourge like that now afflicting the earth?'

With a sense of misgiving which the vastness and complexity of the problem must needs inspire, the writer will undertake, in answer to this earnest protest, to state what seems to him the limit of accomplishment to which we may reasonably look in the near future.

To the moderatists in the peace cause the events now taking place in Europe, terrible as they are in outward manifestation, are full of promise. To speak of this struggle as a 'war that shall end war' is of course extravagant, but it is perfectly legitimate to expect from it the elimination of many causes of war previously existing. The scope of the struggle is so all-embracing that it will bring up for settlement pretty nearly all the questions which have hitherto endangered the peace of Europe. If it is carried to the point where real results are assured, and if wise statesmanship cements these results into just treaties, removing some of the causes which have been a perennial source of peril, avoiding any semblance of enforcing humiliation in defeat, recognizing the natural aspirations of rival states, and dealing with the whole problem in an attitude of concession which has been too absent in councils of the past, then the war may well mark a mighty advance in the cause of peace. No true friend of peace will seek to stop the war until these issues shall have been decided. To do so would simply be to render future wars inevitable, just as would have been the case in our Civil War if the misguided pacifists of that day had stopped it, as they tried to do, before it had accomplished its purpose. Can it be that those who

would, if they could, bring about an immediate end of the war realize that principles are here being fought for which far transcend, in importance to the human race, the question of African slavery, over which our nation once struggled for four long years? Dreadful as the war is, it must proceed to its appointed end, if lasting results are to be achieved.

There is every reason to expect that the development of a world-court, to which misunderstandings among nations may be referred, will make substantial progress after the war. It is eminently a practical measure, and one which states can support and resort to without any sacrifice of sovereignty.

The organization of a league of peace and an international police force at the close of this war, only the over-sanguine need even hope for. If it comes so soon, it will certainly be one of the most astounding developments of all history. Mr. Asquith, in the statement quoted earlier in this paper, goes no further than to suggest that his 'real European partnership' can come only as a result of 'a slow and gradual process.' Friends of peace throughout the world should bend their present efforts, not so much to the doubtful early attainment of this end, as to assistance in every possible way toward a rational settlement of the present war. Everything depends upon that. It may be that an alliance including nations among whom causes of dispute are least likely to occur — say, to begin with, Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan — could be formed for the control of the high seas, and the prevention of hostile operations thereon. The sea being common property, without frontiers, and readily accessible in all its parts, a degree of control might be feasible there which would be entirely out of the question on land. A beginning of this sort, if wholly free

from prejudice against individual states, might eventually draw to itself the co-operation of all nations. But one can readily understand that the attempt would be largely experimental, and would be fraught with perils which not even the wisest can foresee.

Concerning the vexed question of armed peace, the more carefully it is analyzed, the more it becomes evident, that disarmament under stress of coercion in any form — whether by a single dominant power, a group or alliance, or even by a league of peace — would be a perilous undertaking. The writer confesses that the only measures which appeal to him as offering the least promise of success in this direction are those which must proceed from the people themselves of the several states, acting directly upon their governments. Such a policy must emanate mainly from the working classes, but cannot fail to receive support from professional and business classes. It must be based on international understandings and must be made effective through national legislatures. International social forces, already strong before the war, will be greatly strengthened by the war itself. A recent message of the wood-workers of Germany to their brethren in France (if press reports are correct) is an indication of this spirit of tacit co-operation. While it was full of loyalty to the Fatherland, it recognized the

same right and the same spirit among those who, for the moment, were in the rôle of enemies, and asserted its faith in the solidarity of human brotherhood. Whatever the working classes may at heart think of this war, their strategy in regard to it has been perfect: by their unquestioning support, they have placed their governments under eternal obligations to them, and they must be listened to in the future as they have not been in the past.

The obstacles in their way are formidable, but not insuperable. National jealousies and the doctrine of fear will be brought to bear upon them, not without effect, while in some states the voice of the people is as yet scarcely audible. Full coöperation of the kind suggested will have to await the further development of popular rule in such states. The obvious advantage of this method, however, is that it will be free of the hateful principle of military compulsion involved in the international-police idea. Though based upon international understandings, it will still be entirely voluntary on the part of the different states.

Such, in crude outline, is our prognostication of the future of the peace cause. If it falls short of the expectations of some, we can only repeat, what we have already several times suggested, that the peace problem is a case for evolution, not revolution.

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH

ADVENTURES IN THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE¹

BY MILDRED ALDRICH

HUIRY-SUR-MARNE,
September 5, 1914

YOU can get some idea of how exhausted I was on that night of Wednesday, September 2, when I tell you that I waked the next morning to find that I had a picket at my gate. I did not know it until Amélie came to get my coffee ready. She also brought me news that they were preparing to blow up the bridges on the Marne; that the post-office had gone; that the English were cutting the telegraph wires.

While I was taking my coffee, quietly, as if it were an everyday occurrence, she said, —

‘Well, madame, I imagine that we are going to see the Germans. Père is breaking an opening into the underground passage under the stable, and we are going to put all we can out of sight. Will you please gather up what you wish to save, and it can be hidden there.’

I don’t know that I ever told you that all the hill is honeycombed with those old subterranean passages, like the one we saw at Provins. They say that they go as far as Crécy-en-Brie, and used to connect the royal palace there with one on this hill.

Naturally I gave a decided refusal to any move of that sort, so far as I was

concerned. My books and portraits are the only things I should be eternally hurt to survive. To her argument that the books could be put there — there was room enough — I refused to listen. I had no idea of putting my books underground to be mildewed. Besides, if it had been possible I would not have attempted it. I felt a good deal like the Belgian refugees I had seen, — all so well dressed; if my house was going up, it was going up in its best clothes. I had just been uprooted once — a horrid operation — and I did not propose to do it again so soon. To that my mind was made up.

Later I found that, in spite of my orders, Amélie was busy putting my few pieces of silver, and such bits of china from the buffet as seemed to her valuable — her ideas and mine on that point do not jibe — into the waste-paper baskets to be hidden underground.

I was too tired to argue. While I stood watching her there was a tremendous explosion. I rushed into the garden. The picket, his gun on his shoulder, was at the gate.

‘What was that?’ I called out to him.

‘Bridge,’ he replied. ‘The English divisions are destroying the bridges on the Marne behind them as they cross. That means that another division is over.’

I asked him which bridge it was, but of course he did not know. While I was

¹ This is an authentic letter written by an American lady to a friend in this country. Earlier letters in the correspondence were published in the July number. — THE EDITORS.

standing there, trying to locate it by the smoke, an English officer, who looked of middle age, tall, clean-cut, came down the road on a chestnut horse, as slight, as clean-cut and well groomed as himself. He rose in his stirrups to look off at the plain before he saw me. Then he looked at me, then up at the flags flying over the gate, saw the Stars and Stripes, smiled, and dismounted.

'American, I see,' he said.

I told him I was.

'Live here?' said he.

I told him that I did.

'Staying on?' he asked.

I answered that it looked like it.

He looked me over a moment before he said, 'Please invite me into your garden and show me that view.'

I was delighted. I opened the gate, and he strolled in and sauntered with a long, slow stride — a long-legged stride — out on to the lawn and right down to the hedge, and looked off.

'Beautiful,' he said, as he took out his field-glass, and turned up the map case which hung at his side. 'What town is that?' he asked, pointing to the foreground.

I told him that it was Mareuil-on-the-Marne.

'How far off is it?' he questioned.

I told him that it was about two miles, and Meaux was about the same distance beyond it.

'What town is that?' he asked, pointing to the hill.

I explained that the town on the horizon was Penchard — not really a town, only a village; and lower down, between Penchard and Meaux, were Neufmortier and Chauconin.

All this time he was studying his map.

'Thank you. I have it,' he said. 'It is a lovely country, and this is a wonderful view of it, the best I have had.'

For a few minutes he stood studying

it in silence — alternately looking at his map and then through his glass. Then he dropped his map, put his glasses into the case, and turned to me — and smiled. He had a winning smile, sad and yet consoling, which lighted up a bronzed face, stern and weary. It was the sort of smile to which everything was permitted.

'Married?' he said.

You can imagine what he was like when I tell you that I answered right up, and only thought it was funny hours after, — or at least I shook my head cheerfully.

'You don't live here alone?' he asked.

'But I do,' I replied.

He looked at me gravely a moment, then off at the plain.

'Lived here long?' he questioned.

I told him that I had lived in this house only three months, but that I had lived in France for sixteen years.

Without a word he turned back toward the house, and for half a minute, for the first time in my life, I had a sensation that it looked strange for me to be an exile in a country that was not mine, and with no ties. For a penny I would have told him the history of my life. Luckily he did not give me time. He just strode down to the gate, and by the time he had his foot in the stirrup I had recovered.

'Is there anything I can do for you, captain?' I asked.

He mounted his horse, looked down at me. Then he gave me another of his rare smiles.

'No,' he said, 'at this moment there is nothing that you can do for *me*, thank you; but if you could give my boys a cup of tea, I imagine that you would just about save their lives.' And nodding to me, he said to the picket, 'This lady is kind enough to offer you a cup of tea.' Then he rode off, taking the road down the hill to Voisins.

I ran into the house, put the kettle

on, ran up the road to call Amélie, and back to the arbor to set the table as well as I could. The whole atmosphere was changed. I was going to be useful.

I had no idea how many men I was going to feed. I had seen only three. To this day I don't know how many I did feed. They came and came and came. It reminded me of hens running toward a place where another hen has found something good. It did not take me many minutes to discover that these men needed something more substantial than tea. Luckily I had brought back from Paris an emergency stock of things like biscuit, dry cakes, jam, and so forth, for even before our shops were closed there was mighty little in them. For an hour and a half I brewed pot after pot of tea, opened jar after jar of jam and jelly, and tin after tin of biscuit and cakes, and although it was hardly hearty fodder for men, they put it down with a relish. I have seen hungry men, but never anything so hungry as these boys.

I knew little about military discipline and less about the rules of active service, so I had no idea that I was letting these hungry men — and evidently hunger laughs at laws — break all the regulations of the army. Their guns were lying about in any old place; their kits were on the ground; their belts were unbuckled. Suddenly the captain rode up the road and looked over the hedge at the scene. The men were sitting on the benches, on the ground, anywhere, and were all smoking my best Egyptian cigarettes, and I was running round as happy as a queen, seeing them so contented and comfortable.

It was a rude awakening when the captain rode up the street.

There was a sudden jumping up, a hurried buckling up of belts, a grab for kits and guns, and an unceremonious cut for the gate. I heard a volley from

the officer. I marked a serious effort on the part of the men to keep the smiles off their faces as they hurriedly got their kits on their backs and their guns on their shoulders, and rigidly saluting, dispersed up the hill, leaving two very straight men marching before the gate as if they never in their lives had thought of anything but picket duty.

The captain never even looked at me, but rode up the hill after his men. A few minutes later he returned, dismounted at the gate, tied his horse, and came in. I was a bit confused. But he smiled one of those smiles of his, and I got right over it.

'Dear little lady,' he said, 'I wonder if there is any tea left for me?'

Was there? I should think so; and I thought to myself, as I led the way into the dining-room, that he was probably just as hungry as his men.

While I was making a fresh brew he said to me, —

'You must forgive my giving my men Hades right before you, but they deserved it, and know it, and under the circumstances I imagine they did not mind taking it. I did not mean you to give them a party, you know. Why, if the major had ridden up that hill — and he might have — and seen that party inside your garden, I should have lost my commission and those boys got the guardhouse. These men are on active service.'

Then while he drank his tea he told me why he felt a certain indulgence for them, — these boys who were hurried away from England without having a chance to take leave of their families, or even to warn them that they were going.

'This is the first time that they have had a chance to talk to a woman who speaks their tongue since they left England; I can't begrudge it to them and they know it. But discipline is discipline, and if I had let such a breach

of it pass they would have no respect for me. They understand. They had no business to put their guns out of their hands. What would they have done if the detachment of Uhlans we are watching for had dashed up that hill — as they might have?’

Before I could answer or remark on this startling speech there was a tremendous explosion, which brought me to my feet, with the inevitable, ‘What’s that?’

He took a long pull at his tea before he replied quietly, ‘Another division across the Marne.’

Then he went on as if there had been no interruption, —

‘This Yorkshire regiment has had hard luck. Only one other regiment in the Expedition has had worse. They have marched from the Belgian frontier, and they have been in four big actions in the retreat — Mons, Cambrai, St. Quentin, and La Fère. St. Quentin was pretty rough luck. We went into the trenches a full regiment. We came out to retreat again with four hundred men — and I left my younger brother there.’

I gasped; I could not find a word to say. He did not seem to feel it necessary that I should. He simply winked his eyelids, stiffened his stern mouth, and went right on; and I forgot all about the Uhlans.

‘At La Fère we lost our commissary on the field. It was burned, and these lads have not had a decent feed since — that was three days ago. We have passed through few towns since, and those were evacuated, — drummed out; fruit from the orchards on the roadsides is about all they have had — hardly good feed for a marching army in such hot weather. Besides, we were moving pretty fast — but in order — to get across the Marne, toward which we have been drawing the Germans, and in every one of these battles we have

been fighting with one man to their ten.’

I asked him where the Germans were.

‘Can’t say,’ he replied. ‘But our aeroplane tells us that a detachment of German cavalry crossed the Marne ahead of us. Whether this is one of those flying squads they are so fond of sending ahead just to do a little terrorizing, or whether they escaped from the battle of La Fère, we don’t know. I fancy the latter, as they do not seem to have done any harm or to have been too anxious to be seen.’

I need not tell you that my mind was acting like lightning. I remembered in the pause, as I poured him another cup of tea, and pushed the jam-pot toward him, that Amélie had heard at Voisins last night that there were horses in the woods near the canal; that they had been heard neighing in the night; and that we had jumped to the conclusion that there were English cavalry there.

I mentioned this to the captain, but for some reason it did not seem to make much impression on him; so I did not insist, as there was something which seemed more important which I had been getting up the courage to ask him. It had been on my lips all day. I put it.

‘Captain,’ I asked, ‘do you think there is any danger in my staying here?’

He took a long drink before he answered, —

‘Little lady, there is danger everywhere between Paris and the Channel. Personally — since you have stayed until getting away will be difficult — I do not really believe that there is any reason why you should not stick it out. You may have a disagreeable time. But I honestly believe you are running no real risk of having more than that. At all events I am going to do what I can to assure your personal safety. As we understand it — no one really

knows anything except the orders given out — it is not intended that the Germans shall cross the Marne *here*. But who knows? Anyway, if I move on, each division of the Expeditionary Force that retreats to this hill will know that you are here. If it is necessary, later, for you to leave, you will be notified and precautions taken for your safety. You are not afraid?’

I could only tell him, ‘Not yet’; but as we walked out to the gate I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him.

‘Do you think that you could get me a couple of fresh eggs at half-past seven and let me have a cold wash-up?’

‘Well, rather,’ I answered, and he rode away.

At about half-past six he rode hurriedly down the hill again. He carried a slip of white paper in his hand, which he seemed intent on deciphering. As I met him at the gate he said, ‘Sorry I shall miss those eggs — I’ve orders to move east.’ And he began to round up his men.

I foolishly asked him why. I felt as if I were losing a friend.

‘Orders,’ he answered. Then he put the slip of paper in his pocket, and leaning down, he said, ‘Before I go I am going to ask you to let my corporal pull down your flags. You may think it cowardly. I think it prudent. They can be seen a long way. It is silly to wave a red flag at a bull. Any needless display of bravado on your part would be equally foolish.’

So the corporal climbed up and pulled down the big flags, and together we marched them off to the stable.

All this time the captain had been searching in a letter-case; finally he selected an envelope from which he removed the letter, passing me the empty cover.

‘I want you,’ he said, ‘to write me a

letter — that address will always reach me. I shall be anxious to know how you came through, and every one of these boys will be interested. You have given them the only happy day they have had since they left home. As for me — if I live — I shall sometime come back to see you. Good-bye and good luck.’

And he wheeled his horse and rode up the hill, his boys marching behind him; and at the turn of the road they all looked back and I waved my hand, and I don’t mind telling you that I got into the house as quickly as I could — and wiped my eyes. Then I cleared up the tea mess. It was n’t until the house was in order again that I put on my glasses and read the envelope that the Captain had given me: —

CAPTAIN T. E. SIMPSON,

KING’S OWN YORKSHIRE L. I.

13th Infantry Brigade,

15th Division,

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

And I put it carefully away in my address book until the time should come for me to write and tell ‘how I came through,’ — the phrase did disturb me a little.

I did not eat any supper. Food seemed to be the last thing I wanted. I sat down in the study to read. It was about eight when I heard the gate open. Looking out, I saw a man in khaki, his gun on his shoulder, marching up the path. I went to the door.

‘Good evening, ma’am,’ he said. ‘All right?’

I assured him that I was.

‘I am the corporal of the guard,’ he added. ‘The commander’s compliments, and I was to report to you that your road was picketed for the night and that all is well.’

I thanked him, and he marched

away, and took up his post at the gate, and I knew that this was the commander's way of letting me know that Captain Simpson had kept his word.

I sat up a while longer, trying to fix my mind on my book, trying not to glance round constantly at my pretty green interior, at all my books, looking so ornamental against the walls of my study, at all the portraits of the friends of my life of active service above the shelves. In the back of my mind — pushed back as hard as I could — stood the question, what was to become of all this? Yet, do you know, I went to bed, and what is more, I slept well. I was physically tired. The last thing that I saw as I closed up the house was the gleam of the moonlight on the muskets of the pickets pacing the road, and the first thing I heard, as I waked suddenly at about four, was the crunching of the gravel as they still marched there.

I got up at once. It was the morning of Friday, the fourth of September. I dressed hurriedly, ran down to put the kettle on, and start the coffee, and by five o'clock I had a table spread in the road, outside the gate, with hot coffee and milk and bread and jam. I had my lesson, so I called the corporal and explained that his men were to come in relays, and when the coffee-pot was empty there was more in the house; and I left them to serve themselves, while I finished dressing. I knew that the officers were likely to come over, and one idea was fixed in my mind: I must not look demoralized. So I put on a clean white frock, white shoes and stockings, a big black bow in my hair, and I felt equal to anything — in spite of the fact that before I dressed I heard far off a booming — could it be cannon? — and more than once a nearer explosion, — more bridges down, more English across.

It was not much after nine when two

English officers strolled down the road — Captain Edwards and Major Ellison of the Bedfordshire Light Infantry. They came into the garden, and the scene with Captain Simpson of the day before was practically repeated. They examined the plain, located the towns, looked long at them with their glasses; and that being over I put the usual question, 'Can I do anything for you?' and got the usual answer, 'Eggs.'

I asked how many officers there were in the mess, and he replied, 'Five'; so I promised to forage, and away they went.

As soon as they were out of sight the picket set up a howl for baths. These Bedfordshire boys were not hungry, but they had retreated from their last battle leaving their kits in the trenches, and were without soap or towels or combs or razors. But that was easily remedied. They washed up in relays in the court at Amélie's — it was a little more retired. As Amélie had put all her towels, and so forth, down under ground, I ran back and forward between my house and hers for all sorts of things, and, as they slopped until the road ran tiny rivulets, I had to change shoes and stockings twice. I was not conscious till afterward how funny it all was. I must have been a good deal like an excited duck, and Amélie like a hen with a duckling. When she was not twitching my sash straight, she was running about after me with dry shoes and stockings, and a chair, for fear 'Madame was getting too tired'; and when she was not doing that she was clapping my big garden hat on my head, for fear Madame would get a sunstroke.' The joke was that I did not know it was hot. I did not even know it was funny until afterward, when the whole scene seemed to have been by a sort of dual process photographed unconsciously on my memory.

When the boys were all washed and shaved and combed — and they were so larky over it — we were like old friends. I did not know one of them by name, but I did know who was married, and who had children; and how one man's first child had been born since he left England, and no news from home because they had seen their mail-wagon burn on the battlefield; and how one of them was only twenty, and had been six years in the army, — lied when he enlisted; how none of them had ever seen war before; how they had always wanted to, and 'Now,' said the twenty-year-old, 'I've seen it — good Lord — and all I want is to get home'; and he drew out of his breast pocket a photograph of a young girl in all her best clothes, sitting up very straight.

When I said, 'Best girl?' he said proudly, 'Only one, and we were to have been married in January if this had n't happened. Perhaps we may yet, if we get home at Christmas, as they tell us we may.'

I wondered whom he meant by 'they.' The officers did not give any such impression.

While I was gathering up towels and things before returning to the house, this youngster advanced toward me, and said with a half-shy smile, 'I take it you're a lady.'

I said I was glad he had noticed it — I did make such an effort.

'No, no,' he said, 'I'm not joking. I may not say it very well, but I am quite serious. We all want to say to you that if it is war that makes you and the women you live amongst so different from English women, then all we can say is that the sooner England is invaded and knows what it means to have a fighting army on her soil, and see her fields devastated, her homes destroyed, the better it will be for the race. You take my word for it, they

have no notion of what war is like; and there ain't no Englishwoman of your class could have, or would have, done for us what you have done this morning. Why, in England the common soldier is the dirt under the feet of women like you.'

I had to laugh, as I told him to wait and see how they treated them when war was there; that they probably had not done the thing simply because they never had had the chance.

'Well,' he answered, 'they'll have to change mightily. Why, our own women would have been uncomfortable and ashamed to see a lot of dirty men stripping and washing down like we have done. You have n't looked as if you minded it a bit, or thought of anything but getting us cleaned up as quick and comfortable as possible.'

I started to say that I felt terribly flattered that I had played the rôle so well, but I knew he would not understand. Besides, I was wondering if it were true. I never knew the English except as individuals, never as a race. So I only laughed, picked up my towels, and went home to rest.

Just before noon a bicycle scout came over with a message from Captain Edwards, and I sent back by him a basket of eggs, a cold chicken, and a bottle of wine, as a contribution to the breakfast at the officers' mess; and by the time I had eaten my breakfast, the picket had been changed, and I saw no more of those boys.

During the afternoon the booming off at the east became more distinct. It surely was cannon.

When Amélie came to help get tea at the gate, she said that a man from Voisins, who had started with the crowd that left here Wednesday, had returned. He had brought back the news that the sight on the road was simply horrible. The refugees had got

so blocked in their hurry that they could move in neither direction; cattle and horses were so tired that they fell by the way; it would take a general to disentangle them. My! was n't I glad that I had not been tempted to get into that mess!

Just after the boys had finished their tea, Captain Edwards came down the road, swinging my empty basket on his arm, to say 'Thanks' for his breakfast. He looked at the table at the gate: —

'So the men have been having tea — lucky men — and bottled water! What extravagance!'

'Come in and have some, too,' I said.

'Love to,' he answered; and in he came.

While I was making the tea he walked about the house, looked at the pictures, examined the books. Just as the table was ready there was a tremendous explosion. He went to the door, looked off, and remarked, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, 'Another division across. That should be the last.'

'Are all the bridges down?' I asked.

'All, I think, except the big railroad bridge behind you — Chalifert. That will not go until the last minute.'

I wanted to ask, 'When will it be the "last minute" — and what does the "last minute" mean?' but what was the good?

So we went into the dining-room. As he threw his hat on a chair and sat down with a sigh, he said, 'You see before you a very humiliated man. About half an hour ago eight of the Uhlans we are looking for rode right into the street below you, in Voisins. We saw them, but they got away. It is absolutely our own stupidity.'

'Well,' I explained to him, 'I fancy I can tell you where they are hiding. I told Captain Simpson so last night.' And I explained to him that horses had been heard in the woods at the foot of

the hill since Tuesday; that there was a cartroad, rough and winding, running in toward Condé for over two miles; that it was absolutely screened by trees, had plenty of water, and not a house on it, — a shelter for a regiment of cavalry. And I had the impertinence to suggest that if the picket had been extended to the road below, it would have been impossible for the Germans to get into Voisins.

'Not enough of us,' he replied. 'We are guarding a wide territory, and cannot put our pickets out of sight of one another.' Then he explained that, so far as he knew from his aeroplane men, the detachment had broken up since it was first discovered on this side of the Marne. It was reported that there were only about twenty-four in this vicinity; that they were believed to be without ammunition; and then he dropped the subject, and I did not bother him with questions that were bristling in my mind.

'That cannonading seems much nearer than it did this morning,' I ventured a little later.

'Possibly,' he replied.

'What does that mean?' I persisted.

'Sorry I can't tell you. We men know absolutely nothing. Only three men in this war know anything of its plans, — Kitchener, Joffre, and French. The rest of us obey orders, and know only what we see. Not even a brigade commander is any wiser. Once in a while the colonel makes a remark, but he is never illuminating.'

'How much risk am I running by remaining here?'

He looked at me a moment before he asked, 'You want to know the truth?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'Well, this is the situation as near as I can work it out. We infer from the work we were given to do, — destroying bridges, railroads, telegraphic com-

munications, — that an effort is to be made here to stop the march on Paris; in fact, that the Germans are not to be allowed to cross the Marne at Meaux, and march on the city by the main road from Rheims to the capital. The communications are all cut. That does not mean that it will be impossible for them to pass; they've got clever engineers. It means that we have impeded them and may stop them. I don't know. Just now your risk is nothing. It will be nothing unless we are ordered to hold this hill, which is the line of march from Meaux to Paris. We have had no such order yet. But if the Germans succeed in taking Meaux and attempt to put their bridges across the Marne, our artillery, behind you there, on the top of the hill, must open fire on them over your head. In that case the Germans will surely reply by bombarding this hill.'

He drank his tea without looking to see how I took it.

I remember that I was standing opposite him, and I involuntarily leaned against the wall behind me, but suddenly thought, 'Be careful. You'll break the glass in the picture of Whistler's Mother, and then you'll be sorry.' It brought me up standing, and he did n't notice. Is n't the mind a queer thing?

He finished his tea, and rose to go. As he picked up his cap he showed me a hole right through his sleeve, — in one side, out the other, — and a similar one in his puttee, where the ball had been turned aside by the leather lacing of his boot. He laughed as he said, 'Odd how near a chap comes to going out, and yet lives to drink tea with you. Well, good-bye and good luck if I don't see you again.'

And off he marched, and I went in to the library and sat down and sat very still. I pounded into myself lots of things like 'It has n't happened yet,'

'Sufficient unto the day,' and 'What is n't to be, won't be,' and found I was quite calm.

Luckily I did not have much time to myself, for I had hardly sat down quietly when there was another tap at the door and I opened to find an officer of the bicycle corps standing there.

'Captain Edwards's compliments,' he said, 'and will you be so kind as to explain to me exactly where you think the Uhlans are hidden?'

I told him that if he would come down the road a little way with me I would show him.

'Wait a moment,' he said, holding the door. 'You are not afraid?'

I told him that I was not.

'My orders are not to expose you uselessly. Wait there a minute.'

He stepped back into the garden, gave a quick look overhead, — I don't know what for, unless for a Taube. Then he said, 'Now you will please come out into the road and keep close to the bank at the left, in the shadow. I shall walk at the extreme right. As soon as I get where I can see the roads ahead, at the foot of the hill, I shall ask you to stop, and please stop at once. I don't want you to be seen from the road below, in case any one is there. Do you understand?'

I said I did. So we went into the road and walked silently down the hill. Just before we got to the turn, he motioned me to stop and stood with his map in hand while I explained that he was to cross the road that led into Voisins, take the cart-track down the hill, pass the washhouse on his left, and turn into the wood road on that side. At each indication he said, 'I have it.' When I had explained he simply said, 'Rough road?'

I said it was, very, and wet in the driest weather.

'Wooded all the way?' he asked.

I told him that it was, and, what was more, so winding that you could not see ten feet ahead anywhere between here and Condé.

'Humph,' he said, 'Perfectly clear, thank you very much. Please wait right there a moment.'

He looked up the hill behind him, and made a gesture with his hand above his head. I turned to look up the hill also. I saw the corporal at the gate repeat the gesture; then a big bicycle corps, four abreast, guns on their backs, slid round the corner and came gliding down the hill. There was not a sound, not the rattle of a chain or a pedal.

'Thank you very much,' said the captain. 'Be so kind as to keep close to the bank.'

When I reached my gate I found some of the men of the guard dragging a big, long log down the road, and I watched them while they attached it to a tree at my gate, and swung it across to the opposite side of the road, making in that way a barrier about five feet high. I asked what that was for. 'Captain's orders,' was the laconic reply. But when it was done, the corporal took the trouble to explain that it was a barricade to prevent the Germans from making a dash up the hill.

'However,' he added, 'don't you get nervous. If we chase them out it will only be a little rifle practice, and I doubt if they even have any ammunition.'

As I turned to go into the house he called after me, —

'See here, I notice that you've got doors on all sides of your house. Better lock all those but this front one.'

As all the windows were barred and so could be left open, I did n't mind; I went in and locked up. The thing was getting to be funny to me, — always doing something, and nothing happening. I suppose courage is a cumulative thing, if only one has time to accumulate, and these boys in khaki treated even the cannonading as if it were all 'in the day's work.'

It was just dusk when the bicycle corps returned up the hill. They had to dismount and wheel their machines under the barricade, and they did so prettily, dismounting and remounting with a precision that was neat.

'Nothing,' reported the captain. 'We could not go in far, — road too rough and too dangerous. It is a cavalry job.'

All the same, I am sure the Uhlans are there.

(To be continued.)

UNION PORTRAITS

V. EDWIN M. STANTON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Stanton is to find out how a man so thoroughly disliked and apparently objectionable could get the most important administrative position in the country and hold it through the greatest crisis in American life. Here, too, is a man with no political standing and very little executive experience, a clever practical lawyer, nothing more, who is set to handling hundreds of thousands of men and hundreds of millions of money, and does it. How? Why?

That Stanton was thoroughly disliked had better be made plain by beginning with two general quotations, of great vigor and significance. The first represents the result of Mr. John T. Morse's wide study of the man and his surroundings: 'Stanton's abilities commanded some respect, though his character excited neither respect nor liking. . . . In his dealings with men he was capable of much duplicity, yet in matters of business he was rigidly honest. . . . He was prompt and decisive rather than judicious and correct in his judgments concerning men and things; he was arbitrary, harsh, bad-tempered, and impulsive; he often committed acts of injustice and cruelty, for which he rarely made amends and still more rarely seemed disturbed by remorse or regret. . . . Undoubtedly Mr. Lincoln was the only ruler known to history

who could have coöperated for years with such a minister.'

Beside this verdict of the historian let us place the contemporary judgment of Gideon Welles, — remembering, however, that the Secretary of the Navy viewed all his colleagues with a sternly critical eye. After reading his shrewd but acrid pages, I ask myself how Hamilton and Jefferson would have appeared under similar scrutiny, and more than once I am reminded of the cynical remark of Chancellor Oxenstiern: 'Here you see, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

But on Stanton Welles is more severe than on any one else, even Seward; and the following comments are amplified again and again in the fifteen hundred pages of the Diary.

'He is impulsive, not administrative; has quickness, often rashness, when he has nothing to apprehend; is more violent than vigorous, more demonstrative than discriminating, more vain than wise; is rude, arrogant, and domineering toward those in subordinate positions if they will submit to his rudeness, but is a sycophant and dissembler in deportment and language towards those whom he fears.'

These general indictments are surely savage enough. But we can support them by much other testimony as to special phases. It is said that the Secretary had an unfortunate habit of interfering in technical military matters;

and though his enthusiastic biographer believes him to have been born as great in strategy as in everything else, critics in general are not of this opinion. Moreover, whatever he set out to do, he persisted in, and he had an incredible reluctance to admit that he had made a mistake.

It is said, further, that, independent of excessive confidence in his own military judgment, Stanton liked to exercise authority in all things, big and little. 'Drunk with the lust of power,' Piatt calls him, somewhat rhetorically; and Grant, in more sober language, comments on his 'natural disposition to usurp all power and control in all matters that he had anything to do with.' Equally severe is the comment of Welles. 'Mr. Stanton was fond of power and its exercise. It was more precious to him than pecuniary gain to dominate over his fellow man.'

The passion for power naturally breeds jealousy of the power of others and dislike of those who resist one's authority or interfere with it. Seward told Bigelow that Stanton was of a jealous disposition. Blaine declares that the Secretary, with an uncontrollable greed for fame, had its necessary counterpart, jealousy and envy of the increasing reputation of others. Mr. Rhodes thinks that he was 'incapable of generosity to a prostrate foe.'

Also, in such a fiercely energetic nature, jealousy and animosity could not remain in the condition of sentiment, but were bound to be translated into accordant action. Those who thwarted the Secretary in his purposes had to suffer, all the more because he usually managed to identify his personal antagonists with the enemies of his country. 'He used the fearful power of the government to crush those he hated, while he sought, through the same means, to elevate those he loved,' says one who knew him well. Nor did he

hesitate at methods, when the object to be attained was an important one. Thus, he is said to have abstracted bodily certain official records in which one of his favorites was harshly treated.

We do not expect charges of arbitrariness and violence to be combined with accusations of duplicity. It happens, however, with this much-abused man. There is Welles, of course, hacking away, as usual: 'He has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings, in short, is a hypocrite, a moral coward, while affecting to be, and to a certain extent being, brusque, overvaliant in words.' But on this point Welles has many to sustain him. It is charged by some that Stanton entered Buchanan's Cabinet and then betrayed his chief to his Republican enemies. The general statement of McClellan, that the Secretary would say one thing to a man's face and just the reverse behind his back, may perhaps be attributed to McClellan's own state of mind. But it is difficult to set aside entirely the general's account of Stanton's extreme enthusiasm and even subservience in their early acquaintance, as compared with the steady opposition of a little later period. And it is much more difficult to set aside Stanton's explicit warning to McClellan that Halleck was probably the greatest and most barefaced villain in America, while at the very same time the Secretary was sending word to Halleck, through Hitchcock, that he had never had any other than the highest respect for him and hoped Halleck would not imagine that he ever had. In Stanton's suddenly high-handed treatment of Sherman as to his compact with Johnston at the close of the war, Sherman's brother, the senator, does not know whether to read profound duplicity or, as Mr. Rhodes does, a quick impulse of violent irritation. 'He manifested and assumed the intensest kindness for you,'

John Sherman writes, 'and certainly showed it to me. I still think that with him it was mere anger — the explosion of a very bad temper.'

And as the accusation of duplicity almost necessarily implies, Stanton was further charged with truckling to those who had power and influence, just as he bullied those who had none. Welles declares that the Secretary of War regarded himself as the protégé of Seward and always treated him with obsequiousness and servility; that he was an adept at flattering and wheedling members of Congress and pandering to their whims and fancies; that he treated Andrew Johnson as fawningly at first as he did roughly at last. Welles adds further that he himself met Stanton's browbeating with a determined front and from that time on was treated with a deference shown to few members of the Cabinet. Mr. John T. Morse writes vividly, referring to the Sherman quarrel mentioned above: 'Stanton had that peculiar and unusual form of meanness which endeavors to force a civility after an insult.' And Blaine, who in other points praises Stanton highly, admits that he had great respect for men who had power, and considered their wishes in a way quite unusual with him in ordinary cases.

It is even asserted that the Secretary's bullying manner melted at once before conduct equally aggressive; and other experiences are told similar to that of Colonel Dwight, who went to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused, whereupon the colonel said, 'My name is Dwight, Walton Dwight, Lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Fortyninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but I am going to tell you what I think of you.' He did, and got his pass.

Some go so far as to maintain that this appearance of moral cowardice was accompanied by a decided lack of mere physical courage. Such a charge is pretty strongly implied in Grant's accusation that Stanton's timidity made him keep the armies near Washington, that he could see the Union weakness but not that of the enemy, and that the Confederates would have been in no danger if Stanton had been in the field. Mr. Rhodes speaks quite frankly of the Secretary's 'lack of physical courage.' Welles had no doubt whatever upon the subject. His account of Stanton's behavior after the assassination of Lincoln should be read with care, though with a clear recollection that Welles did not know his associate at all intimately and saw him, as for that matter he saw himself, through a cloud of prejudice. Still another paragraph from the Secretary of the Navy's Diary I cannot resist quoting in full, for its vivid picture of Stanton and also its unconscious and thoroughly Pepysian portrayal of the writer. It refers to the wild excitement in the Cabinet, when it was feared that the Merrimac would advance on Washington:—

'In all that painful time my composure was not disturbed, so that I did not perhaps as fully realize and comprehend the whole impending calamity as others, and yet to me there was throughout the whole day something inexpressibly ludicrous in the wild, frantic talk, action, and rage of Stanton as he ran from room to room, sat down and jumped up after writing a few words, swung his arms, scolded, and raved. He could not fail to see and feel my opinion of him and his bluster,—that I was calm and unmoved by his rant, spoke deliberately, and was not excited by his violence.'

There must be something inspiring in the joyous, salt freedom of the sea which could impel two secretaries of

the navy, separated by an interval of two hundred years, to expose themselves to posterity with such incomparable frankness.

II

But as to Stanton. After perusing with attention the above cheerful catalogue of amiable qualities, the reader must be inclined to ask, with Malcolm in *Macbeth*, 'If such a one be fit to govern, speak,' and to expect something like Macduff's answer, 'Fit to govern! no, not to live!'

We shall try a little later to emphasize some acts and characteristics of Stanton which may seem not wholly compatible with all these charges of his critics. Meanwhile, it must be evident, whether the charges are true, or, still more, if they are exaggerated and untrue, that the Secretary was not a man who went out of his way to be agreeable. He certainly was not. His position in itself forced him to acts that seemed harsh and even cruel. The Secretary of War had to tread on many toes and scorch many fingers. But it is possible to tread on toes so that the owner of them will remember it with tolerance, if not with a certain amiability. Stanton trod squarely and provoked a groan or an oath.

Indeed, there are many who agree with Grant that the Secretary took positive pleasure in refusing requests and disappointing suitors. If it is difficult to believe this, at least it cannot be denied that in the ordinary transaction of business he paid little attention to social amenities. Dana, who admired him much, admitted that he would have been a far greater man if he could have kept his temper. Chittenden, who admired him somewhat less, but knew him intimately, declares that few masters of literary denunciation were more apt at inflicting a bitter wound in

a brief sentence. The same authority adds that attempts to ingratiate by compliment were rarely repeated; for the Secretary would repel the first one by a shaft of satire or a glance of contempt. His daily receptions appear at times to have been of the nature of shindies. In one case, recorded even by the enthusiastic biographer, an interview with a senator rose to such a pitch of vehemence that the Secretary dashed a full inkstand all over the floor, while in another he emerged from the office with his nose bleeding so freely that cracked ice was required to repair the damages.

There is abundant and most curious evidence as to the manifestation of these unamiable peculiarities in the Secretary's official intercourse with his subordinates. Soldiers are accustomed to treat one another with the precision of military civility, prefacing orders with salutation and politeness. Stanton had bells put into the different rooms of the War Office. When he wanted to call a general, he pulled a cord, as if he were calling a bell-boy. Generals did not like it.

Also, Stanton's manner of imparting information and receiving requests was not such as to inspire cordiality or gratitude. For instance, Schurz writes, inquiring if he is relieved from command. The Secretary replies, 'General Hooker is authorized to relieve from command any officer that interferes with or hinders the transportation of troops in the present movement. Whether you have done so, and whether he has relieved you from command, ought to be known to yourself.' When your cheek is slapped like that, it stings for some time after. Again, a fellow member of the administration politely suggested a young friend as a candidate for office. 'Usher,' was the sharp reply, 'I would not appoint the Angel Gabriel a paymaster, if he was only twenty-one.'

Undoubtedly posterity has been most affected by Stanton's rudeness and violence as they concerned Lincoln. The display of these qualities began long before the war and before the two men had any official connection with each other. When they were scarcely acquainted, chance brought them together on the same side of a lawsuit, and Lincoln overheard Stanton say that he 'would not associate with such a d——, gawky, long-armed ape as that.' After the war had begun, Stanton, still keeping up an epistolary connection with his former chief, Buchanan, wrote, in terms more civil, but hardly more complimentary, 'An irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's running the machine for five months.' And to Dix he expressed himself more frankly as to the 'painful imbecility' of the President. According to McClellan, his language in private conversation was franker still. Lincoln, he said, was the original gorilla, and Du Chaillu need not have gone to Africa to investigate that animal.

Such utterances are not recorded of the Cabinet officer, who had come to know the President more intimately. But the Secretary was just as ready as any one else to snub his chief in the course of business. Again and again he slighted and disregarded Lincoln's suggestions and recommendations, in well-authenticated cases going so far as to tear the President's notes and fling them into the waste basket before the eyes of the bearer, with an expression of perfect contempt. Also, the Secretary's admirers, and perhaps the Secretary himself to some degree, felt that he was the President's chief monitor and by peremptory argument could sway that amiable but somewhat spine-

less personage into the course dictated by true wisdom and patriotism. An instance of this, important if true, is the vehement persuasion by which Stanton is said to have modified the Second Inaugural, insisting that his superior was too ready to surrender power to the generals in the field. Lincoln, after listening to the Secretary's arguments, murmured, 'You are right,' seized the pen, and made the changes suggested.

In spite of occasional insolence, however, and a tendency to domineer in small matters, there can be no question that Stanton came early to recognize Lincoln's supremacy, and on all vital points, after due and energetic protest, submitted his own will to that of his chief. When Lincoln had fairly made up his mind to be obeyed, he was obeyed.

Many cases of sharp conflict can be summed up in the crucial one, narrated by Nicolay and Hay, in which the President backed a positive order by a personal interview. 'Mr. President,' said the Secretary, 'I cannot execute that order.' 'Mr. Secretary,' replied Lincoln, with perfect good-nature and with perfect firmness, 'I reckon you'll have to execute that order.' The order was executed.

And Stanton not only obeyed his leader, he admired and loved him. From a man so sparing of commendation, written words like the following mean much. They are full of significance, not only as to Stanton's own feeling, but as to the relations of the two men. 'Mr. Lincoln was never a good projector and frequently not a good manager; but his intuition was wonderful. He was one of the best of men to have by the side of a projector or manager. . . . Usually his mind was as free from bias as any I ever knew, and it was a genuine pleasure to consult him on new matters.' While the eulogy quoted from Chittenden

den by Mr. Rothschild, in his admirable analysis, is one of the finest ever pronounced by one mortal man upon another. 'There lies the most perfect ruler of men I ever knew.'

And now how did Lincoln feel about Stanton? It would appear that the President selected this member of his Cabinet more for actual merit than almost any of the others. The War Department was the most important of all. Up to January, 1862, Cameron had failed in it entirely. The new man must be chosen, not for politics, although a War Democrat may have been desirable, nor for personal adaptability, but because he could do the work. Lincoln at the start had certainly no reason to feel any affection for Stanton. He must therefore have picked him out by divining his extraordinary usefulness.

Having chosen him, he proposed to leave him free, so far as possible. It is said that one disappointed applicant for secretarial favor brought back word that the only response he received was that the President was a damned fool. 'Did Stanton say that?' was Lincoln's serene comment. 'Then it must be true, for Stanton is usually right.' In many other cases it was made perfectly evident that, having appointed a strong man to a difficult place, the President felt that he could best get full measure out of him by letting him have his head almost — not quite — completely.

And Lincoln not only tolerated his subordinate, he defended him. When it was urged that Stanton's work might be done quite as well by some one else who would do it less disagreeably, the President replied, 'Find the man. Show me that he can do it. He shall.'

Also, there was love in that ample heart for the stern Secretary as well as respect and confidence. Does not all Lincoln's divine tenderness show in Stanton's own account of their last

interview, just before Lincoln's death, when the Secretary, feeling that his task was done, offered his resignation, and the President refused it? 'Putting his hands on my shoulders, tears filling his eyes, he said, "Stanton, you cannot go. Reconstruction is more difficult and dangerous than construction or destruction. You have been our main reliance; you must help us through the final act. The bag is filled. It must be tied, and securely. Some knots slip; yours do not. You understand the situation better than anybody else, and it is my wish and the country's that you remain."'

It has, indeed, been suggested that Stanton's main use to his chief was as a shield or buffer. Most men dislike to say no. Certainly Lincoln did. Yet he had to, till he must sometimes have seemed to himself the negative personified. Now to say no is thought to have given Stanton real pleasure. And the President was delighted to have a deputy of such solid qualifications. Grant rejects this view on the ground that Lincoln did not need to borrow backbone from any one. We know he did not. Yet when life was made up so largely of doing disagreeable things, it was surely policy to use a man who did them with masterly ease and a connoisseur's perfection.

III

Yet probably no one living could have divined more keenly or appreciated more sympathetically the fine qualities of the subordinate than the leader who selected him and got out of him every ounce of his efficiency and usefulness. Let us go below the rough surface and distinguish more closely what some of those fine qualities were.

To begin with, in spite of his harsh, stern exterior, the man had wonderful depths of emotion and nervous sensibil-

ity. I think you can see it in his face — when you have discovered it otherwise. It was he who made that most original and subtle observation, — enough in itself to mark an exceptional acuteness, — when some one objected to his criticism of the meanness in a man's face as being something for which the man was not responsible: 'Every man over fifty is responsible for his face.' Apply the criterion to its inventor, and you will see energy and determination in the brow and eyes and lines about the nose, but assuredly you will see sensibility about the large and mobile mouth.

Again, the voice matched the mouth. It is said to have been wonderfully gentle, sympathetic, and responsive, never more so than when uttering savage indignation or bitter criticism.

And back of the voice was a nervous, high-strung, responsive spirit. When good fortune came, the spirit was exuberant, cried out in triumph, embraced friends near and sent official telegrams of boyish exultation to friends distant. 'Good for the first lick! Hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery!' Or when there was simply a relief from strain, the emotion was different but violent still. 'His real feeling came to the surface. Great tears welled up in his eyes and flowed over his careworn face.' With disappointment and failure the shock was no less, whether shown in tears of bitterness or in strange manifestations of excited and overwrought nerves. Such things both accompany and produce physical weakness, and during all the years of his great and strenuous service Stanton was apparently a broken man. It is said that even before the war he had been warned by skilled physicians that unless he pursued a regular and quiet life, he might die at any moment. A regular and quiet life!

One frequent concomitant of sensi-

tive nerves, humor, seems to have been largely absent in Stanton. There are stories of his gayety in early youth, stories of mirth and laughter and social expansiveness. It is most interesting to find him telling Dickens that the novelist's works were his nightly resource and diversion and that he did not know how he could get through his task without them. We find an occasional jest on his lips, also. But the jests are apt to be bitter. The pettiness of even his vast labors, viewed under the aspect of eternity, did not strike him as constantly as it did Lincoln; and we learn from Chase that when the President prefaced the Emancipation Proclamation with choice extracts from *Petroleum V. Nasby*, — bells tinkling and clattering in that great tragic scene like the babble of the clown in *Lear*, — Stanton was the only Cabinet member present who did not laugh.

But if he had not the twinkle of laughter, he had the glow of deep affection. It is true, indeed, that he does not appear to have loved or trusted widely. Some, who had good opportunity for judging, have written that he permitted no one to know him well and that no man so widely known was ever so little known. I find also the assertion — startlingly characteristic about any man — that 'love was not necessary to him.'

This I do not believe to be true. Indeed, the evidence shows it to be emphatically untrue. Stanton was not one of those who dissipate their affection, but where he bestowed it entire, it was all the more overwhelming. One need only read the history of his first marriage to appreciate this. It was a pure love match, between a boy and girl, and the husband's devotion was as complete and lasting as was the father's delight when children came to him. Years afterward Stanton declared that 'the happiest hours of his life were

passed in the little brick house on Third Street, holding [his daughter] Lucy on his knee while Mary prepared the meals.' The girl-wife's early death was the bitterest sorrow Stanton ever knew. For months he entirely gave up his legal work, spent hours at her grave, wandered into quaint and melancholy fancies which almost indicated lack of mental balance. His character is even said to have undergone a fundamental change, the natural gayety of his youth giving place to a settled austerity and gloom. But such changes as this grow in the imagination of those who report them.

One striking incident of a later time illustrates well the blend of intense passions in the heart of this volcanic creature. During his secretaryship he was sitting one day in his study, with his little daughter on his knee. A friend thought it a good opportunity to plead for a Southern father under sentence of death. The petitioner pointed out to Stanton the joy of his own fatherhood and the child's complete dependence upon him. Stanton assented with enthusiasm. 'But there are daughters in the South who cherish their fathers just as much.' 'I suppose there are,' was the indifferent reply. 'Now there's Pryor —' The Secretary instantly pushed the child from his knee and thundered, 'He shall be hanged! Damn him!'

But it must not be inferred from this that Stanton's tenderness was confined to the domestic circle. Far from it. He may not have made friends widely, but he had a broad and generous kindness, if one knew how to get at it and separate it from his temper and his prejudices. Above all, when his heart was touched, he would make any effort to relieve suffering. As a mere boy, he organized a charity league to watch with the sick and to relieve the poor. Once, when he was traveling to Pittsburg by

boat, he found a poor Irishman with a broken leg on the way to have it set. The man was suffering cruelly, but no one paid much attention. Stanton went to the carpenter for tools, made a splint, set the leg and put the splint on with proper bandages, and sat by the patient, bathing his forehead, until the boat arrived.

Even in his official duties the Secretary tempered roughness with sympathy in a most notable manner. He was harsh to generals in epaulets, but when he saw a poor crippled soldier waiting patiently, he would listen to him first and speak gently, even if he could not say yes. In the same way, while he was often bitter to his subordinates, he at times also regretted his bitterness and would show his regret by some special kindness or unusual display of confidence. It is most curious to note, however, that he rarely apologized directly or admitted that he had been wrong, seeming to feel that such admission would compromise his dignity. In this he surely showed a most significant trait of character and stamped himself as something below the greatest.

It is interesting to have, not only the testimony of others to Stanton's mixture of sympathy with severity, but his own personal confession of the strain involved in the execution of his duty. Thus, he is said to have protested with the utmost solemnity, 'In my official station I have tried to do my duty as I shall answer to God at the great day, but it is the misfortune of that station that most of my duties are harsh and painful to some one, so that I rejoice at an opportunity, however rare, of combining duty with kindly offices.' Still more interesting is the dramatic account of one who was intimately familiar with the workings of the Department, and who one day, after watching the Secretary's stern, cold dealings

with petitioners and resenting them as almost inhuman, followed without announcement into his private office and there found him bent over his desk, his head buried in his hands, shaken with sobs, and wailing in anguish, 'God help me to do my duty; God help me to do my duty.'

It seems hard to reconcile these things with the legend of Stanton's pleasure in saying no. Yet perhaps they are not wholly incompatible, after all. If so, such contradictions certainly make him a figure of extraordinary interest.

IV

Nevertheless, it may be granted that Lincoln did not select Stanton as minister of war for his sympathy or his gentleness. What, then, were the other qualities which made the President pick out this sturdy agent and stand by him?

First, he was a worker, an enormous worker. Welles denies this and proves by doing so that he did not know Stanton. For his inclination and his capacity for labor are beyond dispute. In his early law practice, at his Ohio home, he toiled early and late to get the facts, all the facts, even those irrelevant, with the hope of finding something neglected which would solve a difficulty, as he often did. When he was sent to California by the government, to investigate the old Mexican land-titles, it is confessed that his researches into records and documents were as far-reaching as they were fruitful. In the War Department he looked into everything himself, went into case after case with exhaustive and exhausting thoroughness, mastered the details of contracts, of supply, of equipment, of transportation, and saw that those details were attended to. Executive genius often consists in knowing how to make others work, and no doubt Stan-

ton was expert in this function; but when anything was to be gained by doing work himself, he did it, as in the case, mentioned by Flower, of the cotton investigation in Savannah, in 1865. Stanton selected twenty witnesses out of a vast number present and wrote down the testimony of each, unabridged, though his assistants offered to do it for him. He held that by doing it himself he would get a knowledge of the subject which could not be filtered through any clerk.

Even more important than labor, and essential to fruitful labor, is method, system, organization. Stanton possessed this business instinct in the highest degree. From the moment he took hold of the war machine, he saw that every part was in order, so that his own work and others' work would not be thrown away. His procedure in this line was often vexatious, as when he arranged to have every telegraphic war dispatch from general to general, and even from the President to other members of the Cabinet, pass through his office and come under his eye, if necessary. But it was immensely thorough and effective. An exact routine governed his daily labors. During certain hours he stood at his desk and accorded a systematically proportioned allowance of minutes to the numerous visitors, who had each to state his business with absolute clearness and brevity and in a tone to be heard by the bystanders.

But often the visitor found his business stated for him. For the Secretary had little patience with many words, and had a marvelous gift of divining what was wanted; had, indeed, the most quick and piercing fashion of getting at the heart of any piece of business, before another would have stripped off even the husk of it. It was just this keenness of insight which enabled him, when not led astray by prejudice, to

detect men of swift practical ability for the execution of his purposes.

And back of the labor, the system, the insight, was the animating soul, — an enormous, driving energy, which thrust right on through obstacles and difficulties, would not yield, would not falter, would not turn back. Sometimes this energy was misdirected and overzealous, as in some of the arbitrary arrests for treason, which may have done more harm than good. But lesser men, who stop to hesitate and question, cannot but wonder at its splendid, forthright, overpowering accomplishment. As Thurlow Weed wrote, divining the future, in 1861, 'While I was in the White House I looked over that new Attorney-General of ours. He is tremendous.'

This abounding vigor showed in the Secretary's words, written and spoken. 'The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broken for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports.' It showed, too, constantly in his actions. When he went West at one time to push a military movement, the train was driven as it had never been driven before. 'Shall we get there?' asked Stanton, anxious to drive harder. 'Great God!' answered the engineer, 'you'll get through alive if I do.'

As you follow the different phases of Stanton's activity, you will be amazed to see this clear-eyed, ordered energy displayed in all of them. Supplies? He gets supplies on honest contracts, of the stipulated quality, and furnishes them, when and where needed. A navy? If he wants a navy on the western rivers, and Father Noah or Father Neptune — Welles, of the patriarchal beard, was known by either title — frets and fidgets over difficulties, he just makes a navy, out of nothing. Railroads? The very life and heart of

the war depend on railroads. Stanton sees it and gets men like Haupt and McCallum out of civil life to do feats of engineering which commanded the admiration not of America only, but of the world.

Or, in another connection, take Stanton's handling of the state governors, so justly praised by Mr. Rhodes. Tact and patience were needed here to adjust endless tangles of red tape. The Secretary showed that, if required, he had the tact and the patience as well as the energy.

That a man of this stamp should have been a personal coward is very difficult to believe. I am inclined to think that any charges made against Stanton on this line are based on the vagaries of a highly excitable temperament, which may have momentarily betrayed its possessor in the quick presence of certain kinds of physical peril. However this may be, the man gave many proofs of complete indifference to death, while he was doing his duty. Thus, when defending a poisoner, in order to test the drug used he took a good dose of it himself and was dangerously ill in consequence. Again, when cholera was prevalent, he stepped right in and worked among the sick after priest and doctor had deserted them, and went so far as to open the coffin of a young girl, because he had some fear that she might have been buried alive. These are not exactly the actions of a coward.

Whether physically brave or not, Stanton assuredly did not in general lack the moral courage to say no. Graft, corruption, and dishonesty withered when they came within his touch. Welles, always resourceful and brought up in good traditions of New England thrift, declares that his colleague was utterly wasteful of public money and that anybody could be a great war minister who did not care what he spent.

Perhaps the absurdity of the latter assertion may help to discredit the former, which is not generally made or accepted. At any rate, neither Welles nor any one else ever accused the Secretary of direct or indirect speculation, or even ventured to imply that the war brought him personal profit. On the contrary, he left office and died poorer than he was at an earlier period. Indeed, before his death he was in actual distress and obliged to borrow money for his immediate necessities. Yet he obstinately refused a large sum subscribed by his friends, not as charity, but in simple recognition of his splendid service to his country.

Thus it is evident that he was capable of great personal sacrifice, and this is true, not only as regards money, but as regards other things. During the time of his public service he gave up all social diversions, all amusement of any kind, that every minute might be devoted to the duties of his office. That his acceptance of a cabinet position was as entirely a matter of sacrifice as he asserted may be open to some doubt. The love of power and the ambition to exercise it were vital to his temperament, and to be the motive force in such an event as the Civil War was an opportunity no lover of power could despise. But it may be said with justice that Stanton was one of the few men of his caliber who never gave a thought to the presidency; and it is probable that, as the war progressed, every conscious personal preoccupation became merged in the daily and nightly struggle to perform tasks too mighty for any human brain or shoulders.

v

In the performance of these tasks we see Stanton rather as doer than as thinker. His keen intelligence was the servant of his will, not the master of it.

And though he would have much preferred thinking on abstract problems to being quiet, his abstract thinking has little interest except as developing his character. In youth he ardently desired to write a book on the Poetry of the Bible, calling attention to the fact 'that God, in all his communications with man, clothed his language in the highest imagery.' I am very glad that he did not, as I should have had to read it.

Also, his intellectual quality, from the religious point of view, is well indicated in the account of his settlement of speculative difficulties. 'Mr. Stanton always had a profound reverence for the Supreme Being, but at one time he was disinclined to regard the Bible as an inspired work. Finally he took a copy of it into a room in his dwelling, and, turning the key, resolved not to come forth until he had satisfied himself on that point. He continued in his room so long a time that his young wife became alarmed, fearing he was going crazy. He emerged at last fully satisfied that the Bible is what it purports to be, the Word of God, and he never thereafter doubted.'

This is surely an edifying example of 'the will to believe.'

Stanton's general intellectual force is well gauged by the extraordinary paragraph in his letter to Dana, written in February, 1862. 'Much has been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaigns, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battlefield? We owe our recent successes to the spirit of the Lord that moved our soldiers to rush into battle and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay.'

This sort of thing recalls the talk — not the action — of Stonewall Jack-

son, and in some respects there was a striking resemblance between the two men. Neither was attractive in his ordinary relations with his fellows. Neither treated his subordinates with tact or tenderness. Each had the energy, the resistless rush, of a natural force, overcoming all obstacles in the indomitable effort to attain a simple end. That the likeness does not extend to actual military genius, it is hardly necessary to point out. Stanton's biographer does, indeed, maintain that his favorite showed himself a great general by capturing Norfolk. I am not aware that the conclusion is shared by any other writer about the Civil War. On the contrary, many hold that the Secretary had a singular gift for thwarting the military inspirations of others.

There can be no doubt as to the simple end toward which all Stanton's energies were directed. It was not personal advantage; it was not party triumph; it was not even the abolition of slavery; it was, constantly and above everything, the preservation and restoration of the Union. That he was always discreet or diplomatic in laboring for this end will be maintained by no one. Sometimes there was an element of pig-headed obstinacy in his effort, as in the contest with Andrew Johnson over the War Department in 1866, when the Secretary may have been right in principle, but appears almost as undignified as the President in actual method. Yet under all tactlessness and all indiscretion there lay the one passionate, masterful, consistent purpose, to fight over all things and through all things and beyond all

things, that there might be on this North American Continent but one indissoluble, prosperous, peaceful nation, the United States of America.

'If the Cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, imprisoned, driven from the country,' said Morton to Stanton. And Stanton answered, in his softest voice, 'If the Cause fails, I do not care to live.'

Also, his own written words give a noble, an imperishable reiteration and elaboration of the same idea. 'I hold my present position at the request of the President, who knew me personally, but to whom I had not spoken from the 4th of March, 1861, until the day he handed me my commission. I knew that everything I cherished and held dear would be sacrificed by accepting office. But I thought I might help the country and for that I was willing to perish. If I wanted to be a politician or a candidate for any office, would I stand between the treasury and the robbers who are howling around me? Would I provoke and stand against the whole newspaper gang in the country, of every party, who to sell news would imperil a battle? I was never taken for a fool, but there would be no greater madness than for a man to encounter what I do for anything else than motives that overleap time and look forward to eternity. I believe that Almighty God founded this government, and for my actions in the effort to maintain it I expect to stand before Him in judgment.'

It is perhaps permitted to a man to be exceedingly disagreeable, when he feels and speaks and acts like that.

BURIED TREASURE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

IT was Saturday morning, and we three were together in Mrs. Handsomebody's parlor — Angel, and The Seraph, and I.

No sooner had the front door closed upon the tall, angular figure of that lady, bearing her market basket, than we shut our books with a snap, ran on tiptoe to the top of the stairs, and, after a moment's breathless listening, cast our young forms on the smooth walnut banister, and glided gloriously to the bottom.

Regularly on a Saturday morning Mrs. Handsomebody went to market, and with equal regularity we, her pupils, instantly cast off the yoke of her restraint, slid down the banisters, and entered the forbidden precincts of the Parlor.

On other week-days the shutters of this grim apartment were kept closed, and an inquisitive eye, applied to the keyhole, could just faintly discern the portrait in crayon of the late Mr. Handsomebody, presiding, like some whiskered ghost, over the revels of the stuffed birds in the glass case below him.

But on a Saturday morning Mary Ellen swept and dusted there. The shutters were thrown open, and the thin-legged piano and the haircloth furniture were furbished up for the morrow.

Moreover, Mary Ellen liked our company. She had a spooky feeling about the parlor. Mr. Handsomebody gave her the creeps, she said; and once when

she had turned her back she had heard one of the stuffed birds twitter. It was a gruesome thought.

When we bounded in on her, Mary Ellen was dragging the broom feebly across the gigantic green-and-red lilies of the carpet, her bare red arms moving like listless antennæ. She could, when she willed, work vigorously and well, but no one knew when a heavy mood might seize her, and render her as useless as was compatible with retaining her situation.

'Och, byes!' she groaned, leaning on her broom. 'This spring weather do be makin' me as wake as a blind-kitten! Sure, I feel this mornin' like as if I'd a stone settin' on my stomach, an' me head feels as light as thistledown. I wisht the missus'd fergit to come home an' I could take a day off — but there's no such luck for Mary Ellen!'

She made a few more passes with her broom and then sighed.

'I think I'll soon be leavin' this place,' she said.

A vision of the house without the cheering presence of Mary Ellen rose blackly before us. We crowded round her.

'Now, see here,' said Angel masterfully, putting his arms about her stout waist. 'You know perfectly well that father's coming back from South America soon to make a home for us, and that you are to come and be our cook, and make apple-dumplings, and have all the followers you like.'

Now Angel knew whereof he spoke, for Mary Ellen's 'followers' were a

bone of contention between her and her mistress.

'Aw, Master Angel,' she expostulated, 'what a tongue ye have in yer head to be sure! Followers, is it? Sure, they 're the bane o' me life! Now git out o' the way o' the dust, all of yez, or I'll put a tin ear on ye!' And she began to swing her broom vigorously.

We ran to the window and looked out; but no sooner had we looked out than we whistled with astonishment at what we saw.

But first, I must tell you that the street on which we lived ran east and west. On the corner to the west of Mrs. Handsomebody's house was the gray old cathedral; next to it was the Bishop's house, of gray stone also, then a pair of dingy white brick houses exactly alike. In one of these we lived with Mrs. Handsomebody, and the other was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg and their three servants.

To us they seemed every elegant, if somewhat uninteresting people. Mrs. Mortimer Pegg frequently had carriage callers, and not seldom sallied forth herself in a sedate victoria from the livery stables. But beyond an occasional flutter of excitement when their horses stopped at our very gate, there was little in this prim couple to interest us. So neat and precise were they as they tripped down the street together, that we called them (out of Mrs. Handsomebody's hearing) Mr. and Mrs. 'Cribbage' Pegg.

Now, on this morning in early spring when we looked out of the window, our eyes discovered an object of such compelling interest in the Peggs' front garden that we rubbed them again to make sure that we were broad awake.

Striding up and down the small enclosure was a tall old man wearing a brilliant-hued, flowered dressing-gown that hung open at the neck, disclosing his long brown throat and hairy chest,

and flapped negligently about his heels as he strode.

He had bushy iron-gray hair and moustache, and tufts of curly gray beard grew around his chin and ears. His nose was large and sunburned; and every now and again he would stop in his caged-animal walk and sniff the air as though he liked it.

I liked the old gentleman from the start.

'Oo-o! See the funny old man!' giggled The Seraph. 'Coat like Jacob an' his bwethern!'

Angel and I plied Mary Ellen with questions. Who was he? Did he live with the Peggs? Did she think he was a foreigner?

Mary Ellen, supported by her broom, stared out of the window.

'For th' love of Hiven!' she ejaculated. 'If that ain't a sight now! Byes, it's Mr. Pegg's own father come home from somewheres in th' Indies. Their cook was tellin' me of the time they have wid him. He's a bit light-headed, y'see, an' has all his meals in his own room — th' quarest dishes iver — an' a starlin' for a pet, mind ye!'

At that moment the old gentleman perceived that he was watched, and saluting Mary Ellen gallantly, he called out, —

'Good morning, madam!'

Mary Ellen, covered with confusion, drew back behind the curtain. I was about to make a suitable reply when I saw Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, herself, emerge from her house with a very red face, and resolutely grasp her father-in-law's arm. She spoke to him in a rapid undertone, and, after a moment's hesitation, he followed her meekly into the house.

How I sympathized with him! I knew only too well the humiliation experienced by the helpless male when overbearing woman drags him ignominiously from his harmless recrea-

tion. A bond of understanding seemed to be established between us at once.

The voice of Mary Ellen broke in on my reverie. She was teasing Angel to sing.

'Aw, give us a chune, Master Angel, before th' missus gets back! There's a duck! I'll give ye a pocketful of raisins as sure's fate!'

Angel was the possessor of a flute-like treble, and he could strum some sort of accompaniment on the piano to any song. It was Mary Ellen's delight on a Saturday morning to pour forth her pent-up feelings in one of the popular songs, with Angel to keep her on the tune and thump a chord or two.

It was a risky business. But The Seraph mounted guard at the window while I pressed my nose against the glass case which held the stuffed birds, and wondered if by chance any of them had come from South America where father was.

Tum-te-tum-te-tum, strummed Angel.

'Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde,
And the — band — played — on.'

His sweet reedy tones thrilled the April air.

And Mary Ellen's voice, robust as the whistle of a locomotive, bursting with health and spirits, shook the very cobwebs that she had not swept down.

'Casey would waltz wid th' strawberry blonde,
And — the — band — play — don!'

Generally we had a faithful subordinate in The Seraph. He had a rather sturdy sense of honor. On this spring morning, however, I think that the singing of Mary Ellen must have dulled his sensibilities, for, instead of keeping a bright lookout up the street for the dreaded form of Mrs. Handsomebody, he lolled across the window sill, dangling a piece of string, with the April sunshine warming his rounded back.

And as he dangled the string, Mrs.

Handsomebody drew nearer and nearer. She entered the gate — she entered the house — she was in the parlor!

Angel and Mary Ellen had just given their last triumphant shout, when Mrs. Handsomebody said in a voice of cold fury, —

'Mary Ellen, kindly cease that ribald screaming. David [David is Angel's proper name], get up instantly from that piano stool and face me! John, Alexander, face me!'

We did so tremblingly.

'Now,' said Mrs. Handsomebody, 'you three boys go up to your bedroom — not to the schoolroom, mind — and don't let me hear another sound from you to-day! You shall get no dinner. At four I will come and discuss your disgraceful conduct with you. Now march!'

She held the door open for us while we filed sheepishly under her arm. Then the door closed behind us with a decisive bang, and poor Mary Ellen was left in the torture-chamber with Mrs. Handsomebody and the stuffed birds.

II

Angel and I scurried up the stairway. We could hear The Seraph panting as he labored after us.

Once in the haven of our little room, we rolled in a confused heap on the bed, scuffling indiscriminately. Such a punishment was not new to us. It was a favorite one with Mrs. Handsomebody, and we had a suspicion that she relished the fact that so much food was saved when we went dinnerless. At any rate, we were not allowed to make up the deficiency at tea-time.

We always passed the hours of our confinement on the bed, for the room was very small and the one window stared blankly at the window of an unused room in the Peggs' house, which blankly returned the stare.

But these were not dull times for us. As Elizabethan actors, striding about their bare stage, conjured up brave pictures of gilded halls or leafy forest glades, so we little fellows made a castle stronghold of our bed; or better still, a gallant frigate that sailed beyond the barren walls into unknown seas of adventure, and anchored at last off some rocky island where treasure lay hid among the hills.

What brave fights with pirates there were, when Angel as captain, I as mate, with The Seraph for a cabin boy, fought the bloody pirate gangs on those surf-washed shores, and gained the fight, though far outnumbered!

They were not dull times in that small back room, but gay-colored, lawless times, when our fancy was let free, and we fought on empty stomachs, and felt only the wind in our faces, and heard the creak of straining cordage. What if we were on half-rations!

On this particular morning, however, there was something to be disposed of before we got to business: to wit, the rank insubordination of The Seraph. It was not to be dealt with too lightly. Angel sat with up a disheveled head.

'Get up!' he commanded The Seraph, who obeyed wonderingly.

'Now, my man,' continued Angel, with the scowl that had made him dreaded the South Seas over, 'have you anything to say for yourself?'

The Seraph hung his head.

'I was on'y danglin' a bit o' stwing,' he murmured.

'String!' repeated Angel, the scowl deepening, 'dangling a bit of string! You may be dangling yourself at the end of a rope before the sun sets, my hearty! Here we are without any dinner, all along of you. Now see here, you'll go right over into that corner by the window with your face to the wall and stand there all the time John and I play! An' — an' you won't know

what we're doing nor where we're going nor *anything* — so there!'

The Seraph went, weeping bitterly. He hid his face in the dusty lace window-curtain. He looked very small. I could not help remembering how father had said we were to take care of him and not make him cry.

Somehow that morning things went ill with the adventure. The savor had gone out of our play. Two were but a paltry company after all. Where was the cabin-boy with his trusty dirk, eager to bleed for the cause? Though we kept our backs rigorously turned to the window, and spoke only in whispers, neither of us was quite able to forget the presence of that dejected little figure.

After a bit, The Seraph's whimpering ceased, and what was our surprise to hear the chuckling laugh with which he was wont to signify his pleasure!

We turned to look at him. His face was pressed to the window, and again he giggled rapturously.

'What's up, kid?' we demanded.

'Ole Joseph-an'-his-bwethern,' he sputtered, 'winkin' an' wavin' hands wiv me!'

We were at his side like a shot, and there in the hitherto blank window of the Peggs' house stood the old gentleman of the flowered dressing-gown, laughing and nodding at The Seraph. When he saw us he made a sign to us to open our window, and at the same instant raised his own.

It took the three of us to accomplish it, for the window moved unreadily, being seldom raised, as Mrs. Handsomebody regarded fresh air much as she regarded a small boy, as something to be kept in its place.

At last the window rose, protesting and creaking, and the next moment we were face to face with our new acquaintance.

'Hello!' he said, in a loud, jovial voice.

'Hello!' said we, and stared.

He had a strong, weather-beaten face, and wide-open, light eyes, blue and wild as the sea.

'Hello, boy!' he repeated, looking at Angel. 'What's your name?'

Now Angel was shy with strangers, so I usually answered questions.

'His name,' I replied then, 'is David Curzon; but mother called him Angel, so we jus' keep on doing it.'

'Oh,' said the old gentleman. Then he fixed The Seraph with his eye. 'What's the bantling's name?'

The Seraph, mightily confused at being called a bantling, giggled inanely, so I replied again.

'His name is Alexander Curzon, but mother called him The Seraph, so we jus' keep on doing it too.'

'Um-hm,' assented the old gentleman; 'and you — what's your name?'

'John,' I replied.

'Oh,' he said, with an odd little smile, 'and what do they keep on calling you?'

'Just John,' I answered firmly, 'nothing else.'

'Who's your father?' came the next question.

'He's David Curzon, senior,' I said proudly, 'and he's in South America building a railroad, an' Mrs. Hand-somebody used to be his governess when he was a little boy, so he left us with her; but some day, pretty soon, I think, he's coming back to make a really home for us with rabbits an' puppies an' pigeons an' things.'

Our new friend nodded sympathetically. Then, quite suddenly, he asked,

'Where's your mother?'

'She's in heaven,' I answered simply. 'She went there two years ago.'

'Yes,' broke in The Seraph eagerly, 'but she's comin' back some day to make a *weally* home for us.'

'Shut up!' said Angel gruffly, poking him with his elbow.

'The Seraph's very little,' I explained apologetically; 'he does n't understand.'

The old gentleman put his hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown.

'Bantling,' he said with his droll smile, 'do you like peppermint bull's-eyes?'

'Yes,' said The Seraph, 'I like them — one for each of us.'

Whereupon this extraordinary man began throwing us peppermints as fast as we could catch them. It was surprising how we began to feel at home with him, as though we had known him for years.

He had traveled all over the world, it seemed, and he brought many curious things to the window to show us. One of these was a starling, whose wicker cage he placed on the sill where the sunlight fell.

He had got the bird, he said, from one of the crew of a trading vessel off the coast of Java. The sailor had brought it all the way from Devon for company; and he added, 'The brute had put out both its eyes so that it would learn to talk more readily; so now, you see, the poor little fellow is quite blind.'

'Blind — blind — blind!' echoed the starling briskly, — 'blind — blind — blind!'

He took it from its cage on his finger. It hopped up his arm till it reached his cheek, and there it began to peck at his whiskers, crying all the while in its shrill, lonely tones, 'Blind — blind — blind!'

We three were entranced; and an idea that was swiftly forming in my mind struggled for expression.

If this wonderful old man had, as he said, sailed the seas from Land's End to Ceylon, was it not possible that he had seen, even fought with, real pirates? Might he not have followed hot on the trail of hidden treasure? My cheeks

burned as I tried to put the question.

'Did you —' I began, 'did you —'

'Well?' he encouraged. 'Did I what, John?'

'Oh, did you,' I burst out, 'ever see a pirate ship, an' pirates — real ones?' His face lit up.

'Surely,' he replied casually, 'many an one.'

'Praps,' ventured Angel, with an excited laugh, 'praps you're one yourself!'

The old gentleman searched our eager faces with his wide-open, sea-blue eyes; then he looked cautiously into the room behind him, and, being apparently satisfied that no one could overhear, he put his hand to the side of his mouth, and said in a loud, hoarse whisper, —

'That I am. Pirate as ever was!'

I think you could have knocked me down with a feather. I know my knees shook and the room reeled. The Seraph was the first to recover, piping cheerfully, —

'I yike piwates!'

'Yes,' repeated the old gentleman, reflectively, 'pirate as ever was. The things I've seen and done would fill the biggest book you ever saw, and it'd make your hair stand on end to read it — what with fights, and murders, and hangings, and storms, and shipwreck, and the hunt for gold! Many a sweet schooner or frigate I've sunk, or taken for myself, and there is n't a port on the South Seas where women don't hush their children's crying with the fear of Captain Pegg!'

Then he added hastily, as though he feared he had gone too far, —

'But I'm a changed man, mark you — a reformed man. If things suit me pretty well here I don't think I shall break out again. It is just that you chaps seem so sympathetic, makes me tell you all this; but you must swear never to breathe a word of it, for no one

knows but you. My son and daughter-in-law think I'm an archæologist. It'd be an awful shock to them to find that I'm a pirate.'

We swore the blackest secrecy, and were about to ply him with a hundred questions, when we saw a maid carrying a large tray enter the room behind him.

Captain Pegg, as I must now call him, gave us a gesture of warning and began to lower his window. A pleasant aroma of roast beef came across the alley. The next instant the flowered dressing-gown had disappeared and the window opposite stared blankly as before.

Angel drew a deep breath. 'Did you notice,' he said, 'how different he got once he had told us he was a pirate — wilder and rougher, and used more sailor words?'

'However did you guess it first?' I asked admiringly.

'I think I know a pirate when I see one,' he returned loftily. 'But oh, I say, would n't Mrs. Handsomebody be waxy if she knew?'

'An' would n't Mary Ellen be scared stiff if *she* knew?'

'An' won't we have fun? Hurray!'

We rolled in ecstasy on the much-enduring bed.

We talked excitedly of the possibilities of such a wonderful and dangerous friendship. And as it turned out, none of our imaginings equaled what really happened.

The afternoon passed quickly. As the hands of our alarm clock neared the hour of four we obliterated the traces of our sojourn on the bed as well as we could, and when Mrs. Handsomebody entered, she found us sitting in a row in the three cane-bottomed chairs on which we hung our clothes at night.

The scolding she gave us was even longer and more humiliating to our manhood than usual. She shook her hard white finger near our faces and

said that for very little she would write to our father and complain of our actions.

'Now,' she said, in conclusion, 'give your faces and hands a thorough washing, and comb your hair, which is disgraceful; then come quietly down to tea.'

The door closed behind her.

'What beats me,' said Angel, lathering his hands, 'is why that one white hair on her chin wiggles so when she jaws us. I can't keep my eyes off it.'

'It wiggles,' piped The Seraph, as he dragged a brush over his curls, 'cos it's nervous, an' I wiggle when she scolds, too, 'cos *I'm* nervous.'

'Don't you worry, old man,' Angel responded gayly, 'we'll take care of you.'

We were in fine spirits despite our scolding. Indeed, we almost pitied Mrs. Handsomebody for her ignorance of the wonders among which she had her being.

Here she was, fussing over some stuffed birds in a glass case, when a live starling, who could talk, had perched near her very window-sill! She spent hours in conversation with her Unitarian minister, while a real pirate lived next door!

It was pitiful, and yet it was very funny. We found it hard to go quietly down to tea with such thoughts in our minds, and after five hours in our bedroom.

III

The next day was Sunday.

As we sat at dinner with Mrs. Handsomebody after Morning Service, we were scarcely conscious of the large white dumplings that bulged before us, with a delicious, sticky, sweet sauce trickling down their dropsical sides. We plied our spoons with languid interest around their outer edges, as calves nibble around a straw stack. Our va-

grant minds scoured the Spanish Main with Captain Pegg.

Suddenly The Seraph spoke in that cocksure way of his.

'There's a piwate at Pegg's.'

Mrs. Handsomebody looked at him sharply.

'What's that?' she demanded.

At the same instant Angel and I kicked him under cover of the dining-table.

'What did you say?' repeated Mrs. Handsomebody, sternly.

'Funny ole gennelman at the Cwibbage Peggs,' replied The Seraph with his mouth full.

Mrs. Handsomebody greatly respected Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, and this play of words on the name incensed her.

'Am I to understand, Alexander,' she gobbled, 'that you are making *game* of the Mortimer Peggs?'

'Yes,' giggled the wretched Seraph, 'it's a cwibbage game. You play it wiv Peggs.'

'Leave the table instantly!' ordered Mrs. Handsomebody. 'You are becoming unbearable.'

The Seraph cast one anguished look at his dumpling and burst into tears. We could hear his wails growing ever fainter as he plodded up the stairs.

'Mary Ellen, remove that dumping!' commanded Mrs. Handsomebody.

Angel and I began to eat very fast. There was a short silence; then Mrs. Handsomebody said didactically, —

'The elder Mr. Pegg is a much traveled gentleman, and one of the most noted archaeologists of the day. A trifle eccentric in his manner, perhaps, but a deep thinker. David, can you tell me what an archaeologist is?'

'Something you pretend you are,' said Angel, 'and you ain't.'

'Nonsense!' snapped Mrs. Handsomebody. 'Look it up in your John-

son's when you go upstairs, and let me know the result. I will excuse you now.'

We found The Seraph lounging in a chair in the schoolroom.

'Too bad about the dumpling, old boy,' I said consolingly.

'Oh, not too bad,' he replied. 'Mary Ellen fetched it up the back stairs to me. I'm vewy full.'

That afternoon we saw Captain Pegg go for a walk with his son and daughter-in-law. He looked quite altered in a long gray coat and tall hat. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg seemed proud to walk with him.

The following day was warm and sunny. When lessons were over we rushed to our bedroom window, and to our joy we found that the window opposite was wide open, the wicker cage on the sill, with the starling inside swelling up and preening himself in the sunshine, while just beyond sat Captain Pegg smoking a long pipe.

He seemed delighted to see us.

'Avast, my hearties!' he cried. 'It's glorious sailing weather, but I've just been lying at anchor here, on the chance of sighting you. It does my heart good, y' see, to talk with some of my own kind, and leave off pretending to be an archæologist — to stretch my mental legs, as it were. Well — have you taken your bearings this morning?'

'Captain Pegg,' I broke out with my heart tripping against my blouse, 'you said something the other day about buried treasure. Did you really find some? And would you mind telling us how you set about it?'

'Yes,' hereplied meditatively, 'many a sack of treasure trove I've unearthed — but the most curious find of all, I got without searching and without blood being spilt. I was lying quiet those days, about forty years ago, off the north of the Orkney Islands. Well, one morning I took a fancy to explore some of the outlying rocks and little

islands dotted here and there. So I started off in a yawl with four seamen to row me; and not seeing much but barren rocks and stunted shrubs about, I bent over the stern and stared into the sea. It was as clear as crystal.

'As we were passing through a narrow channel between two rocky islands, I bade the men rest on their oars, for something strange below had arrested my attention. I now could see plainly, in the green depths, a Spanish galleon, standing upright, held as in a vice by the grip of the two great rocks. She must have gone down with all hands, when the greater part of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the shores of Britain.

"Shiver my timbers, lads!" I cried, "here'll be treasure in earnest! Back to the ship for our diving-suits! Booty for every one, and plum duff for dinner!"

'Well, to make a long story short, I and four of the trustiest of the crew put on our diving-suits, and soon we were walking the slippery decks once trodden by Spanish grandees and soldiers, and the scene of many a bloody fight, I'll be bound. Their skeletons lay about the deck, wrapped in sea-tangle, and from every crevice of the galleon tall red and green and yellow and purple weeds had sprung, that waved and shivered with the motion of the sea. Her decks were strewn with shells and sand, and in and out of her rotted ribs frightened fish darted at our approach. It was a gruesome sight.

'Three weeks we worked, carrying the treasure to our own ship, and I began to feel as much at home under water as above it. At last we set sail without mishap, and every man on board had his share, and some of them gave up pirating and settled down as inn-keepers and tradesmen.'

As the sound of his deep voice ceased, we three were silent also, gazing long-

ingly into his eyes, that were so like the sea.

Then — 'Captain Pegg,' said Angel, in a still small voice, 'I don't — s'pose — you'd know of any hidden treasure hereabouts? We'd most awfully like to find some. It'd be a jolly thing to write and tell father!'

A droll smile flickered over the bronzed features of Captain Pegg. He brought down his fist on the window-sill.

'Well, if you aren't chaps after my own heart!' he cried. 'Treasure about here? I was just coming to that — and a most curious happening it is! There was a cabin-boy — name of Jenks — a lad that I trusted and loved like my own son, who stole the greater part of my share of the treasure, and though I scoured the globe for him,' — the captain's eyes rolled fiercely, — 'I found neither trace of him nor the treasure, till two years ago. It was in Madagascar that I received a message from a dying man, confessing that, shaken by remorse, he had brought what was left of the plunder and buried it in Mrs. Handsomebody's back yard.'

'Mrs. Handsomebody's back yard!' We chanted the words in utter amazement.

'Just that,' affirmed Captain Pegg solemnly. 'Jenks found out that I owned the house next door, but he dared not bury the treasure there because the yard was smoothly sodded, and would show up any disturbance; while Mrs. H.'s yard, being covered with planks, was just the thing. So he simply raised one of the planks, dug a hole, and deposited the sack containing the last of the treasure, and wrote me his confession. And there you are!'

He smiled benignly on us. I longed to hug him.

The wind swooped and whistled down the alley, and the starling gave

little sharp twittering noises and cocked his head.

'When, oh, when?' we burst out; 'to-night? May we search for it to-night, Captain Pegg?'

He reflected. 'No-o. Not to-night. Jenks, you see, sent me a plan of the yard with a cross to mark where the treasure lies, and I'll have to hunt it up so as not to waste our time turning up the whole yard. But to-morrow night — yes, to-morrow at midnight we'll start the search!'

IV

At dinner that day the rice-pudding had the flavor of ambrosia. By night-fall preparations were already on foot.

First, the shovel had been smuggled from the coal-cellar and secreted in a corner of the yard behind the ash-barrel, together with an iron crowbar to use as a lever, and an empty sack to aid in the removal of the treasure.

I scarcely slept that night; and when I did my mind was filled with wild imaginings. The next morning we were heedless scholars indeed, and at dinner I ate so little that Mrs. Handsomebody was moved to remark jocularly that somebody not a thousand miles away was shaping for a bilious bout.

At four o'clock Captain Pegg appeared at his window, looking the picture of cheerful confidence. He said it warmed his heart to be at his old profession again, and indeed I never saw a merrier twinkle in any one's eyes. He had found the plan of the yard sent by Jenks and he had no doubt that we should soon be in possession of the Spanish treasure.

'But there's one thing, my lads,' he said solemnly: 'I make no claim whatever to any share in this booty. Let that be understood. Anything we find is to be yours entirely. If I were to take any such goods into my son's

house, his wife would get suspicious, and uncomfortable questions would be asked, and it'd be all up with this archæologist business.'

'Could n't you hide it under your bed?' I suggested.

'Oh, she'd be sure to find it,' he replied sadly. 'She's into everything. And even if they did n't locate it till I am dead, they'd feel disgraced to think their father had been a pirate. You'll have to take it.'

We agreed, therefore, to ease him of the responsibility of his strangely gotten gain. We then parted, with the understanding that we were to meet him in the alley between the two houses promptly at midnight, and that in the meantime, we were to preserve a calm and commonplace demeanor.

With the addition of four crullers and a slab of cold bread pudding filched from the pantry, our preparations were now complete.

We were well-disciplined little animals; we always went to bed without a murmur, but on this night we literally flew there. The Seraph ended his prayers with — 'And for this pivate tweekure make us twuly thankful. Amen.'

The next moment we had dived under the bedclothes and snuggled there in wild expectancy.

From half-past seven to twelve is a long stretch. The Seraph slept peacefully. Angel or I rose every little while and struck a match to look at the clock. At nine we were so hungry that we ate all four crullers. At eleven we ate the slab of cold bread pudding. After that we talked less, and I think Angel dozed, but I lay staring in the direction of the window, watching for the brightness which would signify that Captain Pegg was astir and had lighted his gas.

At last it came — a pale and trembling messenger, that showed our little room to me in a new aspect — one of mystery and grotesque shadows.

I was on my feet in an instant. I shook Angel's shoulder.

'Up with you!' I whispered, hoarsely. 'The hour has come!'

I knew that drastic measures must be taken with The Seraph, so I just grasped him under the armpits and stood him on his feet without a word. He wobbled for a space, digging his knuckles in his eyes.

The hands of the clock pointed to ten minutes to twelve.

Angel and I hastily pulled on our trousers; and he, who liked to dress the part, stuck a knife in his belt and twisted a scarlet silk handkerchief (borrowed from Mary Ellen) round his head. His dark eyes glistened under his folds.

The Seraph and I went unadorned, save that he girt his trusty sword about his stout middle and I carried a toy bayonet.

Down the inky-black stairs we crept, scarcely breathing. The lower hall seemed cavernous. I could smell the old carpets and the haircloth covering of the chairs. We sidled down the back hall among goloshes, umbrellas, and Turk's-head dusters. The back door had a key like that of a jail.

Angel tried it with both hands, but though it grated horribly, it stuck. Then I had a try, and could not resist a triumphant click of the tongue when it turned, for Angel was a vain fellow and took a rise out of being the elder.

And when the moonlight shone upon us in the yard! — oh, the delicious freedom of it! We hopped for joy.

In the alley we awaited our leader. Between the houses we could see the low half-moon, hanging like a tilted bird's nest in the dark-blue sky, while a group of stars fluttered near it like young birds. The cathedral chimes sounded the hour of midnight.

Soon we heard the stealthy steps of Captain Pegg, and we gasped as we

saw him, for in place of his flowered dressing-gown he wore breeches and top boots, a loose shirt with a blue neckerchief knotted at the throat, and, gleaming at his side, a cutlass.

He smiled broadly when he saw us.

'Well, if you are n't armed — every man-jack of you — even to the bantling!' he cried. 'Capital!'

'My sword, she's *weal*,' said The Seraph with dignity. 'Sometimes I fight giants.'

Captain Pegg then shook hands with each of us in turn, and we thrilled at being treated as an equal by such a man.

'And now to work!' he said, heartily. 'Here is the plan of the yard as sent by Jenks.'

We could see it plainly by the moonlight, all neatly drawn out, even to the ash-barrel and the clothes-dryer, and there, on the fifth plank from the end, was a cross in red ink, and beside it the magic word — 'Treasure'!

Captain Pegg inserted the crowbar in a wide crack between the fourth and fifth boards, then we all pressed our full weight upon it with a 'Yo heave ho, my hearties!' from our chief.

The board flew up and we flew down, sprawling on the ground. Somehow the captain, being versed in such matters, kept his feet, though he staggered a bit.

Then, in an instant, we were pulling wildly at the plank to dislodge it. This we accomplished after much effort, and a dark, dank recess was disclosed.

Captain Pegg dropped to his knees, and with his hand explored cautiously under the planks. His face fell.

'Shiver my timbers if I can find it!' he muttered.

'Let me try!' I cried eagerly.

Both Angel and I thrust our hands in also and fumbled among the moist lumps of earth.

Captain Pegg now lighted a match

and held it in the aperture. It cast a glow upon our tense faces.

'Hold it closer!' implored Angel. 'This way — right here — don't you see?'

At the same moment we both had seen the heavy metal ring that projected, ever so little, above the surface of the earth. We grasped it simultaneously and pulled. Captain Pegg lighted another match. It was heavy — oh, so heavy! — but we got it out: a fair-sized leather bag bound with thongs. To one of these was attached the ring we had first caught sight of.

Now, kneeling as we were, we stared up in Captain Pegg's face. His wide blue eyes had somehow got a different look.

'Little boys,' he said gently, 'open it!'

There in the moonlight, we unloosed the fastening of the bag and turned its contents out upon the bare boards. The treasure lay disclosed then, a glimmering heap, as if, out of the dank earth, we had dugged a patch of moonshine.

We squatted on the boards around it, our heads touching, our wondering eyes filled with the magic of it.

'It is treasure,' murmured Angel, in an awe-struck voice, 'real treasure trove. Will you tell us, Captain Pegg, what all these things are?'

Captain Pegg, squatting like the rest of us, ran his hands meditatively through the strange collection.

'Why, strike me purple,' he growled, 'if that scamp Jenks has n't kept most of the gold coins and left us only the silver! But here's three golden doubloons, all right, one apiece for ye! And here's ducats and silver florins, and pieces of eight — and some I can't name till I get the daylight on them. It's a pretty bit of treasure all told; and see here —'

He held up two old Spanish watches,

just the thing for gentlemen adventurers.

We boys were now delving into the treasure on our own account, and brought to light a brace of antiquated pistols, an old silver flagon, a compass, a wonderful set of chessmen carved from ivory, and some curious shells, that delighted The Seraph. And other quaint things there were that we handled reverently, and coins of different countries, square and round, and some with holes bored through.

We were so intent upon our discovery that none of us heard the approaching footsteps till they were fair upon us. Then, with a start, we turned, and saw to our horror Mrs. Handsomebody and Mary Ellen, with her hair in curl-papers, and close behind them, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, scantily attired, the gentleman carrying a revolver.

'David! John! Alexander!' gobbled Mrs. Handsomebody.

'Now what d'ye think of that!' came from Mary Ellen.

'Father! Have you gone quite mad?' cried Mrs. Pegg. And — 'Oh, I say, governor,' stammered the gentleman with the revolver.

Captain Pegg rose to his feet with dignity.

'These young gentlemen,' he said, simply, 'have with my help been able to locate some buried treasure, which was stolen from me years ago by a man named Jenks, and has lain hidden here since two decades. I hereby renounce all claim to it in favor of my three brave friends!'

Mr. Pegg was bent over the treasure.

'Now, look here, sir,' he said, rather sharply, 'some of this seems to be quite valuable stuff —'

'I know the value of it to a penny,' replied his father, with equal asperity, 'and I intend that it shall belong solely and wholly to these boys.'

'Whatever are you rigged up like that for?' demanded his daughter-in-law.

'As gentlemen of spirit,' replied Captain Pegg, patiently, 'we chose to dress the part. We do what we can to keep a little glamour and gayety in the world. Some folk' — he looked at Mrs. Handsomebody — 'would like to discipline it all away.'

'I think,' said our governess, 'that considering it is *my* back yard, I have some claim to —'

'None at all, madam — none at all!' interrupted Captain Pegg. 'By all the rules of treasure-hunting, the finder keeps the treasure.'

Mrs. Handsomebody was silenced. She did not wish to quarrel with the Peggs.

Mrs. Pegg moved closer to her.

'Mrs. Handsomebody,' she said, winking her white eyelashes very fast, 'I really do not think that you should allow your pupils to accept this — er — treasure. My father-in-law has become very eccentric of late, and I am positive that he himself buried these things very recently. Only day before yesterday, I saw that set of ivory chessmen on his writing table.'

'Hold your tongue, Sophia!' shouted Captain Pegg loudly.

Mr. Mortimer Pegg looked warningly at his wife.

'All right, governor! Don't you worry,' he said, taking his father's arm. 'It shall be just as you say; but one thing is certain, you'll take your death of cold if you stay out in this night air.'

As he spoke, he turned up the collar of his coat.

Captain Pegg shook hands with a grand air with Angel and me, then he lifted The Seraph in his arms and kissed him.

'Good-night, bantling!' he said, softly. 'Sleep tight!'

He turned then to his son.

'Mort,' said he, 'I have n't kissed a little boy like that since you were just so high.'

Mr. Pegg laughed and shivered, and they went off quite amiably, arm in arm, Mrs. Pegg following, muttering to herself.

Mrs. Handsomebody looked disparagingly at the treasure. 'Mary Ellen,' she ordered, 'help the children to gather up that rubbish, and come in at once! Such an hour it is!'

Mary Ellen, with many exclamations, assisted in the removal of the treasure to our bedroom. Mrs. Handsomebody, after seeing it deposited there, and us safely under the bedclothes, herself extinguished the gas.

'I shall write to your father,' she

said, severely, 'and tell him the whole circumstance. *Then* we shall see what is to be done with *you*, and with the *treasure*.'

With this veiled threat she left us. We snuggled our little bodies together. We were cold.

'I'll write to father myself, to-morrow, an' 'splain everything,' I announced.

'D' you know,' mused Angel, 'I b'lieve I'll be a pirate, 'stead of a civil engineer like father. I b'lieve there's more in it.'

'I'll be an engineer just the same,' said I.

'I fink,' murmured The Seraph, sleepily, 'I fink I'll jus' be a bishop, an' go to bed at pwoper times an' have poached eggs for tea.'

REMINISCENCE WITH POSTSCRIPT

BY OWEN WISTER

S'il vient à point, me souviendra. — BOHIER.

I

NOT alone because of their good meat and drink are three meals shrined at the heart of these following impressions. Singly, each one did delightfully engage the palate, but the three together speak appealingly to sentiment. It is of a great house, a little inn, and of the fair region round about them that I shall mainly discourse — and whether I do or don't give a final *x* to the name of the house, there are people and documents to say I have spelt it wrong: which comes very near to saying that both ways are right. The *x* shall remain, the majority seems to favor it, and I at once beg that you share my

relish of these posturing Renaissance lines, written by royal command in honor of Chenonceaux: —

Au saint bal des dryades,
A Phœbus, ce grand dieu,
Aux humides nayades
J'ai consacré ce lieu.

This highly plaster-cast lyric was recited during the 'triomphe' held at Chenonceaux to celebrate the arrival there of François II and Mary Stuart. The hostess was as distinguished as her visitors; and never, before I went to Chenonceaux, did I associate naiads and dryads and poems of welcome with Catherine de' Medici. But we must allow this monstrous personage an eye for good houses. She preferred Che-

nonceaux to all her dwellings — she preferred it so much, indeed, that she made another lady get out of it, exchanging for it the decidedly inferior residence of Chaumont. And we have Catherine to thank (I fear) for the strangely felicitous fancy that placed upon the arches built from the rear of the house to the farther side of the river by her ejected predecessor, Diane de Poitiers, that enchanting hall or gallery, which rises three stories high, if you count the nine windows in the steeply and gracefully pitched slate roof.

Basti si magnifiquement
Il est debout, comme un géant,
Dedans le lit de la rivière,
C'est-a-dire dessus un pont
Qui porte cent toises de long.

These verses bump down heavily upon the bridge, and, despite their scrupulous statistics as to its length, they scarcely measure the excellence of Chenonceaux, but rather the gap between French verse and French architecture in the sixteenth century. Villon could have come nearer the mark; but Villon was long gone before the ancient mill on the river Cher was transfigured by its purchaser into the château he did not live to complete. 'S'il vient à point,' said Thomas Bohier, and he graved it in many ornamental places of his edifice, 'me souviendra.'

And here am I writing his name and thinking about him, three hundred and ninety-two years after his death. What a pleasant reason for being remembered! What a quietly illustrious introduction to posterity: the originator of the mansion whose sheer beauty brought a succession of kings and queens and other great people to sojourn in it, whose walls have listened to the blandishments of François I, the sallies of Fontenelle and Voltaire, the sentimentalities of Rousseau. Do their

ghosts walk here upon these terraces? Do they meet in the long gallery over the Cher? If they do not, they are less wise in the next world than they were in this. Almost might one envy some figure in a well-preserved piece of tapestry, hanging in any hall or chamber here and commanding a view out of any window that looked up or down the placid river. Embroidered thus for ever, amid high company, ladies and gentlemen of importance with hawks and feathers and armor and steeds richly caparisoned, ministered to by esquires and serfs, one would exist admired, valued, and carefully dusted. Daily sight-seers from all lands would be conducted into one's presence (Sundays included, 10-11 A.M., 2-6 P.M.), thus animating one's feudal leisure with sufficient variety. There one would be, an acknowledged masterpiece, for ever aloof from the unstable present, nevermore driven to enlist against the restless evils of the world. The trouble is, somebody from Pittsburg might buy one. Now I could no more brook living as tapestry in America than I could live as an American in Europe, expatriated and trivially evaporating amid beauties and comforts that were none of my native heritage.

Do you know the country where Chenonceaux stands? Do you know the river? Have you ever gone there from Tours, or come there the opposite way, from Bourges through Vierzon and Montrichard?

The region shares a secret with certain rare people, whom all of us are glad to count among our acquaintance. Certain men and women, immediately on our first meeting them, make us desire to meet them again; not because they have uttered remarkable thoughts or reminded us of Venus or Apollo: perhaps they have said nothing that you and I could n't say, and we may know people much better looking. But they

radiate — what is it that they radiate? We feel it, we bask in it, it flows over us. It is n't sunlight or moonlight, but a fairy-light of their own. When these shining creatures come into the room, happiness enters with them. How do they do it? It gets us nowhere to say that there is 'something' in the tone of their voice, or 'something' in the look of their eyes: what is the something? I'm glad I don't know; mystery is growing so scarce, that I am thankful for anything which cannot be explained.

Now this rare quality (and don't flatter yourself that you understand it because you happen to know its name) is possessed not only by men and women, but also by places; and, no more than with people, has it anything to do with their being remarkable or beautiful. The White Mountains in New Hampshire have n't a trace of it; it fills the mountains of North Carolina; there is almost none along our Atlantic seaboard, but it hangs over and haunts nearly every foot of our Pacific Coast.

Whenever one of these happy spots has been long known to man, man has invariably cherished it in word and deed. His chronicles celebrate it; he sets it lovingly like a jewel in his romances, dramas, verse, prose, song; he graces it with his best in architecture; his roads and gardens bring it alike into his hours of work and of ease; in fine, he garlands it with his imagination, weaves it into his life century after century, until it comes to smile upon him from the heart of his History and Literature, as well as upon his daily present. That is what mankind has done beneath the spell of a place which has charm.

Thus Touraine to the Frenchman, — *beau pays de Touraine*, as the page in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* sings of it in that opera's second act, which takes place at Chenonceaux. I suppose — indeed I remember — that rain falls in

that country; yet, when I think about it, sunshine invariably sparkles through the picture — not the kind that glares and burns, but the kind that plays gently among leaves and shores and shadows; sunshine upon the twinkling, feathered silver of the poplars, the grapes in sloping vineyards, the green islands and tawny bluffs of the Loire, the quiet waters of the Indre and the Cher; a jocund harmony seems to play about the very names, — Beaulieu, Montrésor, Saint-Symphorien, — but were I to begin upon the music in the names of France, I should run far beyond the limits of Touraine and of your patience. Say to yourself aloud, properly, Amboise, Chateaurenault, La Chapelle-Blanche, Saint-Martin-le-Beau, and then say Naugatuck, Saugatuck, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Manayunk, Manunkachunk, and you will catch my drift. Stevenson's joy in our names was at bottom purely that of the collector.

But have you ever seen the Loire and its tributary realm? I have already owned myself (together with all other men) as unable to explain the mystery of charm. No Niagara is hereabouts, nor Matterhorn, nor anything you could call sublime; nothing so lustrously beautiful as Bar Harbor, or the Berkshire Hills. Wildness is wholly absent, but so is tameness too. It is somehow through its very moderation that the glamour of this land is wrought. But we must nicely distinguish between the poetry and the prose of moderation: Princeton Junction, New Jersey, is perfectly moderate, and is also the type and pattern of hundreds of thousands of square, comfortable, unoffending miles in the United States which you would never wish to see again — indeed which you would never wish to see once; whereas, even as I write, I am homesick for Touraine, though it is n't my home.

Once again I must draw the parallel between human qualities and the ways of our mother earth. We place at the top of our esteem those people who take chivalrously the heavy blows of life, who are not brave merely, but gallant. We draw scant inspiration from the sight of somebody who is all too obviously and dutifully bearing something; who goes, day after day, with a set and sombre expression that says as plainly as words: 'Just watch me carrying my Cross. Just wait till you have one.' We prefer those whose gayety so conceals the fact that they're behaving well, that we should never suspect it, did we not know what they have passed, and are passing, through. Thus also does Touraine conceal the tears and the blood she has known. Louis the Eleventh, Catherine de' Medici, the gibbet balcony of the Salle des Armes at Amboise, the iron cage and the black dungeons of Loches, — Touraine, with her smiling, high-bred elegance, keeps all this to herself, and gives you a bright welcome. Often as she has been the scene of Tragedy, often as the glaive and not the lute has been the instrument of her drama, she might well look in her glass and exclaim with Richard the Second, —

Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ?

Wearing no crape, betraying no scars, hinting naught of its dark experience of life, this realm, this *beau pays*, more than any in Europe, to my thinking, lies in the true key of high comedy, of masque and pastoral. If, here and there above its trees or upon its hills, the brooding frown of some tower, the gaunt stare of some donjon in ruins, fierce with memories, brings one up short, so that in joy's mid-current some smack of the bitter wells up — this is not Nature's doing. Look away from these works of man to the feathered

poplars, the vineyards, the gentle waters, and see the earth's countenance, smiling and serene. Decorous it is always; only the irregularities of the Loire and its channel seem to bear any reference to the conduct of those beautiful historic ladies who dispersed their reputations in the vicinity. Even man did not always build a Langeais or a Loches. Urbane and gracious amid their parks or on their bluffs rise those dwellings planned when France's architectural genius was in its happiest mood — though not its loftiest. They look like the good society which once assembled in them; their mere aspect suggests the wits, the brilliant talkers and listeners of a day when conversation was a living art still, the day which furnishes us even now with those letters and memoirs which are the dainty wainscoting and mantelpieces, the interior decorations of Literature. You may wander almost anywhere among the poplars and the chestnuts in the valleys of the Loire's quiet tributaries; you can hardly go wrong; if the turrets of Ussé against their rising woodland do not regale your eye, it will be Azay-le-Rideau, or something less famous, or, best of all, Chenonceaux, to which I now return.

II

I saw it first upon an afternoon when no air was stirring, even in the poplars, when the green of Touraine was changing to gold: golden fruit, pears, and apples, where summer's fruit had been; golden leaves flickering down from high branches, or raked into golden heaps; while the faint sweet smoke of burning twigs hovered in the autumn day. It was the moment and scene of the year when, just because other things have ceased to grow, memories blossom in the mind; and on every golden heap of leaves retrospect seemed to be sitting. We visitors were three.

I can recall the first sight of the château's yellow façade, framed by the distant end of the high, formal avenue into which we turned to approach it. All sorts of feet had stepped where we were walking: almost four centuries of distinguished feet had gone in and out of that beautiful front door; but over its appealing associations the still more appealing aspect of the wonderful house triumphed. If I knew about *Le Devin du Village* then, the scene of its first performance interested me much more because that long and many-windowed gallery was built right over the water, right across the Cher, upon arches that the glassy surface of the stream reflected symmetrically. I was captured then and for ever by the beauty and the originality of this residence. Our best country houses take earth and air into partnership, but this abode of grace possessed, embraced, a little river. To go in at your front door on one green margin and come out of your back door on the other; to dwell in a masterpiece that was house and bridge in one — I can still recover my first sensations of delight at this triumph of French art. Only — the concierge did n't let us go out of the back door; and my disappointment was cherished through long years, until its sequel, which I shall presently reach. This first afternoon became a chapter in the most delightful of guide-books, from which I quote the following: —

'We took our way back to the Grand Monarque, and waited in the little inn-parlor for a late train to Tours. We were not impatient, for we had an excellent dinner to occupy us; and even after we had dined we were still content to sit a while and exchange remarks upon the superior civilization of France. Where else, at a village inn, should we have fared so well? . . . At the little inn at Chenonceaux the *cuisine* was not only excellent, but the

service was graceful. We were waited on by mademoiselle and her mamma; it was so that mademoiselle alluded to the elder lady, as she uncorked for us a bottle of Vouvray mousseux.'

On another page of this same guide-book you may read how, at the Hotel de l'Univers in Tours, the château of Amboise was described to us by an English lady of a type that I sadly miss today. One met her everywhere then. She was a more fragile sister of that robust, brick-complexioned spinster who used to climb all the Alps in practical but awful garments. She did n't often venture to speak to you for fear you were n't respectable, or might think she was n't. When she did, it was apt to be with explosive shyness, running all her words together, as she did about Amboise. 'It's-very-dirty-and-very-keeawrious!' Curious and furious she always pronounced to rhyme with glorious and victorious; and it invariably made me think of 'God Save the Queen.'

In my interest as to whether we should again have the excellent fare and graceful service which I so well remembered at the little inn, and whether now at last my long-cherished wish to step out of that back door on the river's farther side were to be gratified, Chenonceaux itself had so dropped out of my thoughts that it fairly burst upon my sight. Bursting is, of course, a thing which that delicate and restrained edifice could never really do, only I was n't thinking about it as our party (we were four on this second visit, and it was spring-time) came into the avenue. There at the other end stood the fair gay vision of the château, and its beauty and wonder so suddenly waked my admiration, that I exclaimed, 'How young it looks!'

Yes; it did n't look new, but it looked young: youth is the particular and essential note of this enchanted building.

None of its neighbors have it, not even Azay-le-Rideau or Blois, which are its rivals, though never its equals. Chenonceaux was four hundred years old in January, 1915. Age makes one type of person decrepit, and so it is with houses. But Chenonceaux, if ever it come to show its years, will belong to the other type: it will look venerable. Did it, do you think, catch its secret from the ring of Charlemagne, by whose sorceries its mistress, Diane de Poitiers, was accused of preserving her youth? This lady's success with François Premier so disconcerted the amiability of the Duchesse d'Etampes, that she constantly reminded Diane she was born on the day Diane was married. — But I resist the temptation to dwell upon Diane and everybody else linked to Chenonceaux by history; it's all accessible to you in books; and I proceed with the visit our party of four made, this spring day.

Touraine was now all delicate in green; as lovely, as gracious, as discreet in its budding leaves as when the leaves had flickered down, spangling the air and grass and garden-walks with their gold. We had met at the little inn the same welcome, the same excellent *cuisine*, the same agreeable Vouvray mousseux. Mademoiselle was not there, but mamma was. Her premises and herself showed no ill effect from the prosperity brought to her through the guide-book I have already quoted. No guide-book in its author's plan, it was now become established as one, and he, petitioned in a letter from mamma, had corrected a certain error. In the first edition, page 60, you may read that we took our way back to the Grand Monarque; in later editions it is the Hôtel du Bon-Laboureur. The confusion to travelers, the injury to her custom, ensuing from the wrong name, madame had represented to the author; and now all was well. The inn was n't

any larger, but more and more each season were pilgrims with expectant appetites led to her door.

'Tenez, monsieur,' she said to me eagerly, when I narrated to her how I had been present at the germination of her renown, 'tenez. Voilà!' She showed me the precious guide-book. She treasured it, though she could n't read it, because it was in English. And I came in for her smiles and cordiality, which really belonged to the author.

You will have perceived, our party this time took their *déjeuner*, not their dinner, at the Bon-Laboureur. The good omelette and cheese and fruit and wine, mamma's prosperity and her well-preserved state, — for now she was really an elderly woman, — all this had brought us in peaceful and pleased spirits to the château. When we had seen the rooms downstairs and the concierge was conducting the other sight-seers — some ten or twelve — to the second story, our party under my guidance stole away to the back door.

'Back door' implies no dishonorable passage through pantry and kitchen; we simply did n't go up the staircase in the wake of the concierge, but independently along the hall instead, and thus across the Cher through Catherine's celebrated gallery. *Le Devin du Village* came into my mind, and I wondered which figure was the more diverting, Jean-Jacques Rousseau composing opera, or Richard Wagner dabbling in philosophy.

The door was open. I emerged, the happy leader of my party, upon stone steps, crossed a little drawbridge, and our triumphant feet trod the grass beneath the trees which shaded the river's bank. I had my wish; and as my obedient band followed me, I fear my complacent back and Anabasis manner expressed some sentiment like this: 'Only observe how it pays to see France with a person who knows the ropes!' We

sauntered, we expatiated, we paused before what I'll call by metonymy the tocsin — a great bell and chain suspended from strong framework; from this point the château, with its fine detached cylindrical donjon tower of the fifteenth century, looked, in the afternoon light, particularly well: those poor sheep with the concierge were n't getting this view. We must have lingered by the tocsin a quarter of an hour, enjoying ourselves, before returning to the back door.

It was shut. It was locked. Rattling made no impression upon it, nor shaking, nor kicking. We knocked then, fancying this to be an accident. Next we called, or rather, I, the party's personal conductor and competent guide, began to call. Nothing happened. I augmented my efforts. Catherine's gallery, famous scene of the first performance of Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, responded with cavernous echoes. Between these reigned silence, and a gentle breeze rustled the young leaves of the chestnuts. We abandoned the door and went a few steps down the river to where our gesticulations could be seen from the windows of Chenonceaux. We made these gesticulations with our four umbrellas, whilst I shouted continually. Not a window blinked. It might have been a sorcerer's palace, and we his four new victims, presently to be roasted, boiled, or changed into cats. We looked down the river — no escape; up the river half-a-mile was a bridge; but what impediment might n't lie between? And even if the way were clear, to go round by the bridge would lose us our train to Tours. One of us, in her deep voice, said that she hoped the robin-redbreasts would find her body and cover it with leaves. Again we flourished our four umbrellas, during vociferations from me, at the imperturbable château. Then, quite suddenly, something did happen. Out of a win-

dow in the donjon tower of the fifteenth century was thrust a head, and from across the river it wagged at us malevolently.

It was the concierge. The shock of discovering he had locked us out purposely in punishment of our independent excursion, threw me into extreme rage. My Anabasis manner had already dropped from me; but Xenophon got his party successfully back, and this same task was now searchingly, compellingly, 'up to me.' More malevolent wagging from the tower was all that resulted from my next demonstrations. In these I was now alone; my party, at the apparition of the concierge, had become abruptly quiet, thinking doubtless that loud calls and wavings would diminish my dignity less than theirs, whose years and discretion were more than mine. Therefore my companions brandished their umbrellas no more, but stood upon the banks of the Cher decorously, in a reserved attitude, patient yet stately, as if awaiting the tumbril; I, meanwhile, hurled international threats across the river. These wrought no change. In repose my French halts, but when roused it acquires both speed and point; yet none of my idioms disturbed the concierge at his window. And now I was visited by inspiration. I seized the chain and rang the tocsin. It sounded as if Attila were coming at once. Somebody would have come, undoubtedly, — the whole *arrondissement* I should think, — but after a few moments of that din, the head disappeared; in a few more the door was unlocked, and my companions preceded me with restraint yet with celerity across Catherine's gallery and out of Chenonceaux's front door and away, down the avenue to the railway, whilst I delivered some final idioms to the concierge. I am happy to record that these made him livid, and in the presence of a highly atten-

tive audience. But — we had in truth small idea with whom we were dealing. Some time later we got final news of him. He had committed a murder, been caught, tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed.

You will remember the British lady at the Hôtel de l'Univers in Tours, who, in her description of Amboise, pronounced curious to rhyme with glorious. Her kind was still pervading the quieter hotels of the continent (the Hôtel de l'Univers was still quiet) while her more muscular sister was still climbing all the Alps in valiant weeds. This time, another of the identical type sat next me at the table d'hôte, and from the corner of my eye I perceived her to be making endless and surreptitious dives with her head at my bottle of Vouvray mousseux. Becoming sure that this was neither St. Vitus's dance nor kleptomania, but a desire to learn the name of my wine, I made her a slight bow, turning my bottle so that she could more easily read its label; at which she squeaked skittishly, 'I-did-n't-think-you'd-see-me!'

III

Themid-Victorian spinster was gone, the automobile was come, the much expanded Hotel de l'Univers was quiet no more and had abandoned the table d'hôte for small tables when next I saw Chenonceaux. Eager as I had been to return to it, still more did I desire to enjoy that particular pleasure which one takes in introducing a scene one delights in to a friend. We were, this time, as we had been the first time, a party of three, and the day was July 4, 1914; but in the Cathedral of Bourges that morning, and at Montrichard and along the Cher that forenoon, fire-crackers seemed remote. Later, the Hôtel de l'Univers had illuminations and national melodies for the benefit of its

American patrons—these having now swelled to the lucrative proportions of invasion.

But Chenonceaux had n't changed, Chenonceaux looked just as young as ever. Its bright serene aspect showed no confusion at changing masters so often. To my friends it more than fulfilled my promises for it, while for me it was even fairer than my memory. The concierge, a woman this time, told her band of sightseers enough, but much less than she knew. She had acquired (one somehow divined and discerned) a certain scorn for her sightseers. She had found (one saw) the affluent automobile to be the chariot of well-informed stomachs, but seldom of intelligences which had ever heard, or would ever care to hear, about Madame Dupin and her many distinguished guests. They knew their Michelin, where to buy *pétrol* along the road, which roads to avoid; and the road they had particularly avoided was the one conducting to civilization. Some of them were present on this occasion with their goggles, their magenta veils, and their brass voices. To these the concierge imparted what she deemed them able to digest. She did n't mention the *Devin du Village* — but I did! This brought an immediate *rapprochement*, as we lingered with her behind the departing goggles. She knew and loved her Chenonceaux; her scorn fell from her; but she told us nothing so interesting as the fact that during the last twelvemonth *twenty thousand* visitors had given each their required franc to see the place. The château, at this rate, will pay its way down the ages.

But what of the Bon-Laboureur? If the mid-Victorian spinster and the table d'hôte had n't survived the pace of the new century, what had the automobile done to the innocent village inn? I hope you will be glad to learn that it had n't — as yet — done much.

I have now reached the third of those meals which I mentioned at the outset. The Bon-Laboureur seemed a little larger, — people were lunching in two rooms instead of one, and out behind, kitchenward, there was a hint of bustle and of chauffeurs, and perhaps the personal note of welcome was fainter. But it was n't quite absent; and still the food was excellent, still the service was courteous, a pleasant young woman waiting; and I felt that here was a good, small tradition still somewhat holding out against the beleaguering pressure of the wholesale. So I spoke to the pleasant young woman and inquired if the old *patronne* were still living.

'Mais si, monsieur!' I was, to my astonishment, answered. 'A deux pas d'ici.'

The personal note of welcome warmed up on learning that I was an old visitor here; the *patronne* would value a call from one who remembered her good cooking; she was now very old; she had sold the business and the good-will; she lived very quietly; would I not go to see her? And her house was pointed out to me.

Along the street of the little white village I went, slowly, in the midsummer warmth. The grape-leaves, trailing and basking on the walls, the full-leaved trees, the light and laziness of earth and sky, conveyed the same hush of repose that had exhaled from the golden autumn and the delicate spring I remembered so well; in this July sunshine, also, the pleasant land lay dreamy and unvexed. At a door standing slightly open, I knocked. Though a pause followed, I felt I had been heard; then I was bidden to enter, by a very old voice. Two rooms were accessible from the tiny hall, but I entered the right one, and there by the window sat the *patronne*. I had remembered her as moving alertly round her table, quiet and vigorous, above aver-

age height. All of this was gone; and as her dark, feeble eyes looked at me, I felt in them a certain apprehension, and found myself unpremeditatedly saying, —

'Madame, I trust you will not think ill of an intruder when you learn why it is that he has ventured to knock at your door. They assured me you would like my visit. Here is my little story: One Sunday afternoon in September, 1882, three travelers came to the Bon-Laboureur. I was one of them; and never forgetting your excellent meal and service, I returned at my first opportunity, in April, 1896. Meanwhile that good meal of yours, and you its hostess, had been mentioned in a book by another of those three guests; and you told me of the prosperity this had brought you. Since that visit, thirty-two years ago, I have become a writer of books too. Of me you will not have heard, but you cannot have forgotten Mr. Henry James, whose praise brought so many guests to the Bon-Laboureur.'

Her eyes, during my speech, had awakened, and now she stood up.

'My servant is absent,' she said, 'or you would not have had to come in so. But my son lives close by in that large place. He will like very much to see you. I will call him.'

She would have gone for him on her trembling feet, but this I begged she would not do; I had but five minutes; friends were waiting for me.

'I am ninety years old,' she said. 'Ah, monsieur, il est bien triste de vieillir. One has nothing any more.' She became suddenly moved, and tears fell from her.

I need not recall the little talk we had then. Strangers though we were, we did not speak as strangers; the memories that rose in each of us, so separate, so different, flowed together in some way, united beneath our spoken words, and made them sacred. But

I may record that she got out her old books to show me, her registry-books of the Bon-Laboureur, little old modest volumes, where in many handwritings through many years the names of her guests had been inscribed. They had come from almost everywhere in the world. No longer strong enough, she had parted with the business and the good-will; but from these tokens of her past she could not part. She clung to the inanimate survivals of her good days and her renown. And on a blank page of the last volume which she placed before me, putting a pen in my hand, I wrote briefly for her of my three pilgrimages to her *petit pays*. Of the international distinction of her son she was touchingly and justly proud: famous peonies have spread his name wide as their cultivator and producer. For this, too, was the Bon-Laboureur in its way responsible.

Perhaps I may not see it again, or its grand neighbor, the château, that secular shrine of a vivacious and select Past. But I shall need no Michelin, or Baedeker, or Joanne, to guide my memories thither. They are with me, every moment and breath of them, for my perpetual delight, a safe possession, unweakened and undimmed; and to conjure them before me it needs no more

than the haunting syllables of Chenonceaux and the quaint, cherished volumes of the patronne.

IN CHENONCEAUX

My noiseless thoughts, if changed to
their just sound

Amid these courts of silence once so
gay

With love and wit, that here full pleasure
found

Where Kings put off their crownèd
cares to play,

Would shake in laughter at some jest
unheard;

Would sing like viols in a saraband;
Would whisper kisses — but express
no word

That would not be too dim to under-
stand.

Like to a child, who far from ocean's
flood

Against his ear a shell doth fondly
hold

To hear the murmur that is his own
blood,

And half believes the fairy-tale he's
told,

So I within this shell mistake my
sea

Of musing for the tide of History.

A NEW AMERICAN POET

BY EDWARD GARNETT

A SHORT time ago I found on a London bookstall an odd number of *The Poetry Review*, with examples of and comments on 'Modern American Poets,' — examples which whetted my curiosity. But the few quotations given appeared to me literary bric-à-brac, the fruit of light *liaisons* between American diletterism and European models. Such poetry, æsthetic or sentimental, — reflections of vagrant influences, lyrical embroideries in the latest designs, with little imaginative insight into life or nature, — abounds in every generation. If sufficiently bizarre its pretensions are cried up in small Bohemian coteries; if sufficiently orthodox in tone and form, it may impress itself on that public which reads poetry as it looks idly at pictures, with sentimental appetite or from a vague respect for 'culture.' Next I turned to some American magazines at hand, and was brought to a pause by discovering some interesting verse by modern American poets, especially by women whose sincerity in the expression of the inner life of love compared well with the ambitious flights of some of their rivals. I learned indeed from a magazine article that the 'New Poetry' was in process of being hatched out by the younger school; and, no doubt, further researches would have yielded a harvest, had not a literary friend chanced to place in my hands a slim green volume, *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.¹ I read it, and reread it. It seemed to me

that this poet was destined to take a permanent place in American literature. I asked myself why this book was issued by an English and not by an American publisher. And to this question I have found no answer.² I may add here, in parenthesis, that I know nothing of Mr. Robert Frost save the three or four particulars I gleaned from the English friend who sent me *North of Boston*.

In an illuminating paper on recent American fiction which I hope by and by, with the editor's permission, to discuss along with Mr. Owen Wister's smashing onslaught in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. W. D. Howells remarks, 'By test of the native touch we should not find genuine some of the American writers whom Mr. Garnett accounts so.' No doubt Mr. Howells's stricture is just, and certain American novelists — whom he does not however particularize — have been too affected in spirit by European models. Indeed Frank Norris's early work, *Vandover and the Brute*, is quite continental in tone; and it is arguable that his study of the French Naturalists may have shown beneficial results later, in the breadth of scheme and clarity of *The Pit*.

This point of 'the native touch' raises difficult questions, for the ferment of foreign influence has often marked the point of departure and rise of powerful native writers, such as

¹ *North of Boston*, by ROBERT FROST. London: David Nutt, 1914.

² I am told, after writing this, that an American edition has been published by Henry Holt & Co. — THE AUTHOR.

Pushkin in Russia and Fenimore Cooper in America. Again, if we consider the fiction of Poe and Herman Melville, would it not be difficult to assess their genuineness by any standard or measure of 'native touch'? But I take it that Mr. Howells would ban as 'not genuine' only those writers whose originality in vision, tone, and style has been patently marred or nullified by their surrender to exotic influences.

So complex may be the interlacing strains that blend in a writer's literary ancestry and determine his style, that the question first to ask seems to me whether a given author is a fresh creative force, an original voice in literature. Such an authentic original force to me speaks from *North of Boston*. Surely a genuine New England voice, whatever be its literary debt to old-world English ancestry. Originality, the point is there, — for we may note that originality of tone and vision is always the stumbling-block to the common taste when the latter is invited to readjust its accepted standards.

On opening *North of Boston* we see the first lines to be stamped with the magic of *style*, of a style that obeys its own laws of grace and beauty and inner harmony.

Something there is that does n't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. . . .

Note the clarity of the images, the firm outline. How delicately the unobtrusive opening suggests the countryman's contemplative pleasure in his fields and woods. It seems so very quiet, the modern reader may complain, forgetting Wordsworth; and indeed, had Wordsworth written these lines, I think they must have stood in every English

anthology. And when we turn the page, the second poem, 'The Death of the Hired Man,' proves that this American poet has arrived, not indeed to challenge the English poet's possession of his territory, but to show how untrodden, how limitless are the stretching adjacent lands. 'The Death of the Hired Man' is a dramatic dialogue between husband and wife, a dialogue characterized by an exquisite precision of psychological insight. I note that two college professors have lately been taking Mr. Ruckstuhl to task for a new definition of poetry. Let us fly all such debates, following Goethe, who, condemning the 'aesthete who labors to express the nature of poetry and of poets,' exclaimed, 'What do we want with so much definition? A lively feeling of situations and an aptitude to describe them makes the poet.' This definition, though it does not cover the whole ground, is apropos to our purpose.

Mr. Frost possesses a keen feeling for situation. And his fine, sure touch in clarifying our obscure instincts and clashing impulses, and in crystallizing them in sharp, precise images, — for that we cannot be too grateful. Observe the tense, simple dramatic action, foreshadowing conflict, in the opening lines of 'The Death of the Hired Man':

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. 'Silas is back.'
She pushed him outward with her through the
door
And shut it after her. 'Be kind,' she said.

'It's we who must be good to him now,' she urges. I wish I had space to quote the debate so simple in its homely force, so comprehending in its spiritual veracity; but I must restrict myself to these arresting lines and to the hushed, tragic close: —

Part of a moon was falling down the west
 Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
 Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
 And spread her apron to it. She put out her
 hand

Among the harp-like morning-glory strings
 Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
 As if she played unheard the tenderness
 That wrought on him beside her in the night.
 'Warren,' she said, 'he has come home to die:
 You need n't be afraid he'll leave you this time.'

'Home,' he mocked gently.

'Yes, what else but home?
 It all depends on what you mean by home.
 Of course he's nothing to us, any more
 Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
 Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail.'

'Home is the place where, when you have to go
 there,
 They have to take you in.'

'I should have called it
 Something you somehow have n't to deserve.'

'You'll be surprised at him — how much he's
 broken,
 His working days are done; I'm sure of it.'

'I'd not be in a hurry to say that.'

'I have n't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
 But, Warren, please remember how it is:
 He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
 He has a plan. You must n't laugh at him.
 He may not speak of it, and then he may.
 I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
 Will hit or miss the moon.'

It hit the moon.
 Then there were three there making a dim row,
 The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned — too soon, it seemed to her,
 Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and
 waited.

'Warren,' she questioned.

'Dead,' was all he answered.

Yes, this is poetry, but of what order?
 the people may question, to whom for
 some reason poetry connotes the fervor
 of lyrical passion, the glow of romantic
 color, or the play of picturesque fancy.
 But it is precisely its quiet passion and

spiritual tenderness that betray this to
 be poetry of a rare order, 'the poetry of
 a true real natural vision of life,' which,
 as Goethe declared, 'demands descrip-
 tive power of the highest degree, ren-
 dering a poet's pictures so lifelike that
 they become actualities to every read-
 er.' One may indeed anticipate that
 the 'honorable minority' will appraise
 highly the spiritual beauty of the lines
 above quoted.

But what of his unconventional *genre*
 pictures, such as 'A Hundred Collars'?
 Is it necessary to carry the war against
 the enemy's cardboard fortresses of
 convention by using Goethe's further
 declaration:—

'At bottom no subject is unpoetical,
 if only the poet knows how to treat it
 aright.' The dictum is explicit: 'A
 true, real, natural vision of life . . . high
 descriptive power . . . pictures of life-
 like actuality . . . a lively feeling of
 situation' — if a poet possess these
 qualifications he may treat any theme
 or situation he pleases. Indeed, the
 more prosaic appears the vesture of ev-
 eryday life, the greater is the poet's tri-
 umph in seizing and representing the
 enduring human interest of its famil-
 iar features. In the characteristic fact,
 form, or feature the poet no less than
 the artist will discover essential lines
 and aspects of beauty. Nothing is
 barred to him, if he only have *vision*.
 Even the most eccentric divagations
 in human conduct can be exhibited in
 their true spiritual perspective by the
 psychologist of insight, as Browning
 repeatedly demonstrates. One sees no
 reason why Browning's 'Fra Lippo
 Lippi' with all its roughcast philo-
 sophic speculation should be 'poetry'
 and Mr. Frost's 'A Hundred Collars'
 should not; and indeed the purist must
 keep the gate closed on both or on
 neither. If I desired indeed to know
 whether a reader could really detect
 the genuine poet, when he appears

amid the crowd of *dilettanti*, I should ask his judgment on a typical unpromising passage in 'A Hundred Collars,' such as the following: —

'No room,' the night clerk said, 'Unless —'

Woodville's a place of shrieks and wandering lamps
And cars that shook and rattle — and *one* hotel.

'You say "unless."'

'Unless you would n't mind
Sharing a room with some one else.'

'Who is it?'

'A man.'

'So I should hope. What kind of man?'

'I know him: he's all right. A man's a man.
Separate beds of course you understand.'

The night clerk blinked his eyes and dared him on.

'Who's that man sleeping in the office chair?
Has he had the refusal of my chance?'

'He was afraid of being robbed or murdered.
What do you say?'

'I'll have to have a bed.'

The night clerk led him up three flights of stairs
And down a narrow passage full of doors,
At the last one of which he knocked and entered.

'Lafe, here's a fellow wants to share your room.'

'Show him this way. I'm not afraid of him.
I'm not so drunk I can't take care of myself.'

The night clerk clapped a bedstead on the foot.
'This will be yours. Good night,' he said, and
went.

The Doctor looked at Lafe and looked away.
A man? A brute. Naked above the waist,
He sat there creased and shining in the light,
Fumbling the buttons in a well-starched shirt.
'I'm moving into a size-larger shirt.
I've felt mean lately; mean's no name for it.
I've found just what the matter was to-night:
I've been a-choking like a nursery tree
When it outgrows the wire band of its name-tag.
I blamed it on the hot spell we've been having.
'Twas nothing but my foolish hanging back,
Not liking to own up I'd grown a size.
Number eighteen this is. What size do you wear?'

The Doctor caught his throat convulsively.
'Oh-ah-fourteen-fourteen.'

The whole colloquy between this tipsy provincial reporter, Lafayette, and the scared doctor, will, at the first blush, seem to be out of court to the ordinary citizen trained from childhood to recognize as 'poetical,' say Bryant's 'Thanatopsis.' The latter is a good example of 'the noble manner,' but the reader who enjoys it does not therefore turn away with a puzzled frown from Holmes's 'The Wonderful One-hoss Shay.'

But is Mr. Frost then a humorist? the reader may inquire, seeing a gleam of light. Humor has its place in his work; that is to say, our author's moods take their rise from his contemplative scrutiny of *character* in men and nature, and he responds equally to a tragic episode or a humorous situation. But, like creators greater in achievement, his humorous perception is interwoven with many other strands of apprehension, and in his *genre* pictures, sympathy blends with ironical appreciation of grave issues, to endow them with unique temperamental flavor. If one styled 'Mending Wall' and 'A Hundred Collars' idyls of New England life, the reader might remark sarcastically that they do not seem very idyllic; but idyls they are none the less, not in the corrupted sense of pseudo-Arcadian pastorals, but in the original meaning of 'little pictures.' One may contend that 'The Housekeeper' is cast in much the same gossiping style as Theocritus's idyl, 'The Ladies of Syracuse,' with its prattle of provincial ladies over their household affairs and the crush in the Alexandrian streets at the Festival of Adonis. And one may wager that this famous poem shocked the academic taste of the day by its unconventionality, and would not indeed, please modern professors, were it not the work of a Greek poet who

lived threehundred years before Christ.

It is not indeed a bad precept for readers who wish to savor the distinctive quality of new original talents to judge them first by the *human interest* of what they present. Were this simple plan followed, a Browning or a Whitman would not be kept waiting so long in the chilling shadow of contemporary disapproval. Regard simply the people in Mr. Frost's dramatic dialogues, their motives and feelings, their intercourse and the clash of their outlooks, and note how these little canvases, painted with quiet, deep understanding of life's incongruous everyday web, begin to glow with subtle color. Observe how the author in 'A Servant to Servants,' picturing the native or local surroundings, makes the *essentials* live and speak in a woman's homely confession of her fear of madness.

But it is best to give an example of Mr. Frost's emotional force, and in quoting a passage from 'Home Burial' I say unhesitatingly that for tragic poignancy this piece stands by itself in American poetry. How dramatic is the action, in this moment of revelation of the tragic rift sundering man and wife!

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it
To raise herself and look again. He spoke,
Advancing toward her: 'What is it you see
From up there always — for I want to know.'
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull,
He said to gain time: 'What is it you see,'
Mounting until she cowered under him.
'I will find out now — you must tell me, dear.'
She, in her place, refused him any help
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he would n't see,
Blind creature; and a while he did n't see.
But at last he murmured, 'Oh,' and again, 'Oh.'

'What is it — what?' she said.

'Just that I see.'

'You don't,' she challenged. 'Tell me what it is.'

'The wonder is I did n't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it — that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight,
On the sidehill. We have n't to mind *those*.
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound —'

'Don't, don't, don't, don't,' she cried.

He entreats his wife to let him into her grief, and not to carry it, this time, to some one else. He entreats her to tell him why the loss of her first child has bred in her such rankling bitterness toward him, and why every word of his about the dead child gives her such offense.

— 'And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.'

'You can't because you don't know how.
If you had any feelings, you that dug
With your own hand — how could you? — his
little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
I thought, Who is that man? I did n't know you.
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
But I went near to see with my own eyes.
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
And talk about your everyday concerns.
You had stood the spade up against the wall
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.'

'I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
I'm cursed, God, if I don't believe I'm cursed.'

'I can repeat the very words you were saying.
"Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build."
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
What had how long it takes a birch to rot
To do with what was in the darkened parlor.
You could n't care! The nearest friends can go
With any one to death, comes so far short

They might as well not try to go at all.
 No, from the time when one is sick to death,
 One is alone, and he dies more alone.
 Friends make pretence of following to the grave,
 But before one is in it, their minds are turned
 And making the best of their way back to life
 And living people, and things they understand.
 But the world's evil. I won't have grief so
 If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't.'

Here is vision, bearing the flame of
 piercing feeling in the living word. How
 exquisitely the strain of the mother's
 anguish is felt in that naked image, —

'Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
 Leap up like that, like that, and land so lightly.'

Perhaps some readers, deceived by the
 supreme simplicity of this passage, may
 not see what art has inspired its perfect
 naturalness. It is indeed the perfection
 of poetic realism, both in observation
 and in deep insight into the heart. How
 well most of us know, after we have
 followed the funeral and stood by the
 grave-side of some man near to us, that
 baffled, uneasy self-questioning, 'Why
 do I feel so little? Is it possible I have
 no more sorrow or regret to feel at this
 death?' But what other poet has said
 this with such moving, exquisite felicity?

I have quoted 'Home Burial' partly
 from the belief that its dramatic inten-
 sity will best level any popular barrier
 to the recognition of its author's crea-
 tive originality. But one does not ex-
 pect that even a sensitive taste will re-
 spond so readily to the rare flavor of
 'The Mountain' as did the American
 people to Whittier's 'Snowbound,' fifty
 years back. The imagery of the Qua-
 ker poet's idyl, perfectly suited to its
 purpose of mirroring with faithful sin-
 cerity the wintry landscape and the
 pursuits and character of a New Eng-
 land farmer's family, is marked by no
 peculiar delicacy or originality of style.
 Mr. Frost, on the other hand, may dis-
 appoint readers who prefer grandeur
 and breadth of outline or magical depth
 of coloring to delicate atmospheric
 imagery.

But the attentive reader will soon
 discover that Mr. Frost's cunning im-
 pressionism produces a subtle cumu-
 lative effect, and that by his use of
 pauses, digressions, and the crafty en-
 visagement of his subject at fresh an-
 gles, he secures a pervading feeling of
 the mass and movement and elusive
 force of nature. He is a master of his
 exacting medium, blank verse, — a new
 master. The reader must pause and
 pause again before he can judge him, so
 unobtrusive and quiet are these 'ef-
 fects,' so subtle the appeal of the whole.
 One can, indeed, return to his poems
 again and again without exhausting
 their quiet imaginative spell. For in-
 stance, the reader will note how the
 feeling of the mountain's mighty bulk
 and hanging mass, its vast elbowing
 flanks, its watching domination of the
 near fields and scattered farmsteads,
 begins to grow upon him, till he too is
 possessed by the idea of exploring its
 high ravines, its fountain springs and
 granite terraces. One of the surest tests
 of fine art is whether our imagination
 harks back to it, fascinated in after con-
 templation, or whether our interest is
 suddenly exhausted both in it and the
 subject. And 'The Mountain' shows
 that the poet has known how to seize
 and present the mysterious force and
 essence of living nature.

In nearly all Mr. Frost's quiet
 dramatic dialogues, his record of the
 present passing scene suggests how
 much has gone before, how much
 these people have lived through, what
 a lengthy chain of feelings and motives
 and circumstances has shaped their
 actions and mental attitudes. Thus in
 'The Housekeeper,' his picture of the
 stout old woman sitting there in her
 chair, talking over Estelle, her grown-
 up daughter, who, weary of her anoma-
 lous position in the household, has left
 John and gone off and married another
 man, carries with it a rich sensation of

the women's sharp criticism of a procrastinating obstinate man. John is too dense in his masculine way to know how much he owes to them. This psychological sketch in its sharp actuality is worthy of Sarah Orne Jewett.

But why put it in poetry and not in prose? the reader may hazard. Well, it comes with greater intensity in rhythm and is more heightened and concentrated in effect thereby. If the reader will examine 'A Servant to Servants,' he will recognize that this narrative of a woman's haunting fear that she has inherited the streak of madness in her family, would lose in distinction and clarity were it told in prose. Yet so extraordinarily close to normal everyday speech is it that I anticipate some academic person may test its metre with a metronome, and declare that the verse is often awkward in its scansion. No doubt. But so also is the blank verse of many a master hard to scan, if the academic footrule be not applied with a nice comprehension of where to give and when to take. In 'A Servant to Servants' the tragic effect of this overdriven woman's unburdening herself of her load of painful memories and gloomy forebodings is to my mind a rare artistic achievement, — one that graves itself on the memory.

And now that we have praised *North of Boston* so freely, shall we not make certain stiff, critical reservations? Doubtless one would do so were one not conscious that Mr. Frost's fellow poets, his deserving rivals, will relieve one of the task. May I say to them here that because I believe Mr. Frost in *North of Boston* has found a way for himself, so I believe their roads lie also open before them. These roads are infinite, and will surely yield, now or to-morrow, vital discoveries. A slight defect of Mr. Frost's subtle realistic method, and one does not wish to slur

it over, is that it is sometimes difficult to grasp all the implications and bearings of his situations. His language in 'The Self-seeker' is highly figurative, too figurative perhaps for poetry. Again in 'The Generations of Men,' his method as art seems to be both a little casual and long-winded. In several of his poems, his fineness of psychological truth is perhaps in excess of his poetic beauty, — an inevitable defect of cool, fearless realism. And the corollary criticism no doubt will be heard, that from the intensity with which he makes us realize things we should gain a little more pleasure. But here one may add that there is pleasure and pleasure, and that it seems remarkable that this New England poet, so absorbed by the psychological drama of people's temperaments and conduct, should preserve such pure outlines and clear objectivity of style.

Is his talent a pure product of New England soil? I take it that just as Hawthorne owed a debt to English influence, so Mr. Frost owes one also. But his 'native touch' is declared by the subtle blend of outspokenness and reticence, of brooding conscience and grave humor. Speaking under correction, it appears to me that his creative vision, springing from New England soil, and calmly handing on the best and oldest American tradition, may be a little at variance with the cosmopolitan clamor of New York. It would be quaint indeed if Americans who, according to their magazines, are opening their hospitable bosoms to Mr. Rabindranath Tagore's spiritual poems and dramas of Bengal life, should rest oblivious of their own countryman. To certain citizens Mr. Frost's poems of the life of inconspicuous, humble New England folk may seem unattractively homely in comparison with the Eastern poet's lofty, mystical dramas; but by American critics this view will doubtless be

characterized as a manifestation of American provincialism. The critics know that a poet who has no 'message' to deliver to the world, whose work is not only bare of prettiness and sentimentality but is isolated and unaffected by this or that 'movement,' is easily set aside. Nothing is easier, since his appeal is neither to the interests nor caprices of the market. Ours indeed is peculiarly the day when everything pure, shy, and independent in art seems at the mercy of those who beat the big drum and shout their wares

through the megaphone. And knowing this, the critic of conscience will take for his watchword *quality*.

'Mr. Frost is a true poet, but not a *poetical* poet,' remarked a listener to whom I read 'A Servant to Servants,' leaving me wondering whether his verdict inclined the scales definitely to praise or blame. Of poetical poets we have so many! of literary poets so many! of drawing-room poets so many! — of academic and dilettanti poets so many! of imitative poets so many! but of original poets how few!

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY ROBERT FROST

BIRCHES

WHEN I see birches bend to left and right
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
 I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
 But swinging does n't bend them down to stay.
 Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
 After a rain. They click upon themselves
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
 Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
 Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust —
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
 You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
 They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load
 And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed

So low for long they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me

And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

A GROUP OF POEMS

THE SOUND OF TREES

I WONDER about the trees:
Why do we wish to bear
Forever the noise of these
More than another noise
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
Till we lose all measure of pace
And fixity in our joys,
And acquire a listening air.
They are that that talks of going
But never gets away;
And that talks no less for knowing,
As it grows wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
My feet tug at the floor
And my head sways to my shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway
From the window or the door.
I shall set forth for somewhere,
I shall make the reckless choice,
Some day when they are in voice
And tossing so as to scare
The white clouds over them on.
I shall have less to say,
But I shall be gone.

A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

BY EARL BARNES

I

THE book trade in the United States is in a bad way. A few textbooks, like Fry's Geographies or Myers's Histories, have made their publishers rich, for these are sold by the million copies. Such sales do not, however, in any way represent the general book trade; they furnish a standard commodity required for all school-children, and the textbook publishers have a highly developed system of distribution, independent of the bookstores that handle general literature. But even among the one hundred and sixty-two educational publishers listed in the *Publishers' Weekly* for 1913, there are only a few that are winning such prizes, and most of them are making only a very moderate financial success.

In the regular lines of publishing, conditions are probably fairly represented in Mr. George P. Brett's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1913. As president of the Macmillan Company, he is in a position to know; and he tells us that while the number of books printed in America increased from 8,000 in 1901 to 13,000 in 1910, the book trade was not appreciably greater in volume in 1910 than it was a decade earlier. In these ten years we had added 15,000,000 people to our population; but while the number of new books had increased, the editions had dwindled.

Our present Ambassador to England, Mr. Walter H. Page, has had a long and successful experience as editor and publisher, and he says that American

men spend more for neckties and our women spend more for buttons than either of them spends for books. Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, who gathered the opinions of representative publishers on Mr. Page's dictum and gave the results in the New York *Evening Post* for June 20, 1914, found that most of them agreed that the per capita consumption of books in the United States is ridiculously small. Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, president of the Century Company, is on record as lamenting our slack sales and poor means of book-distribution.

That this difficulty is due to the fewness of buyers rather than to the multiplicity of publishers is shown by the recent estimate made by the Publishers' Coöperative Bureau, that, in the United States, but one person in 7300 buys a book in the course of a year, while in Great Britain, it is one in 3800; in France, it is about the same; in Germany and Japan, it is rather better; and in Switzerland, it is one in 872. Cheaper books, in paper covers, account for some of this difference; but, whatever the cause, it remains true that the Europeans buy twice as many books per capita as we do.

In the hope of saving themselves financially the publishers have tried many expedients. They have turned aside from general literature to periodicals and textbooks; but periodicals have been difficult to float of late and few of them represent easy money. Other reputable publishers have been driven to send out canvassers, selling

special editions from house to house, and even offering premiums to buyers. But in spite of their efforts to increase their incomes, it is matter of public gossip that some of our largest book producers are passing dividends, while others are in actual financial difficulties.

On the other hand, any one who is acquainted with the country at large, and who occasionally buys books, knows how difficult it is to find even standard works on sale anywhere outside the largest cities. In two cities of the Middle West, each with a population of more than two hundred thousand, I recently tried in vain to find a copy of either the *Statesman's Year Book* or the *American Year Book*. They could be ordered from New York or Chicago, but they were not in stock.

In fact, bookstores are steadily disappearing in all of our cities and towns. The old-time bookstore, managed by a man who knew books and loved them, is now little more than a tradition. On the book-counters of the department stores, which have nominally taken the place of the old time bookstores, one finds big piles of the 'best sellers,' and, with a dozen marked exceptions, little else.

Cultivated men and women have always counted good books among their most valued possessions, and one cannot believe that this taste can be sacrificed without definite loss to our civilization. The spoken word can never supplant the written word; and in fact the present tendency is all toward substituting print for speech. Nor can reading in public places take the place of reading one's own books in the quiet of one's home. Books that are owned wait patiently on the reader's leisure; and to have just the book one wants, when one wants it, is and must remain one of the supreme luxuries of a cultivated life.

Books, too, when personally owned,

gather around themselves a wealth of personal associations. The very binding, paper, and title-page recall the conditions under which the book came into our possession. As we open its pages we remember the last time we read it, the place and circumstances, and the people with whom we discussed it. Books have personality; and they must always remain the warm friends of their possessors.

In cultivated homes, even young children love and cherish their books more than they do their toys. Human nature is open to the appeal of books; but the taste for literature, like the taste for music or conversation, must be cultivated. Music may largely disappear in a community where it is neglected, though the natural instincts of man still demand it. Fiddles may become as rare as hoop-skirts, though music is not a fashion, but a primitive fact of man's nature. It is the same with literature and with the books which are its instruments. The taste for literature is persistent, deep-seated in the nature of cultivated people; but, being less exigent than the hungers for food and social intercourse, it may be greatly augmented or diminished through attention or neglect.

What then is the reason for our present neglect of good books? Many people claim it is the expense, but experiments in bringing out cheap editions in America do not encourage this view. The Macmillan Company recently republished forty volumes of successful works in fifty-cent editions; but even with abundant advertising it was found that they did not sell as well as in the more expensive form. Publishers sometimes think that authors demand too large royalties, and it is charged that they are sometimes unwilling to cooperate in bringing out cheaper editions by accepting a smaller share of the income from sales. But, at the same time,

Mr. Brett says that a large publishing house accepts only about two per cent of the manuscripts that come to it and that many good books remain unprinted. Surely such competition should temper the avarice of authors. Englishmen are not richer than Americans, and English books are not very much cheaper than American books, but in England, as we have seen, twice as many books are sold per capita as with us.

When we are uncertain as to the cause of any social conditions that we regret, it is our national habit to blame the public schools. Personally, I feel that they have much to answer for in this case. The schools teach children how to read, and they do it admirably well; but they have never been successful in cultivating the habit of good reading so that it becomes a part of the daily life. A great institution like our state school system should turn out generations of art-appreciating, music-loving, book-reading, and book-buying graduates. In a recent examination of four thousand children, I found that while thirty-nine per cent chose reading as their favorite subject before the age of nine, while they were learning to read, after that the percentage fell off year by year, until at the age of fourteen, — when they leave the elementary school, — only six per cent chose reading as their favorite subject, while five per cent declared it the most disagreeable subject they had in school.

Possibly the multiplication of public libraries makes it unnecessary for most of our people to buy books; but our most thoughtful publishers and librarians feel that public libraries should strengthen private book-buying by strengthening the taste for reading and the consequent love of books. Some critics think that we are not a book-buying people because we read too many periodicals, ride about in auto-

mobiles, go to moving-picture shows, and have our music produced mechanically without any effort on our part; and that our power of application is thus weakened.

We are increasingly numerous, increasingly well educated, at least so far as schools can educate, and increasingly rich. Why, then, do we not buy books? May it not be mainly because of our imperfect means for bringing the books and the prospective purchasers into relations with each other which will encourage buying? Whether it be cause or effect, no one can doubt that the distributing facilities of the book trade are strangely lacking. It is true that we have book catalogues and reviews; but most of us would dislike buying our clothes from a printed advertisement, and with books even more than with clothes, immediate contact incites desire for possession.

A new book should find as ready an outlet from the publisher to the reader as there now is for a new kind of collar, a breakfast food, or a pill. Through the wholesale dealers in men's furnishings, groceries, or drugs we can cover the country in a few days. Through the system of small stores in all parts of the city, and at every important cross-roads in the country, the new product is brought to the attention of millions of people almost automatically. If advertising has prepared the way, the public looks at the new product, and, if it is attractive, buys it. These conditions are what we need in the book trade.

Meanwhile the Curtis Publishing Company and Mr. Hearst seem to have solved this problem for their periodicals. One finds them in every village and even at the railroad junctions. The resident and the traveling man buy them because the goods and the purchasers are both there; and neither of these publishers is on record as lamenting slack sales. The Curtis Publishing

Company discovered schoolboys and studied their psychology. The writer of this article believes that if book publishers would discover university-trained women and study their psychology, terminal facilities for the book trade might be found that would bring books and their buyers close together.

II

We have in this country a large number of young women who have had the advantages of a college or university training. About 70,000 women are now undergraduate students in American institutions of higher learning. When they graduate, many of these women will face a period of unemployment. Of 1076 women who had graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1911, 27 per cent were married, 28.5 per cent were teaching, while 25.6 per cent were unmarried and without paid occupation.

College women are widely distributed, so that they are found in every city and considerable town in the United States. Their home connections make it desirable to remain in the localities where they were born; but in many cases there is nothing there for them to do, at least nothing which corresponds with their long academic preparation. Many of them belong to well-to-do families, and they generally command the respect and confidence of the public. When they first began coming home from the colleges they naturally went into teaching. The higher schools are now overcrowded with them; and teaching has not proved to be the open sesame to the larger life which many of them had hoped it would prove. In any case, that branch of work is greatly overcrowded and underpaid, with small chance for individual ability to make itself felt.

Some thirty years ago, the genetic theory of life brought public conscious-

ness up to the point where it recognized the need for continuous education of all the people at all ages. It was seen that public libraries ought not to be mere book depositories; circulation, not saving, became the motto. If the people would not come to the libraries, then the libraries must go to the people. To do this they must find new terminal facilities. But this demanded a great increase in libraries and a large number of intelligent librarians not bred in the old traditions. Mr. Melvil Dewey, and others, discovered the college-bred young woman, conveniently distributed, and lacking only technical knowledge to take up the work. In 1887, the Columbia College School for Library Economy was started, with a three months' course, and it gradually developed a curriculum fitted to the needs of the new librarians. The course was soon extended to two years and the school was removed to Albany, while new ones grew up in connection with such technical schools as Pratt and Drexel, or in connection with summer schools like Chautauqua.

Young women found in this work an attractive field for their energies; and their bookish habits made them quick students in the technical courses of preparation. Exact statistics are lacking, but granting that we have 5000 public libraries, there must be at least three or four times that number of women engaged in library work. But that field is now in turn overcrowded, and many of these women, because they can live at home and the work is attractive, are serving the public for nominal salaries.

Still more recently, various fields of social service have been opened up in consequence of this same broadening social consciousness. Again there has been a demand for trained workers, and the educated young women, conveniently distributed and many of

them unoccupied, have been drafted into service. As in the case of the librarians, technical knowledge was needed, and so special schools of philanthropy and of social service — some of them affiliated with older institutions of learning — have sprung up. They are gradually perfecting a curriculum, and their graduates are taking places with state departments of charity or correction, the Associated Charities, Public Playgrounds, College Settlements, and a score of other institutions that are shaping social service.

But here, again, the supply of young college women has proved inexhaustible, and pecuniary considerations have taken a secondary place. Many of the recruits are working for a nominal fee, or for nothing, and not infrequently the young woman who draws a fair wage in the published accounts turns a part or all of it back into the general treasury of the charity.

These women under consideration have certain qualities that especially fit them to serve as the connecting link between publishers of books and their readers. As has been said, they are widely distributed in every town and city; they wish to remain at home; they have an intimate acquaintance with their communities, and they are esteemed. In addition to this, they all have a bookish habit of mind. They have had eight years in an elementary school, four years in a high school, and four in college. Sixteen years of daily association with books and with abstract knowledge, in the impressionable years between six and twenty-two, must leave an impress upon any mind; the book habit must be at least begun in all these women.

Beyond this, such women have, almost always, a desire for social service. Brought up on abstract ideals, separated, in most cases, from the grind of daily work, at the marriageable age

they instinctively desire to lose themselves in service. With the weakening of the older type of home they seek some new means of social connection through which they can influence the public life around them. And while they have not become sufficiently emancipated socially to break the home ties and go out and search for employment as easily as their brothers do, they still have a desire for economic independence. They at least feel that they should make some reasonable return to society for the food they eat and for the clothes they wear.

And meanwhile, the emancipated woman in all classes of society is facing grave difficulties in entering industrial life. We are all becoming conscious of woman's physical limitations, so ably presented in Mr. Louis D. Brandeis's brief in the Portland Laundry case, and public opinion will make it increasingly difficult for women to invade lines of work requiring long hours of standing and heavy lifting, such as mining, iron-working, and general transportation. The passage of special legislation limiting woman's working hours and debarring her from night-work, such as has now been passed in a dozen states, will automatically remove her from many positions where she has formerly worked and where occasional overwork or night-work is still thought necessary, or at least desirable. Agriculture and stock-raising will appeal to a limited number, and meanwhile the callings of teacher, librarian, and social worker are already over-supplied. What are educated young women going to do?

III

Why may they not establish bookstores in their own cities and towns in all parts of the country? Such stores would meet the need for a calling, and should yield a fair income. The wares

are familiar to these women, who have at least a cultivated interest in them. Periodicals, music, photographs, and other art-products could be added to the stock, and the desire for social service could be met naturally by making the store a centre where people could meet, where they could examine books and periodicals while waiting, and where public opinion could be formed. The store might also sell tickets for concerts and lectures; and the right woman could exercise a large influence in directing the public taste in these matters.

It is clear that such enterprises, as in the case of the librarians thirty years ago and of the more recent social workers, would have not only to furnish what the public needs but would also have to educate the public to want what it needs. This would require skill and technical knowledge, exactly as in the case of the libraries and the social-service movement, and special schools would have to be developed to meet this need.

The young woman would have to know something about books as an industrial product, their paper, print, and binding. She should be acquainted with the great publishing centres, organizations of publishers and booksellers, and the present machinery for book distribution. Catalogues and trade-lists should be familiar tools to her. She should also know something of the lore of the bibliophile concerning old editions, fine bindings, rare copies, and the like. It would be even more important for her to know the psychology of book-buyers and the art of selling; and she must be prepared to make an intensive study of the mental and social conditions of her community. Added to this, she must know something of bookkeeping, banking, and general business usage.

Something more than a beginning

has already been made in this direction. In New York City, a committee of the Booksellers' League, under the chairmanship of Mr. B. W. Huebsch, has established the Booksellers' School; and for three winters it has held meetings in various bookstores. Lectures have been given on 'The Making of a Book,' 'The Psychology of Salesmanship,' and similar subjects; and sometimes these lectures have been accompanied by demonstrations. Mr. Huebsch is now conducting a course in bookselling at the West Side Y.M.C.A. in New York.

As publishers, Mr. Huebsch and his associates have been anxious to train salesmen, in the hope of meeting the problem of establishing connections with the buyers. In Philadelphia, Mrs. L. L. W. Wilson, in the Girls' Evening High School, offered a course in bookselling during the past session; and in Cleveland similar work is projected. In Germany, such schools are already well established. The Leipzig School for Booksellers was founded in 1852, and in 1913, 430 students were enrolled. In this country, such schools may well have a development similar to that of the schools for librarians.

It is singular that in this work women have been so largely overlooked. There are a few women now in the business, some as successful proprietors, but most of them acting as buyers or clerks, mainly in the department stores. At a recent meeting of the Booksellers' Association of Philadelphia, where this general subject was discussed, not a single woman was present, and there was decided objection to encouraging women to enter the bookselling business. This is the more striking because in Philadelphia one of the best-informed and most capable booksellers is a woman, Miss Georgiana Hall, and many untrained women are now working at the book-counters of the Philadelphia

department stores. At the thirteenth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association in New York, in 1913, while there were three hundred and forty-three members enrolled, there were only about a dozen women present. Possibly booksellers do not want women competing in their business. If so, this would make the conquest of the field more difficult; but, as in the case of teachers, librarians, and social workers, the women would win if they could offer superior preparation, numbers, and consequent willingness to work for less money.

The most difficult factor still remains to be considered. How could all these small bookstores be financed? Most of these women whom we are considering possess little money, but they often belong to families that could put up a small capital, and, their reputations being good in their communities, they could float small loans more easily than men could float them in establishing similar industrial undertakings. Still this would not be enough; and probably this reason, together with the prejudice of young college women against commercialism, has so far prevented them from going into business on their own account. The steadily growing desire for economic independence must inevitably break down this prejudice against direct money-making, and then the need for initial capital must be faced.

Of course, in the last analysis, the American public should be more interested than any individual or group in increasing book-circulation; but it does not know its need. The publishers have the immediate need and they know it; they are fairly well organized, and, if the solution here offered would give them a large buying public, they ought, simply as a matter of self-interest, to reconsider even old and well-established practices. At present they

demand that the seller shall purchase outright the books he proposes to sell; and they look with profound suspicion on any proposal that he shall be allowed, under any circumstances, to return any part of his unsold stock.

The publisher selects the books to publish which he thinks will sell; then he sends his salesman to the bookseller and induces him to buy as many copies as possible. The bookseller must be guided largely by the reputation of the author and of the publisher, and by the statements of the salesman, who is naturally eager to turn in a large order. In no other commodity does the retailer buy with so little real knowledge of what he is buying as in the book trade. If the books do not sell in that particular community, then the dealer has them on his hands; and in no other business does the left-over remnant represent such depreciation in value as in books.

In a paper which attracted great attention at the thirteenth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association, Mr. W. H. Arnold urged that the publisher should allow the return of unsold copies within a year, under certain conditions. He suggested that they might credit the dealers with the money they had paid for the copies, less ten per cent. The proposal aroused great opposition; but if the publisher cannot satisfactorily market his books under present conditions, then he must at some time consider other possibilities.

Mr. Arnold's proposal is a modification of the system already existing on the continent of Europe. There the returning of unsold copies works more easily than it would here, because so many French and German books are bound in paper, thus making the recovering of soiled books possible at very slight cost.

The plan could be further modified

with us so as not to disturb seriously the publishers' present relations with the booksellers. The venture might, for instance, be made by arrangement with one or two publishing houses. This would limit the 'on sale' account; and would lessen the need for immediate capital. The young woman who had the books of one or two publishers on sale, with the privilege of return, might sell any others, either through dummies or simply through catalogues and general orders.

A further modification might be made by which the young women might have two possible ways of handling their stock. If they had capital enough to invest outright, they could receive the usual bookseller's discount of approximately thirty-three and one third per cent; if the publisher bore the risk of returns and of damaged copies, then the retailer might receive a discount of something like twenty per cent.

In order to succeed, however, the plan would require the hearty coöperation of the book publishers of the country. A store here and there would produce little effect. Every important city and town in the country should have its store; and if large numbers of young women are to make the necessary preparation, and take the risk of time and money involved, they must have the sympathy and support of the publishing business.

The obvious objections to this plan seem easy to answer. To say that the dealer should know in advance whether he can sell a book is absurd. Even the publisher, who has carefully examined the manuscript and has had the advice of his critics, is never sure that a book will sell; and the retailer, having to cater to a smaller community and not knowing the books at first hand, must expect to buy some stock that will not sell. The difficulty in settling author's royalties could certainly be adjusted.

The objection that the books would be spoiled through shipment and exposure on the shelves has validity; but Mr. Arnold claims that several years' experience shows that an initial advance of four per cent on the price charged the retailer, with the ten per cent penalty on returned volumes, would cover such losses, if reasonable precaution were exercised in stocking the retailer. Of course, annuals like *Who's Who* could be excepted from this arrangement, and other practical arrangements could be made.

If a book fails to sell in a particular locality, the one man in the country who ought to know where that book will sell, after a year's trial, is the publisher who brought it out, for he has presumably kept in contact with the public interest. The local dealer cannot seek an active market away from his own locality, but the publisher can. If the result were to make the publisher still more careful than he now is with regard to bringing out worthless books, that would be an end in itself desirable. If the publisher could establish vital relations with the book-buying public, he could certainly afford to take a fair amount of risk. As we have said, book-buying is not, like bread-buying, dictated by necessity. The public might stop buying books and still live comfortably; on the other hand the taste for reading one's own books might be vastly increased if we could find a way.

This plan would not require the publishers to capitalize the terminal bookstores. The books would still be bought as at present, probably subject to a slight increase in initial price to the retailer. But the local store would be relieved from the burden of dead stock which now makes a steadily increasing investment of capital necessary and makes a very complex and difficult business problem for the retailer. Under this plan, the retailer would need

only the capital to buy the initial stock, and she could not lose in a single year more than her rent, her time, and ten per cent of her investment, even if she did not sell a single volume.

Of course, the traveling salesman would have a new problem to meet. Instead of trying to sell stock, regardless of the ability of the retailer to dispose of it, he would face the task of selling just what the local market would demand. Instead of being tempted to exploit and ultimately to destroy his own terminal facilities, he would be driven to aid the local dealer with his knowledge of the books; and in the long run such treatment would serve the best interests of every one concerned.

If some such system as this could be worked out, the capital required to stock a small store would not be greater than a woman of good reputation and standing in the community could hope to borrow; and if she could turn her capital once a year, and avoid dead stock, she ought to be able to make a financial success of the venture.

IV

The universal criticism raised to my plan at this point is that young college women have no financial skill and no interest in commercial life. Their whole tendency is to spend, and they are not only impatient of financial details but incapable of mastering them. This is undoubtedly too true as matters stand at present. The most educated women in the community are probably doing less to create an intelligent public attitude toward property than any other equivalent group of people in our midst. Many of them look down with a kind of contempt upon the money-getting which makes their own spending possible. But it is a shame that it should be so, and we must recognize

that the same criticism holds, though possibly in a less degree, with regard to many men who leave college.

But once in the business world, the young college man often makes a very quick adjustment. Is it not possible that the women possess the same aptitude, and that, having had special training in the bookselling schools, a part of which will have dealt with business training, they may show skill equal to that of their brothers? It is remarkable how well women's clubs are now handling their budgets; and some of them represent large sums. With nearly eight million wage-earning women in the country, there must be a growing commercial sense reaching over even to college graduates.

And many college women have already demonstrated their ability to carry on an independent business. In every modern city we have restaurants like the Green Dragon in Philadelphia and the Tally-ho in New York, managed by women. In most of our smaller cities, young women are conducting candy and pastry shops, flower stores, or toy shops like the Mariana Kindermarkt in Harrisburg, that yield an income which most men would accept with complacency. For years, in all of our city markets women have tended stalls, where they have sold meat, butter, eggs, and vegetables, often with men acting as their assistants. Surely a college education does not destroy the executive qualities of a capable woman.

The critics must remember, too, that any one of these young women thinks herself able, when she marries, to handle her husband's income, or at least the part of it that goes into the household budget. Of course, she would have her husband's advice; but the young women we are considering would have no lack of good advisers among their friends. The women of America

are spending the family funds; and there must be many young women who are as ready to begin a business life as their brothers are.

Such an undertaking would demand sound business sense from the woman who wanted to balance her accounts with a profit. She would have to recognize that her business engagements must take precedence over everything else, and she would have to put in regular hours of service. If she hoped to run the store as an interesting money-making incident in her day's activity, depending on clerks to handle the details, she would be almost sure to fail. If she wanted to make her store into a reception-room or an art museum, she would do well to cut out the bookselling part. Flowers, polished tables, cosy corners, easy chairs, and an attractive color scheme might be good business, if kept in absolute subordination to bookselling. If they came to be an end in themselves the proprietor might build up a large calling acquaintance and spend a series of pleasant afternoons, but she would be in a bad way when she came to balance her accounts at the year's end.

In the meantime the opportunity which would be thus opened for young women of the college class would help in every way to settle the vexed question of such women's relation to the

economic life of the community. At present they confuse all of our thinking; they often imagine they are doing something important when they are not; and they drive to despair the woman who must support herself, through the fact that they live partly on unearned incomes from their homes, and so are willing to work for impossible wages as teachers, librarians, or social workers. In selling books, they would be face to face with their balance-sheet; and while they might still live at home and demoralize the labor market, they would be in no doubt as to what they were really worth in the economic world.

And, on the other hand, it would give young women of ability and devotion a wide range of useful exercise for their talents. As industrial agents, they would be handling goods that would make for larger intelligence and for social betterment. They could help individuals and the community at large. The work would be active and varied but not too laborious; and they would be meeting men and women under conditions of freedom and security which might naturally lead to their largest possible life. Even if it did not, it would still be an interesting and useful life, independent of the caprice of directors, and admirably fitted for youth, middle age, and old age.

AN EDUCATIONAL FANTASY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

WHEN I look back upon a half century of wasted life, I find that there are no years that accuse me of neglected opportunity more poignantly than those between five and twelve. If only I had had the foresight then to apply myself with earnestness to the tasks set before me! If only now I possessed those priceless stores of knowledge that I feel sure must then have been pumped into me! That I must have received abundant elementary instruction I feel confident, although I do not in the least remember receiving it. My purely academic activities at this period remain wrapped in obscurity, while other memories are lively enough. I distinctly recall the scientific invention displayed in our efforts to produce new shades and colors in the soapy water with which we cleaned our slates. It was I who discovered that the yolk of an egg well beaten made a more satisfactory admixture than butter, even though both are equally yellow to begin with. I remember how one may by judicious spooning out with a pin, extract the inner riches of a chocolate drop without visible disturbance of the outer crust. Despite my scholastic indifference, I can have been no sluggard, without spirit, for of my fifty coevals there was not one who could tag me in the open except Percy Dent alone, and that only (but in my wisdom I never let him discover the fact) when I would let him; well do I recollect with what *éclat*, with what flutter of petticoats and pinafore, I could execute a *pas seul* at hop-scotch. These attainments, the

thrill of which still warms me, prove me not without ambition; —

Not for such hopes and fears,
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate,

but for

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,

such as the multiplication table, and the capital of Arizona, and the difference between an adjective and an adverb, — questionings so obstinate that I am convinced that not even at ten years old did I know the answers; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*.

To some extent it is possible to go back and piece out the stitches dropped in the course of an education; only, one is not allowed to go back so far as I desire. Roughly speaking, I should say that life does not allow one to relearn what one has failed to learn before sixteen, whereas it is the knowledge belonging to eight years, and ten and twelve, after which I hunger and thirst. I wish some one would open a school for able-minded but ignorant grown-ups. Believe me, enough of us could be found to attend, enough of us glad to jump down from our college chairs, to leave our laboratories with their clutter of advanced research, our counting-houses with their problems, and gladly go to school, gladly learn once and forever how much nine times thirteen is, and build Vesuvius past and present out of clay, and follow out of doors some charming young lady who would tell us exactly what the birds and the wild waves are saying.

But I stipulate at the outset that I will have no offensive superiority in my instructors. If I am to learn as a child I will be treated as a child. I will have no one caviling at me, for instance, because I do not know when Washington was born. I never did know when Washington was born, but I desire now to amend this my iniquity of ignorance, and I am even minded, if only my teachers will be patient, to plod on from the Revolution to the Civil War, and to learn the succession of battles thereof, and which side won them. I wish my instructors to understand that my humility of spirit needs no augmenting on their part. I wish them to be as sweetly patient and cheerily maternal as they would be to my daughter's daughter. I wish my teachers to administer boundary lines but mildly, and to give me their minimum doses of mental arithmetic; for in mathematics and geography my mind is willing but weak. I think I could promise that patience in my instructors would have a reward in a proficiency of pupil such as they could never hope to win from the iniquitous immature, on whose preoccupied minds and thankless hearts they squander such devotion.

What a joyous picture it is, as I conjure it up, this going to school again! What happiness to slip out of our grown-up households, and go forth into the morning, with book-strap and luncheon in hand, to meet by the way our harried and over-busy acquaintance, men and women, some white-headed in ignorance, perhaps, all skipping and dancing along to the same glad place. Gleeful, we enter a sunny room with geraniums on the windowsill, bright maps on the wall, and a beautiful young lady at the desk. We are no longer hard and hardened children: our hearts as well as our intellects are softened by the debility of age, and we appreciate the graciousness of our

instructor with the rose in her belt, the milk of human kindness in her eye, and the carefully preserved smile upon her lips. It is with responsive smiles of gratitude that we feel arithmetic and history and geography trickling into our craniums from the cranium of our teacher. Then, when she feels that, still willing, we are perhaps grown weary with well-doing, she gives a signal, and with one accord we raise our cracked voices in ecstatic, yet instructive song, in which perhaps we are poetically informed of some new fact about the fire-fly, or the green grass, or perhaps our own gastronomy, or in glittering phrase we unweave the rainbow into the colors of the spectrum. Or, to forestall the *ennui* resulting from our too earnest effort, our instructor bids us stretch our cramped, rheumatic limbs, and with graceful contortions of her lithe young body, directs us as we prance stiffly through a calisthenic exercise.

But it is not on these diversions that my fancy lingers most fondly, but on those more solid parts of our education. How happy I should be, for example, if I could only add, both in my head and on paper! How many bewildered and distrustful moments would thus be eliminated from my existence! And if to a proficiency in addition I superadded an adeptness in subtraction, then perhaps on some proud day might my opinion of the bulk of my bank account approximate more nearly the opinion of the cashier. And if my rudimentary bump of mathematics were carefully manipulated according to the newest system of educational massage, I might even progress as far as percentage. I might learn how to be richer if I could once understand the allurements of compound interest. So much depends on the attitude of mind that I wonder whether, if I approached fractions in a spirit of friendliness rather than of enmity to the knife, they would

reward me by allowing me an entrance into their intricacies, so that I could with impunity buy things on the bias, or estimate the reduction by dozen of merchandise that tags a half cent to its price when purchased singly. There are, besides, other valuable facts to be gleaned from the study of arithmetic, the possession of which would be matter for gloating. How proudly I should proclaim to some ignorant companion of a country stroll the number of feet in a mile! I should be happy to know under all circumstances the number of ounces in a pound, grocer's or apothecary's: how exalted I should be if I knew the exact amount of a scruple, that being a fact of which I am sure most of my friends are ignorant. An exhaustive knowledge of weights and measures would not only entitle one to distinction among one's acquaintance, but would open up many new avenues of interest in one's daily life.

History is another of the subjects for which I hanker; not history as it is administered to me now, spiced for the mature palate, with philosophy and evolution, the ebb and flow of tendencies, but history for the infant mind, the bread and milk of history, as it were. I have sometimes thought that historic research would be easier for me if sometimes I knew what men did before I was forced to understand why they did it; and a simple statement of what the actual fact is under consideration would clarify for me much of the historian's discussion of cause and effect. I have a distinct conception of the development of the great and glorious English people, but even such knowledge would be materially strengthened if I were able instantly to sort out all the Henrys and Edwards and stow them away in their proper cubby-holes among the embarrassment of decades. As to my own respected fatherland, I have discussed intelligently the growth

of the spoils system, skipping from presidential term to presidential term with all a grown-up's airy superiority; but ask me by whom and when and why North Carolina was colonized, or just what Captain John Smith was about when Pocahontas intercepted the executioner, and you have me. I want to study history at last fairly and squarely, out of a dapper little textbook that I can stow away handily in my brain, with fine fair outlines at beginning and end of it, and all important events made salient by heavy type, and a brisk brushing together of one's information by a *résumé* after each chapter. Such a primer would greatly assist me in my study of the metaphysics of history.

Yet perhaps I do but hanker after impossibilities; perhaps this school I so happily image forth would refuse to teach me what I want to know. Possibly such information belongs only to the period of my negligent infancy. Perhaps my charming young teacher, exuding the wit and wisdom of the newest normal school, would refuse to stand and deliver the knowledge I long for. If I desired the facts of the French and Indian War, I might merely be set to building wigwams and drawing braves in war-paint with colored crayons on the blackboard. Perhaps after all there is nobody left who knows how to teach the things I have forgotten. For example, do they now acknowledge in the primary curriculum that fair, old-fashioned study called penmanship? I yearn to be put once more into a copybook. I long to set forth once more wise saws in round *v*'s and unquestioned *e*'s and *i*'s. My fingers long since became callous and conscienceless to distinguish *t* from *l*, *b* from *p*, and I wish somebody would reform the rascally old digits. It would be a great relief to my friends and myself if I could only become legible in my old age.

One branch of knowledge little emphasized in my youth, however, I could be sure of receiving at the hands of my fair instructress of to-day, — I refer to that varied information known as nature-study. I am greatly deficient in nature-study. I own to an unanalytical habit of mind as regards out-of-doors. So long as the wild flowers make a glory at my feet, I have never cared much to shred them into pistil and corolla and stamen. So long as the small fowls make me melody I have never cared to know the color of their pin-feathers. But I would fain amend all this and die knowing something. I picture our band of eager grown-ups pouring over the country-side in the wake of our animated and instructive conductor, — peering into the grass to lay bare the soul in the sod, blinking our old eyes to discover the bird in his coverts, cocking our dull ears to classify the notes of his song. I see us disporting ourselves over the landscape, busily seeking some curious knowledge, and then scampering back to our teacher with treasure trove of leaf or flower or pebble or captured insect. Sweetly she commends our application, and explains the exact nature of our find. We swell with knowledge momentarily, and return to more prosaic tasks elate, having hung its proper label on blade and bush, bird and bough. What a satisfaction it would be, after having lived with nature for a lifetime in awesome ignorance, to feel that one had at last assailed her and ascertained her secrets!

As a young child, I must have been singularly limited in mental scope; I cannot otherwise explain my well-remembered aversion to geography. Those parti-colored maps streaked with inky rivers, and bordered by the wiggling lines of the Gulf Stream, filled me with loathing. The revolving globe, and that oft-repeated image which likens the earth to an orange flattened at the

poles, seemed to me almost sickening. How bitterly do I repent my obstinacy! Besides, there is not one trace left now of my former aversion. In fact, geography appeals to me to-day as if it were a brand-new branch of study, so well did I succeed in not learning it as a child. I have tried ever since reaching maturity to make up my geographical deficiencies, but with small success. Often do I find myself relegated to the dunce-seat in the minds of the company present. Despite my constant effort there are certain countries that always elude my grasp, notably Burma and New Zealand, and there is always for me an airy insubstantiality about the entire continent of South America. Within my own beloved country, certain rivers have a way of turning up in unexpected states when I supposed that they had long comfortably emptied themselves into the ocean; and there are some cities which always flit with agility to and fro across the map.

I wonder if my early antagonism to geography might perhaps have been due to a shrewd sense of its uselessness to me at that stage of my existence. Stay-at-home as I was, why trouble myself with strange lands until necessary? Yet I was lacking in foresight, and should be grateful now if only I had packed away some information against the day I should need it, whereas nowadays I find traveling without any knowledge of geography stimulating but inconvenient. This observation leads me to a broader one on the topsyturvy nature of our present educational sequence: those studies most astute and useless we put in the college curriculum, and those most immediate and practical to the college graduate about to grapple with life, we relegate to the elementary school, where the children neither desire nor need to master them. I would suggest a turning about. Let the college youth and maid

who will suffer from a lack of practical arithmetic learn to add a column accurately; let the irresponsible infant sport with trigonometry and conic sections. These subjects unlearned or forgotten, one could still go through life unfretted by the loss. So with other subjects forever lost to us because entrusted to the intelligence of careless infancy, I would teach geography and handwriting in the senior year at col-

lege, and put philosophy in the primary school. So would the young collegian go forth upon life well equipped, and not come to fifty years burdened with regrets for knowledge lost forever, — as I. I have kept afloat in higher mathematics, I have trod air with many a prancing philosopher, — therefore who so well fitted as I to appreciate at last the peace of having a foundation!

AFTER SEEING YOUNG SOLDIERS IN LONDON

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I HAVE no Heaven for myself. My heart is Heaven here.
To unfold, to fade — it is enough, earth and a dream so dear.

But I craved Heaven for them, for them! Let there be Paradise!
They go to die ere they have lived, their youth within their eyes.

They go to die for the bond, the word, that the dream of dreams may grow.
It is their will. They say farewell, knowing where they go.

Though they have Heaven as they die, knowing they die so well,
Knowing the dream is dear enough, as all who live will tell,

Knowing this death is life — yet — youth is in their eyes!
O let them wake, laugh and unfold! For them, green Paradise!

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

VI. SOCIAL FORCES

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

It would be impossible in the space of a single chapter to give adequate presentation of those forces termed social which have hold upon our neighborhood. The poor and the unemployed, the sick, the helpless, and the bewildered, unable to articulate their woes, are with us in great numbers. These, however, comprise only a part of our diverse, cosmopolitan population. Many men and women are living on the East Side who give keen scrutiny to measures for social amelioration. They are likely to appreciate the sincerity of messages, whether these relate to living conditions, to the drama, or to music. Not only the East Side 'intellectuals,' but the alert proletariat, may furnish propagandists of important social reforms.

The contrast between the character of the religious influences of the remoter past, or even of twenty or thirty years ago, in our part of the city, and those of the present day, is marked in the church edifices themselves.

Across from the Settlement's main houses on Henry Street stands All Saints', with its slave gallery, calling up a picture of the rich and fashionable congregation of long ago. For years after its dispersal to other parts of the city, sentiment for the place, focusing on the stately, young-minded, octogenarian clergyman who remained be-

hind, occasionally brought old members back; but now he too is gone and the services echo to empty pews. The Floating Church, moored to its dock near by, was removed but yesterday. Mariners' Temple and the Church of the Sea and Land still stand and suggest an invitation to the seafaring man to worship in Henry Street.

Occasionally a zealot seeks to rekindle in the churches of our neighborhood the fire that once brightened their altars, and social workers called thither one 'comrade' who ventured to bring the infamy of the red-light district to the knowledge of his bishop and the city. That bishop, humane and socially minded, came down for a short time to live among us; and in the evenings when he crossed the crowded street to call or to dine with us, he dwelt upon the pleasure he had in learning to know the self-respect and dignity of his East Side parishioners. He spoke with gratification of the fact that during his stay down town no begging letters had come to him from the neighborhood, nor had any one belonging to it taken advantage of his presence to ask for personal favors.

The neighborhood took his presence quite simply, regretting with him the spectacular featuring of his visit by the newspapers. Indeed, the only cynical comment that came to my ears was from a young radical who, upon hearing of the bishop's tribute, said,

'That's nothing new. It's only new to a bishop.'

In the Catholic churches the change is most marked by the dwindling of the large Irish congregations and the coming of the Italians. Patron saints' days are celebrated with pomp and elaborate decoration. Arches of light festoon the streets; altars are erected on the sidewalk, and the image of the saint is enshrined on the church façade, high above the passers-by. Threading in and out of the throngs are picturesque shawled women with lovely babes in arms, fakirs, beggars, and vendors offering for sale rosaries, candles, and holy pictures. Mulberry Street, Elizabeth Street, and even Goerck Street's sordid ugliness are then transformed for the time and a clue is given to the old-world influence of the Church through the drama.

The change from the Russian Pale, where the rabbi's control is both civil and spiritual, to a new world of complex religious and political authority, or lack of authority, accentuates the difficulties of readjustment for the pious Jew. The Talmudic students, cherished in the old country and held aloof from all questions of economic needs because of their learning and piety, find themselves without anchor in the new environment and precipitated into entirely new valuations of worth and strength.

Freedom and opportunity for the young make costly demands on the bewildered elders, who cling tenaciously to their ancient religious observances. The synagogues are everywhere, — imposing or shabby-looking buildings, — and the *chevras*, sometimes occupying only a small room where the prescribed number meet for daily prayer. Often through the windows of a dilapidated house the swaying figures of the devout may be seen, with prayer-shawl and phylactery and eyes turned to the east. At high festivals every pew and

bench is occupied and additional halls are rented where services are held for those men, women, and young people who, indifferent at other times, then meet and pray together.

But though the religious life is abundantly in evidence through the synagogues and the *Talmud-Torah* schools and *Chedorim*,¹ where the boys, confined for many hours, study Hebrew and receive religious instruction; and although the *Barmitzva* or confirmation of the son at thirteen is still an impressive ceremony and the occasion of family rejoicing, there is lament on the part of the pious that the house of worship and the ritualistic ceremonial of the Jewish faith have lost their hold upon the spiritual life of the younger generation.

For them new appeals take the place of the old religious commands. The modern public-spirited rabbi offers his pulpit for the presentation of current social problems. Zionism with its appeal for a spiritual nationalism, socialism with its call to economic salvation, the extension of democracy through the enfranchisement of women, the plea for service to humanity through social work, stir the younger generation and give expression to a religious spirit.

Settlements suffer at times from the criticism of those who sincerely believe that, without definite religious propaganda, their full measure of usefulness cannot be attained. It has seemed to us that something fundamental in the structure of the settlement itself would be lost were our policy altered. All creeds have a common basis for fellowship, and their adherents may work together for humanity with mutual respect and esteem for the convictions of each, when these are not brought into controversy. Protestants, Catholics,

¹ The report of the Federal Bureau of Education for 1913 shows 500 of these schools in New York City. — THE AUTHOR.

Jews, an occasional Buddhist, and those who can claim no creed have lived and served together in the Henry Street house contented and happy for many years, with no attempt to impose their theological convictions upon one another or upon the members of the clubs and classes who come in confidence to us.

II

During any election campaign the swarming, gesticulating, serious-looking street crowds of our neighborhood are multiplied and intensified.

During the recent almost riotous support of a governor who had been impeached (at the behest, it was generally believed, of an irritated 'boss' to whom he had refused obedience), many New Yorkers, who had come to count upon the East Side for insight and understanding, were perplexed at what seemed hero-worship of a man against whom charges of misappropriation of funds had been sustained. Those who knew the people discerned an emotional desire for justice mingled with some gratitude to the man who, while in Congress, had kept faith with his constituents on matters vital to them. Stopping at a sidewalk stand on Second Avenue, I asked the owner what it was all about. 'Oh,' said he, 'Sulzer ain't being punished now for bein' bad. Murphy's hittin' him for the good he done.'

Our first realization of the dominating influence of a political control upon the individual and collective life of the neighborhood came to us, naturally enough, through the gossip of our new acquaintances when we came to live down town, and we were not long oblivious to the power invested in quite ordinary men whom we met.

Two distinguished English visitors to America, keen students and historians of social movements, expressed a

desire to learn of the methods of Tammany Hall from some one in its inner councils. A luncheon with a well-known and continuous officeholder was arranged by a mutual friend. When my interest was first aroused in the political life of the city, this man's position in the party had been cited as an example of the astuteness of the 'boss.' He had revolted against certain conditions and had shown remarkable ability in building up an opposition within the party. Ever after he had enjoyed unchallenged some high-salaried office.

Under the genial influence of our host, and perhaps because he felt secure with the English guests, the 'Judge' (he had at one time presided in an inferior court) talked freely of the details about which they were curious, — how the organization tested the loyalty of its members and increased their power and prestige as their record warranted it, — giving, incidentally, an interesting glimpse of the human elements in the great political machine. His success as a judge he attributed to the fact that he had used common sense where his highly educated colleagues would have used textbooks; and with keen appreciation of the humor of the situation he told how, when he was sworn in, a distinguished jurist had said he had come to his court 'to see Judge — dispense with justice.' He defended the logic, from the 'boss's' point of view, of efficiently administering such patronage as was available, and made much of the kindness to the poor that was possible because of the district control. Comparing Tammany's attitude with what he supposed to be mine toward the poor, he added with a smile of comprehension, 'It's the same thing, only *we* keep books.'

So much genuine kindness is entwined with the administration of this district control that one can well comprehend the loyalty that it wins; and it

is not the poor, jobless man who, at election time, remembers favors, of whom we are critical.

Opposed to the solidarity of the long-dominant party are the other party organizations and numerous cliques of radicals, independents, and reformers. These unite when the offenses of the party in power become most flagrant, and New York is temporarily freed from boss rule, to enjoy a respite of 'reform administration.' Into such 'moral campaigns' the House on Henry Street has always entered, and sometimes it has helped to initiate them, though steadily refusing to be brought officially into a political party or faction. Indeed it would be impossible to range residents or club members under one political banner. As is natural in so large a group, nearly every shade of political faith is represented.

A large proportion of the young people who come to the settlements are attracted to the independent political movements and are likely to respond to appeals to their civic conscience. While serving on a state commission I heard an up-state colleague repeat the rumor that Governor Hughes, then a candidate for reëlection, was to be 'knifed' by his party. We had seen in our part of the city no active campaign on his behalf. Posters, pictures, and flattering references were conspicuously absent. Governor Hughes had made a profound impression upon all but the advocates of rigid party control, because of his high-minded integrity and his emancipation from 'practical' political methods. I telephoned two or three of our young men that the time seemed ripe for some action in our neighborhood. In an incredibly short time a small group of Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists gathered in the sitting-room of the Henry Street house, and within twenty-four hours an Independent League was formed to bring

the Governor's candidacy before the neighborhood. Financial and moral support came from other friends, and, before the end of the week, he addressed in Clinton Hall an enthusiastic mass meeting organized by this league without help from the members of his own political party.

The sporadic attempts of good citizens to organize for reform have, I am sure, given practical politicians food for merriment. One election night, dispirited because of the defeat of an upright and able man, I was about to enter the Settlement when one of the district leaders said, 'Your friends don't play the game intelligently. You telephone them *to-night* to begin to organize if they want to beat us next election. You got to begin early and stick to it.'

However, every sincere reform campaign is valuable because of its immediate and far-reaching educational effect, even when the candidates fail of election. The settlements have increasing authority because of the persistence of their interest in social-welfare measures. They accumulate in their daily routine significant facts obtainable in no other way. Governors and legislators listen, and sooner or later act on the representations of responsible advocates whose facts are current and trustworthy. The experience of the settlement-worker is often utilized by the state. At the twentieth anniversary of our Settlement the mayor drew attention to the fact that no less than five important city departments were entrusted to individuals qualified for public duty by administration of, or long-continued association with, the settlements.

Soon after our removal to Henry Street in 1895, messengers from the 'Association,' the important political club of the district, brought lanterns and flags with which we were requested to decorate in honor of a clambake to

be given the next day. The event had been glaringly and expensively advertised for some time. The marchers were to pass our house in the morning and on their return in the evening. The young men glowed with the excitement of their recital, and I can still see the blank look of non-comprehension that passed over their faces when I tried to soften refusal by explaining, lamely, I fear, our reasons for avoiding the implications of participation. The courteous district leader of the other great party was equally at sea when, a short time after, he brought flags and decorations for their more humble celebration and met with the same refusal. The immediate conclusion appeared to be that we were enemies or 'reformers,' and the charge was held against us.

The gay and spirited clambake parade, with its bands and flying banners, the shooting rockets and loud applause of the friends of the marchers, had passed by when we were drawn to the windows to gaze upon another procession. Straggling, unkempt, dispirited-looking marchers returned our scrutiny and held aloft a banner bearing the legend 'Socialist Labor Party,' the portrait of a man, and beneath it the name 'Daniel De Leon.'

It was our first intimation of the Socialist movement in America. Students of its history will be able to identify this leader and recall the pioneer part he played in its early phases, his alliance with the once-powerful Knights of Labor, and the progress and decline of his society, now overshadowed by the present Socialist party.¹

Meeting me on the Bowery one day about two years later, a neighbor stopped to explain that he was on his way to an interesting performance and invited me to accompany him. Together

we walked along until we reached the Thalia Theatre, famous, under its old name of the Bowery, in the annals of the American stage. In this theatre Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in New York, and here the elder Booth, Lester Wallack, and other distinguished players delighted the theatregoers of their day.

Venders of suspenders, hot sausages, and plaster statuettes surrounded the building, and placards on the Greek columns advertised the event as 'The Spoken Newspaper.' A huge audience was listening to editorials and special articles read by the authors themselves and the atmosphere was charged with intense purpose. Acquaintances gathered quickly and eagerly explained to me that members of labor organizations and 'intellectuals' of the neighborhood had united for the purpose of publishing a newspaper for Socialist propaganda and helping the cause of the working classes. They had little money, in fact were in debt. The men had contributed from their scanty wages; those who possessed watches had pawned them, and they were using this medium (The Spoken Newspaper) to raise money to pay the printer and other clamorous creditors, a charge of ten cents being made for admission to the theatre. A charter had been obtained under the name of 'The Forward Association,' but I was made to understand that this was not a stock corporation and was not organized for profit.

The genuinely social purpose of the organization held the men together through the lean years that were to follow. Finally, in 1908, the Association became self-supporting, and in 1911 the charter was amended to meet the enormously extended field. The Association now publishes a daily paper in Yiddish, with a regular circulation of 177,000, and a monthly periodical,

¹ See *History of Socialism in the United States*, by MORRIS HILLQUIT (Funk & Wagnalls). — THE AUTHOR.

and holds property estimated to be worth half a million dollars. From its funds it has aided struggling propagandist newspapers and has given help to labor organizations.

The hope of a more equal distribution of wealth bites early into the consciousness of the proletariat. Even the children, who cannot be excluded from any discussion in a tenement home, have opinions on the subject. Happening one day upon a club of youngsters, I interrupted a fiery debate on Socialism. Its twelve-year-old defender presented his arguments in this fashion: 'You see, gentlemen, it's this way. The millionaires sit round the table eating sponge cake and the bakers are down in the cellars baking it. But the day will come' — and here the young orator pointed an accusing finger at the universe — 'when the bakers will come up from their cellars and say, "Gentlemen, bake your own sponge cake."'

Mixed with my admiration for the impressive oratory was the guilty sense that the Settlement was probably responsible for the picture of licentious living manifested by the consumption of sponge cake — our most popular refreshment, with ice cream added on great occasions.

However one may question the party Socialists' claim that an economic and social millennium is exclusively dependent upon their dominance, few acquainted with those active in the movement will deny the sincerity of purpose, the almost religious exaltation that animates great numbers of the party.

Meyer London, the first Socialist Member of Congress from the East and the second in the United States, has been elected from our district; he is a man universally esteemed for his probity, and has a record of many years' unselfish devotion to the workingmen's cause.

It seems a far cry from that first un-

impressive little parade that drew the Settlement family to the windows twenty years ago.

Recently the conviction that the extension of democracy should include women has found free expression in our part of the city. Miss Lavinia L. Dock, a resident of many years, has mobilized Russians, Italians, Irish, and native-born, — all the nationalities of our cosmopolitan community, — for the campaign; and when the suffrage parade marched down Fifth Avenue in 1913, back of the Settlement banner with its symbol of Universal Brotherhood there walked a goodly company carrying flags with the suffrage demand in ten languages.

The transition is significant from the position of women among Orthodox Jews to the motherly-looking woman who stands on a soap-box at the corner of Henry Street, and makes her appeal for the franchise to a respectful group of laboring men. The mere fact that this 'mother in Israel' is obliged to work in a factory six days of the week is an argument in itself; but intelligently and interestingly she develops her plea, and her appeal to the men's reason brings sober nods of approval.

III

If spiritual force implies the power to lift the individual out of contemplation of his own interests into something great and of ultimate value to the men and women of this generation and the generations to come, and if, so lifted, he freely offers sacrifices on the altar of the cause, it may be said that the Russian revolution is a spiritual force on the East Side of New York.

People who all through the day are immersed in mundane affairs — the earning of money to provide food and shelter — are transfigured at its appeal. Back of the Russian Jew's ardor

for the liberation of a people from the absolutism that provoked terrorism, lies also the memory of pogroms and massacres.

Though I had agonized with my neighbors over the tales that crossed the waters and the pitiful human drift that came to our shores, I did not know how far I was from realizing the depths of horror until I saw at Ellis Island little children with sabre cuts on their heads and bodies, mutilated and orphaned at the Kishineff massacre. Rescued by compassionate people, they had been sent here to be taken into American homes.

George Kennan, who first focused the attention of Americans upon the political exiles through his dramatic portrayal of their condition in the Siberian prisons, is still the eager champion of their cause. Prince Kropotkin, who thrilled the readers of this magazine with his 'Autobiography of a Revolutionist'; Tschaikowsky, Gershuni, Marie Sukloff, — a long procession of saints and martyrs, sympathizers and supporters, — have crossed the threshold of the House on Henry Street and stirred deep feeling there. Katharine Breshkovsky¹ (Babushka, little grandmother), most beloved of all who have suffered for the great cause, is to many a symbol of the Russian revolution.

Who of those that sat around the fire with her in the sitting-room of the Henry Street house can ever forget the experience! We knew vaguely the story of the young noblewoman's attempt to teach the newly freed serfs on her father's estate in the early sixties; how her religious zeal to give all that she had to the poor was regarded as dangerous by the Czar's government, and how one suppression and persecution after another finally drove her into the circle of

active revolutionists. Her long incarceration in the Russian prison and final sentence to the Kara mines and hard labor were known to us, and we identified her as the woman whose exalted spirit had stirred George Kennan when he met her in the little Buriat hamlet on the frontier of China so many years ago. And now, after two decades of prison and Siberian exile, she sat with us and thrilled us with glimpses of the courage of those who answered the call. Lightly touching on her own share in the tragic drama, she carried us with her on the long road to Siberia among the politicals and the convicts who were their companions, through the perils of an almost successful escape with three students to the Pacific a thousand miles away. She told of her recapture and return to hard labor in the Kara mines, of the unspeakable outrages, and the heroic measures her companions there took to draw attention to the prisoners' plight; and how, despite these things, she looked back upon that time as wonderful because of the beautiful and valiant souls who were her fellow prisoners and companions, — young women who had given up more than life itself for the great cause of liberty. Her arrest upon returning to Russia after the brief respite of her visit to America, her courageous address to the court that sentenced her to life exile, and her escape and recapture over a year ago, are well known to the world. From her prison at Irkutsk this woman, nearing her seventieth birthday, sends messages of cheer and hope, proclaiming her unquenchable faith that the cause is just and therefore must prevail.

When I last saw her, at the close of her stay in this country, she implored me never to forget Russia and the struggle there, and said, as we separated after a lingering embrace, 'Should you ever grow cold, bring before you

¹ See the sympathetic sketch, *Katharine Breshkovsky*, by ERNEST POOLE. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago. — THE AUTHOR.

mind the procession of men and women who for years and years have gone in the early dawn of their life to execution, and gladly, that others might be free.'

Our contact with the members of the Russian revolutionary committee in New York is close enough to enable us to be of occasional service to them, and some assurance of our trustworthiness must have penetrated into the prisons if the letters we receive and the exiles who come to us are an indication. An organization for the relief of Russian political prisoners has generous local support. The Friends of Russian Freedom, a national association with headquarters in New York, is composed of well-known American sympathizers, and, like the society of the same name in England, recognizes the spirit that animates Russians engaged in the struggle for political freedom and is watchful to show sympathy and give aid.

An occasion for this arose about eight years ago, when the Russian government demanded the extradition of one Jan Pouren as a common criminal. The commissioner before whom the case was brought acceded to Russia's demand, and Pouren was held in the Tombs prison to await extradition. Then this insignificant Lettish peasant became a centre of protest. Pouren, it was known, had been involved in the Baltic uprisings, and acquiescence in Russia's demand for his extradition would imperil thousands who, like him, had sought a refuge here, and would take heart out of the people who still clung to the party of protest throughout Russia. A great mass meeting held in Cooper Union bore testimony to the tenacity with which high-minded Americans clung to the cherished traditions of their country. Able counsel generously offered their services, and it was hoped that this and other expressions of public protest would induce the

Secretary of State to order the case reopened.

My own participation came about because of a request from the active defenders that I present to President Roosevelt personally the arguments for the reopening of the case. The President appointed for my visit an hour just preceding the weekly Cabinet meeting. I took to the White House an extraordinary letter sent by Lettish peasants, now hard-working and law-abiding residents of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It read, 'We hear that Jan Pouren is in prison; that he is called a criminal. We called him brother and comrade. Do not let him fall into the hands of the bloodthirsty vampire.'

To this letter were appended the signatures and addresses of men who had been in the struggle in Russia and who, by identifying themselves with Pouren, placed themselves in equal jeopardy should the case go against him. They offered to give sworn affidavits or to come in person to testify for the accused. With the letter had come a considerable sum of money which the signers had collected from their scanty wages for Pouren's defense.

I took with me also a translation of the report to the second Duma on the subject of the Baltic uprisings, wherein this testimony was recorded, in reference to the attempt of the government to locate those involved in the disturbances: 'They beat the eight-year-old Anna Pouren, demanding of her that she should tell the whereabouts of her father.'

The President and the secretaries concerned discussed the matter, and I left with the assurance that the new evidence offered would justify the reopening of the case. At the second hearing the commissioner's decision was reversed, and Russia's demand refused, on the ground that the alleged offenses

were shown to be political and 'not in any one instance for personal grievance or for personal gain.'¹

IV

There is not space in this chapter to do more than touch on our state and national policy concerning immigration, a subject of vital interest in American settlements. Illuminating anecdotes might be told of the storm and stress that often lie beneath the surface of the immigrant's experience, from the time he purchases his ticket in the old country till the gates at Ellis Island close behind him and the process of assimilation begins. That he has so often been exploited and left rudderless in strange seas is a chapter in the history of this 'land of opportunity' that cannot be omitted.

Once, in searching for a patient in a large tenement near the Bowery, I knocked at each door in turn. An Italian woman hesitatingly opened one, no wider than to give me a glimpse of a slight creature obviously stricken with fear. Her face brought instantly to my mind the famous picture of the sorrowing mother. 'Dolorosa!' I said. The tone and the word sufficed and she opened the door wide enough to let me enter. In a corner of the room lay two children with marks of starvation upon them.

Laying my hat and bag on the table to indicate that I would return, I flew to the nearest grocery for food, taking time while my purchases were being made ready to telephone to a distinguished Italian upon whose interest and sympathy I could rely, to meet me at the tenement, that we might learn the cause of this obvious distress.

My friend arrived before I had finished feeding the children, and to him

the little mother poured forth her tale. She had arrived some days before, with three children, to meet her husband, who had preceded her and had prepared the home for them. One *bambina* was ill when they reached port and it was taken from her, — why, she could not explain. She was allowed to land with the other two and join her husband; and the following day, in answer to their frantic inquiries, they learned that the child had been taken to a hospital and had died there. Then her husband was arrested, and she, without acquaintance with a single human being in the city, found herself with two starving children, too frightened to open the door or to venture upon the street. She thought that her husband was imprisoned somewhere near by.

My friend and I went together to Ludlow Street Jail, and here a curious thing occurred. We merely inquired for the prisoner; we asked no questions. His cell door was opened and he was released. Later I learned that he had been arrested because of failure to make a satisfactory payment on a watch which he was purchasing on the installment plan. There must have been gross irregularity in the transaction, judging by the willingness to release him and the fact that his creditor failed to appear against him. It was hinted at the time that there was collusion between the installment-plan dealers and the prison officials.

The government's policy regarding the immigrant has been negative, concerned with exclusion and deportation, the head-tax, and the enforcement of treaties and international agreements. By our laws we are protected from the pauper, the sick, and the vicious; but only within very recent years has a hearing been given to those who have asked that our government assume an affirmative policy of protection, distri-

¹ U.S. Commissioner S. M. Hitchcock's decision, delivered March 30, 1909. — THE AUTHOR.

bution, and assimilation. In turn the private banker, the employment agent, the ticket-broker, the lawyer, and the notary public have battered upon the helplessness of the immigrant. Our experience has convinced us that in the interest of the state itself the future citizen should be made to feel that protection and fair treatment are accorded by the state. The greater number of immigrants who come to us are adults for whose upbringing this country has been at no expense. It would seem only just to give them special protection during their first years in the country, to encourage confidence in our institutions and to promote assimilation.

Such thoughts lay back of the invitation to Governor Hughes to dine and spend an evening at the Settlement and there meet those colleagues who could speak authoritatively of the hardship to the immigrants and the mistake, for us, of leaving to chance philanthropy the problems of their first bewildered years of life here.

The Governor left us, armed with maps and documentary evidence. A few months later the Legislature authorized the creation of a commission to study the condition of aliens in New York State; and among its members were two women, Frances Kellor and myself. Upon the recommendation of that commission the New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration of the Department of Labor was created. Miss Frances Kellor, first woman head of a state bureau, became its chief.

The Social Reform Club, organized in 1894, was a factor in helping to stimulate a more general public interest in matters of social concern.

The club aimed at the immediate future and labored solely for measures that had a fair promise of early success. Its members, wage-earners and non-wage-earners in almost equal numbers, were required 'to have a deep, active

interest in the elevation of society, especially by the improvement of the condition of wage-earners.'

Ernest Crosby, Tolstoian and reformer, was the first president, and the original membership comprised distinguished men and women, courageous thinkers who fully met the requirements of the society, and others, like myself, who were to gain enlightenment regarding methods and theories for the direct improvement of industrial and social conditions.

It was the time of excessive sweatshop abuses, and from the windows of our tenement home we could look upon figures bent over the whirring foot-power machines. One room in particular almost unnerved us. Never did we go to bed so late or rise so early that we saw the machines at rest. And the unpleasant conditions where manufacturing was carried on in the over-crowded rooms of the families we nursed disquieted us more than the diseases we were trying to combat.

Our sympathies were ready for enlistment when working people whom we knew, and whose sobriety of habits and mind won confidence and esteem, discussed the possibility of improving conditions through organization. In another place I have told how the young girls first led us into the trade-union movement; but now, where the standard of the entire family was involved through the wage and working conditions of its chief wage-earner, it became to us a movement of greater significance.

We were accorded a doubtful distinction by acquaintances who had no point of contact with working people when we acknowledged friendship with 'demagogues' and 'walking delegates' (terms which they used interchangeably); and, inexperienced though we were, it was possible in a small way to help build a bridge of understanding.

Through the years that have followed, the Settlement has from time to time been the neutral ground where both sides might meet, or has furnished the 'impartial third party' in industrial disputes.

Since those days cloaks are no longer made in the New York tenement homes, and the once unhappy sweated workers, united with other garment-makers, have been lifted into eminence because of the unusual character of their organization.

In 1910, after a prolonged strike, peace was declared under a 'Protocol'¹ wherein were combined unique methods devised for control of shops and adjustment of difficulties between the association of progressive manufacturers and the trade-unions. New terms — 'a preferential union shop' and the 'Joint Board of Sanitary Control' — were introduced. Under the latter, sanitary standards were to be enforced by the trade itself, for the first time in the history of industry. On this board, the expense of which is shared equally by the association of manufacturers and the trade-unions, are representatives of both organizations, their attorneys, and three representatives of the public unanimously elected by both parties to the agreement.

When I was asked to be one of the three representatives of the public, already laden with responsibilities, I was loath to accept another; but the temptation to have even a small share in the socializing of industries involving, in New York City alone, nearly 100,000 workers and several hundred millions of dollars, was irresistible.

¹ See reports and bulletins of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control (Dr. George Price, Director); also Bulletins Nos. 98, 144, 145 and 146 of the U. S. Department of Labor; and 'Sanitary Control of an Industry by Itself,' by L. D. Wald, in the report of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, 1913. — THE AUTHOR.

High sanitary standards and a living wage, with reasonable hours of employment, were assured so long as both parties submitted to the terms of the protocol. The world seemed to have moved since we shuddered over the long hours and the germ-exposed garments in the tenements; but while this chapter is being prepared for the press a movement is on foot by one of the parties to abrogate the protocol, to the sincere regret of those who are interested in what has been a most fruitful experiment.

The settlements have been before the public long enough to have lost the glamour of moral adventure that was associated with their early days. Yet many of the pioneers have remained, though sometimes realizing, as one of them has said, that 'high purpose has often been mocked by petty achievement.'

A characteristic and important service of the settlement lies in its opportunities for creating and informing public opinion. Its flexibility as an instrument makes it pliant to the essential demands made upon it; uncommitted to a fixed programme, it can move with the times. Out of the enthusiasms and out of the sympathies of those who come to it, though they be sometimes crude and formless, a force is created that makes for progress. For these, as well as for the helpless and ignorant who seek aid and counsel, the settlement performs a function.

The visitors who come from all parts of the world and exchange views and experiences prove how absurd are frontiers between honest men and women of different nationalities or different classes. Human interest and passion for human progress break down barriers centuries old. They form a tie that binds closer than any conventional relationship.

(The End.)

DISTANT CONSCIOUSNESS

BY WALDO E. FORBES

WHEN we hear a new melody, the notes, as they come one by one, mean comparatively little to the unaccustomed ear; but with greater familiarity each note is attended alike by the memory of the last note, and by the anticipation of that which is to come. This suggests how much the richness of the present hour owes to the memory. In fact, when we consider the temporal nonentity of the actual present: that, in truth, the present and duration have nothing or all to do with one another; that the present moment lasts forever, and yet appears but as a point in the historical series of events; it seems strange that so much stress has been laid upon the importance of the present, as opposed to the past, and the potential present, or future.

We are told that 'time is fleeting,' 'the present is our all,' 'there is no time like the present.' 'Do it now!' Thus in exhortation and precept we are urged to improve the shining hour, with a certain disregard of the fact that many hours do not, and in the nature of things, cannot shine. For it is evident that 'the present is our all' only in the sense that the present has been lasting quietly along ever since time began, and will continue to last forever. But in the meanwhile, in the general haste to utilize this precious moment before its imaginary departure, there is a tendency to retrogress to a primitive biological condition where one time is like another, and the present loses its changing and dramatic quality. In the rush and roar of life, the lights fade, the din

is ceaseless, and we get as used to a series of shocks and changes as we do to a more tranquil passage of time. Contrasting with this life is that in out-of-the-way towns, where, as often in the South and West, the great event of the day is the arrival of the daily train. Everybody is on the street, or railroad platform if there is one. Boys and girls, old men and women, come out cheerily like birds on a spring morning, and when the train is gone, the whole town sinks back into dullness for the rest of the day.

Such conditions are more characteristic of all life than we realize. Much of life must necessarily be spent in waiting, and if one reflects upon the daily occurrences of his existence, he can pick many a moment when the doctrine that the present is all is singularly lacking in significance. While he is brushing his teeth, or when he has got into an icy bed, and is wondering whether his circulation will prove adequate to stave off a momentarily threatening demise, a man stakes his soul, not on the present, but on the future. For the football player the last ten seconds before the kick-off of his big game, for the speaker waiting to be called upon for his maiden speech, the present moment has become almost completely subordinated to what it is about to produce.

Any given moment, like any note in music, derives its character from being a link in a chain, and the value of each moment is enhanced for the individual who enjoys it in proportion to

his hold upon the past, and the clearness with which he foresees the future. Not less in pain than in joy can the power of the past and the future over the present be seen. When we know a pain is growing less, it is by that fact abated further. If we could know all pains to be like the momentary discords in music, which resolve themselves into more and more beautiful harmonies, we should endure them in a religious spirit impossible to one who cannot understand his pain or fears that it will become worse.

Yet clearly in one sense the present is all, and the emphasis laid upon the transiency of time has its use; for the point which is really emphasized is the importance of the rate at which we live. Our expenditure of energy, our power of work can be improved only by ceaseless effort during the hours of activity. There is no inconsistency between a wholesome devotion to the present moment, and a realization that almost any present moment is a trifling affair. One moment is not equal in value to another. Some hours are far better than the rest. Except rarely, the most precious resources of our consciousness lie outside of the present day and hour; and as the largest proportion of the visible world by many million times lies out of our sight at any one time, and always must, so also all but the most infinitesimal part of our lives lies at a greater or less distance from our consciousness; and, normally, all that has pained or consoled, stirred us or lulled us, lies asleep in the memory far away.

The whole subject of time is paradoxical and obscure. There is much in the simplest consideration of these questions which metaphysics is powerless to solve. In any case the past must be reckoned with as having some kind of actuality. In addition to the fact that there has been a past, in a sense, there

still is one. 'Shakespeare is dead' is as valid an assertion as 'Kipling is alive.' The past is actual in another way than by virtue of memory; rather it is by virtue of this actuality that memory exists. Whatever has been, is as absolutely discoverable, could the perfect means be devised, as any present fact such as the topography of the Pamirs. Thus there is a larger existence stretching away in all directions from the little present which we pet and coddle.

In truth the present moment itself is enormously complex, extending as it does through the whole of space. The variety of points of view in one village, or one household even, indicates the richness of the life the world's present moment holds, which yet goes on at all times virtually outside the experience of any one individual's mind. There are many directions, besides spatial directions, in which consciousness stretches away from the centre we call self. In the same city scientists may work almost side by side with artists, and scarcely have any hint each of the others' thoughts; and what do the feverish ups and downs of Wall Street mean to either? Tastes and occupations wall us apart. If we could induce our neighbors to express their own thoughts with vividness, they might well carry us further afield than years of life circumscribed within our own narrow boundaries could do, or perhaps wake long-forgotten memories, or moods of which for many years we have caught no hint. To each one his own past life is a storehouse which he has not the wit and power to explore; but by the clue of sympathy we find ourselves upon the borders of a still richer region, — namely, the existing consciousness of other people. The voices, the faces of foreigners how often indicate perceptions and impressions alien to one's own understanding. There is a flavor in their lives which

we cannot taste. Nor do we ever quite know to what extent we become one with them by study and travel.

Yet these considerations would perhaps be of slight significance if it were not that our powers may be developed, — powers, vital to us, of tapping reservoirs of experience not at first recognized as part of our resources. The circle of circumstances which hems us in can be pierced, our sympathies may become broader, and we may renew or relive the better elements of our own past.

Strange mental processes sometimes recall past impressions with a vividness wholly unbelievable at ordinary times, and our knowledge of how far these hints may be trusted seems hopelessly inadequate. To take them at their face value we could easily believe the possibility of an approximately perfect memory. The richness of the world is forgotten by the world. When a state of mind upon which we based a conviction is gone, we do not know how much is lost of the character and flavor which explained it. In the sphere of philosophy a haze seems to have spread across the higher mountain ranges of thought, and veiled the great peaks. But when these rare moments of clearer weather come, the striking feature

of this mental geography is the infinite numbers of directions in which we can look. There is a profusion of paths which we are free to take in the happy hours of intellectual liberty.

But in this little present we take ourselves so seriously. The whole visual world is made known to us by vibrations that range in wave-length from about four one-thousandths to about ten one-thousandths of a millimetre. The great systems displayed to us by astronomy are more remarkable for the slightness of the evidence by which they are recognized than for the magnitude disclosed. The possibilities which are concealed from us in the field of radiation alone are stupendous. We are like bubbles on the crest of a deep-sea wave. Each one perceives a hemisphere which is his world. The scientist studies the ripples which jostle the bubbles and form a substratum for existence; while religious men have perceived the wind which causes wave, ripple, and bubble alike, and blows the bubbles along. But over this sea upon which we move, the mist is often so thick, that we have little to guide us but greater or smaller waves passing beneath us; as it is with a boatman in a fog, judging, by the ground swell, the direction of the open sea.

VON HINDENBURG, GENERAL AND MAN

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

I

On the night of August 29, 1914, a German writer strolled into the office of a newspaper of Hamburg to learn the news from the front. The day's bulletin of the General Staff had just arrived, with the following passage:—

'Our troops in Prussia under the command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg have defeated, after three days' fighting in the region of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg, the Russian Narwew Army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, and are now pursuing it across the frontier.'

The editor tousles his hair upon reading this, reaches for the army list to see who Hindenburg is, finds that he has been a commanding general, but is now retired and living at Hanover. Then he addresses his visitor: 'Tell me, how does this man from Hanover come to be in command of the Eastern Army? What has happened? Hangs his silk hat on a peg, seizes the baton of a commanding general, and beats the Russians in a trice.— Now tell me, to whom shall I telegraph to find out something about this man?'

The incident is typical, for it was no more true of Byron himself than of Hindenburg that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. He was known very favorably indeed in the higher army circles, and civilians in towns where he had held appointments remembered him as an agreeable gentleman with a high reputation for military capacity. But the great masses of

the people, like that Hamburg editor, were asking, Who is Hindenburg? The writer's own experience illustrates the suddenness with which the name broke upon the German people: although he had lived for more than twenty years in Germany and had been a diligent reader of the newspapers during all that time, he was not able to recall, when he read the war bulletin of August 29, that he had ever heard of Hindenburg.

And how did 'this man from Hanover' come to be in command? He himself gives this answer: 'A few weeks ago I was living on my pension at Hanover. Of course, I had tendered my services immediately after the war broke out; but since then I had heard nothing. The uncertainty of waiting seemed endless, and after a few weeks I had given up all hope of being reinstated in the army. Then suddenly came a dispatch informing me that His Majesty had given me the command of the Eastern Army. I had time only to get together the most necessary articles of clothing and have my old uniform put in condition for service.'

Late that night — it was August 22 — an extra train came through with his chief of staff and bore him to the east. He arrived at the front on the following afternoon. As he knew the military features of the East Prussian country thoroughly, he was not long in fixing his plan of battle. Only three days later the battle of Tannenberg began. (So the Germans call it, not because the village of that name figured in any marked way in the fighting, but

for the sentimental reason that it was the scene of another battle of Tannenberg five hundred years ago, in which the old Teutonic Knights were crushingly defeated by the Poles.)

During the next few days after the publication of that bulletin the victory took on unheard-of proportions. Never had so many prisoners been taken in an open battle. It eclipsed Sedan in that respect, and the battle-ground was four-fold greater than that one. According to the first reports the prisoners numbered 30,000, but the number rose steadily for several days and finally exceeded 90,000. The victory was so immense that the German official reports were received with incredulity abroad. The editor of a New York newspaper treated them as examples of 'German romancing'; and when a few days later Hindenburg defeated and drove across the frontier another great Russian army, taking 30,000 prisoners, that editor regarded the report of this battle as merely a correction of the previous reports, as an admission that the figures of prisoners taken had been padded. 'First it was 30,000, then 60,000, later it jumped to 90,000, only to be finally put back to 30,000.'

But Hindenburg continued to strain the faith of foreign editors. In the series of battles fought during the Polish campaign he captured 130,000, and in the so-called 'Winter's battle' — the name given to the nine days' fighting in February in East Prussia and across the Russian frontier — he eclipsed his own achievement at Tannenberg by taking 104,000 prisoners. Within a half year after he assumed command of the Eastern Army he had taken about 500,000 prisoners, and the killed and wounded certainly exceeded that number. Hindenburg is quoted as saying that in the battle of Tannenberg alone at least 80,000 Russians were killed or drowned in the Masurian lakes and marshes.

This is a record of losses without parallel in the annals of warfare. In any previous war they would have meant irreparable defeat for the country that suffered them, a complete breakdown of its military position. That they have not meant this in the present case must be attributed to the unparalleled numbers that Russia has brought into the field, to the vastness of the theatre of war, and to the difficulties of moving troops in midwinter. But the results as they stand are certainly great enough to insure Hindenburg a permanent place among the world's great military commanders. It is therefore only natural that foreign countries have taken up the question raised in Germany last August: Who is Hindenburg? The writer has been asked to give an answer to that question.

II

The field marshal's full name is Paul Ludwig Hans Anton von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg. He is thus twice a nobleman, — and thereby hangs a tale. The Beneckendorffs, while belonging to the lower aristocracy, are among the most ancient of Prussian families, the name occurring for the first time in documentary form more than six hundred years ago. The field marshal really holds a better title to it than to that of Von Hindenburg, which is of much more recent origin. He came by the second name in this way: his great-grandfather, a Von Beneckendorff, received in 1789 the legal right to add it to his own name, in order to comply with the wish of a great-uncle. This latter was a Von Hindenburg, the last of the name, who, in bequeathing his landed estates to his young kinsman, asked that he add the Hindenburg name to his own. In the lapse of time the Hindenburg half has become much more prominent than the

older Beneckendorff half. The field marshal now signs himself simply Von Hindenburg, — probably an expression of his love of simplicity, his dislike of high-sounding pretensions.

And Hindenburg is also a soldier pure and simple. He has devoted his whole life to the military profession, and he loves and believes in it with all his heart. He comes too of a family of soldiers and grew up in a distinctly military atmosphere. His father had thirty years of service to his credit as an officer when he retired; and many others of his line were officers. His mother was the daughter of an army surgeon. Even his first nurse had held a sutler's post in the army, and it was her habit to cut short his infant wailings with the stern command, 'Silence in the company!' And the little boy had a military bent from the start. The field marshal has recently narrated that he still remembers how, when he was four years old, an aged gardener on the family estate, who had been a drummer-boy under Frederick the Great and had taken part in Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Russia, used to delight him with his tales of war. Somewhat later the child was ever appealing to his grandmother to 'tell me something about the war' — referring to the Napoleonic wars; and it was his habit, after having been stowed away for the night, to creep to the foot of the bed in order to hear better what his father was reading aloud to his mother. In those days too it was his joy to trot along by the side of his father's company while the men were drilling, drinking delight of battle by anticipation.

After a few years in a private school at Glogau, where the family was then living, he was sent away to a cadet school, as the lowest military schools are called in Germany. This was located at Wahlstatt in Silesia, where Blücher had his headquarters during the

battle of the Katzbach — for all Germans one of the most cherished memories of the struggle against Napoleon. Hindenburg has recently recalled the fact that his windows at the school looked out over this field of battle. From those years at Wahlstatt we have another fact curiously illustrating the military leanings of the boy's mind. Writing to his parents, he sketches the following plan for decorating a shelf in his wardrobe: 'At the rear a big Prussian eagle on the wall; in the centre, on an elevation, "Old Fritz" and his generals; at the foot of the elevation a number of Black Hussars; in front a chain with cannon posted behind it; more in the foreground two watchman's booths, with two grenadiers of the time of Frederick the Great.' But close upon the description of this military shrine he sets down among his Christmas wishes a name that shows his kinship in spirit with American boys — Cooper's *Pathfinder*.

A few years later we find him trying to prevail upon a younger brother to adopt the soldier's career, 'which would make us all very happy.' When the Danish War broke out in 1864, he was a pupil at the chief Cadet House in Berlin, but not yet quite old enough to go into the war. It was with an evident feeling of envy that he reported to his parents the achievements of the older cadets, who had received commissions and had been sent to the front. His turn came two years later, with the outbreak of the war with Austria. Then eighteen and a half years old, he received a lieutenant's commission and at once joined the army. His mental state at that time is reflected in the following words written to his parents: 'I rejoice in this bright-colored future; for the soldier war is the normal state of things; and, moreover, I am in the hands of God. If I fall it is the most honorable and beautiful death.' The

ardent young fellow thought it was 'high time that the Hindenburgs smelt powder again; unfortunately they have been singularly neglected in that respect.'

And he got what he was thirsting for. After the battle of Königgrätz (Sad-owa) he wrote to his parents thus: 'I gratified my longings on the battle-field, — smelt powder, heard whistling around me projectiles of all kinds, — shells, shrapnel, canister, rifle-bullets; I was slightly wounded, thus becoming an interesting person; and I captured five cannon.' He goes on to tell that a bullet penetrated the eagle of his helmet, grazing his head and leaving him prostrate on the ground, while his faithful men gathered around him, thinking him dead. That helmet still adorns the walls of the field marshal's workroom, after having been preserved by his parents for years as a sacred relic, with an appropriate Bible verse attached to the eagle.

Hindenburg's next military experience was in the Franco-Prussian War. He took part in some of its bloodiest battles. In the fighting about Metz he was in the famous storming of St. Privat, where two German battalions were reduced to one fifth of their strength, and nearly three fourths of the officers were killed. After this terrible affair he wrote thus to his parents: 'God's mercy visibly shielded me. . . . I did not once dismount from my horse, and I only got a *mitrailleuse* bullet through the leg of my boot. . . . I do not myself understand how I could keep so cool throughout the whole action. I often looked at my watch and jotted down in my notebook at once all the phases of the fighting.' He also fought at Sedan and was before Paris throughout the siege.

Two years later we find him at the War Academy in Berlin, where German officers are fitted for higher military

careers. His going there, however, appears not to have been due to his own initiative; like many others who had enjoyed the active life of campaigning in France, he apparently had no great desire to return to books and a desk. His brother, who has written a brief sketch of the field marshal's life, reports that he went under the persuasion of his parents, especially his mother. She had a deep influence upon his character, was ever spurring him on to the rigid performance of duty and holding up to him a high ideal of patriotism. His interest in his calling, however, had evidently not flagged, as is evident from a glimpse that we get of him as a student of the War Academy, supplied by General von Pochhammer, who was then professor of field fortifications there. At first, says Pochhammer, he was 'driven almost to desperation' by the fact that Lieutenant von Hindenburg, occupying a front seat, would spread out a General Staff map on his desk and begin studying it as soon as the lecture failed to interest him, — a thing that was quite contrary to the regulations. He would draw circles and make liberal use of his pencil, evidently directing the movement of troops and measuring artillery effects. The professor thereupon resolved to win attention by improving his lectures, by discarding his notes, and speaking directly to the big lieutenant. Apparently he succeeded, for later, when a military problem was to be solved, he appointed Hindenburg to the imaginary post of staff-officer to Oudinot. A quiet earnestness was regarded by the professor as the leading feature of Hindenburg's character as a student.

During the forty years that followed the Franco-Prussian War, Hindenburg was working out, quietly and with great diligence, his military education, rising from one post of responsibility to another in the army, and broadening

his grasp of military problems. In 1881-83 we find him at Königsberg as staff-officer to a division. At that time he began his military studies of the Masurian Lake region, and he drew the plans for army manœuvres in the very country where he had later to do battle with shot and shell. His appointments took him to widely separated parts of the Empire, and carried him through the most varied ranges of military work, — gave him, in short, the best opportunities to prepare himself for the work that he is now doing. Besides being a staff officer in all the various capacities, he rose through all the various grades of troop commander, and finally reached the rank of commanding general in 1903, — the summit of a German general's hopes in times of peace. In 1911, being then sixty-four years old but still in full strength and vigor, he resigned, because, as his brother assures us, 'he had always believed that a commanding general should lay down his commission in good time, so as to make room for the younger men.'

Not the least important of Hindenburg's appointments remains to be mentioned. In 1886 he was assigned to a post in the General Staff and was at the same time a professor in the War Academy. Here he lectured for some seven years on applied tactics. During the latter part of this time he was also chief of the infantry department in the Prussian Ministry of War. Thus his experience covered, not only the practical work of commanding troops, but also the training of the younger officers, the administering of the affairs of the army, and the working out of theoretical problems at the General Staff. It is a highly interesting fact — probably more than a mere coincidence — that in his lectures he gave much attention to the Masurian Lake region, where three of his greatest battles were fought. He worked out a theoretical battle in

that country and made it the basis of lectures to his students. One of these officers has recently told us about that particular work. It included a cavalry attack, and upon one occasion the young officers were looking in vain on their maps to find feasible roads around the dangerous lakes for that attack. Thereupon Hindenburg spoke up: 'I would ride with the whole bunch [the German is *Schlamm*, which is quite colloquial in this sense] right between the lakes; the devil himself would not look for us to come out from among those lakes.'

General von Pochhammer gives a characteristic illustration of how Hindenburg took his duties as commanding general. It is the custom of the army officers to hold conferences on winter evenings to listen to a military paper by one of their number. According to Pochhammer these conferences usually seem rather perfunctory; at the conclusion of the paper 'the commander thanks the speaker, and then they all go to the table.' Not so under Hindenburg: 'He appeared as often as possible, and as soon as the lieutenant had concluded he would ask first the captain, then the major, the colonel, and finally the generals of brigades and divisions to express their views; and he never failed to give his own opinion at the end.' He also tells us that Hindenburg's criticisms of the army manœuvres — always given to the officers immediately after the conclusion of these exercises — were widely known and discussed in military circles.

Wherever we get a view of Hindenburg's inner life during his active military career it is that of a man absorbed in his profession, taking a serious view of his work, and ever occupied with the possible tasks that the future might bring. 'When we had free evenings at the Hindenburg house' — so writes a

woman friend of the family, who saw much of Hindenburg when he commanded a regiment in a country town — 'he would often sit pondering over maps spread out before him on a table, marking movements of troops, directing armies, fighting imaginary battles. . . . He often said it was the dream of his life to lead an army corps against an enemy.' When his only son was an infant, the proud father once tossed him up and addressed him thus: 'Boy, I am already rejoicing at the thought of seeing you with me around the bivouac fires in a war with Russia.' Later on, it was his habit to keep this boy's mind occupied with military thoughts, to accustom him to military language. In taking walks across country with his three children he would keep the boy playing at soldier, addressing him as 'Herr Lieutenant,' and ordering him to carry out evolutions with imaginary troops. His sister reports other walks on the old family estate at an earlier period, when the ardent young officer was there on furlough; he would at times halt the family party on the ridge of some eminence and unfold his plans for a battle there.

III

When Hindenburg was sent to East Prussia in August his mission was to defend it from two invading armies. It cannot be said that he adopted any novel principles in discharging his difficult task. He followed the well-established rule of German strategists that attack is the best defense. He knew that he was opposing an enemy who has traditionally shown a preference for defensive fighting, and that he could trust the Russian generals to take no bold aggressive steps. When Hindenburg arrived in East Prussia on August 23, two Russian armies had crossed the frontier, moving in the direction of Königsberg,

evidently intending to effect a junction there and capture this stronghold. The Wilna army had crossed the frontier in the region of Eydtkuhnen, which lies on the main line of railway from Berlin to Petrograd; it had little difficulty, as it advanced westward, in shoving the small German *Landsturm* troops along before it. But, arrived at a line some thirty miles east of Königsberg, General Rennenkampf, its commander, grew cautious, intrenched himself, and awaited developments. The second or Narew army, under General Samsonoff, had advanced from the south by way of Mława and Soldau, and had occupied Allenstein; but he too grew apprehensive lest he were pushing ahead too vigorously, retired his lines somewhat toward the south, and had taken up positions among the western Masurian Lakes.

Hindenburg decided to attack this army at once by a double flanking movement. While there was nothing novel in this strategy, it was a daring venture against an enemy outnumbering the German forces, as Hindenburg himself has assured us, by three to one. Another striking display of boldness and the readiness to take big risks is seen in the fact that he drew away most of the troops that had been holding Rennenkampf in check, and brought them by forced marches to take part in the fighting. This left Rennenkampf in striking distance of the German columns moving to the east of Allenstein to turn Samsonoff's right wing, hold the northerly defiles between the lakes, and thus prevent him from saving himself by effecting a junction with Rennenkampf. Thus the German main attack from the south was able to crush in the Russian lines among the lakes, making it impossible for Samsonoff to deploy his troops effectively. The columns making this movement were also exposed to the

danger of attack from fresh Russian troops from across the frontier; and they had, in fact, to beat off such an attack before completing the destruction of Samsonoff's army.

As soon as it had been disposed of, and before the immense booty had been fully garnered, Hindenburg began at once to move upon Rennenkampf, following the best German strategy of unrelentingly pushing an advantage once gained. As it was not possible in this case to repeat an enveloping movement, Hindenburg directed a part of his forces against the Russian left and attacked it vigorously. The main blow, however, was to be dealt elsewhere, and this direct attack was only designed to veil it. While the fighting was in progress another large force was swinging completely around the southern end of the lakes for the purpose of gaining access to the Russian rear to the east of Angerburg. The ruse was successful, but Rennenkampf soon saw his danger, began a hurried retreat across the frontier, and succeeded in getting away with much less damage than Samsonoff had suffered. The flanking movement in this battle too was attended with grave risks, and the German forces making it had also to repel a strong counter-attack from a fresh Russian corps that moved up from the south.

It was not a part of Hindenburg's strategy to push far into Russia then and there; his forces were more needed elsewhere. The Austrians had proved unable to hold their ground against the overwhelmingly superior numbers that the Russians threw against them in Galicia. Lemberg had fallen, Przemyśl was invested, and the Russians were steadily pushing westward against Cracow. It became necessary to inaugurate a counter-movement to relieve this pressure. Hindenburg therefore transported the greater part of his forces by

rail to the southwestern corner of Silesia; and already by September 28 he had moved eastward into Russian Poland, supported by new Austrian forces that had been assembled at Cracow. His purpose was to cross the Vistula, cut the Russian lines of communication, and capture Warsaw. At the same time the Austrian armies in Galicia were to assume the offensive, drive the Russians before them, and try to effect a junction with Hindenburg. These large plans, however, were based upon an underestimate of the Russian strength. Just as Russia's mobilization was far advanced before the war began, whereas the German military authorities had assumed that the invasion of East Prussia could not develop serious proportions till at least a month later than it actually did, so now the Teutonic leaders again failed to take an adequate measure of her enormous armies in the field. The Austrians recovered a part of Galicia and raised the siege of Przemyśl, indeed, but with that their offensive was exhausted. They failed by far to join hands with Hindenburg, and he was left alone to make the attack upon Warsaw. Even so he almost succeeded in capturing the city; just when success seemed to be in sight, however, the Russians, who had assembled a strong army at Novo-Georgiewisk farther down the river, crossed the stream and moved upon his left wing. He was finally opposed here by forces which, according to a semi-official German statement, outnumbered his own army nearly four-fold. At the same time the enemy had greatly strengthened his forces farther up stream in the vicinity of Ivangorod, had crossed the river, and was threatening Hindenburg's right, the Austrian and German troops left to guard the river front having proved inadequate to that task.

It now became necessary for Hin-

denburg to order his first retreat. But how far should he retire? In answering that question he was evidently influenced more by strategical considerations. Even at the moment when he decided to retire before the Russians he was already planning to take up the offensive at another point; and in order to make this new movement most effective it was necessary to entice the Russians far to the west. He decided to fall back almost to the frontier, believing that his enemy, misled by the flattering urgency of the English and French press for a grand movement against Berlin, would follow him as far as he chose to retreat. He did not err in that calculation; and while the Russians were slowly plodding across a country where Hindenburg had thoroughly destroyed all the railways and bridges, he was assembling an army on the Polish frontier to the south of the Vistula. Before they had fully taken up their new positions Hindenburg made an unexpected thrust into their right flank, defeating an army corps at Wloclawek, November 14, and two others at Kutno on the following day. This movement soon developed into a promising new offensive. Lodz and Lowicz were occupied after tremendous fighting; and the Russian armies that had toilsomely pursued Hindenburg across southern Poland were now compelled to withdraw far to the east. The Polish campaign, however, ended rather indecisively in the winter's deadlock along the line of the Bzura, Rawka, and Nida rivers.

But stationary fighting from trenches is not in accord with Hindenburg's military principles and predilections. When in the Ministry of War, he issued tactical instructions to troop commanders, which contained a warning against relying unduly upon field fortifications. At Tannenberg he had discarded the field-works in which he found the

troops entrenched when he took command, and the result justified his tactics. He now continued indeed to pound away at the Russian lines on the Bzura, as if still trying to force his way to Warsaw; but while doing so he was preparing another surprise, — transporting his troops back into East Prussia, where the Russians had returned and had again taken up strong positions on a north-and-south line a little to the east of the Masurian Lakes. This movement was further veiled by reinforcing the Austrians in the Carpathian Mountains and starting a vigorous offensive action there. The season also favored the surprise, for who would have expected Hindenburg to gather a great army in midwinter in the rigorous climate of East Prussia and offer battle under conditions like those that made Napoleon's retreat from Moscow one of the greatest military disasters of history?

The plan of this 'Winter's battle' resembled that of Tannenberg in embracing a double flanking movement, but on a much larger scale. When the two flanking columns began to move — the one around the southern Masurian Lakes, the other from a point about twenty-five miles to the northeast of Insterburg — they were nearly one hundred miles apart; and they converged toward a junction some fifty miles behind the Russian centre. The success of this joint action depended upon swiftness of execution. Speed was very difficult, however, in the face of furious snowstorms and drifts that blocked the roads, with the temperature so low that the soldiers' hands would freeze to the metal parts of their rifles. Artillery and ammunition wagons had to be placed upon sled-runners; and deep ravines had to be crossed, where it was necessary to let the cannon down on one side and draw them up on the other with ropes. Under

these frightful conditions the troops advanced and fought for nine days, often continuing their marches till late into the night. Success crowned their exertions; in respect to the number of prisoners taken the 'Winter's battle' stands without a rival in history.

From the foregoing paragraphs the leading features of Hindenburg's strategy and tactics can be deduced. It is his aim to keep ever on the offensive. Grant himself did not strike the enemy with greater vehemence and persistence than Hindenburg; and, like Grant again, the German field marshal has the habit of shifting the blow to another point once he becomes convinced that the obstacles in his immediate front are too great. But Hindenburg is favored by railways as Grant was not. Never before have railways played so important a part; and Hindenburg has probably employed them more extensively and with better effect than any other commander. He is ever searching out the weakest spot in the enemy's lines; and the railways enable him effectively to follow Napoleon's strategy of massing superior forces at such points and bursting suddenly upon the unsuspecting enemy. In planning his battles he shows a marked preference for flanking movements, and both boldness and skill in carrying them out. He takes care not to be outflanked while himself trying to reach around the enemy's wings. By an unrelenting pursuit he seeks to win the greatest possible advantage from his victories; he is not satisfied with merely defeating the enemy, but strives to crush him completely.

From what has already been said it is evident that Hindenburg makes enormous demands upon his troops. Probably no other general ever required from his men harder marching and fighting at critical junctures. It is related of one regiment at Tannenberg

that it marched one hundred and twenty-two miles in five days, and then went immediately into the fighting line; and Hindenburg himself has said that some of his troops marched ninety miles in four days during the battle of the Masurian Lakes. But his soldiers have unlimited confidence in him and are willing to endure hardships for the sake of the victory that they always confidently expect. For he inspires them with the belief — as a group of them said after the battle of Tannenberg — that 'one German is equal to five or six Russians.' The feeling in the ranks was well hit off by a wounded soldier in the following words: 'We had to march and march, and we cursed and thundered; but when we reached our goal and everything passed off all right, we thanked God and Hindenburg.' This confidence, shared alike by officers and men, is based upon the knowledge that the field marshal is himself one of the hardest workers among them. He is usually at work till beyond midnight, and when important actions are in progress he not infrequently stays up all night. He has learned during the war to snatch a few hours of sleep at irregular intervals during the day. His hardy constitution — he has never been sick for one day — enables him to do this without impairing his health.

IV

Thus far we have seen Hindenburg only as a military man. Is he anything more than that? Has he wider interests than those of the professional soldier? The impression in Germany itself is that he has made himself a great general by strictly confining his intellectual interests to his military profession. Even his brother admits a 'one-sidedness which is his strength,' though he assures us that the field marshal takes a lively interest in all questions, includ-

ing art; and that, in his early years, he made water-colors that gave promise of a successful career as an artist. Of books that have exerted an important influence upon his character we hear nothing in the various sketches of his life. On the walls of his little home at Hanover hang reproductions of the Sistine Madonna and an antique head of Juno, as foils to portraits of the old Emperor William, Fredrick III as crown prince, Bismarck, Moltke, and the present Emperor. Other pictures — paintings, copperplate engravings, lithographs — give a flavor of olden times to the small rooms. The furniture is also of antique patterns, and not a few heirlooms bespeak his love for his line.

This last remark suggests one striking feature of his character. Born of an old noble family that has given many of its members to the public service, military and civil, he takes a reasonable pride in his lineage, yet without arrogating to himself any selfish advantage from it. Throughout his military career it has been his rule to treat officers and men without consideration of birth or family. He always cultivated kindly relations with the civilian element of the towns in which he held appointments, showing himself to be no worshiper of the mere uniform, and to be free from caste spirit. His family love is a part of his religion, and we find both sentiments mingled at times. In the letter to his parents written after the battle of Königgrätz, already quoted, he expresses his feelings when going into his first action thus: 'A brief prayer, a thought of the dear ones at home and the old name, and then forward.' The old home, by the way, does not belong to him, but to a near relative; yet he is still deeply attached to it. His parents and others of his line are buried there. One of these, his brother Otto, — the same whom he advised to adopt the military profession, — died some

six years ago as a retired general. On the first day of the battle of Tannenberg Hindenburg found time to have this brother's body exhumed owing to the nearness of the Russian frontier, and because 'the grave might be desecrated.'

And he is a deeply religious man. Not Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson himself was more firmly convinced of being an instrument in the hands of God than is Hindenburg; and the optimistic fatalism begotten of this faith — just as with those two great commanders — must be reckoned as an important element in his military success. Quotations from his letters in previous paragraphs have shown the reader Hindenburg's simple and unaffected manner of expressing his religious sentiments. Such expressions are by no means rare in his letters and army orders; but he never tires us with them, never multiplies them till they begin to seem unreal. There is never a formal confession of faith, — only a word, and then to other matters. His creed is of a more orthodox type than that which has become prevalent in Germany; and we do not hear that he has ever been visited by any of the doubts of this doubting generation. His religion, so far as we know it, is of the oldest, simplest kind. When great crowds gathered in an eastern town to give him an ovation after the battle of Tannenberg he merely halted his automobile for a moment, arose, pointed upward, and said, 'Thank Him up there'; and he rapidly rode away. In a general order issued after the battle of the Masurian Lakes this passage occurs: 'Give God the glory. He will also continue to be with us.' The religious note is equally clear in another general order of December 30. This latter may be quoted in full here in order to show, not only his religious tendencies, but his simple, matter-of-fact style of addressing his

soldiers under circumstances which would have given some other great generals occasion for much high-flown sentiment and vainglorious bluster. The order is as follows:—

'SOLDIERS OF THE EASTERN ARMY!

'It is my heart's desire to express to you my warmest thanks and my fullest recognition of what you have accomplished before the enemy during the year now closing. What privations you have borne, what forced marches you have made, what you have achieved in protracted and difficult fighting, will ever be accounted as among the greatest deeds in the military annals of all times. The days of Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, Opakow, Ivangorod, Warsaw, Wloclawek, Kutno, Lodz, Lodz, Lodz, the Bzura, the Rawa, and the Pilica, can never be forgotten.

'With thanks to God who gave us power to accomplish such things, and with a firm reliance upon his further help, let us begin the new year. In accordance with our oaths as soldiers we will continue to do our duty till our beloved Fatherland is assured of an honorable peace.

'And now let us go forward in 1915, just as in 1914.

'Long live His Majesty, our most gracious commander-in-chief! Hurrah!'

Although Hindenburg has always kept strictly aloof from politics, home and foreign, he has on several occasions expressed himself briefly in regard to the political aspects of the present war. He has asserted his abiding faith in the justice of Germany's cause, believing that she is fighting only because war was forced upon her by Russia; and he holds that Russia was abetted by England to the extent that the war would not have broken out but for England's promise to help Russia. He has also expressed his unshaken faith that Germany and her ally will win. He believes

in particular that Russia will soon be eliminated as an aggressive factor in the general situation.

Simplicity and directness in all that he does, fidelity to duty, devotion to monarch and country, respect for his fellow men, love for profession and family, unflagging industry, great persistence in carrying out his plans—such are the leading outlines of his character. He inspires confidence from his subordinates by reason of his moral qualities, as well as his military ability; they know that he is a safe man, that, though ever ready to undertake daring deeds, he possesses a sane judgment of what is possible. He takes big risks and obtains corresponding results, but there is nothing flighty about the man. He is willing to assume responsibilities and has independence of judgment. He consults much with his subordinates, indeed, in order to get possession of the facts upon which to base his decisions; but the decisions themselves are always his own. And he is not likely to be influenced by personal or any other considerations than the objective requirements in the given case. He does not court popularity, and he does not like to be lionized. 'It is a matter of indifference to me,' he has recently said, 'what kind of conception people form of me, if I can but be of some service to my king and country.'

Professor Vogel, the portrait painter, who spent nearly two months at Hindenburg's headquarters making studies for a portrait, has given us a first-hand description of the field marshal in his daily life, with interesting observations on his character. He says he had to rise every morning at 6 or 6.30 o'clock; that Hindenburg tolerates no loafers around him, and is himself incredibly busy. He was found to have a keen knowledge of men; he was cautious in his speech, but at the same time frank and open. He showed no

harsh or coarse sides. 'His whole being beams with calmness, goodness, light. He is worshiped by all his men; and this is due not only to the fact that he is the great Hindenburg who won phenomenal victories, but much rather to the fact that he is a good and amiable man. Although he is loaded down with work and responsibilities, I have never seen him impatient or nervous. He finds time for everything, appears promptly at meals, his private correspondence is quickly disposed of, he sits for his portrait, and he finds time to do an endless number of things.'

Vogel observed that Hindenburg made few calls upon the many servants placed at his disposal at headquarters, that the meals were of almost puritanical simplicity, consisting nearly always of one meat course cooked along with vegetables, and ending with a cheap grade of cheese. There was hardly any variation to this at any time; even when princely personages were guests at headquarters the only usual exception was a glass of champagne. Hindenburg found time to give the painter a daily sitting for seven weeks. Another visitor at headquarters noted that the field marshal's door was marked only by the word 'Chief,' written with chalk.

In personal appearance Hindenburg satisfies the common ideal of what a great general should be. He is six feet tall, has a commanding figure, and carries himself with ease and dignity. He has a deep chest, and broad shoulders, and the neck is rather short and thick. The chin and lower jaws are massive, giving the face a squarish appearance. The mouth, with the corners of the lips drawn sharply down, expresses firmness; and this effect is heightened by the moustache, which is allowed to grow out on the cheek beyond the corners of

the lips. The blue eyes are deep-set, frank, and penetrating, and have a tendency to close when talking or smiling. The forehead is fairly high and somewhat flat. It is still surmounted by a good shock of hair, which is nearly white and is kept close-cropped. Standing erect it completes the expression of energy and strength borne by his countenance.

The field marshal is a man of few words, but he impresses the listener with the conviction that what he says is well worth giving heed to. He seems to be thinking while he talks, and the deliberate flow of his words leaves the impression that his mind moves slowly. The voice is a deep, rich bass. Among his comrades he is regarded as a companionable man, but he seems to have kept more to his family, when off duty, than is commonly the case with officers. He has never even learned to play cards; his sister found it impossible to teach him 'sixty-six,' the simplest of German card games. Avoiding cards, he has also never gambled, thus escaping the temptations that have proved the undoing of many a young German officer. We hear of no diversions except hunting, for which he has a great liking. The walls of his cottage at Hanover are decorated with the antlers of stags slain by his rifle.

When Hindenburg retired to that cottage only four years ago he thought that his career was ended, and he began to write his reminiscences. They were intended only for his children, as he did not think that his life would interest a wider public. The war rudely interrupted his work. Probably he will resume his writing after it is over. Then all the world will be eager to read Hindenburg's own narrative of the part he is now playing in the Great War.

WAR AND NON-RESISTANCE

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

THE principle that it is always wrong to employ force against another human being has been held in its extreme form by Quakers and by Tolstoï, but has been rejected by the great majority of mankind as inconsistent with the existence of civilized society. But I think that the occasions where forcible resistance is the best course are much fewer than is generally believed, and that some very great and important advances in civilization might be made if this were more widely recognized. The so-called 'right of self-defense,' in particular, seems to have only a very limited sphere of application, and to be often supported by arguments involving both mistakes as to political questions and a wrong conception of the best type of character.

No one who holds that human conduct ought to be such as to promote certain ends, no matter what ends may be selected, will expect any absolute hard-and-fast rules of conduct to which no possible exception can be found. Not to lie, not to steal, not to murder, are very good precepts for ordinary cases: it may be, in view of the likelihood of biased judgments, that most men will act better if they always follow these precepts unquestioningly than if they consider each case on its merits. Nevertheless, it is obvious that there are cases where lying and stealing are justifiable, and the same must be said of murder by those who hold that some wars are righteous. Tolstoï does

not judge conduct by its consequences: he considers actions inherently right or wrong. This makes it possible for him to say that no use of force is ever right. But if we judge conduct, as I think we ought, by its power of promoting what we consider a good life or a good society, we cannot expect such simplicity in our moral precepts, and we must expect all of them to be subject to exceptions. Whatever we may have to say must be regarded as in the nature of practical maxims, to be applied with common sense, not as logically universal rules to be tested by extreme cases.

Broadly speaking, I think the use of force is justifiable when it is ordered in accordance with law by a neutral authority, in the general interest and not primarily in the interest of one of the parties to the quarrel. On this ground, the use of force by the police is justifiable, provided (as is no doubt sometimes the case) that the authorities are employing the police in the general interest, not merely in the interest of the holders of power. In international affairs, if there were a council of the powers strong enough to restrain any aggressive nation without great difficulty, any army or navy employed in obedience to its orders might be regarded as a police force, and justified on the same grounds on which the police are justified. I think there is more hope of ultimately achieving universal peace by this method than by the adoption of non-resistance. But this has no bearing upon the question whether non-resistance would be a good policy, if any

nation could be induced to adopt it. So long as no council of the powers exists, there is no neutral authority to order resistance, and we have to consider the justification of repelling an attack when the nation attacked is the judge in its own cause.

The justification of non-resistance is more easily seen in the case of quarrels between individuals. If I encountered the traditional highwayman, and he demanded my money or my life, I should unhesitatingly give him my money, even if it were in my power to shoot him before he shot me. I should do this, not from cowardice or lack of spirit, but because I would rather part with money than have a man's blood on my conscience. And for the same reason, if I were compelled to engage in a duel, I would rather let my adversary shoot me than shoot him. In this I believe all humane people would agree. At the same time, if he were a worthless fellow, and I had just made an important mathematical discovery which I had not had time to record, it might be right to preserve my life at his expense. Arguments of this sort would justify civilized communities in defending themselves against savages. But conflicts between civilized nations are more like conflicts between rival metaphysicians, each considering his own system admirable and the other man's abominable, while to outsiders it is obvious that both are equally fantastic.

In private life, most situations can be met by the double principle of neither employing force nor obeying it. It is a familiar Platonic thesis that the man who inflicts injustice is more to be pitied than the man who suffers it. But such statements are read with a smile, as charming literary paradoxes, and are not taken as practical wisdom for the guidance of life. Yet the use of force to coerce another man's will, even in those rare cases in which it is

justifiable, produces a brutal and tyrannous state of mind, and is more destructive of inward peace than any misfortune that can be inflicted from without. The greatest good that can be achieved in this life is to have will and desire directed to universal ends, purged of the self-assertion which belongs to instinctive will. If a man has once known this good, he will not consider any private ends important enough to be fought for: he may be willing to enter upon a contest of force, but if so, it will be for some end outside his own life, since what is best in his own life cannot be taken from him by another. But although he will not dictate to others for his own ends, he will also not be turned aside from universal ends by others: he will be no more willing to obey than to command. He will preserve his own liberty as scrupulously as he respects the liberty of others.

Exactly similar considerations apply to the conduct of nations, but they are obscured by traditional phrases about 'honor,' 'patriotism,' 'sacred traditions,' or the 'protection of women and children.' It is assumed that a nation which does not oppose force with force must be actuated by cowardice, and must lose whatever is valuable in its civilization. Both these are illusions. To oppose force by passive non-obedience would require more courage, and would be far more likely to preserve the best elements of the national life. It would also do far more to discourage the use of force. This would be the way of practical wisdom, if men could be brought to believe it. But I fear men are too wedded to the belief that patriotism is a virtue, and too fond of proving their superiority to others in a contest of force. People who object to the doctrine that might is right always contend that it will be disproved by showing that might is on their own side. Yet that would be a dis-

proof only if their side were in the wrong, and their argument shows that they really believe the doctrine that they are pretending to combat. Those who genuinely disbelieve the doctrine will not attempt to disprove it by getting might on their side.

II

Let us imagine that England were to disband its army and navy, after a generation of instruction in the principles of passive resistance as a better defense than war. Let us suppose that England at the same time publicly announced that no armed opposition would be offered to an invader, that all might come freely, but that no obedience would be yielded to any commands that a foreign authority might issue. What would happen in this case?

Suppose, to continue the argument, that the German government wished to take advantage of England's defenseless condition. It would be faced, at the outset, by the opposition of whatever was not utterly brutal in Germany, since no possible cloak could be found to hide the nakedness of aggression. All civilized countries, when they engage in war, find some decent excuse: they fight almost always either in self-defense or in defense of the weak. No such excuse could be found in this case. It could no longer be said, as the Germans now say, that England's naval preponderance keeps other nations in bondage, and threatens the very existence of any nation which depends on imported food. It could no longer be said that we were oppressing India, since India would be able to separate from the British Empire whenever it wished to do so. All the usual pretexts by which aggression is justified would be lacking. When America attacked Spain, it was to liberate the Cubans, against whom Spain was carrying on

a war. When England attacked the Transvaal, the then Poet Laureate, the *Times*, and Messrs. Werner, Beit & Co. and the other imperialist magnates who represented the ancient traditions of the British race, solemnly assured us that our intervention was necessary for the safety of English women in Johannesburg, and for the liberation of the natives from virtual slavery to the Boers. These pleas deceived many people who, though no doubt not unwilling to be deceived, would yet have shrunk from an aggression which could not be in any way disguised. And it was said that the Boers aimed at the conquest of the whole of South Africa: we were told that if ever England found itself entangled in a European war, Cape Colony would be overrun and its English colonists would be subjected to a tyranny. In any civilized country such arguments are always used in justifying even the most aggressive war.

If England had no army and no navy, the Germans would be hard put to it to find a pretext for invasion. All the liberal elements in Germany would oppose any such enterprise; so would all the other nations, unless Germany offered them a share of the plunder. But let us suppose all home opposition overcome, and a force dispatched to England to take possession of the country. Such a force, since it would meet with no military opposition, would not need to be large, and would not be in the state of mingled fear and ferocity which characterizes an invading army among a hostile population. There would be no difficulty in preserving military discipline, and no opportunity for the rape and rapine which have always been displayed by troops after victory in battle. There would be no glory to be won, not even enough to earn one iron cross. The Germans could not congratulate themselves upon their military prowess, or imagine that they

were displaying the stern self-abnegation believed to be shown by willingness to die in the fight. To the soldierly mind, the whole expedition would be ridiculous, causing disgust instead of pride. Perhaps a few impudent street-boys might have to have their ears boxed, but otherwise there would be nothing to lend dignity to the expedition.

However, we will suppose the invading army arrived in London, where they would evict the King from Buckingham Palace and the members from the House of Commons. A few able bureaucrats would be brought over from Berlin to consult with the civil servants in Whitehall as to the new laws by which the reign of Kultur was to be inaugurated. No difficulty would be expected in managing so tame a nation, and at first almost all the existing officials would be confirmed in their offices. For the management of a large modern state is a complicated matter, and it would be thought well to facilitate the transition by the help of men familiar with the existing machinery.

But at this point, if the nation showed as much courage as it has always shown in fighting, difficulties would begin. All the existing officials would refuse to coöperate with the Germans. Some of the more prominent would be imprisoned, perhaps even shot, in order to encourage the others. But if the others held firm, if they refused to recognize or transmit any order given by Germans, if they continued to carry out the decrees previously made by the English Parliament and the English government, the Germans would have to dismiss them all, even to the humblest postman, and call in German talent to fill the breach.

The dismissed officials could not all be imprisoned or shot; since no fighting would have occurred, such wholesale brutality would be out of the question. And it would be very difficult for the

Germans suddenly, and out of nothing, to create an administrative machine. Whatever edicts they might issue would be quietly ignored by the population. If they ordered that German should be the language taught in schools, the schoolmasters would go on as if no such order had been issued; if the schoolmasters were dismissed, the parents would no longer send the children to school. If they ordered that English young men should undergo military service, the young men would simply refuse; after shooting a few, the Germans would have to give up the attempt in despair. If they tried to raise revenue by customs duties at the ports, they would have to have German customs officers; this would lead to a strike of all the dock laborers, so that that way of raising revenue would become impossible. If they tried to take over the railways, there would be a strike of the railway servants. Whatever they touched would instantly become paralyzed, and it would soon be evident, even to them, that nothing was to be made out of England unless the population could be conciliated.

Such a method of dealing with invasion would, of course, require fortitude and discipline. But fortitude and discipline are required in war. For ages past, education has been largely directed to producing these qualities for the sake of war. They now exist so widely that in every civilized country almost every man is willing to die on the battlefield whenever his government thinks the moment suitable. The same courage and idealism which are now put into war could easily be directed by education into the channel of passive resistance. I do not know what losses England may suffer before the present war is ended, but if they amount to a million no one will be surprised. An immensely smaller number of losses, incurred in passive resistance, would

prove to any invading army that the task of subjecting England to alien domination was an impossible one. And this proof would be made once for all without dependence upon the doubtful accidents of war. In internal politics, in all democratic countries, the very method we have been considering is constantly practiced, with continually increasing success. Even in Russia, it was the general strike which secured the Constitution of 1905. For a generation, terrorists had uselessly copied the methods of militarists by bomb-throwing and assassination; they had achieved nothing except to afford the authorities an excuse for ruthless repression, — an excuse not only to the public, but also to their own consciences, since they appeared to themselves, as soldiers do, to be brave men facing death in the public service. After all the years of fruitless violence, it was the method of passive non-obedience which secured the momentary victory, afterwards lost through disunion and a return to violence. And in all the dealings of democratic governments with labor troubles or with irreconcilable minorities, it is this same power of passive resistance that comes into play. In a civilized, highly organized, highly political state, government is impossible without the consent of the governed. Any object for which a considerable body of men are prepared to starve and die can be achieved by political means, without need of resort to force. And if this is true of objects desired by a minority only, it is a thousand times truer of objects desired unanimously by the whole nation.

But it may be said that, even if the Germans could not actually take over the government of England, or rob us of internal self-government, they could do two things which would injure us vitally: they could take away our empire, and could levy a tribute by the

threat of depriving us of food-supplies.

The Germans could not take away the self-governing parts of our empire, since they would encounter there the same difficulties that would prevent them from governing England. They could take away those parts of our empire which we hold by force, and this would be a blow to our pride: the oppression of subject races is one of the chief sources of patriotic satisfaction, and one of the chief things for which Germany envies us. But it is not a source of pride to any rational or humane man. European rule over uncivilized races is in fact a very sordid affair. The best of the men whom it employs are those engaged in the attempt at government, who live in exile and usually die of fever. The rest grow rich selling rum to natives or making them work in mines. Meanwhile the natives degenerate: some die of drink, some of diseases caught from white men, some of consumption in the mines; and those who survive contract the vices of civilization without losing the vices of barbarism. It can be only a blessing to any nation to be deprived of this source of pride, which is a canker of corruption and immorality in the life of democratic communities.

That the Germans could levy tribute on England by threatening our food-supplies is obviously true. The ethics of such a demand would be exactly the same as that of the highwayman who demands 'your money or your life.' The same reasons which would lead a reasonable man to give his money rather than shoot or be shot, would also lead a reasonable nation to give tribute rather than resist by force of arms. The greatest sum that foreigners could theoretically exact would be the total economic rent of the land and natural resources of England. In fact, economic rent may be defined as what can be, and historically has been, extorted by

such means. The rent now paid to landowners in England is the outcome of the exactions made by William the Conqueror and his barons. The law courts are the outcome of those set up at that time, and the law which they administer, so far as land is concerned, represents simply the power of the sword. From inertia and lack of imagination, the English at the present day continue to pay the landowners a vast sum to which the latter have no right but that of conquest. The working classes, the shopkeepers, manufacturers, and merchants, the literary men, and the men of science — all the people who make England of any account in the world — have at the most an infinitesimal and accidental share in the rental of England. The men who have a share use their rents in luxury, political corruption, taking the lives of birds, and depopulating and enslaving the rural districts. This way of life is that which almost all English men and women consider the most admirable: those who are anywhere near achieving it struggle to attain it completely, and those who are more remote read serial stories about it as their ancestors would have read of the joys of Paradise.

It is this life of the idle rich which would be curtailed if the Germans exacted a tribute from England. Everything in England that is not positively harmful would be untouched: wages and other earned incomes could not be diminished without diminishing the productivity of English labor, and so lessening England's capacity for paying tribute! Our snobbish instincts, if the idle rich were abolished, might be driven, by want of other outlet, into the admiration of real merit. And if the Germans could effect this for us, they would well deserve their tribute.

It is very doubtful indeed whether the Germans would exact from us a larger tribute than we exact from our-

selves in resisting them. There is no knowing what this war will have cost England when it ends, but we shall probably not exaggerate if we place the cost at a thousand million pounds. This represents an annual payment of forty million pounds. All this, together with the annual expenditure on our army and navy, we might have paid to the Germans without being any poorer than we shall be when the war ends. This represents an incredibly larger tribute than we derive from India; yet the Germans assure us that we are full of commercial cunning, and that we govern India solely for our own profit. If they believe this, it is hardly to be supposed that the receipt of such a tribute would fail to satisfy them. Meanwhile we should have avoided the death of our young men, the moral degradation of almost our whole population, and the lowering of the standard of civilization slowly achieved through centuries which were peaceful in comparison with our present condition.

III

But of course all that I have been saying is fantastic, degrading, and out of touch with reality. I have been assuming that men are to some extent guided by reason, that their actions are directed to ends such as 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This is not the case. Death, slavery, and unhappiness (for others) are the chief ends pursued by states in their external relations. It is the preference of such ends to one's own happiness that constitutes patriotism, that shows a man to be free from materialism, and that raises him above the commercial, money-grubbing level of the mere shopkeeper. The Prussian feels himself noble because he is willing to be killed, provided men of other nations are killed at the same time. His nobility

and his freedom from commercialism consist in the fact that he desires the misery of others more than his own happiness. And there is a Prussian lurking in each of us, ready to make us regret any national advantage which is not purchased by injury to some other nation. It is this lurking Prussian in our instincts who assures us that a policy of non-resistance would be tame and cowardly, unworthy of a great and proud nation, a failure to perform our duty of chastising an exactly similar pride in other nations.

Pride has its place among virtues, in the lives of individuals as well as in the lives of nations. Pride, in so far as it is a virtue, is a determination not to be turned aside from the ends which a man thinks good, no matter what outside pressure may be brought to bear upon him. There is pride in Condorcet, sentenced to the guillotine, spending his last days in writing a book on human progress. There is pride in those who refuse to recant their religious convictions under persecution. Such pride is the noblest form of courage: it shows that self-determination of the will which is the essence of spiritual freedom. But such pride should have as its complement a just conception of what constitutes human welfare, and as its correlative a respect for the freedom of others as absolute as the determination to preserve freedom for ourselves. Exactly the same kind of pride is good in the life of a nation. If we think ill of war, while some other nation thinks well of it, let us show our national pride by living without war, whatever temptations the other nation may put in our way to live according to their ideals rather than according to our own.

The Germans, we are given to understand, hate us with a bitter hatred, and long to believe that we feel toward them as they feel toward us; for unrequited hatred is as bitter as unrequited

love. They have made it increasingly difficult not to gratify their desire; but in so far as we can keep our resistance free from bitterness we win a spiritual victory over what deserves to be combatted in the enemy, which is far more important than any victory to be won by guns and bayonets. But this kind of pride is not the kind which patriots exhort us to display. The pride that they admire is the kind that aims at thwarting others; it is the pride of power. Having found that the Germans desired Morocco and Mesopotamia, we were proud of the fact that we prevented them from acquiring either. Having found that the Boers desired independence, we were proud of the fact that we made them submit to our rule. This kind of pride consists merely in love of dominion. Dominion and power can be conclusively shown only by compelling others to forego what they desire. By a natural consequence, those in whom the love of power is strong are led to inflict pain and to use force against the perfectly legitimate desires of those whom they wish to subdue. In nations, this attitude is commended. Generally the heroes of a nation's history are not those who have benefited mankind, but those who have injured other nations. If we prided ourselves upon the good and not the harm that we have done, we should have put Shakespeare on the Nelson monument, and given Apsley House to Darwin. But the citizens whom every nation honors most are those who have killed the greatest number of foreigners.

It is this pride of power that makes us unwilling to yield to others in matters of no intrinsic importance. The Germans cherish a desire for African swamps, of which we have a superfluity. No one in England benefits by the possession of them, except a few financial magnates mostly of foreign origin. If we were reasonable, we should regard

the German desire as a curious whim, which we might gratify without any real national loss. Instead of that we regard the German desire as a crime, and our resistance to it as a virtue. We teach school-children to rejoice because so much of the map is painted red. In order that as much as possible may be painted red, we are willing to sacrifice those ideals of freedom in which we have led mankind, and if necessary to adopt all the worst features of the Prussian spirit. This is because we fear the external enemy, who kills the body, more than the internal enemy, who kills the soul. The soul of a nation, if it is a free soul, without slavishness and without tyranny, cannot be killed by any outward enemy. And if men would realize this, the panic fear which the nations feel, one toward another, would be expelled by a better pride than that of diplomatists and war-lords.

The armies and navies of the world are kept up by three causes: cowardice, love of dominion, and lust for blood.

It is cowardice that makes it difficult to meet invasion by the method of passive resistance. More courage and discipline are needed for the successful practice of this method than for facing death in the heat of battle. But I am persuaded that there is in England enough courage and enough capacity for discipline to make success in passive resistance possible if education and moral teaching were directed to that end instead of to warlike prowess. It is cowardice also that makes men prefer the old method of trying to be stronger than your adversary (in which only one party can succeed), rather than a new method requiring imagination, and a readjustment of traditional standards. Yet, if men could think outside the well-worn grooves, there are many plain facts which show the folly of conventional statesmanship. Why has Germany invaded France?

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Because the French have an army. Why has England attacked Germany? Because the Germans have a navy. Yet people persist in thinking that the French army and the German navy contribute to national safety. Nothing could be more obvious than the facts; nothing could be more universal than men's blindness to them.

The second reason for keeping up the armies and navies of the world is love of dominion. The Germans, in the Morocco controversy, announced that nothing of importance was to happen anywhere without their being consulted. We regarded this as monstrous arrogance; but for two centuries we had advanced the same claim as a matter of course. The matters about which diplomatists raise a pother are usually of only microscopic importance to the welfare of ordinary citizens; they are matters involving national 'prestige,' that is to say, the power of the state to prevent other states from doing as they wish. This power is sometimes partly based on money, but in the main it rests on armies and navies. If our navy had been smaller, we should not have been able to defeat the German desire for an Atlantic port in Morocco. It would have done us no harm if the Germans had acquired Casablanca, but we enjoyed the thought that our fiat kept them out. The procuring of such pleasure is the second purpose served by armies and navies.

The third purpose of armaments — indeed their primary and original purpose, from which all others are derivative — is to satisfy the lust for blood. Fighting is an instinctive activity of males, both animal and human. Human males, being gregarious, naturally fight in packs. It has been found that the pack tends to be more successful against other packs when fighting within the pack is as far as possible prevented. For this purpose, the law and the

police have been instituted. But the shedding of human blood is still considered the most glorious thing a man can do, provided he does it in company with the rest of his pack. War, like marriage, is the legally permitted outlet for a certain instinct. But the instinct which leads to war, unlike the instinct which leads to marriage, so far from being necessary to the human race, is wholly harmful among civilized men. It is an instinct which easily becomes atrophied in a settled community; many men have hardly a trace of it. Unfortunately, as men grow older, their affections and their powers of thought decay. For this reason, and also because power stimulates the love of power, the men who have most influence in government are usually men whose passions and impulses are less civilized than those of the average citizen. These men — the great financiers, the politicians, and some editors of daily papers — use their position, their knowledge, and their power of disseminating misinformation to arouse and stimulate the latent instinct for bloodshed. When they have succeeded, they say that they are reluctantly forced into war by the pressure of public opinion. Their activities are exactly analogous to those of men who distribute indecent pictures or produce lascivious plays. They ought to be viewed in the same light; but because of the notion that a wish to kill foreigners is patriotic and virtuous, they are honored as men who have deserved well of their country. They provide an outlet for the impulse to homicide. To gratify this impulse is the third and ultimate purpose of armies and navies.

All these three motives for armaments, — cowardice, love of dominion, and lust for blood, — are no longer ineradicable in civilized human nature. All are diminishing under the influence of modern social organization. All

might be reduced to a degree which would make them almost innocuous, if early education and current moral standards were directed to that end. Passive resistance, if it were adopted deliberately by the will of a whole nation, with the same measure of courage and discipline which is now displayed in war, might achieve a far more perfect protection for what is good in national life than armies and navies can ever achieve, without demanding the carnage and waste and welter of brutality involved in modern war.

But it is hardly to be expected that progress will come in this way, because the imaginative effort required is too great. It is much more likely that it will come, like the reign of law within the state, by the establishment of a central government of the world, able and willing to secure obedience by force, because the great majority of men will recognize that obedience is better than the present international anarchy.

A central government of this kind would command assent, not as a partisan, but as the representative of the interests of the whole. Very soon resistance to it would be seen to be hopeless and wars would cease. Force directed by a neutral authority is not open to the same abuse or likely to cause the same long-drawn conflicts as force exercised by quarreling nations, each of which is the judge in its own cause. Although I firmly believe that the adoption of passive instead of active resistance would be good if a nation could be convinced of its goodness, yet it is rather to the ultimate creation of a strong central authority that I should look for the ending of war. But war will end only after a great labor has been performed in altering men's moral ideals, directing them to the good of all mankind, and not only of the separate nations into which men happen to have been born.

STATE AGAINST COMMONWEALTH

BY A. D. LINDSAY

At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian War, — that long-foreseen, much-dreaded disaster to Greek civilization, — Pericles made a funeral speech over the bodies of Athenians who had fallen in the war. According to Thucydides he spoke of the glory of the spirit for which they had died, and of the principles of common life and action which were embodied in the contending powers. He drew a contrast between the freedom of Athens and the irksome discipline of Sparta, and insisted that the freedom-loving Athenian was as brave and efficient as the rigidly drilled Spartan.

‘We rely not on management or trickery, but on our own hearts and hands. In the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. . . . If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training; and with a courage that is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers since we do not anticipate the pain? — although when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest. And thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness.’

Eighteen years later, before the last desperate battle in the harbor of Syracuse, whose issue decided the downfall

of Athens, Nicias, the Athenian general, made a final appeal to his men; he reminded them ‘that they were the inhabitants of the freest country in the world, where all were let alone and not interfered with in their daily life.’

The Athenians were beaten by the Spartans, who boasted that they were not too clever to obey the laws. As a matter of fact, it was not inefficiency in war which caused the defeat of the Athenians. They had in fighting justified Pericles’s proud confidence, but their statesmanship failed them. Yet to many contemporaries the defeat of Athens discredited, not Athenian statesmanship, but democracy. Plato holds up to scorn the principle of leaving people alone, of which Athens had been so proud, and sets up for admiration the rigid subordination of all private interests to the good of the state, which was the mark of Sparta. No doubt, Plato thought, the Spartans had made a bad use of their discipline; war and conquest are not the true end of the state. That, however, was a fault which could be corrected, once the essential, the subordination of private interests, was secured. He proposed to drill and discipline his citizens in goodness for the purposes of peace, as the Spartans had drilled them for war. That city is the best, he says, in which the private and the individual are altogether banished from life.

The Englishman of to-day looks at his German enemy very much as the Athenians looked at the Spartans; the

Germans, so far as we can judge, find in us the very faults which Plato found in the Athenians.

There is a story of a German resident in London who said he would never go back to a country where he was not allowed to jump off a moving bus. That is a story we English really appreciate, for we think of Germany as a country where daily life is plagued by rules and prohibitions. Our recruiting sergeants who threaten us, not with the German soldier, but with the German policeman, unconsciously echo that strange but wonderful appeal of Nicias to the Athenians, and find, as he did, that men are prepared to fight for a country that leaves them alone. We submit in this present hour of need to discipline and elaborate organization and to a more or less despotic government; but we do not pretend that we like these things or that they are to us anything but a deplorable necessity. To the German, complete subordination of all private interests to the organization of the state for war is not a painful necessity but the glory of the nation. When the German philosophers tell us that freedom consists in obedience to the state, they are not being willfully paradoxical, but are saying what they really think. They are prepared to explain the superiority of this German freedom to the anarchical misconception of liberty which prevails in other countries. They look with scorn at a country which lets the queerest people alone, which tolerates militant suffragettes and syndicalists and Ulster conspirators, and in India and Egypt answers sedition by offering reforms. No self-respecting government would show such weakness if it could help it; as England does show it, it follows that she is thoroughly decadent and negligible.

Differences of national temper of this kind have, of course, their histori-

cal explanation. Sparta had once been the seat of culture and art; but the Spartans were a small minority holding down a large subject population, and threatened by hostile neighbors. They survived a momentous crisis in their history by adopting the rigid discipline which distinguished them from all other Greeks. But though they achieved unity among themselves, they sought, not to reconcile their subjects, but to terrorize them. Their unbending policy perpetuated the dangers which their discipline had enabled them to meet, and fear, the fear of their subjects, was the mainspring of their policy. The history of Prussia, though more complex, has been in some ways similar. The founders of Prussia were a conquering minority, and hardness and discipline alone enabled them to do their work. When the conflict between the ideals of Athens and of Sparta was being fought out in Germany, the unity of Germany had to be achieved in the face of hostile neighbors. There was no lack of liberal thought in Germany. The earlier German political theorists, such as Kant and Von Humboldt, were sturdy individualists. Germany might have been united on a liberal and democratic basis, but the process would have been a long one. What liberalism might have done, Prussianism did. Prussian ideals were triumphant over external difficulties, and in consequence equally triumphant at home. By their treatment of France in and after 1871, the Germans elected to be feared rather than to be loved by their neighbors and thus to perpetuate their own need of Prussianism. It is curious how persistently modern Germans accuse themselves of a fault which other nations would never dream of imputing to them, — excessive individualism. This complaint expresses their sense of the inadequacy of liberalism to the German situation. Prussia united Germany,

and the Germans can but be conscious of what Prussia has done for them. Whether the same end could have been achieved in other ways, they can hardly be expected to consider. Their Prussianism has produced the greatest event in nineteenth-century history, — the rise of the German Empire and the marvelous development of German industry. That is enough for them.

For Athens and England the lines fell in pleasanter places. Athens was neither conqueror nor conquered, and had leisure and room for individuality and the arts of peace. England, like America, has been preserved by the sea from the close pressure of outside enemies.

Historical conditions can largely account for these differences in national temper, but they do not enable us to decide between the ideals to which they give rise. For men and nations are seldom content to accept passively the influence of circumstances, to be imposed upon by necessity. They seek, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, to turn their necessity to glorious gain. If they can do nothing else with it, they will make it into their ideal. Plato proposed to admit into his commonwealth two modes of music, one for the actions born of compulsion, and one for the actions of peace, where a man's choice has scope. For from both, he knew, man could achieve nobility, as in both he can fail. But if necessity can inspire men, it may also blind them, and their idealization of it can be the greatest of tragedies if it turns all their energies and their powers of sacrifice to the service of an ideal begotten of fear. Men may for the sake of life lose all that makes life worth living; nations may, to preserve the state, lose all that makes the state worth having.

The English system of government and the English theory of the place and value of the state have traveled widely

round the world. They are now challenged by a system of a very different temper. The Germans have got much gain from their necessity, — unexampled loyalty and devotion and self-sacrifice. So much all men must admit. The Germans claim much more. They have idealized the end to which their sacrifices have been devoted, the existence and strength of the state. The centralized state which made Germany strong in war has also made her strong in industry. It will now, the Germans believe, give strength and stability to the arts of peace. It will be the great instrument of culture. Germany will impose peace on the world, and German organization and thoroughness will maintain civilization throughout the world. For in German eyes the organized German state is the ideal state; the English or the American, which too easy circumstances have shrouded from the realities of the world, is the real victim of circumstances. Thus the two ideals challenge each the other.

It may be well, then, to compare the German and the English conceptions of the state, — the two ideals which have arisen from the passion for liberty and from the reverence for discipline and order.

There can be no real liberty without order; and again, discipline cannot be forced on a whole nation, but must be freely submitted to. The difference between German and English government is not that one is discipline without liberty, the other liberty without discipline. It is a difference of degree or emphasis; it is the difference between saying that we must have discipline, and if to that we can add liberty, well and good, and saying that we must have liberty and if that can be combined with discipline, so much the better. Nevertheless, since in this world men ordinarily get what they are prepared to insist upon and not what they would be quite

pleased to have if it came to them, the degree of emphasis determines practical results and in this case had led to a most striking difference in ideals. If a German victory discredited English ideals of government, as it undoubtedly would, the change which would come over the political life of Western Europe and America would not consist merely in an alteration of the proportions of discipline and liberty in their governments. The change would spread through all the detail of domestic affairs and international policy. For the exaltation of the sacrifice and subordination of individual interests and rights carries with it the assumption that man exists for the state, not the state for man.

This contrast shows itself in the political philosophies of England and Germany. Although there is of course abundant variety of opinion among the individual philosophers in either country as to what the state should be and do, there is nevertheless a broad contrast between the schools of the two nations. English writers think of the state as consisting of and existing for individuals. Their fault is to exaggerate the independence and self-sufficiency of the individual citizen; to be unduly optimistic as to the results of free unlimited competition between individuals, and unduly distrustful of state action. Yet English political theory is of immense value in that it clings to the fact that state action, like all other action, has to be done by individual people who will not escape the failings of ordinary humanity by being in office; and that it insists that the results of state action are to be measured in the lives of individual citizens and nowhere else. It conceives of the state as men working in common for the common good; existing as a commonwealth, for the sake of the commonwealth and for nothing else.

German political theories, on the other hand, agree remarkably in their insistence on the doctrine that the state is a person, having an existence of its own over and above the individuals who may happen to be its citizens at any one moment. Having an existence of its own, the state has ideals and values of its own, and to these the interests and ideals of the individuals must be freely subordinated. While, then, to the English thinker the state is a means of doing something for individuals, to be tested by its results on individual lives, to the German the individual is an instrument for carrying out the purposes of the state; it is by serving and working for these purposes that the individual finds his highest freedom. Hence arises the German scorn of *Manchesterthum*, and of the English ideals of free commerce; hence too their glorification of war, in which the subordination of the individual finds its most complete expression.

The doctrine that the state is a person has important philosophical and juridical aspects with which I am not now concerned. It is of growing importance in these days of trusts and corporations, and it has met with much acceptance in England lately, mainly because, like many other philosophical doctrines, it is a useful form of protest against the errors of the opposite school. It is no doubt true that the state, like any other association, is something more than a mere collection of individuals; that it is not merely a means by which these individuals carry out what as individuals they desire and will. Every association of men creates for its members aims and interests which would not have existed without it. Hence the state, like other associations, has a value in that it is a vehicle of ideas and traditions with which it inspires one generation after another of its members.

The doctrine that the state is a person, however, has been made to mean something very much more than this; it has been made to mean, not that the state is a vehicle of ideals by which *men* live, but that it has a life and value of its own. As a man's thoughts, desires, and actions should be the expression of his personality, as their satisfaction should be subordinated to the satisfaction of the whole, so, it may be held, men's lives should be the expression of the state's purpose, and their satisfaction subordinated to the satisfaction of the state. But if men are to express the purpose of the state, and not the state men's purposes, what can that purpose be? And what is its satisfaction which is not the satisfaction of individuals? There can, I think, be only two answers: one, that it is the continued existence and strength of the state, wide-spreading organization and order being regarded as having in themselves supreme value; the other, that it is a particular kind of organization or culture, whose value is independent of the number of people who participate in its advantages and of their willingness to accept it.

Now it is just here that the doctrine that the state is a person is most misleading. It is true of a human being that, if he does what is right, he need not concern himself as to whether he has been fair or just to all his different desires or capacities. If a man seeks long life or happiness, he seeks it for himself, the whole man, not for any of the various elements in him. If he seeks to do his duty, it is *his* duty, not the duty of his talents and capacities. The whole person is obviously more real and important than the parts. With the state it is surely the other way. The parts have obviously a more real and primary existence than the whole. We may claim that all men have a right to life, liberty, and the

pursuit of happiness. It would be nonsense to claim the same for the individual's desires or faculties. If we think of the state as a whole, to whose purpose the lives of its members are to be subordinated, we can find no room for justice or political liberty or mutual rights. If we set too high a value on discipline and order, we shall not have much patience with rights; they are always a nuisance to discipline; we shall think of men as existing only to be disciplined; and the end and purpose of the discipline will not be found in individuals but somewhere else. Hence the state or organization is thought to have a life and value of its own. It is not only *a* person; it becomes the supreme person. 'The state is the march of God in the world,' says Hegel; 'its binding cord is nothing else than the deep-seated feeling of order which is possessed by all.' 'The concrete existence of the state, and not one of the many general thoughts held to be moral commands, must be the principle of its conduct.'

A theory of the state must concern itself, not only with the relation of the state to the individual, but also with the relation of the state to other associations — churches, or trade-unions — within its borders, or to other states without. The doctrine that the state is a person has been used in England to limit, not to increase, the state's power. For the arguments on which it rests carry the further consequences that churches and trade-unions are also persons. Once that is admitted, the state's claim to the simple, unquestioning devotion of the individual is seriously challenged. It is not enough to call upon him to be loyal and self-sacrificing to the larger person of which he is a part. He has to decide which of the larger persons to which he belongs has the first claim on his allegiance. If the state as a person has an absolute worth,

so has the church; if the one has an indefeasible right, so has the other. The decision between these different loyalties must rest on other grounds than mere collective personality. Hence, in England the doctrine of corporate personality is welcomed as a bulwark against state absolutism. German political theory seeks to avoid the dangerous consequences of its own doctrine by finding some other basis for the absolute right of the state. Dangerous its consequences certainly are. For loyalty to non-political associations, if they are of any strength, will compete with loyalty to the state. The vitality of such associations, which is a notable feature of the modern western state, is often troublesome enough. The conflicts of the state with corporations, trade-unions, and churches are not always edifying. When individuals are called upon to choose between different loyalties, we may be certain that some of them will sometimes choose wrong; that men will put the claims of their family or their class, their trade-union or their corporation, before the claims of the state when they ought not to do so. When men put the claims of the state first, the reason will be, not that their instincts of loyalty have no other outlet, but that the claims of the state have approved themselves to their reason and conscience. That in its turn will limit the power of statesmen to commit their nation to far-reaching courses of action. They will have more and more to consider how far what they propose commends itself to the people. They will not be able to commit their country to war, and assume that, whatever the merits of the policy which led to the war, the people will fight with equal devotion for their country.

Such a state of affairs is not congenial to lovers of discipline. For discipline, it is sometimes forgotten, has two sides.

It means not only sacrifice of will and power on the part of the disciplined, but enormous increase of the will and power of those who are in authority. A nation whose members are prepared to entrust their lives and destinies unhesitatingly to their government, who will, as Bismarck boasted of the Prussian nation, 'rise to fight the battles of their king before they know what is to be fought for in these battles,' has in war certain great advantages over its rivals. German theory, therefore, has sought for the state's claim to obedience in that which distinguishes the state from other associations. Only thus can it be insured that in all conflicts between the state and other associations, the state's claim is always paramount.

The most obvious distinguishing mark of the state is its possession and use of force. Hence arises the curious doctrine, which is found in both Hegel and Treitschke, that *the state is force*, and that this fact somehow constitutes a claim to our absolute obedience. Such a doctrine clearly will not bear examination, and both Hegel and Treitschke propound an alternative view, that the state organizes and maintains civilization or culture. Other associations may promote culture, but it is the state which maintains them and makes them possible; they are embraced within it. The individual may then freely give himself to the state, for in so doing he is serving, not the personal ends of the government, but the great impersonal end of civilization. For that a man may well give his life.

The furtherance of culture, however, does not distinguish the state from other associations. Its authority must then be conceived to rest on its all-embracing character. This is the dominant view in Hegel. Unfortunately it is not borne out by the facts. In the modern world there are many associa-

tions which transcend the boundaries of states. No doubt the state may try by Falk Laws and in other ways to subordinate such associations to itself! It is possible to hold that the state *ought* to be the all-embracing community; that all associations between men of different states should be discouraged; but the mere fact of holding such a view makes it impossible to rest the state's authority on the fact that it *is* all-embracing. Conflicts between the state and other associations, like conflicts between the state and individuals, cannot be resolved by any simple formula that would prove beforehand that the state is always right. Yet only thus would the demands of discipline be fully satisfied.

It is obvious enough that the first of these two doctrines, that which holds that force is the essence of the state, encourages war. The second, though more indirectly, does the same. Both Hegel and Treitschke reject the notion of a world-state as incompatible with the essence of the state. Any organization or permanent alliance, which would embrace states as the state embraces the communities within it, would clearly, on this view, destroy the state's authority. Hegel seeks to rebut Kant's ideal of universal peace with the remark: 'The state is individual, and in individuality negation is essentially implied.' That men can unite together in a state would seem to imply that they are not perfect individuals. The state demands their allegiance on the ground that it is a perfect individual, inasmuch as it is fundamentally incapable of living at peace with its neighbors! It is of greater practical importance that the attempt to make the state all-embracing destroys some of the forces that make most for peace. Peace among nations is possible only when the men of different nations meet in a human way and respect one

another. That can come about only with the growth of associations and connections between them. If they are organized in watertight communities which absorb all their interests and activities, the men of one nation will think of the men of others as mere foreigners to be despised or combatted. 'In contrast with the absolute right of a nation to be the bearer of the current phase of the world-spirit,' says Hegel, 'the spirits of other nations are devoid of right, and they, like those whose epochs are gone, count no more in the history of the world.'

Such is the theory of the state that discipline has inspired. We, now that we are confronted by war, 'the hard taskmaster that takes away the margin in daily life,' are faced by the temptation to which Germany succumbed, and are inclined to think, either that in a world of rival nations the rigidly organized state is a necessity, though a hard one, or, if we must be idealists, to think of it as the ideal for peace as for war. In face of such a temptation, we must understand the strength of our own ideal. Let us try then to state the ideal of democracy, for it is with democracy that the German theory of the state is at fundamental odds.

Democracy, like Christianity, stands or falls by a faith in the actual imperfection and the infinite worth of individual men. Democrats are often reproached with their belief in the obvious untruth that men are equal. The democratic belief in equality has two sides: it is firstly a belief that no man, however superior he may be, is good enough or wise enough to possess irresponsible rule over other men; and secondly, a belief that, however men may differ in character or ability, every man has an absolute worth, and should not be used as a mere means for any purpose, no matter how exalted. A man may sacrifice himself for others or for

a cause; but others have no right to sacrifice him.

The democratic answer to the personal theory of the state is, then, twofold: it is both practical and ideal. The ideal that would subordinate the individual entirely to the state is a false one; and if it were not false, it is impracticable. It is impracticable because the state has no will or mind of its own. Its thinking and willing have to be done for it by individual men. The subordination of individuals to the state means in practice, and must mean, their subordination to the will of other people. There have been, and still are, forms of society which rest on the acceptance of authority, where the large mass of the people look up with unquestioning loyalty to a ruling class or dynasty. The western nations since the French Revolution have passed beyond that stage and could not return to it, even if they wished. For it is the result, not so much of a high level of intelligence in the rulers, as of a low level in the people. There being no class of heaven-born rulers, governments have to be elected, and when elected, controlled. The German system is possible because Germans still largely accept the authority of a ruling class. The steady rise of the Social-Democratic vote showed that the system was breaking down as Germans grew restless under that authority. It could maintain itself only by the perpetual manufacture of crises. In a crisis you have got to put yourself in the hands of the government, because the use made of its powers is dictated, not by the will of the rulers, but by the immediate needs of the crisis. But a nation that persists in maintaining permanently the form of government that is suitable for a crisis will simply submit itself to the will of its government, and a government in that position is bound to go to the bad. Democracy may have defects,

but they are as nothing to the defects of alternative forms of government.

Democracy, however, is more than the most practical safeguard against the imperfections of rulers. It is also an ideal, and it is as an ideal that it is most at odds with the doctrine of the absolute value of the state. The democrat believes that all men are equal, because he holds that, compared with the infinite worth of each human personality, the differences between men, many though they are, do not count. This may seem a strange and mystical doctrine, but it is implied in any belief in rights or in social justice. If we take what is called an organic conception of the state, and think of it as having a purpose of its own, there is no reason why that purpose should be enjoyed by or expressed in all its members equally. If the state exists to maintain culture, is it not enough if there be a small minority in a high state of culture, even though that is made possible by the poverty and degradation of the rest of the population? What, in other words, is the objection to slavery? If the degradation or misery of the slave is an instrument of culture, is not that sufficient justification? If a nation's culture is fine and splendid, why should it not make other nations serve its purposes?

The answer to all these questions is simply that it is unjust to treat any human being as a means! The modern state rests on the foundation of mutual rights, on the assumption that we have no right to treat other human beings as we should not wish to be treated by them, or to demand from them services that we are not prepared to render to them. That the modern state falls far below this ideal is painfully true, but this is the ideal that is operative in all the social movements of our time. However efficient a state may be, however splendid its culture, or great its posses-

sions, the true democrat cannot rest so long as one individual in it is treated unjustly. The rights of the individual are inalienable.

Theories of the rights of man have been discredited of late years. They went wrong in attempting to enumerate specific rights and in regarding these as unalterable. The specific rights that a state can insure for its members must vary with historical conditions. The method and extent of the ideal's realization change, but the ideal remains the same. These theories have had to be made concrete; in their first statement they were intolerably abstract. Yet they were surely right in insisting that the state was to be considered as a community of individual men entitled to equal consideration. That means that individuals are not to be merged in the larger purpose of the state. For supreme worth lies, not in the organization but in the individuals, and the state has no real purpose except such as is reflected in the lives of all its citizens.

Democracy, moreover, conceives of the state's relation to other associations in a way which contrasts with the German theory of the state. The state, for it, can be only one among other forms of human associations. The moral life of the individual is the reality, and that may and does express itself in associations and fellowships of different kinds. Their conflicting claims must be tested by their bearing on it. None of them has in itself an indefeasible right nor can claim an undivided allegiance. As the fundamental principle of the moral life is the respect for the mutual rights of human beings, or of men as men, democracy has a bearing on international relations. If we follow it, we must approach with respect the right of other men to have their own political organizations and their own culture. That one state or

one culture must be predominant in the world, we shall refuse to believe. Above all we shall cease to think of the world as a collection of strange inhuman individual beings called states, whose inevitable and nightmarish rivalries make history. We shall remember that in all international relations men are dealing with men.

Surely this is the only decent way to think of men and politics. The other theory of the state has been here called German because it is in Germany that it has attained its most complete development, but it is of course not confined to Germany. It arises wherever men allow machinery, that excellent and indispensable servant, to be their master.

The greatest danger of the modern world is that the use of machinery has increased infinitely faster than men's power of controlling that use wisely. In every department of life we are in danger of being hypnotized by the wonderful work of our own hands; and nowhere is that danger greater than in politics. Political machinery and organization are indispensable in modern life, and political machines have so much of flesh and blood about them, that they are easily thought of as though they were real personalities with a real life and value of their own. We can avoid the perilous idolatry of worshiping the state only if we keep our imaginations active and our minds in touch with reality.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,

If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretched wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce merely,

Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,

Where the city stands that is belov'd by these,
and loves them in return and understands them,

Where no monuments exist to heroes but in
the common words and deeds,

Where the populace rise at once against the
never-ending audacity of elected persons,

Where outside authority enters always after
the precedence of inside authority,

Where the citizen is always the head and
ideal, . . .

Where children are taught to be laws to them-
selves, and to depend on themselves,

Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,

Where speculations on the soul are encour-
aged, . . .

There the great city stands.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CARD-INDEX HUMOR

THE toastmaster made a motion with his napkin that resembled a conventionalized dusting of the moustache, and rose in throat-clearing impressiveness. He rumbled the napkin, placed it with utmost precision on the edge of the table, and moved a disinterested wineglass an inch and a quarter to the right. The others pushed back their chairs, plashed in their coffee, and assumed the speech-hearing attitude, which combines expectancy with a resolve not to be surprised at any cost.

'Gentlemen,' said the toastmaster, assuming a meditative manner by canting his head to one side, 'Gentlemen, I am in a peculiar position to-night; I may say, almost an awkward position. It reminds me of the story of the Irishman. Pat was coming home late one evening, a trifle unsteadily, when he came upon a policeman, also from the "auld country." "Pat," said Mike —'

Why 'Pat' and 'Mike'? queried the subconscious mind of Mullins, who had come primarily for sustenance and not at all for speeches.

Because, my dear Mullins, in an Irish story, it is always Pat and Mike. When Pat is not making Mike ridiculous, Mike is turning the tables on Pat.

It must be so. Imagine, if you can, —

'Two Irishmen were working on a scaffolding on the thirtieth story of a sky-scraper. "George," said Edward —'

No; an Irishman, we learn from the comic papers, is never named George, or Edward, or Augustus, or Frederick. A humorous Irishman is always true to type in the matter of name.

But why, Mullins persists, this deplorable state of affairs? Why is every humorously inclined Scotchman named Sandy, and each precociously apt child, Johnny? It is because that great wave of system which has filed everything from receipts for freight bills to recipes for fricassees has card-indexed humor. Behind the tab marked 'Irish' in the long pack come a myriad of tales in which Mike and Pat alone take part.

After all, it is of value. Take the simple individual humorist, the man who was caught red-handed one day making a bright remark, and who is now, poor soul, in honor bound to himself and the world to keep up the average. It might have been a verbal slip at the outset; but his reputation was born therein. Unless he makes the most of each opportunity that presents itself, it will die as quickly.

Then too, the scoring ability of most men is low. For every goal that goes

over the cross-bars, there are a dozen tries that are fumbled, a dozen that are got off too late and fall low, and a dozen that are blocked by a speedier player.

For these reasons conservation is necessary. To-day's clever remark will be clever to-morrow provided the situation is the same and the audience different. Therefore file the clever remark. In time, if you keep this up, you will have enough repartee carefully compiled to enable you to cope with any situation that arises. You will earn by means of your mental index the all-to-be-desired name of 'wit,' and 'fun of the party,' who is 'always getting off a good one.'

But, asks Mullins, what if you never make the clever remarks at the beginning, and so cannot catalogue them?

Be not discouraged, my dear Mullins. In the brilliant theatre of sparkling humorists you shall look down on the others from a box-seat. Having nothing of your own to cherish, you are unhampered; you are free to collect the cachinnations of any one. Review the comic papers, attend the banquets, and file in your mind the episodes of Pat and Sandy and Ikey which have the largest percentage of laugh and the smallest percentage of words. You will soon have anecdotes that will 'hit off' whole epochs, or careers, or evenings. From a sought-after dinner guest you will rise to be postprandial illuminator. If you climb to the highest rung of your glistening ladder you may never have to pay for a dinner.

There are unlimited uses for this card-index humor. Consider, if you please, the newspapers and review magazines. There is such simplicity in its adaptation. General Wilkins, hitherto unknown for humor, wit, or cleverness, is suddenly appointed chief of the Street-Cleaning Department. Pictures of him at his desk surprised by the photographers; attended by his loyal

wife; surrounded by all his children at once; seated in a hammock at his summer place at Spitzburg-on-the-Hudson, — all these flood the periodicals. And then we find the excavations of the humorous-anecdote reporter. He erases 'Pat' and inserts 'General Wilkins,' adds a new line or two, and you have an intimate slice of the chief's life, in such a way as, —

'General Wilkins, recently appointed chief of the Street-Cleaning Department, is well-known for his keen sense of humor. While he was in Boston during his famous campaign of 1905, there occurred an incident that illustrates his quickness of wit. It appears that he was motoring rapidly down Beacon Street when he was stopped by a policeman, who' — And the story taken from the card index is grafted in here adroitly, so that the joint does not show.

Or, if the newspaper reporter wishes variety, we find the general blossoming where Mike once bloomed, and we have, —

'General Wilkins, the new chief of the Street-Cleaning Department, enjoys a good story, even at his own expense. The following anecdote, which he frequently tells on himself, is going the rounds of Washington society. It was late one evening and the general was on his way home from a hard day at the Treasury Department, when a man who seemed to be in somewhat of a hurry ran against him' — And here the card index takes it up.

The tale of Mike and Pat is good so long as it hangs together, and so long as the story-teller's law holds true that two men laughing will make more noise than ten men remembering. Any joke in the index, if occasionally revarnished and regilded, refashioned for the moment and perhaps reworded, will last three generations easily, and in that time make the reputation for repartee of six prominent men.

After all, questions Mullins, is it humor? Perhaps not, Mullins. Humor cannot be defined. But it can be confined. In these days of efficiency it is efficient, and in these days of conservation it is conserving. The drama has been made lasting photographically, music has been preserved scientifically; so why not secure mentally the humor of one's life for the length of it?

— The toastmaster rose. 'Gentlemen,' he said, as he moved the wine-glass an inch and a quarter to the left, 'Mr. Cornhill's remarks about where this country is going, remind me of the story of the colored deacon. He was returning home late one night from a sick brother when he came across a member of his congregation who was concealing under his coat what looked suspiciously like a plump chicken. "Rastus, whar is yo' gwine" —'

And while the toastmaster continued in that exotic, Anglo-African dialect which comic colored men are taught at infancy, the subconscious mind of Mullins, who had come for sustenance and not for speeches, realized that while Cornhill, the leading postprandial bank president in the country, had been sidesplitting his hearers, the toastmaster had been carefully and successfully searching through a long, and rather dog-eared, mental card index.

FALSE FACES

LAST week N. and I had to go to a dinner. We had tried every device honest and dishonest to escape it, but none would serve. Our hostess was kind, our obligation considerable; we must needs bow to the inevitable, since we had not the courage to announce in plain English, 'Your dinner may go to Ballyhack for all us. Leave us alone.'

N. had a bad day at the office and came home later, and weary. He found me, like the dutiful spouse I sometimes

try to be, fidgeting the studs into his shiny shirt, to save him at least one imprecation.

'This white waistcoat is all clean and ready, too,' I consoled him, 'but do tell me what this queer thing is that I found in the pocket.'

He was shaving, and cocked one eye at me across the puffy lather.

'Oh, that?' he said out of the corner of his mouth. 'Have n't you ever seen that before? That's my false face.'

I held it up to the light. It was a slimy thing that clung to my fingers. It resembled nothing so much as the spiritual remains of a child's balloon, done in transparent flesh-color.

'Your false face?' I repeated, as N. emerged radiant, though angry, from his ritual scraping.

'Certainly. Did n't you know it always went to dinners with me? Just see here.'

He appeared to hold the thing up to his face, and with a deft twist of the fingers to fasten invisible loops over his ears. I stared at him, fascinated. Unmistakably he had *changed his face*. His eyes were just as black, his nose just as straight, his jaw just as firm; but I saw plainly that this was not the N. who rode and skated and worked and played with me all the easy days, or worried and planned and helped, all the hard ones. It was an N. I hardly knew, with a patient, polite, bored smile spoiling the good lines around his mouth, and a kind of blank simulated intelligence in the eyes that knew how to laugh and darken so readily.

'Take it off quick!' I cried. 'It's horrid. It blurs you all out. It's worse than blacking up for a minstrel-show. I never would have married you if you'd looked like that. *Please* take it off.'

He twitched the invisible ear-loops and tucked the horrid polite false face back into its convenient pocket. 'Naturally,' he said, 'that's what false faces

are for. To blur people all out. To make them all look just alike. To choke out their individuality,' he continued fiercely. 'But you wear one, too. You've got one stuffed up your sleeve or inside your glove or somewhere every time you go to a dinner or a tea or a reception. Only women wear their false faces more naturally and gracefully than men, and maybe you don't always know when you've got yours on. It seems to be rather more part of the game with you than with us, and it's like this new style of purple wigs with purple gowns: your face belongs so nicely with your diamonds and spangles and chiffon that people hardly notice.

'But confound it all,' he concluded as he tied his cravat with a jerk, 'why need they make *us* wear 'em? To go out when you want to stay at home; to eat a lot when you'd rather eat a little; to pretend you're tickled to death when you're bored to death; to look like asses and chatter like parrots; and never to say or hear a true word for three hours straight, — confound it!'

I observed N. with great care that evening; and every time I glanced across the gleaming, flower-laden table at his patient, deferentially bowed head, and heard his patient, would-be-amused laughter, I thought of the little loops that held his false face on by the ears, and my hand stole up involuntarily to my own face. Yes, without doubt I was wearing one too: I could feel it stretch and squeak a little as I smiled, and my ears and chin felt tight, somehow, as if the elastic cord of my childish Sunday hats were digging into them.

'Thank God, that's done!' said N. devoutly, as we stepped at last into the fresh bare starry night. 'Take them off.' He shook his fingers as one does to snap off a persistent cobweb. 'Now I can breathe again.' Under the arc-light his face showed once more fierce and humorous and swift to change.

'I suppose,' I said, 'that everybody else there had one on too?'

'Yes, of course. Only some of them like it. Lots of them breathe better behind their false faces. They feel undressed without them. Lots of them have n't any real faces to show: just a dreadful white smudge. But great Scott!' he exploded again, 'why need they make us wear them? — I feel as if I'd been eating sawdust and talking hot air and hearing a vacuum-cleaner gossip with an electric fan. Come home quick. This collar's guillotining me.'

As I hung my gown in the closet, something slid from under the sleeve-ruffle. It clung to my fingers, and I saw that it was my own little thin, delicate false face. But I did not examine it. I tucked it back, ready for the next occasion, among the lace and beads. N.'s was safe in his pocket.

'False faces!' I meditated. 'And all of us doing all kinds of solemn or ridiculous things behind them. — Some day,' I said aloud, 'let's go to a party without ours.'

'All right,' N. responded. 'And then that would be the last party we'd ever be asked to. That's a good scheme.'

But he knows as well as I that only geniuses, fools, and children, may go unprotected into the Society that eats and talks for the sake of talking and eating; and that we, being none of the favored, will never dare to risk ourselves in spangles and glossy shirts without our faithful old false faces.

CHANGING TONGUES

WE cannot always rely on Huck Finn's method of telling when we have traveled into a new state or country, by comparing its color with the colors on the map; but it is not impossible to feel a difference in the shade of things when one has passed over a boundary that is linguistic as well as political.

After leaving a comprehensible tongue and beginning to hear a strange one, a traveler may sense a certain darkening of the landscape and the objects around him, as if gray veils were being drawn about his brain, so as to dim even the impressions coming from his eyes. In point of fact he experiences a lessening of mental light, and association causes him to feel it in terms of sight as well as of understanding.

The reverse of this process is more agreeable and no less striking. One who has sojourned among users of a strange tongue may recall an occasion when his native friends (those superior beings drawing infinite might from their ability to pronounce their own language correctly!) proposed speaking English for a few minutes for a change, and he felt a sensation of lifting veils which left him sitting in a brightened landscape talking with a group of queer foreigners. They were not even of the same dimensions as the beings with whom he had often been trying to carry on a conversation, any more than a headland on a sunny day is of the same height as that headland bulking huge in a mist.

A mathematical layman can have few experiences more irritating than being told that a fourth dimension is conceivable. His imagination is tortured by the idea, as that of a character in the 'movies' might be by the suggestion that it is possible to step out of the canvas. And yet, after some experience in moving from an unknown language into a known one, the least mathematical mind may feel that it understands the kind of change of consciousness which the perception of a new dimension would bring to it. If one visits a foreign city twice, having learned its language in the interval, he may really feel, on his second visit, that the place has taken on another dimension. The houses will look pene-

trable, instead of like mere, hard surfaces blocking off the streets; the cafés will seem less like backgrounds, and the people more like bodies among which it is possible to move about.

If 'Light! More Light!' expresses the aspiration which has caused earth-dwellers to hope for heaven, we may, perhaps, conceive of an entrance into bliss which shall resemble the lifting of yet more mental veils, the perceiving of another dimension, in short a coming into a country whose language one more perfectly understands. The punishment of those who do not enter into bliss, on the other hand, may be in finding that they do not understand the language of the future life so well as that of the present.

Materialists, too, may base speculations on the experience of changing tongues. If to die is to have one's consciousness extinguished, and we must all die, why should we not go through the process gradually, and escape a shock which many of us seem to dread? An American, feeling that his 'little candle' had almost burned out, might forthwith begin a course of travel on a plan such as the following: first, England, where the accent of the people would make the language a little harder to understand than at home, and work a correspondingly slight dimming of the atmosphere; second, France, whose language the traveler might know fairly well, but not so well as his own; third, Italy, with whose tongue, aside from operatic passages, he would probably be still less familiar; fourth, Greece, where he would understand only the few words which have survived from Xenophon's day. Throughout this journey more and more veils would slip across the mind of the careful old materialist, and it would all occur so gradually that by the time he reached Turkey he would probably find that he had practically died without noticing it.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

THE rise of the social conscience was at first regarded in the light of an ordinary moral awakening. It was referred, perhaps naturally, but certainly with little thought, to the order of moral and spiritual phenomena with which we were familiar, — the anti-slavery struggle, temperance reforms, and revivals of religion. Gradually, however, it became evident to careful observers that it was of quite a different order: more nearly comparable, if comparisons were to be made, with such a phenomenon as the rise of the spirit of nationality. The spirit of nationality was not a revival of the spirit of race, or of religion, or of any of the traditional forces which had heretofore been dominant. It sprang out of its own environment. It was evoked by those conditions, social and political, which marked the transition from feudalism to democracy. Once evoked, it became in turn creative. Working usually, but not always, in coöperation with the spirit of liberty, it wrought steadily and persistently till it achieved its result in the nationalization of modern Europe.

To what extent the social conscience, called into being under the stress of present social and economic conditions, will effect a like reconstruction of modern society must be a matter of opinion or of faith; but this much is now evi-

dent: its aim is reconstructive as well as reformatory. It has already changed in large degree the moral tone of society. But what is of far more importance, it is giving us a new intellectual perspective through which we view all moral issues affecting society. It has changed the angle of moral vision so that we see the same things differently. The remark of the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour in regard to the mental change effected by the scientific revolution of the latter part of the nineteenth century applies with almost equal pertinency to the mental change which is being effected by the present social revolution: 'The mental framework in which we arrange the separate facts in the world of men and things is a new framework.'

In the following notes I have taken account of certain movements in the progress of the social conscience chiefly within the field of economics and politics. In other fields its activities have been equally marked and often more intense, but here there are clearer signs of sequence and progress. And yet I would not overestimate this distinction. The social conscience has been passing through the stage of knight-errantry. It was not to be expected that the chivalrous approach to social issues would be altogether constructive,

although thereby opening the way most clearly for constructive methods. The actual progress which it has made is best reflected in the changes wrought in public opinion. There lies the real test of the moral value of its activities, and there also is to be found the best measure of its moral development. Public opinion, as the governing force in modern democracy, is the objective of the social conscience.

I

FROM CHARITY TO JUSTICE

Apparently the social conscience sprang into action to resist the encroachments of monopolistic wealth upon the liberties of the people. That was its first conspicuous task. But it was not the beginning of its work. Before the public mind had been stirred by the thought of monopolistic wealth as a menace to liberty, there had been a growing sensitiveness and concern about the general relation of wealth to poverty. It was not true, any more then than now, that as the rich were growing richer the poor were growing poorer. But it was true that, while wealth increased rapidly, poverty remained a constant in the social order. The new social movement had for its immediate object a change in this static condition of poverty. It aimed, not simply at the relief of the poor, but at a reduction of poverty itself corresponding at least with the increase of wealth. Starting out of the broad field occupied by the charities, it put forth as its chief principle of action that in any attempt to solve the problem of economic poverty, the stress should be laid upon justice rather than upon charity.

Charity had long been the accredited means of communication between the rich and the poor. This was true, not only of private charity, but of the organized charities. The church was a

recognized almoner of the rich. Of course the object of charity, especially as privately administered, was to bring the rich and the poor together; but the increasing effect of it under changed economic conditions had been to separate them into classes, to add to the number of the poor and to confirm them in their poverty. The new movement sought to arrest this tendency by changing both the method and the object of social endeavor. The contrast between the old and the new was thus expressed in the language of the time: the old sought 'to put right what social conditions had put wrong,' to relieve, that is, the sufferings incident to existing conditions; the new sought 'to put right the social conditions themselves.'

It was clearly recognized that the attempt 'to put right social conditions' involved two things, — the thorough understanding of these conditions, and equally the coöperation of those living under them. The community was to be made the unit for social study and for associated effort. A neighborhood was regarded as the most practicable field possible for operation. Every neighborhood in a great city had necessities and also resources of its own. It had its own inner life. Relief might come from without, but reform must come from within. 'Social justice,' a term then first employed, must have its counterpart in 'community of interest.'

The movement which embodied these convictions found definite and almost spontaneous expression in the social settlement. With a zeal and self-denial which had been the almost exclusive characteristics of missionary enterprises, many young men and women from the colleges went into residence in the congested districts of the great cities, to study at first hand social and economic conditions, to awaken the neighborhood spirit, to organize for

the common advancement, and, above all, to give personal help, stimulus, and coöperation. Residential or social settlements were established in rapid succession. Within two decades there were over four hundred distributed through two thirds of the states of the Union. Many of them soon became recognized civic centres. Some of them assumed national interest and influence. As a body of coöperative organizations they have made contributions of rare and unique value to the literature of social and economic reform. The investigations carried on invariably show thoroughness of knowledge and sanity of judgment. The settlements have become recruiting grounds for the manifold agencies of social service. Not a few among the residents have been called to positions of high civic responsibility. It is not too much to say that the influence which emanated from these social centres has been the leaven of social reform in our cities. Nor is it too much to say that the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice which marked this inception of the social movement must continue to characterize it if it is to remain the exponent of the social conscience.

I have recalled this initial chapter in the history of the social movement in this country chiefly to show how radical a change has been brought about in the public mind regarding the relation of wealth to poverty. In 1889, Mr. Carnegie published two articles in the *North American Review*, which at the instance of Mr. Gladstone were republished in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the title, 'The Gospel of Wealth.' This term had been used incidentally by Mr. Carnegie at the close of his first article. 'Such in my opinion is the true *gospel concerning wealth*, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the rich and the poor.' This gospel was the now familiar theory of

Mr. Carnegie, that the millionaire should regard himself as the trustee of the wealth in his hands, to be administered by him for the benefit of society, — a theory to which, be it said to his lasting honor, he has clung in practice with fine consistency and splendid optimism, while the premises upon which it rests have been swept away. These premises, to quote his own words, were, first: 'We start with a condition of affairs' (referring to the present economic system) 'under which the best interests of the race are promoted but which *inevitably gives wealth to the few*'; and second: 'The millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor, entrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but *administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself*.'

In the general acclaim which followed the announcement of this gospel the premises on which it rested were almost entirely overlooked, at least in their economic implications. To-day these economic implications, rather than the gospel itself, are foremost in public thought and concern. I know of no community which would now be willing to accept a gift from Mr. Carnegie upon condition of subscribing to his postulates. The consequences to society of such acceptance are everywhere apparent. If the present economic system must 'inevitably give wealth to the few,' then Socialism is near at hand. If the few can 'administer wealth for the community far better than it could or would do for itself,' then democracy has reached the limit of its intelligence and responsibility.

Doubtless it is owing to Mr. Carnegie's theory of the function of wealth that he is not taken quite seriously as a philanthropist. His public gifts are accepted with a good humor corresponding to his own, but hardly with

gratitude. Whatever may be the ultimate effect of some of the benefactions which he has put into permanent form (the good or harm to society depending altogether upon the way in which they are administered), it is evident that the theory lying back of them will expire under personal limitations. The gospel of the millionaire has already been superseded by the law of social justice acting through social responsibility.

II

THE STRUGGLE WITH MONOPOLY

The growth of monopoly came upon the people of this country as a surprise and as a shock. It was a surprise because it had been assumed that monopolies were the special perquisites of a monarchical government. What place could they have in a democracy? How could they enter in? It was to be learned only through experience that a democracy, established in a rich and unexploited country, might become a fruitful field for monopoly; that the bounty of nature might become a lavish substitute for royal favor; that private enterprise might reach larger results than could be secured by intrigue or preferment; that legislation undertaken in the interest of prosperity, as under certain forms of the tariff, might leave unguarded many places for the incoming of privilege; and that combinations effected to prevent the strife and waste of competition might produce the trust. The shock of this apparent invasion of monopoly was due chiefly to the sudden increase and concentration of wealth. This in itself was sufficient to awaken suspicion. But what especially aroused the social conscience was the arbitrary exercise of power and the ostentatious display of luxury which attended the new wealth. The social atmosphere grew thick with suspicion and distrust. Not a few of

those who seemed to profit most by the changed conditions were looked upon as 'social malefactors.' It did not seem possible that so much wealth could be acquired so easily and so quickly, and yet honestly. Certainly the new ways of gaining and of spending money were not in keeping with the traditional and accepted habits of a democracy.

There was at first a sense of helplessness in the endeavor to stay the social effects of so much corrupting wealth. But this feeling only increased and intensified the determination to get at the causes of the sudden and vast increase, and if possible to arrest them at the sources. It is difficult even now to determine how much of the new wealth was due to monopoly. But investigation showed very clearly that far too large a proportion of the national resources had passed into private ownership without any equivalent return; that gross discriminations had been made by the great carrying companies; that combinations of capital acting in restraint of production and of trade had gained control of various kinds of business; and that the government itself, through tariff legislation, had often become a party to privilege. A much more serious fact was brought to light, namely, that the spirit of monopoly had begun to take possession of the business mind of the country. It was no longer a disgrace, but a mark of enterprise, to acquire privileges. Under various names and guises, always bearing some patriotic stamp, the attempt was constantly made to gain privileges and advantages through the state or federal government, which were virtually of the nature of monopoly.

The story of the struggle against monopoly is for the most part told in the record of legislative enactments, state and federal, and of judicial decisions. The record shows remarkable consistency and tenacity of purpose.

The struggle has been maintained as the government has passed from administration to administration and from party to party. It has been not only consecutive but cumulative. An amendment to an anti-monopolistic measure has always been more drastic than the original act. As the occasions for conflict with open monopoly have passed, the spirit of conflict has gone over into the search for monopolistic tendencies, in the attempt, to quote the language of the President, 'to kill monopoly in the seed.'

Within the sphere of federal legislation there has been direct sequence of action, from the Sherman Anti-Trust law of 1890, through the Interstate Commerce act made effective by the amendment of 1906, through the various enactments for the conservation of the national resources, to the more recent acts creating a Federal Reserve Board to restore 'democracy of credit,' and a Federal Trade Commission to attempt the restoration of free competition in business. I do not refer to the tariff in this enumeration because tariff legislation must follow the swing of the political pendulum until the tariff is placed on a non-partisan and scientific basis. So long as tariff legislation is allowed to be reckoned a party asset it can have little moral significance. Under the plea of 'tariff reform' the Democratic party came into power, and within two years the cry of 'tariff and prosperity' very nearly brought back the Republican party into power. The essential tariff reform is to take the tariff out of politics. An income tax, the necessary complement of tariff reduction, has not yet been made in any true sense a democratic measure. Few will question the justice of a cumulative tax, even at a high rate of progression, but surely a tax is far from being democratic which altogether exempts the vast majority of prop-

erty holders, reaching under the present law but one half of one per cent of the whole population. In any conscientious interpretation of democracy it ought to be as humiliating to the average citizen to be exempted from taxation as to be passed over in the call to arms for the defense of the country.

The campaign against monopoly produced certain indirect results, affecting the working of the political system and the method of administering the government, the full consequences of which cannot as yet be estimated. It gave the people of this country what English writers call 'the sense of the state,'—not necessarily more devotion to it, but the sense of its power as a political instrumentality. The attempt of the people to make use of the powers of the state against the encroachments of monopoly showed them how completely they had been anticipated in the use of these powers by those acting in the interest of various monopolies. Powerful interests, often representing non-resident capital, as in California and in some parts of the West, had gained control of state legislatures. Suspicion was rife regarding the financial legislation of Congress. It was charged in particular that the Senate had become the seat of privilege.

The evident remedy for this state of affairs was to prevent the possible alliance of corrupt politics with corrupt business. Two measures were devised for the accomplishment of this purpose: the primary, to do away with the party manager or 'boss' through whom political deals were made; and the recall, to keep the official representative of the people within their reach while in office. Election to the United States Senate was taken from the state legislatures and put directly into the hands of the people. The movement for more direct government as a safeguard against monopoly was widespread and gave

rise to a vast amount of political experimentation, much of which still awaits the test of practicality. Any excess of political machinery in the interest of reform soon defeats its own end unless a suitable corrective can be applied. The most promising corrective for present excesses is the short ballot.

Of much more importance, however, in view of future possibilities, is the change which was effected in the method of governmental regulation, — the change, to so considerable a degree, from general control by the courts to a more immediate supervision by commissions. This modification or enlargement of the federal function looks beyond regulation or even control, and opens the way, when the object may be desired, to government ownership. The history of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that government regulation and control by commission may not only prepare the way for, but also in certain contingencies necessitate, government ownership. It seems improbable that the transportation system of the country can be carried on indefinitely under two masters. Without doubt the commission system will familiarize both the government and the people with the idea and with the methods of government ownership. Without doubt also it may help to develop the unexpended national resources and to recover some that are being wasted or mismanaged under private control. Occasions, like the strikes in the mine industries of Colorado, which call for federal interference, suggest very forcibly the idea of federal operation through purchase or lease. In general it may be said that the struggle against monopoly has tended and still tends to make larger use of the government for the ownership and operation of public utilities. The chief danger in this tendency lies in the displacement or disuse of some of the fundamental

functions of government. So consistent a radical as John Morley remarks, in commenting on the disturbance of the judiciary in a constitutional government, 'Weakening confidence in Parliament would be formidable, but confidence destroyed in courts of justice would be taking out the linchpin.'

III

THE VENTURE INTO 'PRACTICAL POLITICS'

Perhaps it was not to be expected that the newly awakened 'sense of the state' would be satisfied with changes in the machinery of government allowing a freer and more direct use of governmental power by the people. The field of practical politics, always tempting, offered a peculiarly alluring opportunity. Both of the existing political parties had, for different reasons, lost the full confidence of the country. The Democratic party, long out of power, had ceased to fulfill the real function of a party in opposition. The Republican party, grown arrogant through its long lease of power, and showing distinct monopolistic tendencies, had become the object of much popular discontent. This discontent culminated in serious internal dissensions. The open revolt of Mr. Roosevelt, following the action of the Chicago Convention of 1912, gave promise of the success of a new party, pledged to the one aim of social justice, under the banner of a leader of personal magnetism and of tried political sagacity. The Progressive party thus organized drew to its support many of those who had long been at work in various ways under the stimulus of the social conscience. In the enthusiasm of the hour it seemed to them advisable to commit the issues of social reform to the fortune of politics. Great confidence was placed in the assumed analogy between the formation of the

Progressive party and that of the Republican party. It was believed that corresponding results would follow.

The confidence placed in the analogy between the Republican and Progressive parties proved to be misleading at two vital points. In the first place, the Republican party started out with a distinct and commanding issue, an issue also which was pregnant with great possibilities. 'No more slave states' meant a clear line of defense against the extension of slavery and involved the possibility of its extinction. The apprehension of this fact by both North and South made war itself imminent. 'Social justice' was by contrast a vague and indeterminate cause. Restated in terms of specific reforms, it lost the effectiveness of a single and imperative issue. Most of the reforms demanded were matters for state legislation. Some states were far in advance of others in their reformatory work, notably Massachusetts among the older, and Wisconsin among the newer states. The carrying out of social reforms through legislation required much effort to overcome popular inertia, as also at times to overcome the secret opposition of private and corporate interests. But for the success of a reform party there was need of sharper and more exciting antagonism. In fact, it was soon found that there could be no political monopoly in the matter of reform. The unexpected moral renaissance of the Democratic party, with its own progressive programme, greatly reduced the opportunity of a Progressive party. In this political exigency it became necessary to revert more and more to the personal and political issues which had created and which maintained the feud in the Republican party.

In the second place, the assumed analogy between the leaders of the respective parties at their formation was misleading. Mr. Lincoln became the

recognized leader of the Republican party through a process of moral evolution. Other leaders gradually gave place as his supreme qualifications were made clear. But his leadership was essentially moral rather than political. His rare political sagacity was seen to be the practical outcome of his wisdom and rectitude. His moral insight, his intense sympathies, his enduring courage, his undaunted faith, and perhaps more than these, his humility and almost infinite patience, made him the leader he was. These characteristics may be said to have created a new type of leadership. Incapable of self-assertion, he had the far greater power of merging his whole personality in the cause for which he stood, and the equal power of identifying himself with all those with whom he was called upon to act and to suffer. He thus became the leader, because the representative, of the people in their hour of chastisement, of suffering, and of struggle. In the striking epitome of Mr. Emerson, 'He was the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.'

Mr. Roosevelt is at least different, and the difference marks the contrast between the moral and the political leader. Mr. Roosevelt is not wanting in great moral qualities. He is broadly and genuinely human. His manifestations of regard for his fellow men are no affectation. He is incorruptibly honest, quite immune to the temptations of money. He has a true understanding of the elemental virtues. He has ideals, held fast to practical uses through a saving common sense. He has moral

as well as physical courage. He can fling himself with contagious abandon into a political fight. The versatility of his personal power is remarkable. He can do almost anything with himself except subordinate himself. That exception marks his moral limitation. When men or causes come within his personal environment he sees them primarily in their relation to himself. Loyalty or disloyalty to him defines their character. Hence his otherwise inexplicable discrimination between political bosses of the same type. Hence his lapses in the maintenance of personal friendships. Hence his choice of the specific issues to be urged in a political campaign. Mr. Roosevelt is not to be characterized as a selfish man. I believe him to be as capable of sacrifice as of heroism. But his egoism — to keep to the point in question — put him at a wide remove from Mr. Lincoln as a moral leader. It made quite useless any comparison with a view to support from an assumed historic parallelism.

Another characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's leadership in contrast with that of Mr. Lincoln — a characteristic which adds to his attractiveness as a political leader but detracts from the seriousness of his moral leadership — is his sporting instinct. He is the sportsman in politics. He follows the game. He plays the issue which has the immediate political effect. He has his eye constantly on his antagonists, who for the time are his 'enemies.' These must never be lost sight of, though principles may be retired from view. Under Mr. Roosevelt's direction, the New York Progressive platform in the last election treated of Republican bosses rather than of progressive principles. He was evidently more than willing to stay the march into the Promised Land for a return into Egypt to unseat the Pharaohs. This was good sport; it may have been good

politics; it was not moral leadership. Grant that the corrupt or reactionary boss is a vital issue to-day in the political life of the nation, as is certainly true in some localities; then evidently the place to meet the issue is within the afflicted party. There it ceases to be a game and becomes a fight. When Mr. Roosevelt left the Republican party he gave up his vantage ground as a political in distinction from a social reformer, a loss of which apparently no one is more conscious than himself. Had he remained in the party it is hardly presumable that he would have been a negligible quantity in the election in New York, or that he would have failed of his contention in Pennsylvania. The progressive element which he took out of the party might have been employed to far greater advantage within.

It is difficult to estimate the actual moral influence of the Progressive party because of the overshadowing interest or curiosity of the public regarding its effect on the political future of Mr. Roosevelt. The Progressive party has also had to reckon with the fact, always to be reckoned with in the appeal to politics as in the appeal to arms, that the moral result is largely affected by success or failure. Had the party succeeded unmistakably as a political force, its power of moral impression would have been greatly enhanced. To the degree in which it has failed politically, the whole moral movement in which it had a part has been prejudiced in the public mind, because of its insistent claim to be the exponent of the social conscience of the country. At present it seems hardly probable that both of the controlling parties will so far defy the moral sense of the nation as to give occasion for a third party committed to the maintenance and furtherance of social justice. The antagonism of Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Wilson, the disaffection of the busi-

ness interests of the country, the protracted uncertainty in regard to Mexican affairs, or unforeseen complications in the foreign policy of the government, may lead Republicans and Progressives to unite on the sole issue of effecting a change in the administration; but even in this outcome of the political situation it may be fairly assumed, so great has been the advance in public opinion, that the genuine progressive voter, whatever his party affiliations, will continue the contest for social and economic reform, as the independent voter of the earlier part of this generation carried on the contest for civil-service reform, irrespective of party, till the battle was won.

IV

HUMANIZING INDUSTRIALISM

In 1857 John Stuart Mill wrote, 'Hitherto it is quite questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish.'

This sweeping indictment, though written a half-century after the inventions which gave rise to modern industrialism went into operation, must be accepted to-day with very large modifications. And yet the astonishing fact remains, in spite of the many reliefs of labor, and in spite of the great advances in convenience and comfort brought about by mechanical inventions in which the industrial laborer shares, that industrialism is the pre-

vailing and persistent cause of popular discontent in a democracy.

The social curse of industrialism as it now exists lies in its effect upon the disposition and temper of industrial workers. It has taken away from them the zest for work, than which nothing is more necessary to social progress. This alienation in spirit of the man from his work is as evident in the higher ranks of industrial labor as in the lower ranks. The fact in itself ought to be allowed to make its due impression before considering the reasons for it. Whatever may be the causes which have given a distinct character and tone to 'the mind of the wage-earner,' the fact stands out that his 'mind' is the most difficult mental factor to be brought into right relation to the common fellowship of work.

On one side of the industrial worker is the professional or clerical worker, usually a wage-earner or salary-earner. On the other side is the farmer or independent mechanic, a manual worker. Among these, his neighbors and fellow workers, there may be complaints and grievances, but no common dissatisfaction over the work in hand. On the whole the common characteristic of all workers outside industrialism is zest for their work. What makes the difference? Why has industrialism robbed the individual and society of this inestimable boon? If the social conscience is to act effectively, not only for the physical relief of the industrial worker, but also for a reform of the spirit of industrialism, the reasons for the existing state of mind must be understood. It is absurd to assume that the industrial worker has an inborn aversion to work. The causes of this alienation of the man from his 'job' must lie, not in him but in his environment.

There are three definite if not altogether justifiable reasons for his attitude and spirit: industrialism has put

him under the domination of the machine; it has subjected him to various conditions not of his own choosing; and it has deprived him of the stimulus and incentive to private ownership. Much has been accomplished to modify the effect of the first two causes of discontent, and much more is in the process of accomplishment. The social conscience is growing extremely sensitive to the increasing wear and tear incident to employment under machinery, especially upon the physical life of women and children. On their own account and for the welfare of the race, it is seen to be necessary that the most careful safeguards be established and enforced by vigilant supervision. And in general it is seen that the protection of the worker must keep pace with the inventions which intensify the power of the machine. The record of protective legislation is encouraging, and it is also suggestive of the practical value of more humane conditions in the productive industries.

I think that the humanizing of industrialism, so far as it can be expressed in ways of relief and protection, is likely to be achieved by the common, though often unrelated, efforts of those most concerned: by the foresight of the wiser employers, private and corporate, by the steady pressure of trade-unions, and by the persistence of the social reformers. Among these agencies the most uncertain is the employer or manager of labor. At a recent meeting of the Society to Promote the Science of Management one speaker remarked, 'The greatest grievance that any group of employees can have against their employers is lack of intelligence in the conduct of their business. The man who assumes industrial leadership is an industrial menace unless he makes or has made those studies which inform him as to the vital facts of his business.'

According to authoritative testimony given before the Federal Industrial Commission it is not regarded as the business of the directors of a corporation to inform themselves as to the facts concerning the conditions of labor. Those facts are delegated to the manager. What if the manager, as is not infrequently the case, reflects the mind of the director, a mind set to the task of increasing profits? Manifestly every corporation needs for its own intelligent management an advocate of its employees, a kind of tribune of labor, unless it proposes to rely on the labor-unions to correct the faults of its ignorance.

But in the broadest sense all efforts for relief and protection are relatively negative in their effects. They do not reach far enough into human nature to touch those springs of desire and purpose which make the daily work a satisfaction and a possible joy. No man can be satisfied with his work who is not allowed a share in the responsibilities and rewards of private ownership. Industrialism, under present conditions, deprives its workers of this satisfaction. It makes no provision for their individuality. It swallows up the individual in the class, leaving him in just complaint over his unsatisfying lot. And the most disheartening fact is that those who suffer most from this lack in industrialism have sought for compensating equivalents rather than for a reform of the system. Trade-unionism and socialism have their solutions of the problem, but neither finds a solution in the one consistent means of increasing satisfaction with work. Trade-unionism finds its solution in shorter hours and in higher wages. It looks primarily to the man outside his work, not to the man in his work, except for his necessary protection. It does not stimulate to the highest degree of excellence. In this respect it has not inher-

ed the spirit of the guilds. It tolerates mediocrity. It leaves the question of standards to the 'boss.' I do not now recall any public mention of the meetings of industrial workers in any trade called for the discussion of methods of bettering the product, like those which are frequently held by agricultural workers.

The obvious reply may be made that under the system improvement is not the business of the union. The pertinence of this reply is the ground of my contention against the present working of the industrial system. For trade-unionism I have a profound respect, notwithstanding its shortcomings, and in some cases its unpardonable offenses. It has met the problem of industrialism from the side of the wage-earner as nothing else could have done, and has given him rights and compensations which could have been gained in no other way. But it has not met the problem of industrialism from the side of the wage-earner as a man who is entitled to the human reward of his work. Its solution is, simply, more money for the job and more time outside it. The work still remains drudgery.

Something more may be said for the socialistic solution. The Socialist demands public ownership. This solution gives the industrial worker an equal right in the common product, and it distributes the work over the whole body. The abolition of private property means of course the enforced equality of manual labor. But the redistribution of work will not foster the love of it. Work is still drudgery to be minimized only by its wider distribution. The dissatisfaction of the industrial worker is reduced supposedly in quantity, but his disposition is not thereby changed. Neither can public ownership satisfy or eradicate the instinct of acquisition. The right to pri-

vate property, like the right to a home, is one of the halting places where we stop in the surrender of our individuality to the collective good. Without doubt we yet have very much of our individual holdings to surrender for the good of society, from which surrender every one will receive a return in the way of an investment. Socialism has made many justifiable gains at the expense of what had become an unjustifiable and unremunerative individualism, but there is an irreducible remainder to be accepted and honored if we are to preserve our individuality. We cannot as individuals give up the right to love and the right to work; and the right to work means, if anything, the right to the incentives and satisfactions which belong to work.

I think, however, that Socialism rather than trade-unionism holds the coming alternative regarding industrial labor, — public ownership or the opening of industrialism in larger degree to private ownership. No one can overlook the relative increase of the industrial classes, stimulated alike by capital, by inventions, and by immigration, or their growing separateness in matters social and political. Socially we are coming nearer to one another through our recreations than through work. The automobile, for example, is bringing about a noticeable equality. The equality of the road counts for a good deal in the present state of physical restlessness. But motoring, like baseball or any other recreation, has to do with us out of work hours.

Our work may yield us the means of more outside enjoyment without increasing in the least our satisfaction in the work itself. But it is the daily task, with its rigid requirements, with the conditions it imposes, and the spirit it creates, that determines the character of a democracy. If we are to become in increasing degree an industrial demo-

crazy, it will be the industrial factor rather than the democratic which will give the shaping touch. Hence the concern of the social conscience, far beyond questions of relief or protection, with the problems of industrialism. If the exclusion of the many industrial workers from the field of private property means the probable or possible shifting of society to the basis of collective ownership, it is none too soon to ask how far this exclusion is essential to the working of the system. Must the wage be accepted as the sole means of communication between capital and labor, making labor accessible to capital, but leaving capital inaccessible to labor? Or is the system capable of admitting such supplementary relations as will allow to labor more direct access to management and ownership?

The term 'share' applied to the corporate ownership of many industries has a suggestive meaning at this point. Without doubt the wage was as great an advance for the convenience of industry as the introduction of money for purposes of trade in place of barter. The wage is a well-defined, clean-cut agency for fixing productive values in terms of labor. It has an educative power over the laborer, helping him to measure his relative worth. It relieves him from certain annoying responsibilities, like taxes, incident to all private ownerships, even the least. And it furnishes him with a reasonably stable means of livelihood. But, as has been contended, it does not put him in the right attitude toward his job, chiefly because it does not appeal to the instinct of acquisition. An 'interest' in the business, however small it may be, is always enough to change one's disposition toward it.

From the nature of the case, holdings in so-called industrials are different from agricultural holdings. The industrial plant cannot be divided and sub-

divided like landed properties. But as ownership in the industries is for the most part corporate, that is, collective, there is no inherent reason why it should not be made accessible to those who are otherwise necessary partners in all the productive activities of a corporation. Some noteworthy experiments have shown the practicability of the principle, such as the rating of wages for a given period on the basis of stock and declaring a corresponding dividend to the wage-earner, or the offering to employees of stock in small denominations and at par, whatever may be the premium. The principle of allowing wages to earn an interest in the business, once accepted and duly provided for, would produce a direct moral effect upon the mind of the wage-earner. As has been suggested, any 'interest,' however small, would effect a change of disposition and temper. But the principle admits of a very considerable expansion in the more stable industries, where the wage-earner is reasonably secure of permanent work. The practical result ought to keep pace with the growing intelligence, skill, and thrift of the wage-earner, and above all with his more efficient attitude toward his job. The enormous growth of coöperative production in European countries shows how much room there is in industrialism for experiments in relief of the deadening effect of the wage-system. Industrialism in this country still lacks that courageous initiative on the human side, through which the mechanical inventions may be made to effect, in the prophetic words of Mill, 'those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their future to accomplish.' The time has come to expose and to meet in practical ways the fallacy involved in the much-used distinction between human rights and property rights. Human rights are not furthered or advantaged by the sup-

pression of property rights. Human rights in property rights have yet to be recognized and satisfied. There lies the unfulfilled task of humanizing industrialism.

V

REINFORCEMENT OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE THROUGH THE ENTRANCE OF WOMAN INTO CIVIC LIFE

The development of the social conscience has followed in the main the course of its activities, putting forth those qualities which from time to time have been called for. With a single exception, no new factor has entered into this process of development. That exception is worthy of note for its influence upon the character and efficiency of the social conscience. I refer to the entrance of woman into the responsibilities and opportunities of civic life. This entrance of woman into civic life has been effected quietly but rapidly, while society has been discussing her political status. In fact it may be said to have made suffrage an incident rather than the goal of her civic progress. Without doubt it has worked to the advantage of suffrage in that it has advanced the argument from the stage of rights to that of capabilities.

So long as the movement was known as 'woman's rights' it made comparatively little headway, in spite of the fact that the argument from rights, unvexed by questions of expediency, was really unanswerable. If suffrage is anybody's right, if, that is, the political obligation or privilege is of the nature of a right, it is not logical to make it a matter of sex. The final reference of the question to physical force — the right to vote must rest on the ability to fight — would, if insisted upon, withdraw the ballot from all men unable or unwilling to fight. The ballot should then rest on conscription. The com-

promise frequently suggested — that women be allowed to vote when the majority declare themselves in favor of suffrage — has this to commend it: it seeks to guard against the danger to the state from the extension of unoccupied rights. But even this danger cannot fairly be said to invalidate the rights of the individual as such, whatever others of a given class may or may not care to do. It simply raises the question of expediency. The danger from unoccupied rights is far less than the danger from the denial of rights.

And yet, as I have said, in spite of the unanswerableness of the argument from rights, the movement for suffrage made little headway from the force of the argument alone. Militancy would have brought it to a standstill. The acceleration of the movement for woman's suffrage has come from the demonstration of her capacity for civic life.

This capacity has resulted in large degree from the educational and industrial training of women. A great many are seen to be fitted for doing, and many are seen to be doing, the very things for which it has been assumed that suffrage would prepare the way. Their example has had the twofold effect of making suffrage seem at once less necessary and more logical; certainly it has made more evident the inconsistency of denying suffrage to those so well qualified to exercise it. Such has been the effect of the public services rendered by the residents of Hull House and of like settlement houses operated by women; such the effect of the influence of many women in official positions; such the effect of the executive ability displayed by certain women in the management of estates. I recall a remark of Judge Theodore W. Dwight, that the decline of Rome was marked by the transfer of great

fortunes to the widows of wealthy men, who became thereby the prey of adventurers. The like transfer of fortunes in this country within recent years gives a striking proof of progress, disclosing in many cases an equal if not superior competency on the part of women in dealing with the highest uses of money. A glance through the *Woman's Who's Who* of America shows both suffragists and anti-suffragists to be in agreement in the estimate they place upon civic duties and in their willingness to assume them. Whenever and wherever suffrage comes it is quite sure to appear that it has been anticipated in many of the civic responsibilities, some of them official, at which it aims, — a fact which ought to reduce suffrage to its fit proportion in the general advance of woman, and likewise take away any fear of its assumed unnaturalness or impracticability.

Although the entrance of women into civic life has been complicated by discussions about suffrage, it has had a most stimulating effect upon the social conscience. It has reinforced the social conscience at points where it needed strengthening. Moral reform is quite sure to suffer from the lack of singleness of purpose and from the lack of persistence. The average citizen is willing to support a reform movement if it does not conflict too much with other interests, and if it does not take too much of his time. These limitations characterize the action of most men in business. The professional anti-reformers understand perfectly these elements of human weakness in reform, and simply give them time to produce their effect. There has been a noticeable change in the spirit of civic reforms since women became more directly concerned in them. They are kept to their purpose and held to their accomplishment. The charge is made that where women have the right to vote they sel-

dom register in full numbers for general elections. Doubtless the charge is true. The compensating fact appears in the definiteness of their interests and in their tenacity of purpose when their interests are aroused.

Any one who follows the course of legislation must take note of the vast increase of legislative action on subjects which invite especially the judgment, the intelligence, and the experimental knowledge of women. The widening of the field of investigation for legislative purposes is largely in those directions in which women of trained minds can best act as experts. And many of the administrative positions created within this widening field under legislative supervision can best be filled by women.

I am well aware of the protest which may be made at this point in behalf of the home and its duties, and I am in sympathy with its intent. But there are two considerations to be kept in mind when this protest is unduly urged. In the first place it is unfair to the individual woman and to society to hold all women in reserve for duties which may never come to some of them. It is of no advantage to the home to keep up a large waiting list of unoccupied women. Marriage has the acknowledged right of way. There are very few occupations which cannot be adjusted to its requirements, or which will not be surrendered on its demands. And in the second place, many civic duties are in no way incompatible with those of the home. They are in fact simply an extension of these duties. The question of the use of time is very largely personal. In most families allowance is made for reading, recreation, and the various social conventions. The vast amount of time consumed in 'bridge,' for example, has been taken from the home, rather than from the school, the office, the factory, or the store. There seems

to be no sufficient reason for arresting the progress of women at the line of civic duties. Doubtless here as elsewhere there is a good deal to be learned about wise economies of time through the incoming of new interests into the daily life.

The statement was made at the beginning of this article that the actual progress of the social conscience is best reflected in the changes brought about in public opinion. In any candid review of its progress, even within the limits of those movements which have been under discussion, it will appear, I think, that the social conscience has done very much to refurnish the public mind with ideas and principles, and with conceptions of duty, fit and adequate to the new demands of society. In particular it may be claimed that it has reinstated the conception of justice above that of charity in the ethics of philanthropy;

that it has recalled liberty to a service in behalf of economic freedom equivalent to that accomplished in behalf of political freedom; that it has awakened a 'sense of the state' corresponding to the increase of political responsibilities; that it has made society sensitive to the inhumanities of industrialism and is teaching society how to estimate the property rights which are involved in human rights; and that it is creating an open mind toward the entrance of woman into civic life. This retrospect, bringing to mind the changes in public opinion effected by the social conscience, may have a timely significance if it shall give us any ground to hope that, when the conscience of the nations has been fully aroused, changes may be effected in the public opinion of the world which shall guarantee the restoration of peace and the renewal of civilization.

THE MODEST IMMIGRANT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It is now nearly fifty years since Mr. Lowell wrote his famous essay, 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,' an essay in which justifiable irritation prompted the telling of plain truths, and an irrepressible sense of humor made these truths amusing. It was well for Mr. Lowell that he was seldom too angry to laugh, and he knew, as only a man of the world can know, the saving grace of laughter. Therefore, though confessedly unable to understand why

foreigners should be persuaded that 'by doing this country the favor of coming to it, they have laid every native thereof under an obligation,' he was willing in certain light-minded moods to acquit himself honorably of the debt. When a genteel German mendicant presented a letter 'professedly written by a benevolent American clergyman,' and certifying that the bearer thereof had long 'sofered with rheumatic paints in his limps,' Mr. Lowell rightly considered that a composition so rich in the *naïveté* common

to all Teuton mendacities was worth the money asked. When a French traveler assured him, with delightful *bonhomie*, that Englishmen became Americanized so rapidly that 'they even begin to talk through their noses, just like you do,' the only comment of our representative American was that he felt ravished by this testimony to the assimilating powers of democracy.

Nevertheless, it is well in these years of grace to reread Mr. Lowell's essay, partly because of its sturdy and dignified Americanism, and partly because we can then compare his limited experiences with our own. We can also speculate pleasantly upon his frame of mind could he have lived to hear Mrs. Amadeus Grabau (Mary Antin) say, 'Lowell would agree with me,' — the point of agreement being the relative virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers and the average immigrant of to-day. When the dead are quoted in this fashion and nothing happens, then we know that, despite the assurances of Sir Oliver Lodge, the seal of silence is unbroken. Were the proud souls who have left us able and willing to return, it would not be to reveal the whereabouts of a lost penknife, but to give the lie to the words which are spoken in their name.

The condescension which Mr. Lowell observed and analyzed was in his day the shining quality of foreigners who visit our shores. Immigrants were then less aggressive and less profoundly self-conscious than they are now, and it is the immigrant who counts. It is his arrogance, not the misapprehension of the tourist, or the innocent pride of the lecturer, which constitutes a peril to our republic. We can all of us afford to smile with Mr. Lowell at the men and women who, while accepting our hospitality, 'make no secret of regarding us as the goose bound to deliver them a

golden egg in return for their cackle.' That they should not hesitate to come without equipment, without experience, without even a fitness for their task, seems to us perfectly natural. Perhaps they have written books which none of us have read, or edited periodicals which none of us have seen. Perhaps they have known celebrities of whom few of us have heard. It does not matter in the least. From the days when Miss Rose Kingsley came to tell us the worth of French art (does not the ocean roll between New York and Paris?), to the days when Mrs. Pankhurst came to tell us the worth of womanhood (does not the ocean roll between Boston Common and Hyde Park?), we have listened patiently, and paid generously, and received scant courtesy for our pains. 'I find it so strange,' said an Englishman to me three years ago, 'to see my wife lecturing over the United States. It is a thing she would not dream of doing at home. In fact, nobody would go to hear her, you know.'

But lectures are transient things, forgiven as soon as forgotten. Even the books which are written about us make no painful bid for immortality. And though our visitors patronize us, they seldom fail to throw us a kind word now and then. Sometimes a sweet-tempered and very hurried traveler, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, is good enough to praise everything he thinks he has seen. Before last August, it was not the habit of our guests to scold or threaten us. That privilege had hitherto been reserved for the alien, who, having done us the honor of accepting citizenship, wields his vote as a cudgel, bidding us beware the weapon we have amiably placed in his hands.

Signor Ferrero, an acute and friendly critic, pronounces Americans to be the mystics of the modern world, because they sacrifice their welfare to a senti-

ment; because they believe in the miracle of the melting-pot, which, like Medea's magic cauldron, will turn the old and decrepit races of Europe into a young and vigorous people, new-born in soul and body. No other nation cherishes this illusion. An Englishman knows that a Russian Jew cannot in five years, or in twenty-five years, become English, that his standards and ideals are not convertible into English standards and ideals. A Frenchman does not see in a Bulgarian or a Czech the making of another Frenchman. Our immigrants may be as good as we are. Sometimes we are told they are better, that we might 'learn a lesson' from the least promising among them. But no one can deny that they are different; in many instances, radically and permanently different. And to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse is just as difficult as the reverse operation. Mr. Horace Kallen has put the case into a few clear conclusive words when he says, 'Only men who are alike in origin and spirit, and not abstractly, can be truly equal, and maintain that inward unanimity of action and outlook which makes a national life.'

To look for 'inward unanimity' among the seething mass of immigrants who have nothing more in common with one another than they have with us, is to tax credulity too far. The utmost we can hope is that their mutual antagonisms will neutralize their voting power, and keep our necks free from an alien yoke. Those of us who have lived more than half a century have seen strange fluctuations in the fortunes of the foreign-born. In 1883, when the Brooklyn Bridge was finished, the Irishmen of New York made a formal protest against its being opened on Queen Victoria's birthday, lest this chance occurrence should be misconstrued into a compliment to England. In 1915, a band in the Saint

Patrick's parade was halted and forbidden to play 'Tipperary' before Cardinal Farley's residence, lest the cheerful strains should be misconstrued into an insult to Germany. The Reverend Thomas Thornton, speaking last winter to the Knights of Columbus, prophesied mournfully that the time was at hand when Catholic voters in the United States would be 'reduced to the condition of tribute-paying aliens.' Men smiled when they heard this, reflecting that the Irish officeholder had not yet been consigned to oblivion; but the speaker had seen with a clear eye the marshaling of strange forces, destined to drive the first comer from authority. Some weeks later the *Jewish Tribune* boasted that the angry protest voiced by Catholics against the sending of Signor Ernesto Nathan as commissioner to the San Francisco Fair was 'checked in its infancy' by the power of the Jewish press.

It is all very lively and interesting, but where does the American come in? What place is reserved for him in the commonwealth which his heroic toil and heroic sacrifices moulded into what Washington proudly called a 'respectable nation'? The truth is contemptuously flung at us by Mary Antin when she says that the descendants of the men who made America are not numerous enough to 'swing a presidential election.' And if a negligible factor now, what depths of insignificance will be their portion in the future? I heard told with glee — the glee which expresses pure American unconcern — a story of a public school in one of our large eastern cities. A visitor of an investigating turn of mind asked the pupils of various nationalities, Germans, Polacks, Russian Jews, Italians, Armenians, and Greeks, to stand up in turn. When the long list was seemingly exhausted, he bethought himself of a nation he had overlooked, and

said, 'Now let the American children arise!' Whereupon one lone, lorn little black boy stood up to represent the native-born.

It is hardly surprising that these foreign children, recognizing the strength of numbers, should take exception to our time-honored methods of education. Little boys of a socialistic turn of mind refuse to salute the flag, because it is a military emblem. Little boys of a rationalistic turn of mind refuse to read the Bible, — any portion of the Bible, — because its assertions are unscientific. Little Jewish boys and girls refuse to sing the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' because of its unguarded allusions to Bethlehem and Calvary. Indeed, any official recognition of the Deity offends the susceptibilities of some of our future citizens; and their perplexed teachers are bidden to eliminate from their programme 'any exercises which the pupils consider objectionable.'

A few years ago I was asked to speak to a large class of immigrant working-girls, for whose benefit philanthropic women had planned evening classes, dexterously enlivened by a variety of entertainments. I was not sure whether I ranked as useful or amusing, and the number of topics I was bidden to tactfully avoid, added to my misgivings; when suddenly all doubts were dispelled by the superintendent saying sweetly, 'Oh, Miss Repplier, you were asked to speak for forty minutes; but I think your address had better be cut down to twenty-five. The girls are eager for their ice-cream.'

I said I sympathized with so reasonable an impatience. Even at my advanced age, I prefer ice-cream to lectures.

Moi, je dis que les bonbons
Valent mieux que la raison.

But what did not flatter me was the clear understanding that my audience

listened to me, or at least sat tolerantly for twenty minutes (I curtailed my already cur-tail'd cur), because their reward, in the shape of ice-cream, was near at hand. Just as some manufacturers provide baths for their employees, and then, recognizing the prejudices of the foreign-born, pay the men for taking the baths provided, so the good ladies who had served me up as a mental refreshment for their protégées, paid the girls for being so obliging as to listen to me.

II

Miss Addams has reproached us most unjustly for our contemptuous disregard of the immigrant; and Mrs. Percy Pennybacker, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is wrought to such a pitch of indignation over what she considers our unwarranted superciliousness, that she writes fervidly in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, 'I love my country; I adore her; but at times I hope that some great shock may cause us to drop the mantle of conceit that we so proudly wrap about us.'

This well-wisher is in a fair way to see her desires realized. We may be left naked and shivering sooner than she anticipates. If concessions to the Irish vote failed to teach us humility, — perhaps because the Irish have a winning way of overriding barriers ('What's the Constitution between friends?'), — other immigrants are less urbane in stripping us of our pride. 'A German,' said Mr. Lowell feelingly, 'is not always nice in concealing his contempt'; and if this was his attitude in 1868, to what superb heights of disdain has he risen by 1915! A German ambassador derides diplomatic conventions, and addresses his official communication, over the head of the Administration, to German voters in the United States, sparing no pains to make

his words offensive. German officials juggle with passports, and undermine the nation's neutrality. A German professor at Harvard, who for years has received courteous and honorable treatment from the hands of Americans, threatens us openly with the 'crushing power' of the German vote; and bids us beware the punishment which twenty-five millions of citizens, 'in whose homes lives the memory of German ancestors,' will inflict upon his hospitable hosts. Residents of Madison and Milwaukee are asking timidly why, if President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin has forbidden his faculty to discuss the war, even in private conversation at their clubs, two of the German professors should have felt themselves at liberty to address public meetings in strong and bitter language? The *Frankfort Gazette* publishes a cheering letter from an American Congressman, assuring a German correspondent that his countrymen in the United States will know how to make themselves heard, and expressing hearty hopes that Germany will triumph over her 'perfidious' rival.

Is it any wonder that, stimulated by these brilliant examples, the average 'German-American' should wax scornful, and despise his unhyphenated fellow citizen? Is it any wonder that he should turn bully, and threaten us with his vote, — the vote which was confided to his sacred honor for the preservation of our country's liberty? A circular distributed before the Chicago elections stated in the plainest possible words that the German's first allegiance was to imperial Germany, and not to the republic he had sworn to serve:—

'Chicago has a larger German population than any city in the world, excepting Berlin and Vienna; and the German-, Austrian-, and Hungarian-Americans should, at this coming elec-

tion, *set aside every other consideration*, and vote as a unit for Robert M. Sweitzer. Stand shoulder to shoulder in this election, as our countrymen in the trenches and on the high seas are fighting for the preservation of our dear Fatherland. The election of a German-American would be a fitting answer to the defamers of the Fatherland, would cause a tremendous moral effect throughout the United States, and would reëcho in Germany, Austria, and Hungary.'

The 'moral effect' of this appeal was not precisely what its authors had anticipated. Men asked themselves in bewilderment and wrath what the dear Fatherland, any more than dear Dahomey or the beloved Congo, had to do with the Chicago elections. They have been putting similar questions ever since.

Some months later, the German-American Central Society of Passaic, uniting itself with the German-American National Alliance, called for assistance in these glowing words:—

'Come all of you German societies, German men, and German women, so that united offensively and defensively [zum Schutz und Trutz vereint] with weapons of the spirit, we may help our beloved Germany onward.'

'Weapons of the spirit!' If this means prayer and supplication, the matter lies between the petitioner and his God. If it means exhortations, pamphlets, and platform oratory, the champion of Germany stands well within his rights. But the next paragraph drops all figures of speech, and states the real issue with abrupt and startling distinctness.

'We ask for your speedy decision with respect to your acquiescence, in order to permit of an effective participation and lead in the spring campaign of 1915.'

In plain words the spiritual weapon with which the German-American pro-

poses to fight the battle of Germany is the American ballot. When the franchise was granted to him, or to his father, or to his grandfather (whichever did this country the honor of first accepting citizenship), a solemn oath was sworn. Allegiance to a foreign government was forever disowned; fealty to the government of the United States was vowed. He who uses his vote to further the interests of a European state is a perjured man, and that he should dare to threaten us with the power of his perjury is the height of arrogant ill-doing. That such a question as 'What is the proportion of votes which the Germans of your section control?' should be asked by German agents, and answered by German newspapers, affronts our nation's honor, soils a sacred trust by ill usage, and tears our neutrality to rags.

When the *Lusitania* was sunk, and the horror of the deed shamed all Christendom, save only those strange residents of Berlin who received the news with 'enthusiasm' and 'joyful pride,' the first word tactfully whispered in our ear was that, while we might regret the drowning of Americans, we were impotent to resent it. And this impotence was a concession to the foreign vote. God only knows of what material Germany thought we were made, — putty, or gutta-percha, or sun-baked mud? Certainly not of flesh and blood. Certainly not with hearts to bleed or souls to burn. Every comment vouchsafed by the German press placed us in the catalogue of worms warranted not to turn.

III

The contempt which the German 'is not always nice in concealing' shines with a chastened lustre in the words and deeds of other foreign-born citizens. They accept the vote which we

enthusiastically press upon them, regarding it as an asset, sometimes of marketable value, sometimes serving a stronger and more enduring purpose, always as an esteemed protection against the military service exacted by their own governments. 'They do not come to us 'with gifts in their hands,' — to quote Mr. Lowell. They are for the most part destitute, not only of money, but of knowledge, of useful experience, of any serviceable mental equipment. Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, who knows whereof he speaks, confesses ruefully that the immigrant seldom brings in his intellectual baggage anything of use to us; and that the admission into our electorate of 'backward men' — men whose mental, moral, and physical standards are lower than our own — must inevitably retard our social progress, and thrust us behind the more uniformly civilized nations of the world.

Meditating on these disagreeable facts, we find ourselves confronted by sentimentalists who say that, if we would only be kind and brotherly, the sloping foreheads would grow high, the narrow shoulders broad, the Pole would become peaceable, the Greek honest, the Slav clean, the Sicilian would give up murder as a pastime, the Jew would lose his 'monstrous love of gain.' On the other hand, the immigrants themselves, wholly and happily free from sentimentalism, cherish no illusions concerning us or our country. Aware that their only real opponent is the American workingman, they pin such faith as they possess to the Industrial Workers of the World, because lawlessness and violence are weapons they understand. And as our political system gives more weight to sheer numbers than to intelligence or respectability, the Industrial Workers of the World may eventually triumph over older labor organizations.

That saving phrase, 'It is the law,' which made possible the civilization of Rome, and which has been the foundation of all great civilizations before and since, has little weight or sanctity for our immigrants. They resent legal interference, especially the punishment of crime, in a very spirited fashion. When Mr. Samuel Gompers defended the McNamaras and their 'social war' murders before a sub-committee of the United States Senate, he said with feeling that the mere fact that these men should have come to look upon dynamite as the only defense left them against the tyranny of capital was a 'terrible charge against society.' It was an appeal very pleasantly suggestive of the highwayman, who, having attacked and robbed Lord Derby and Mr. Grenville, said reproachfully to his victims, 'What scoundrels you must be to fire at a gentleman who risks his life upon the road!'

If Cicero lowered his voice when he spoke of the Jews, fearing the enmity of this strong and clannish people, the American, who is far from enjoying Cicero's prestige, must be doubly cautious lest he give offense. Yet surely, if there is an immigrant who owes us everything, it is the Jew. Even our spasmodic and utterly futile efforts to restrict immigration always leave him a loophole of escape, because he controls the National Liberal Immigration League.

It is our custom to assume that the Russian Jew is invariably a fugitive from religious persecution, and we liken him in this regard to the best and noblest of our early settlers. But the Puritan, the Quaker, and the Huguenot sacrificed temporal well-being for liberty of conscience. They left conditions of comfort, and the benefits of a high civilization, to develop the resources of a virgin land, and build for themselves homes in the wilderness. They prac-

ticed the stern virtues of courage, fortitude, and a most splendid industry. Had the Pilgrim Fathers been met on Plymouth Rock by immigration officials; had their children been placed immediately in good free schools, and given the care of doctors, dentists, and nurses; had they found themselves in infinitely better circumstances than they had ever enjoyed in England, indulging in undreamed-of luxuries, and taught by kind-hearted philanthropists, what pioneer virtues would they have developed, what sons would they have bred, what honors would history have accorded them? If our early settlers were masterful, they earned the right to mastery, and the price they paid for it was endurance. To the sacrifices which they made, to their high courage and heroic labors, we owe law, liberty, and well-being.

It is because the Jew has received from us so much and given us so little, that his masterfulness affronts our sense of decency. When the Jewish Anti-Defamation League boasts that it has taken 'the first and most important step in excluding the *Merchant of Venice* from the curriculum of the grammar and high schools of this country, by having the play removed from the list of requirements laid down by the Collegiate Entrance Requirement Board,' we feel that a joke has been carried too far. Nobody can seriously associate the *Merchant of Venice* with a defamation of the Jewish character. Heaven knows, the part played by Christians in that immortal drama has never left us puffed up with pride. Nevertheless, being less thin-skinned, or perhaps more sure of ourselves, we have grown attached to the play, and do not relish its banishment by the decree of aliens.

And what if our Italian immigrants should take exception to the character of Iago, and demand that *Othello* should

be excluded from the schools? What if the Sicilians should find themselves wounded in spirit by the behavior of Leontes (compared with whom Shylock and Iago are gentlemen), and deny us the *Winter's Tale*? What if the Bohemians (a fast-increasing body of voters) should complain that their peddlers are honest men, shamefully slandered by the rogueries of Autolycus? If all our foreign citizens become in turn as sensitive as Hebrews, we may find ourselves reduced to the fairy scenes from the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Another victory claimed by the *Jewish Tribune* is that the Associated Press has been made to feel that the words 'Jew' and 'Hebrew' should be avoided in connection with criminals. 'The religious denomination of malefactors should not be referred to. It is now generally understood by newspapers that it is just as improper to describe a malefactor by stating that he is a Jew, as it would be to describe such a person as a Catholic or a Methodist.'

Does this mean that the Jew no longer claims any racial distinction, that he has no genealogy, no pedigree, no place in history, nothing by which he may be classified, but church membership? Is the simple dictionary definition, 'Jew. An Israelite; a person of the Hebrew race,' without any significance? We may call a Greek pickpocket a Greek, or a Polish rioter a Pole, or an Italian murderer an Italian; but we may not call a Jewish procurer a Jew, because that word refers only to his attendance at the synagogue. May we then speak of a scholar, a musician, a scientist, a philanthropist, as a Jew? Only — by this ruling — as we might speak of one as a Catholic or a Methodist, only in reference to his 'religious denomination.' If he chances to be unsectarian, then, as he is also raceless, he cannot be called anything at all. If the word

'Jew' be out of place in the police courts, it is equally out of place in colleges, learned societies, and encyclopædias.

It will be remembered that, after the publication of *Oliver Twist*, a bitter protest was raised by English Jews against the character of Fagin, or rather against the fact that the merry old gentleman is alluded to frequently as a Jew. The complainants said, — what the *Jewish Tribune* now says, — that the use of the word as an indicatory substantive was an insult to their creed. Dickens, who had never thought of Fagin as having any creed, who had never associated him with religious observances of any kind, was puzzled and pained at having unwittingly given offense; and strove to make clear that, when he said 'Jew,' he meant an Israelite, and not a frequenter of the synagogue. Years afterward he made a peace-offering in the person of Riah, who plays the part of a good Samaritan in *Our Mutual Friend*, and who is to Fagin as skimmed milk to brandy.

It would seem as though the immigrants who have been best received, and who have best responded to the opportunities offered them by the superb liberality of the United States, should feel some charity toward the American's manifest shortcomings. Most of us are ready to admit that, like 'Elsie Dinsmore,' we are 'not yet perfect'; but we do not admit that those whom we have befriended should be the ones to dwell too lingeringly upon our imperfections. There are in this world situations which imperiously dictate urbanity. 'Steadily as I worked to win America,' writes Mary Antin, 'America advanced to lie at my feet,' — a lamb-like attitude which ought to disarm criticism. When this clever young woman tells us that she 'took possession of Beacon Street' (a goodly heritage), and there 'drank afternoon

tea with gentle ladies whose hands were as delicate as their porcelain cups,' we feel well content at this swift recognition of energy and ability. It is not the first time such pleasant things have happened, and it will not be the last. But why should the recipient of so much attention be the one to scold us harshly, to rail at conditions she imperfectly understands, to reproach us for our ill-mannered children (whom we fear she must have met in Beacon Street), our slackness in duty, our failure to observe the precepts and fulfill the intentions of those pioneers whom she kindly, but confusedly, calls '*our forefathers*.'

It is the hopeless old story of opposing races, of people unable to understand one another because they have no mutual standards, no common denominator. Mary Antin is perfectly sincere, and, from her point of view, justified, in bidding us remember that among the Harrison Avenue tenants, 'who pitch rubbish through their windows,' was the grocer whose kindness helped to keep her at school. And she adds with sublime because unconscious egotism, 'Let the City Fathers strike the balance.' But Elizabeth Robins Pennell is also sincere, and from *her* point of view justified, when she says with exceeding bitterness that, if Philadelphia blossomed like the rose with Mary Antins, the city would be but ill repaid for the degradation of her noble old streets now transformed into foul and filthy slums. Dirt is a valuable asset in the immigrant's hands. With its help he drives away decent neighbors, and brings property down to his level and his purse. The ill-fated Philadelphian is literally pushed out of his home — the only place, sighs Mrs. Pennell, where he wants to live — by conditions that he is unable to avert, and unwilling, as well as unfitted, to endure.

IV

It is part of the unreality of modern sentimentalism that we should have a strong sense of duty toward all the nations of the world except our own. We see plainly what we owe to the Magyar and the Levantine, but we have no concern for the Virginian or the Pennsylvanian. The capitalist and the sentimentalist play into each other's hands, and neither takes thought of our country's irrational present and imperiled future. We go on keeping a 'civic kindergarten' for backward aliens, and we go on mutely suffering reproach for not advancing our pupils more rapidly. In the industrial town of New Britain, Connecticut, the foreign population is ten times greater than the native population, which is a hideous thing to contemplate. Thirty nationalities are represented, eighteen languages are spoken. The handful of Americans, who are supposed to leaven this heavy and heterogeneous mass, take their duties very seriously. Schools, playgrounds, clubs, night-classes, vacation classes, gymnasiums, visiting nurses, milk-stations, charitable organizations, a city mission with numerous interpreters, a free library with books and newspapers in divers tongues, all the leavening machinery is kept in active service for the hard task of civic betterment. Yet it was in New Britain that an immigrant was found who, after sixteen years' residence in the United States, was not aware that he might, if he chose, become a citizen; and this incident Mary Antin considers a heavy indictment against the community. 'It makes a sensitive American,' she writes passionately, 'choke with indignation.'

It makes an exasperated American choke with angry laughter to have the case put that way. The ballot is not necessary to safe, decent, and prosper-

ous living. A good many millions of women have made shift to live safely, decently, and prosperously without it. If it is to be regarded as an asset to the immigrant, then his own friends, his own people, the voters of his own race, might (in the welcome absence of political bosses) be the ones to press it upon his acceptance. If it be considered as a safeguard for the republic, we cannot but feel that this highly intelligent alien might be spared permanently from the electorate.

For months last winter, when Italy's neutrality swayed in the conflicting currents of national pride and national precaution, and no one could foretell what the end would be, a young Italian gardener, employed near Philadelphia, was in a painful quandary about his naturalization papers. He was a frugal person, devoid of high political instincts. He did not covet a vote to sell, and he did not want to pay the modest cost of becoming an American citizen. He preferred keeping his money and staying what he was, provided always that Italy remained at peace. But the prospect of Italy's going to war disposed him to look favorably upon the safeguard of a foreign allegiance. Being

unable to decipher the newspapers, he made anxious inquiries every morning. If the headlines read, 'Italy unlikely to abandon attitude of neutrality,' he settled down contentedly to his day's work. If the headlines read, 'Austria refuses guarantee. Italy sending troops to northern frontier,' he became once more a prey to indecision. Then came the May days when doubt was turned to certainty. Italy, long straining at the leash, plunged into the conflict. Thousands of Italians in the United States stood ready to fight for their country, to give back to her, if need be, the lives which they might have held safe. But one peace-loving gardener hurried to Philadelphia, applied for his naturalization papers, failed utterly to pass the casual tests which would have secured them, and growing frightened and demoralized by failure, appealed to his employer, and, with a little timely aid, was pitched shivering into citizenship.

If ever there comes a cloud between the United States and Italy, this doughty 'Italian-American' will, I am sure, be found fighting with 'weapons of the spirit' for the welfare of his adored and imperiled 'Fatherland.'

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AS GERMANS SEE IT

BY HERBERT KRAUS¹

ON November 20, 1908, Sir Edward Grey remarked that foreign governments were living, as the English were, a hand-to-mouth existence, and did not have so many deep-laid plans as were generally accredited to them.

Naturally I do not doubt his personal belief as reflected in this statement, but I am inclined to question its fundamental correctness, especially in view of the uniformity of Great Britain's foreign policy, which has been so often and so conclusively set forth, and which has found a memorable and marked expression in the consummate perfection of detail and secrecy of the political attitude of Edward VII.

Assuming, however, that Sir Edward Grey's assertion is to be considered applicable to England, and should the statement prove justified in the case of every other nation of the world, even so, to be entirely correct, he should have made an exception in the case of the United States. Her statesmen do not live from hand to mouth; up to the present time — whether always consciously or not does not at present come under our consideration — they have been led, at least in the administration of the foreign policies they have seen fit to adopt, by the principles of everyday politics.

Strange as this assertion may sound, and little as it may seem consonant with the nature of the popular tenden-

cies attributed to the American people, one can, nevertheless, characterize the foreign policy of the United States, superficially at least, by no better catch phrase than 'the policy of principles.'

From the first dawn of independent American diplomacy this tendency has made itself felt; and it soon found expression in three basic theories, namely: the principle of recognizing only such states and governments as are founded on the will of the people; the tendency to shun alliances; and, lastly, the Monroe Doctrine.

Undeniably, the political face of the world has undergone a great change since those times; undeniably, the position of the United States, both in its internal identity and in its relation to other members of the family of nations, has suffered fundamental alterations. New ideas and new theories have sprung up, and, partially and temporarily at least, have influenced the United States, particularly at times when various waves of expansion have swept over America. To a certain degree these newer policies have won for themselves a lasting place in American political thought, as is particularly evident in the 'principle of the big brother toward the weaker American Republics,' — termed by its antagonists 'the principle of the big stick.'

The three theories which I have stated above have, like 'the stationary poles in the earth's flight,' kept their place among the fundamentals of American foreign policies; if not unvaried by the changes in the international

¹ This paper, written at the request of the *Atlantic* by an eminent German authority, was translated from Professor Kraus's manuscript by John Heard, Jr. — THE EDITORS.

position of the United States, they have been at least unimpaired in their efficiency and significance. Relatively speaking, the first of the three, that dealing with the recognition of only such states or governments as are founded upon the will of the people, has undergone the greatest change, and has been, of the three, the most disputed. Whereas at the close of the eighteenth century it stood foremost in the minds of American statesmen, and in the opinion of the public, — especially in connection with the struggles for freedom waged by the various Spanish-American colonies on both continents, — and to a considerable extent formed the substance of political agitation, it now occupies only the modest place to which diplomacy and the political thought of a mighty and firmly established nation have relegated it. Quite recently, however, it has come vigorously to life, and, during President Wilson's administration, it has made a deep moral impression. General Huerta can testify most eloquently to that!

In sharp contrast we find the second principle — relatively the least changed of the three — thrusting its granite foundations in the path of all invitations to enter into alliances. It forms a protecting bulwark against the real and imaginary dangers which menace the Union from abroad, and especially against the threat 'to entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice.'¹ In the interest of the American people, one can only hope that the veil which just now seems to cloud the historical memory of its leading statesmen will soon be lifted. One can only hope that before it be too late the American people will again grasp the full significance of, and will place the correct interpretation upon, this warn-

¹ Washington's Farewell Address of September 17, 1796.

ing, which Washington wrote in conspicuous and impressive letters above the gateway of American diplomacy.

Because it has remained untouched by the evolutions and changes wrought by time, and because of its rigid conservatism, this principle of avoiding alliances distinguishes itself preëminently from the Monroe Doctrine. Of the three guiding principles, the latter has had the most eventful existence, and has exercised the strongest positive effect upon the development of the foreign policy of the United States. Were it not that one would, in some aspects, be doing the Monroe Doctrine an injustice in so characterizing it, superficially at least, one could most strikingly compare it to a will-o'-the-wisp. It is not a will-o'-the-wisp in so far as it affects American diplomats, since it is at their behest that the Monroe Doctrine flits hither and thither; and yet, to the rest of the world of nations, it remains none the less a will-o'-the-wisp. This similarity to a will-o'-the-wisp is in fact its most salient characteristic, and is unquestionably the secret of its practical efficiency and beneficial effect upon the policies of the United States. It will retain this characteristic until it has discovered the true boundaries of the territory it embraces. Champions of the idea of defining the Monroe Doctrine are constantly springing up, and attempts are constantly being made to bring Congress to take action to this end. So far, there is not the slightest indication that the thing will ever be accomplished. The general conviction exists that when the Monroe Doctrine has been defined, its value will be extinguished; this fact, combined with the impossibility of framing a correct and comprehensive formula, and yet one which will not be too uncertain, forms the greatest stumbling-block to the accomplishment of this aim.

On the other hand, the lack of an au-

thentic and correct interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine lies at the root of the preponderance of false statements as to its scope, object, and contents which one constantly hears and reads, — misrepresentations often far-reaching, of which the American press and American public opinion are quite as much the victims as are those of European countries. One result of these errors may be seen in the bitter arguments which have arisen as to whether, in the event of an invasion of Canada by Germany, in the course of the present war, the United States, in pursuance of the Monroe Doctrine, would be obliged to oppose such a movement. In the solution of this problem, the question was raised whether sending Canadian troops to the European theatre of war did not militate against the Monroe Doctrine. Technically, the Monroe Doctrine does not have the remotest bearing on either point. This should be evident after the outcome of the well-known complication as to the Venezuelan debts. Ex-President Taft decided quite rightly, as to the former question, that the Monroe Doctrine would be in no way involved by a German attack upon Canada.

When one comes to discuss the correct scope of the Monroe Doctrine, one cannot pass by without observing that more mistakes occur in this respect in the United States than in Europe. The tendency to stretch this principle, so generally popular in the United States; to use it as a shield against actual and imaginary dangers threatening from abroad, even if it neither applies nor assists, is but the too natural outcome of the sharply defined American patriotism. There is a great measure of truth in the words of one of the ablest and most discriminating American antagonists of the Monroe Doctrine, Hiram Bingham, who recently wrote, 'I believe that . . . these two words,

"Monroe Doctrine," have come to be used by us in place of two other words that are less interesting and less significant, namely, "foreign policy." Our foreign policy is the Monroe Doctrine. Whatever our foreign policy happens to be for the moment is called the Monroe Doctrine.' ¹

Quite the opposite construction is applied by the rest of the world. At the present time they accept it in a spirit of cold aloofness. The result is that, abroad, efforts are made to restrict its scope as far as possible; and since its scope is actually but a very limited one, Europe, on the whole, comes closer to a true interpretation than does the United States.

I should be loath to have the foregoing statement so understood as to convey the idea that to my mind the whole world is, without exception, hostile to the Monroe Doctrine. In so far as it affects Europe, naturally one will find but few true enthusiasts to champion it, although in England, during recent times, persons in high office have repeatedly spoken in the friendliest terms of the Monroe Doctrine. Their utterances have been eagerly transmitted to America and there believed. None the less, one should mistrust them; no Englishman *can* favor the Monroe Doctrine. Any such affection would be unnatural, and analogous to a child's love of the rod, or to the pseudo-fraternal enthusiasm of democratic France for Russia the absolute. More fully to grasp this fact, it is only necessary to remember that, with the exception of the intervention of Napoleon III in Mexico, and the episode of Magdalena Bay, every blow that the United States has struck with the aid of the Monroe Doctrine has been dealt to

¹ For an able statement of the case against the Monroe Doctrine, see Professor Bingham's "The Monroe Doctrine: An Obsolete Shibboleth," in the *Atlantic* for June, 1913. — THE EDITORS.

England, and put up with by her. One can hardly fail to make the interesting observation that this doctrine, in the origin of which England took such an active part, is the strongest weapon of which the United States disposes in the long-protracted, and by no means concluded contest which she and England are waging for supremacy in America.

A certain reticence and aloofness in the attitude of official Europe toward the Monroe Doctrine, 'a watchful waiting, mixed with a certain amount of mistrust,' should in no way surprise an unbiased observer when applied to a doctrine which in itself is a challenge to European statesmanship. In connection with this point, it should be noted that the feeling of general hostility to the Monroe Doctrine throughout Europe gathered force but very slowly until the outbreak of the present war.¹ Even now, the sentiment of Europe is far more favorable to it than is that of the states of Central and South America, for whose protection it was originated.

In so far as Germany is particularly affected, it should be stated that recently, under the influence of the ever-increasing relations between the two countries, — at the moment, alas, so wantonly threatened, — and because of a growing mutual comprehension, there has been a daily increasing number of persons who recognize the tremendous value which the Monroe Doctrine possesses for the purposes of the United States. In it they see the master-key to the political power of that country; they envy her the theory, and they have formed their ideas as to its significance in connection with the minimizing of possible bones of contention between the members of the family of nations.

To be sure, now and again in Germany, as in all countries, even in the

United States, one reads and hears attacks upon the Monroe Doctrine. To draw conclusions from them as to the public opinion of Europe as a whole, and more especially of Germany, would be an anticipatory and unpardonable generalization of the sort for which the American press has such a deplorable weakness. This has been very clearly demonstrated over and over again by the present war; and no better example can be found — if this slight digression be permissible — than the continued tearing to pieces of Bernhardt's book as an instance of the 'German spirit.' Figures will show that this work is almost unknown in Germany, and is much less widely read there than in America. The theories set forth are energetically denied by the German spirit, to which they stand in absolute opposition. In no way do they coincide with the teachings which are promulgated and supported by, and under the auspices of, Kaiser William II.

As a result of my personal and very minute observations as to German sentiment in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, I can emphasize most strongly the fact that there is not the slightest indication of any actual hostility. Even at the present time the impression produced by sundry reports in connection with the anti-German inclination of certain parties in the United States has in no way altered the general feeling.

Should one wish to generalize superficially concerning public opinion, it would be necessary to give a certain predominance to fear and to surprise. One must point out 'the dread of the will-o'-the-wisp'; and even this dread of the Monroe Doctrine is traceable to its course and historical development. It is easily accounted for, since, until now, almost every expansion of this doctrine has found its inception in a concrete example, — *quasi post factum*.

It is not as if this newly applicable aspect of the Monroe Doctrine were unexpected, or had sprung into prominence while the world was unprepared, like the outgrowth of some political phase. One can, by looking back, point out quite clearly each new incident of its inception and development; one can note how the new thought originated and grew to maturity, until, at last, it stood out as a definite attitude, finding its expression in a concrete example. Even the Monroe message of 1823 did not, like Pallas Athene, spring suddenly, full grown and fully armed, from the head of Zeus; it was rather the outcome of a long series of separate, and yet consecutive, historical theories. It is, however, characteristic, that it was not primarily enunciated, and subsequently applied to isolated incidents, but — and thereby it can be distinguished from a legal axiom — had its origin in its application to incidents. One must admit that, as its origin was justifiable, so is its continuation. The normal result is that, even for him who has devoted much careful study to the Doctrine, it is impossible, at any given time, to state its future scope concisely, clearly, and comprehensively. Any one attempting this must produce his representation in the garb of the present, yet with the superscription, 'Future Tendencies.' This holds particularly true in the immediate present. Beyond question, the Monroe Doctrine is now passing through a period of transition, and passing through it so entirely and comprehensively that no equivalent precedent can be found.

In making this statement, I do not anticipate any possibilities more remote than that the Monroe Doctrine may extend to the protection of the European colonial possessions remaining on the American continent, — that is, in its relation to the political world of Europe, namely, England, Holland, France, and

Denmark. The intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs has certainly cleared the road for the realization of this conception of American-European relations. In those hundred days of war, the United States transgressed the law imposed upon her by her own Monroe Doctrine not to interfere with such foreign colonies as still existed in America. Without question, the American political conscience has fully conceived that there is no room for non-American colonies in the American hemisphere. Furthermore, all powers are warned, not only that they may, in the future, acquire no new territory, but that they must relinquish any possessions they have previously held, and still control, in America. Even so, this theory has never been logically and simply formulated; it still sleeps the untroubled sleep of the embryo. And yet from time to time there are indications of incipient life. Instinctively, we call to mind Champ Clark's memorable utterance of February 14, 1911, in which he expressed the wish that he might live to see the day when the American flag should float over the American continent from the North Pole to the Equator.

Be that as it may, this question is not one for our solution; the future will vouchsafe an answer; and the date of that future is unascertained.

On the other hand, one may unhesitatingly state that the Monroe Doctrine, at this moment, is passing through a stage of acute transition and evolution.

I. The Monroe Doctrine in the immediate present is engrossed by the idea of absorbing, controlling, and commercially restricting non-American states. The inception of this theory dates back to the administration of President Grant. The episode of Magdalen Bay, when Japan for the first

time came in contact with the Monroe Doctrine, demonstrated the fact that, under certain conditions, this doctrine could be made to apply to, and to restrict, private business relations with America. The well-known Lodge Resolution clearly formulated this theory; and under President Wilson's administration it has been widely extended. Judging from first appearances, President Wilson, in his departure from the Taft-Knox dollar-diplomacy, which incorporated this standard, was disposed to oppose the natural development of the Monroe Doctrine. In his speech delivered in Mobile on October 28, 1913, and in his first Annual Message, in which he spoke of his oil-concession policy, he has proved the contrary. President Wilson contended that the grant of oil concessions to foreign promoters, through the agency of the weaker American states, was a menace to the Monroe Doctrine and upheld a principle antagonistic thereto. He thereby added weight and scope to various still questionable conceptions dealing with restrictions of foreign trade in America.

It becomes self-evident, without further discussion, that the 'Wilson Doctrine' contains the power and the initiative to restrict without discrimination all trade between foreign nations and America. Basing her arguments on the same assumption of right — namely, the Monroe Doctrine — by which she opposes and denies the grants of oil concessions through Mexico, Columbia, Nicaragua, or Ecuador, the United States can raise the same objections to beneficial contracts entered into between Americans and citizens of foreign countries. She can — to use another example — veto any or all Asiatic or European immigration into Central or South America. And here we are brought face to face with another contingency, — the only one,

indeed, which might eventually cause the Monroe Doctrine to militate against German interests. Germany has never yet made a serious attempt to establish colonies in America. The agitation of 1870, when it was claimed that she intended to acquire Porto Rico from Spain, was newspaper talk pure and simple; and the representations against such action which Mr. Cushing made in Madrid at that time were as unnecessary as they were groundless. Sticklers might call attention to the only other exception: in the year 1901, Germany made overtures for the purchase from Venezuela of the island of Margarita in market-overt, — if the term is applicable, — but abandoned the plan immediately upon the expressed opposition of the United States. On closer examination it will be found that this was hardly a colonization project. It was an enterprise actuated solely by the desire not to see a naval supremacy established without, to a moderate degree, following in the course arbitrarily imposed upon us. By her policy of naval supremacy, England continued to establish a cordon of naval bases around the whole world.¹ The heroic fate of the German cruisers on the high seas in the present war has demonstrated to every unprejudiced observer the justice of Germany's attempt.

In view of what has been said, the expectation should by no means be expressed that the commercial element of the Monroe Doctrine will cause friction between the United States and Germany. Such a contingency can arise only in the course of relations with England, whose every transaction has been actuated by underlying motives, and who, up to the present, has always

¹ It seems appropriate here to point out that the following islands, and groups of islands, are at the present moment in English possession: the Bay Islands, Galapagos Islands, Falkland Islands, Corn Islands, Tortuga, Trinidad, and Tiger Island. — THE AUTHOR.

made use of her political supremacy to advance her commercial influence.

Just so long as this undertone is absent, — and it is entirely foreign to the relations between Germany and the United States, — it would clearly contravene the principles of the United States to impose restrictions upon, or to seek to control, international commerce. This is especially true since she prides herself on being the parent and protector of the 'Policy of the Open Door,' even though, at this moment, she boasts but a precarious title to this honorable pretension.

II. Looked at under still another aspect, it must be admitted that the Monroe Doctrine is at present passing through a stage of transition and is undergoing a fundamental change. It is struggling to establish the United States as 'international policeman of America.' It is under this heading that the question arises whether, as a supplement to the other pretensions embodied in the Monroe Doctrine, the United States is bound to supervise, assist, and guarantee the good behavior of the other American republics in their relations with the other powers.

This conception of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated for the first time, — carefully, to be sure, yet quite distinctly, — by Theodore Roosevelt. His message to the United States Senate, on February 15, 1905, afforded him the opportunity; in it he urged the acceptance of the contract already drawn up between the United States and the Dominican Republic, dealing with the government debts of the latter state.

Since that time, this idea has continued to influence and agitate American thought, although its fusion with the Monroe Doctrine has not yet taken place; there still exists some opposition; its justification and amalgamation with the Monroe Doctrine are still mat-

ters of debate, and the American government has by no means adopted it. The attitude of that country toward the Mexican complications is proof positive; for in this respect she has shown more patience than she ever has, or ever would, in dealing with any of her powerful European neighbors, should they find themselves in the throes of acute anarchy.

The question naturally obtrudes itself, whether this idea will ever become incorporated in the Monroe Doctrine; and at the present time this question remains unanswered. To accomplish such a purpose, it will first be necessary for the Monroe Doctrine to emerge victorious from the conflict against the Pan-American agitation in which it is now engaged.

It is not in the opposition of Europe, it is not in the antagonism at present existing in the other American states, that the perpetuation of the Monroe Doctrine finds its most serious menace. It is rather in this Pan-American movement that the greatest danger lurks.

Fundamentally, the Monroe Doctrine and the idea of Pan-Americanism are based on diametrically opposed conceptions. On its own statement, the object of the Monroe Doctrine is to be a doctrine primarily for the benefit of the United States and incidentally for the protection of the weaker by the stronger states. It is a theory depending on a status of superiority and inferiority as a condition precedent. Opposed to this is the uncompromising hypothesis of the brotherly equality of the American republics, on which the Pan-American contention rests.

One can readily grasp that through the historical evolution of time Monroe's Monroe Doctrine has been metamorphosed from a doctrine for the protection of the United States only, to one embracing the welfare of the whole of America. To-day, unfortunately,

the theory of brotherly equality is untenable when the pretension of an existing duty on the part of the United States to supervise the affairs of the other American republics oversteps the Monroe Doctrine proper. Such a pretension effectively abolishes the theory of equality between supervisor and supervised.

The outcome of this conflict between the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-Americanism cannot now be predicted. It is possible that the Monroe Doctrine will succumb to Pan-Americanism. It is possible that this newer agitation will continue to exist for some time, as it does to-day, hampered by the natural sterility of its conception, and will eventually die a slow and natural death. It is possible, and in fact probable, that the result will be a middle course by which the Monroe Doctrine will develop into a doctrine common to a number of the larger American states, — one acceptable to the United States and to the A B C states, — and will incorporate in itself the idea of guardianship over the smaller American republics. This could mean but one thing — the establishment of a concert of states. Such a concert, in the face of the total failure of a similar experiment in Europe, would arrogate to itself a supremacy over the lesser American states.

It is possible also that the ultimate result will be a modification of this arrangement, and that the United States will follow the old interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in its bearing on Central America, including Venezuela and the West Indies, and will make that region a sphere of her special political influence. It is noteworthy that so far it is especially these states that have come under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, which has, in fact, been but rarely applied to the other American nations. This is at most but a political pipe-dream.

III. There is, however, a third question which is thrown into sharp relief by the interest of the immediate present: will the Monroe Doctrine ever be recognized by the other world powers? Repeatedly it has been pointed out that this has already been answered, especially by the attitude of the members of the two Hague Conventions toward the stipulations made by representatives of the United States. Actually no recognition of the Monroe Doctrine is to be deduced from this attitude, in the sense in which alone it would have any material value, namely, as implying that in the future the United States shall have the authority to enforce the pretensions of the Monroe Doctrine under all contingencies, even, if necessary, by the use of force. The silence of the members of the Hague Conventions as to the exposition of the demands of the United States Government should be interpreted as nothing more than giving a hearing to a declaration which the other participants in the Convention did not care to discuss.

Had some of the nations whose interests were imperiled during the recent Mexican disturbances intrusted those interests to the United States, — as, in fact, has been reported, more especially from England; in connection with which rumor one must bear in mind the Benton episode, — such action would add weight and importance to the above assertion. Or had England, in the course of the present war, requested the United States to take steps against Venezuela and Ecuador for alleged breaches of neutrality tending to assist Germany, it would be exceedingly difficult not to interpret such a request as a complete recognition by England of the Monroe Doctrine.

Whether an implicit acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine by any or all of the world powers will ever be brought about, depends entirely on the attitude

of the United States toward the present war. Confidence and might must be coexistent, since together they form a *sine qua non*. The world must be convinced that it can safely rely upon the attitude of the United States in regard to international relations.

I will express no opinion as to whether the countenancing by the American government of the exportation of war munitions should, or should not, be deemed a breach of neutrality. It is none the less as contrary to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine as the present tone of the American press. All of this will make itself felt in the subsequent relations between the United States and Germany, and it will doubtless play a part unfavorable to the Union in the general accounting, when her attitude toward Germany's opponents is considered. Partiality in international crises has always brought its own reward.

Still more significant, when viewed in this light, is the passive position assumed by the United States in regard to the attack made by Japan (her natural enemy) upon defenseless China, in spite of her decisive and frequently enunciated policy of the 'Open Door' in the Far East. Most important of all is her inaction in the face of Japan's latest efforts to gain a foothold on the Mexican coast.

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How can the United States expect that in the future the world will place any weight upon her assurances, when in the critical hour she is not willing to bear the results of her policy; to insist upon her rights, or to perform the duties which she has undertaken? With this depreciation of the prestige of the United States, the chances of a general and international recognition of the Monroe Doctrine are necessarily lessened.

Side by side with this moral factor, a second stands in natural sequence, — that of power. So far in this war the United States has stood aloof, posing as a disinterested spectator, wrapped in a garment of power. This is particularly true of her behavior in connection with Japan's attitude toward Mexico and China.

How can the United States expect that in future the world will respect, fear, or even heed her protests and demands, when she has demonstrated that she is not prepared to act when the gravest international interests are at stake?

The destinies even of the United States may be affected by this war. Let us hope that she may find what, just now, every nation of the world needs more than anything else, — wise and far-sighted statesmen.

UNION PORTRAITS

VI. WILLIAM H. SEWARD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Seward is exactly the reverse of that with Stanton. In Stanton's case we had to discover the strong qualities which enabled the man to make his way in spite of an extreme and well-founded unpopularity. Seward, on the other hand, was generally popular, and aimed to be so, to such an extent that it might at first be questioned whether this was not the main basis of his distinguished success.

He played politics as naturally as he breathed. In 1830, when only twenty-nine years old, he entered the Senate of his native state, New York. With suitable intervals of law, he became Governor and United States Senator, and did all that a party leader could do to be nominated for the presidency, instead of Lincoln, in 1860. Failing this, he was content to be, on the whole, the ablest and most influential member of the Cabinet under Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

He studied, or acquired without study, the art of influencing and persuading men. He was not a great orator, like Webster, or even Sumner, had no stately and impressive manner, no orotund and swelling declamation. His voice was not attractive and his carriage not always graceful. Yet what he said had great force, because it was simple, direct, and natural. He spoke in public like a man talking at his fire-

side, and persuaded you, because he seemed to be taking you right into the movement of his thoughts. Yet with this appearance of candor he had the very great art of combining the most careful study and preparation. Halleck's scornful remark about him, that 'these infernal old political humbugs cannot tell the truth even when it is for their interest to do so,' is quite inappropriate. Seward knew perfectly well when to plan to tell the truth and when not.

He worked out his speeches with the utmost care, turned them over to the reporters before he delivered them, and always, always looked far beyond the immediate audience, — whether it was the United States Senate, or a nondescript political gathering, — to the vast congregation of the American people. Few of our statesmen have made themselves so widely listened to and appreciated as he. This Lincoln knew, and estimated Seward's eloquence exactly at its true value. They were once making a trip in a sleeping-car together, and when they stopped, there was great clamor for a speech. Lincoln absolutely refused, said he had to do enough of it in Washington. Then, rolling over in his berth, he murmured, 'Seward, you go out and repeat some of your poetry to the people.'

But Seward had resources of political management far broader than his tongue. His partial biographer says

that he had no capacity for political intrigue. On the other hand, one who knew him well and admired him greatly declares that 'he combined men largely through their selfishness, not their holier affections; their love of themselves, rather than of their fellow creatures or of God. As a consequence he was followed to his grave by only a few men beholden to him for political favors — outside of his own townsmen.'

It is certain that, whether by intrigue or not, Seward had an extraordinary faculty of developing and directing political movements. He had two qualities of the greatest value in this regard. One was the ability to give an impression of power, whether he had it or not. This particularly affected Schurz. 'He made upon me, as well as upon many others, the impression of a man who controlled hidden, occult powers which he could bring into play if he would.' Seward's other gift was that of enlisting the devoted service of men who admired and believed in him and were able and willing to do things he did not care to do himself. By far the most important among these followers was Thurlow Weed, who may be regarded as Seward's evil angel or his familiar devil, just as you please. Accident brought them together and mutual usefulness bred a deep affection. Weed was by no means the thoroughly corrupt New York politician of later days. He played the game more for the pleasure of it than for personal profit. But he knew every move and invented some not known to others, and as manager, mentor, and scapegoat, all in one, he was an indispensable aid in the perfecting of Seward's ample career.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Seward's popularity was all a matter of political calculation. He was liked because he was likeable, because he was amiable, because he met with courtesy, not only courtesy but dis-

courtesy and churlishness as well. He himself said, 'We never can succeed by making people mad'; and though there are some who pursue this policy to the point of exasperation, Seward apparently did not. If his antagonists abused him, he turned it off with a soft answer. 'Benjamin,' he said, after the Jewish senator had been particularly violent, 'give me a cigar, and when your speech is printed, send me a copy.' Lincoln said of him that he was 'a man without gall,' and Dana that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies.

Seward himself repeatedly contributes his own testimony as to this beatific atmosphere in which he lived. He had no enemies, he tells us; he was on good terms with every one; all the senators were well disposed toward him. As to his own state, he asserts, with touching candor, 'I have not one enemy in this section to forgive. I know not one who will utter a personal complaint against me.'

It is true, there are some discordant voices. The temper on which the Secretary prided himself did flaw occasionally, as when he told the President that there were too many secretaries of state in Washington, or snapped out at a troublesome applicant for office, 'Why come to me about this? Go to the White House! I, who by every right ought to have been chosen President, what am I now? Nothing but Abe Lincoln's little — clerk.'

Also, there is the crusty Welles, who leaves no illusions unshattered and liked Seward very little better than he liked Stanton. Temper? He can tell stories of the Secretary's temper! No enemies? It sounds well, but the truth is, Seward is universally distrusted and disliked, and not without some cause. As for the state of New York, Welles accompanied a presidential party to the Secretary's home town, Auburn,

and found it a nest of little political bickerings and jealousies.

But Welles must not mislead us, and Seward's great personal charm, in private life as well as in public, is undeniable. Socially he seems to have been delightful. He liked ease and good cheer to such a point that absurd charges of excess were sometimes brought against him. He was a most interesting and vivid talker; and what is curious about the record of his conversation is that it is not in the least that of a man who was making an effort to please or to seduce, but of one who was frank, straightforward, and thoroughly personal, sometimes even to the point of indiscretion or oddity. Above all, he had the art, so rare in great talkers and in men who have made their way in the world, of being a good listener. In short, it appears that he had a remarkable and often exquisite gift of adaptability.

Then, he was by nature full of joy and hope. Occasional hints of depression do occur in the enormous mass of his correspondence, like the following: 'This day has been a worthless one. I feel wretchedly always, when I have to retire to bed with the reflection that I have accomplished nothing that I ought to have done, and learned nothing that I ought to know.' But these bits are very rare, and sound, like the above, as if written partly for effect. There are few men who have been so charmed at birth by the goddess of good humor. The touch of that deity sometimes gets her favorites into trouble. But, after all, could a man desire a sweeter eulogy than that bestowed upon Seward by his son: 'The house was always cheerful when he was in it'?

Whether back of this constant amiability and gayety there was any very profound sympathy or tenderness is open to doubt. Do these bright cheer-

ful spirits ever deal extensively in overpowering and concentrated emotion? Seward's love for his wife and children is always manifest and always attractive. To his wife, especially, he writes with intimate candor and deep respect and regard for her most helpful judgment. Also, he did many acts of thoughtful kindness. As a single example of these one should read Mrs. Jefferson Davis's account of his frequent visits to her husband during a severe illness and of the benefit derived from his serene and comforting presence. Another significant bit of real human feeling is the Secretary's attempt to keep a diary when he first entered Lincoln's Cabinet, and his decision to drop it, after a very few days, because, if veracious, it would involve recording so much that was petty and disagreeable. These scruples do not seem to have beset the worthy Gideon Welles. Moreover, Seward had unquestionably a keen sensitiveness to the sight of trouble and distress. Although an experienced lawyer, the torture to which one poor criminal was subjected in court affected him so deeply that he was obliged to leave the courtroom, completely overcome by tears.

Yet, in spite of all this, I do not get the impression of a man whose affections could ever seriously disturb his equanimity. There are even those who say that the amiability and kindness were largely rooted in wordly wisdom. Thus, the venomous Gurowski, after remarking that the Secretary of State is by no means given to speaking evil of any one, feels constrained to add that this is a matter of policy. And a far juster observer than Gurowski asserts, in contradiction of Seward's own confession that he had no memory for injuries, that 'he was a good hater and lay in wait to punish his foes,' instancing the disasters which fell upon New York Republicans who had op-

posed the Senator's nomination for the presidency.

So the penalty that falls upon a generally amiable and courteous manner — that of being called insincere — fell upon Seward, as upon many others. At the beginning of his public life Clay said of him that he had no convictions. At the end of it Andrew Johnson, with fine ingratitude, repeated, in his odd vocabulary, that 'Mr. Seward seems to have no cardinals.' Blair believed that the Secretary would betray any man who stood in his way, and Welles expresses or implies a similar view *ad libitum*.

Seward's half-ironical fashion of talking encouraged many of these interpretations. Thus, he said to Piatt, condemning his own 'higher law' speech, 'My young friend, we are warned to keep to ourselves what we do not believe. It is well, frequently, to conceal what we do believe. There is apt to be public damnation in both.' In the very remarkable scene described so vividly by Mrs. Davis, when Seward had smilingly avowed to her husband that a good deal of his anti-slavery talk was merely for political purposes, and the great Southern leader, scandalized, asked, 'But, Mr. Seward, do you never speak from conviction alone?' the answer was, 'Nev-er.' To which Mrs. Davis adds the Secretary's frank confession that truth should always be made subsidiary to an end, and that if another statement could subserve that end, he made it. Now, we see perfectly well that Seward was insincere in asserting his own insincerity. But such talk does harm with the uninitiated.

II

And so much for Seward the popular orator, the dexterous and insinuating politician. But there is another side of the man, a most important side. Per-

haps I cannot introduce it better than with a striking passage written by Godkin, in 1859: 'He has, through twenty-five years of public life, been the steady and fearless champion of an unpopular cause, and he has every year, in speeches and state papers, given abundant evidence of the possession of the highest order of talent. . . . Perhaps the greatest constitutional lawyer in America, the clearest-headed statesman, a powerful and above all a most logical orator, and of all the public men of this country perhaps the least of a demagogue and the most of a gentleman.'

While Seward's keenest admirers to-day would hardly insist upon all of this eulogy, much of it can be supported by indisputable evidence.

Thus, however often he may have trifled, or appeared to trifle, there were times, many times, when he took life with energetic earnestness. He made his governorship a serious business, he made his senatorship a serious business, he made his secretaryship a serious business. It may be urged that in age he was more inclined to take things lightly than in youth; but I doubt it, though his own observation that in his younger years men were more serious than later may be read either way. Some say that he catered to temporary popularity; but did ever any fighter speak out with more trumpet-like resonance against unmanly yielding? 'They tell us that we are to encounter opposition. Why, bless my soul, did anybody ever expect to reach fortune, or fame, or happiness on earth, or a crown in heaven, without encountering resistance and opposition? What are we made men for but to encounter and overcome opposition arrayed against us in the line of our duty?'

Again, he could be, not only earnest in thought, but a tremendous worker. As a lawyer, indeed, he shirked work, when he could, because he hated it.

Law to him was a waste of time and an enemy to the peace of life, whether lawyer's life or client's. In his vivid, petulant way he cries out, 'I fear, abhor, detest, despise, and loathe litigation. The irascible, the headstrong, and the obstinate pity my peaceful disposition; yet they solicit my aid to extricate them.' Still, even in law he could do more in hours than others in days, and in his political calling he would labor enormously. As governor, as senator, as secretary, he performed cheerfully more than the duty thrust upon him; and he had that instinct for system which doubles the result of labor while it halves the burden. As with other things, he saw clearly what his own faculty of labor was, and, as with other things, he could make a jest of it. To Weed, who had suggested various matters that needed attention, he writes, 'I thought I had as much industry as anybody around me, and with it a little versatility. But I know nobody and never did know that one man who could do all you seem to think I neglect, as well as all the labor I actually perform.'

Some survey of the various lines of his activity will bring out more clearly how positive and unflinching it was. Of course the great political question all through his career was slavery, and on this he certainly cannot be ranked among the ardent idealists. It is true that in the earlier years of his senatorship the great wave of anti-slavery enthusiasm lifted him, to some extent, off his feet, and carried him to the climax of asserting that there was a law higher than the Constitution, a climax which probably astonished him as it did every one else, especially when it became one of the most telling catch-words of the reforming party. But we have seen him admitting to Davis that his sympathy with the slaves was at least partly assumed, and in his very

remarkable conversation with Godkin and Norton, after the war, the same attitude is even more obvious. 'The North has nothing to do with the Negroes. I have no more concern for them than I have for the Hottentots. They are God's poor; they always have been and always will be so everywhere. They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level.'

Schurz remarks, with much justice, that in his conduct of diplomacy Seward would never take the full advantage that the slavery question afforded him. He was careful to instruct our representatives at foreign courts not to insist too strongly on the moral issue at the bottom of the struggle, and to make it clear that the government was not endeavoring so much to destroy slavery as to maintain the Union.

It is on this last point that Seward's abundant and energetic patriotism is at all times manifest. The unity, the solidarity of the American people, in the light of their historic past and their incomparable future, was such an intense reality to him that he would not allow for an instant that it could be shattered, that there was any danger of its being shattered. This overconfidence may at times have made him blind to the perils of the situation, but beyond doubt it was a splendid, animating force to him and to others.

It was this love of the Union which, during his senatorship, made him resist what he felt to be the fatal encroachments of the slave-power, while at the same time he studied every legitimate means of compromise and harmony.

It was the love of the Union, and not merely personal motives, which made him disappointed when the nomination for the presidency went to an insignificant Illinois lawyer instead of to himself.

It was the love of the Union which made him accept the position of secre-

tary under the said lawyer, with the feeling that as the real head of the Cabinet and of the government he could accomplish almost as much as in the presidential chair. And it was in the same spirit of patriotism that he fought desperately against what he believed the disastrous plan of relieving Sumter, keeping up a semi-diplomatic intercourse with the Confederate commissioners, and deceiving them, in fact, if not in intention, because he had first deceived himself.

It was still the love of the Union, as well as the love of personal leadership, which prompted the secretary to submit to his chief those extraordinary 'Thoughts for the President's Consideration,' which show how the wisest of men may be misled by a too high estimate of his own importance. I know how to run the government, I can run it, and I will run it — if you wish me to, said this document in effect. The President's mild reply that he did not wish it began the gradual adjustment of relations between the two. But Seward's love of the Union was as present as ever in his loyal acceptance of the supremacy of the natural ruler whom destiny had set over him.

The growth of confidence and affection between Lincoln and Seward is delightful to study. To be sure, it was not in Seward's nature to recognize a superior, and to the end he retained the delusion of the importance of his influence, a delusion which Lincoln appreciated and gently encouraged. To be sure, there is shrewd insight in Welles's remark that if Lincoln had written one of Seward's ill-judged letters, 'he would not have hesitated a moment to retrace his steps and override it; but that is the difference between Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward.' We must not ask too much of humanity.

Yet Welles records elsewhere Sew-

ard's admirable confession, after his views as to Sumter had been rejected, that 'old as he was, he had learned a lesson from this affair, and that was, he had better attend to his own business and confine his labors to his own department.' He did not learn the lesson. Who of us ever does? As long as the war lasted, he showed more or less disposition to advise about the affairs of others. But he did this, not as a meddling busybody, though Welles often thought so, but from an intense and passionate zeal for the triumph of the cause, just as similar zeal, mingled perchance with a little natural delight in the exercise of power, led to his apparently harsh treatment of the political prisoners who came within the jurisdiction of the State Department.

The same enthusiastic devotion to the Union that manifested itself in domestic affairs, showed in Seward's conduct of his special department of foreign relations. At first, indeed, it does not appear that this enthusiasm was always guided by discretion. The sense of power in controlling the intercourse of the country with the great nations of the world produced a sort of intoxication which appeared in words and deeds not wholly appropriate. The picture drawn by Russell, at the very beginning of the war, is as unfavorable as it is vivid: 'A subtle, quick man, rejoicing in power, given to perorate, bursting with the importance of state mysteries and with the dignity of directing the foreign policy of the greatest country — as all Americans think — in the world.' Seward himself denied having uttered, even jocosely, the threat quoted by the Duke of Newcastle, that he would soon be secretary of state and it would then be his duty to insult England. But no one can question the authenticity of the account given by Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, of a scene at his own

table, when, finding that Seward 'was getting more and more violent and noisy, and saying things which it would be more convenient for me not to have heard, I took a natural opportunity, as host, to speak to some of the ladies in the room.'

But as time went on, this effervescence — after all rather superficial — quieted, and the Secretary applied his keen intellect and his vast industry more and more skillfully to the service of his country. His conduct of the Trent affair, involving the return to England of the Confederate commissioners who had been captured by Captain Wilkes, though perhaps rather on the level of the clever advocate than of the great statesman, was deft, patriotic, and eminently successful. And his letters and instructions to ministers abroad, while sometimes verbose and not always free from errors of judgment, were framed on broad and definite lines of policy and were unquestionably of very great value in preserving the friendships and averting the enmities which were both so closely connected with the preservation of the Union. There is certainly much to justify Bigelow's remark that of all the departments of government during the war, the Department of State was the only one 'the conduct of which was never seriously assailed by Congress, by the press, or by the public.' And this was wholly the result of Seward's management.

Perhaps the two concrete achievements that best illustrate Seward's diplomatic success are the expulsion of the French from Mexico and the acquisition of Alaska. In regard to Mexico how admirable, in a statesman accused of undue bluster, is the letter to Bigelow making clear the necessity of tact and conciliation while our own struggle lasted. 'I regret that you think my course toward the French

government is too conciliatory and courteous. . . . We have compromised nothing, surrendered nothing, and I do not propose to surrender anything. But why should we gasconade about Mexico when we are in a struggle for our own life?' Then, when the war was over, it was made perfectly evident to France that there was no place for her in Mexico any longer; yet this also was done with entire consideration and courtesy.

The Mexican affair was negative. The purchase of Alaska was a piece of constructive statesmanship, broadly conceived and energetically carried out. Who will say, after the developments of the last twenty years, that it was not as felicitous as it was enterprising?

Also, the Alaskan purchase, important as it was, was only a detail in Seward's conception of the needs, the possibilities, and the future development of America. From his earliest activity in politics, he looked forward, far forward, and refused to be limited by the petty efforts of the passing hour. It was this sense of the vast meaning of American democracy that made him utterly incredulous of secession as a practical issue and forever insistent on the mighty, cumulative march of progress. Canada must be ours, Mexico must be ours. In thirty years, he said, Mexico City will be the capital of the United States. Railroads? Of course we must have railroads! Canals? Of course we must have canals! Commerce? Of course we must have commerce! Every day we must be busy thinking and planning to do our part toward the vast consummation which the Creator has planned for these great, growing democratic states.

So, as he was a cheerful person to have in the house, he was also a cheerful person to have in the country. When others were downcast and despairing, he was hopeful; and while no

doubt such confidence might lead to delusion and deception and undeception, there were plenty to look at the dark side and provide for it, without him. He did not think the war would come; he did not think it would last; he was sure it could have but one result, if it did last; and he was inclined to believe that it was a natural stage of development which might not impossibly have beneficial consequences.

Nor was his optimism wholly of the comfortable sort which has no anxiety about the misfortunes of others, but is doubly solicitous about its own. When Bigelow warned him, early in the war, of the danger of assassination, which was so near being fatal to him at the time when it annihilated Lincoln, his buoyant answer was, 'Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system. This conviction has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it.'

Also, the cheerfulness was not a mere matter of temperament, not the smooth and quiet utterance of a spirit always tranquil and content. One most remarkable passage, written to his daughter, in August, 1862, after McClellan's misfortunes, shows him deeply oppressed by the burden of others' depression and complaint. 'My table groans, and my heart sinks, under the weight of complaints that I can put to no practicable use. If I should let a shade of this popular despondency fall upon a dispatch, or even rest upon my own countenance, there would be black despair throughout the whole country.' Perhaps the illumination of the whole country did not so absolutely depend upon the light of his countenance as he believed, but much of it did. In any case, so believing, he made an admirably and nobly patriotic effort, and the ringing, resounding assurance

that echoes through all his foreign correspondence was of the very highest value to his cause.

It was not only in ardent patriotic activity that Seward differed from the common type of politician, to which the first part of our study might seem to assimilate him. In financial matters he was absolutely honest. This may not have been true of all his associates and supporters. With his easy-going light-heartedness, he accepted the political methods common in his day, especially among men like Weed, and regarded the lobbyist and the office-seeker with far too much good nature. But he boasted, and justly boasted, that so far from making anything out of politics himself, directly or indirectly, he had always spent well beyond his official salary.

Nor was this made easy by any unlimited supply of private means. On the contrary, he was often in financial trouble, and he neither liked nor understood the shrewd and frugal management which is so helpful to the maintenance of honesty in high places. On one occasion, at the height of his career, he writes, 'All excesses leave a train of penalties behind them. Those Rathbone notes fall due about this time. I am ashamed to confess that as to one of them, I don't know when or where, any more than I know how, it is to be paid.' A statesman in such a position as that is driving very near to a dangerous abyss. Too many fall in. Seward did not.

And as he was no politician in money matters, so he was perfectly ready to stand up against popular enthusiasm, and to sacrifice personal advantage, when duty or humanity seemed to demand it. The most striking instance of this in his legal practice is his defense of the Negro murderer, Freeman, when the whole community was howling for his punishment. Seward took

the case, in defiance of public opinion, and demonstrated so completely that the wretch was irresponsible that the jury was obliged to acquit him.

In public life, also, Seward did not hesitate a moment to support an unpopular cause. When the Catholics were a comparatively small minority and were in disfavor, he, as Governor of New York, recommended 'the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language and professing the same faith.' He was a consistent and energetic advocate of unlimited immigration, and his readiness to help the ignorant and the oppressed, even when such action seemed contrary to the party outcries of the hour, was sufficiently marked to elicit from Charles Francis Adams, in his enthusiastic eulogy, the declaration that 'Very few public men in our history can be cited who have shown so much indifference, in running directly counter to the popular passions when highly excited, as he did.'

Enemies of Seward, and some of his warm friends, have pointed out that in all these instances of apparent sacrifice there was, or might have been, some clever perception of future political advantage. But it is difficult to find any such selfish motive in the broad and patriotic attitude which he adopted after his loss of the presidential nomination in 1860. There was no sulking, no repining; just a steady resolve to make the best of it and, above all, to go on serving the country. Even finer is the complete abandonment, from that time, of all ambition for the presidency. Other supporters of Lincoln hoped and schemed to succeed him. Seward was the loyal, earnest Secretary of State, and that only; or, if he aspired to be more, it was that he might make the Lincoln government more efficient and more successful.

III

It is by this time very evident that Seward was a complex personage. Mr. Rhodes confesses himself puzzled by some of these apparent inconsistencies. He says of one case, 'Whether the course of Seward was dictated by a noble independence of party trammels, or whether he was trimming to catch the moderate element among the Republicans and Democrats at the North, it seems impossible to decide.' Mr. Bancroft, in his admirable biography, one of the very best dealing with the Civil War, is driven to the conception of two distinct Seward, living, *à la* Jekyll and Hyde, in the same body: one the admirer and imitator of such ideal statesmen as John Quincy Adams; the other the close associate, and, if not the tool, at least the confederate, of astute politicians like Thurlow Weed.

There is, I think, a theory, which, although we should not emphasize it too much, will help us to reconcile all these inconsistencies. Let us admit at once that Seward's temperament was not that of a great statesman. His career requires too much apology. When you have explained away half of him, what is left may have distinct claims to greatness. But put him beside a really big man, with square shoulders, a square head, and a square heart, and he shrivels. Why, his face is incompatible with greatness. All the portraits of him but one, that I have seen, give an impression of wizened inadequacy. And even that one suggests a soul not fitted for executive success.

No, Seward's temperament was essentially that of an artist. We need not force the argument too far; this key will unlock for us a great many of the secrets of his brilliant and complicated career. It is curious how much that is puzzling slips into its true place in the light of this explanation, curious how

often Seward himself directly or indirectly indicates this clue to the vagaries of his thought. It was the artist in him that quivered at the coming of crocuses and tulips and longed to spend hours watching the roses in luxuriant bloom. It was the artist, above all, that summed up his own instincts in the following comment: 'Few people are capable of an artistic conception about anything. Of the multitudes whose daily occupation is with our dinner, how few ever attain to a proper notion of how to cook it.'

To prepare the great concoction of American history according to an artistic recipe, and to be head *chef* in the process, — that was the instinctive longing of William H. Seward. And this is as true of his old age in Reconstruction days as it is of his buoyant youth, when he first sported with the passions of anti-masonry.

He was an artist in words. He was not a great man of letters and never could have been. He was too diffuse, in fact thought more about the words than about the ideas they carried with them. But from his college days, when he wrote a thesis entitled, 'Virtue is the best of all the vices,' he had the real literary man's love for the jingle and clatter and sparkle and resonance of those dainty and dangerous instruments which were given us to conceal our thoughts. All his speeches are entertaining reading, and that is a great deal to say of a dead speech. After going through fifteen volumes of Sumner's orations, till you hate the name of oratory, you can take up any speech of Seward's and be really diverted. There is plenty of verbiage, plenty of platitude. But he knows it just as well as you do, and does not in the least care, — in fact serves it out on purpose. And you enjoy cunning periods like the following, because you feel how exceedingly he enjoys them: 'If I fall here, let

no kinsman or friend remove my dust to a more hospitable grave. Let it be buried under the pavements of the Avenue, and let the chariot wheels of those who have destroyed the liberties of my country rattle over my bones until a more heroic and worthy generation shall recall that country to life, liberty, and independence.' Now, isn't that fun?

He was an artist in political management and this explains many things he did and many things he did not do. It has been denied as well as asserted that he called politics 'a harmless game for power,' but much in his attitude suggests the phrase. While he would have abhorred the morals, whether political, or general, of Talleyrand and Metternich, there are indications that he admired their tact, their patience, their self-control, and their indifference. It was the artist who remarked naïvely, 'I am disgusted with politics, yet how long will I remain so?' It was the artist who modeled the little incident about Benjamin and the cigar, above referred to, on a similar occurrence between Van Buren and Clay. It was the artist who recounted, as vividly as a scene on the stage, the conversation between himself, Weed, and Whittlesey, which resulted in Seward's nomination for governor. It was the artist, finally, who luxuriated in Sterne, the most thoroughly artificial of literary men, and could cite him as follows: 'Sterne is the only philosopher who resolves for me what I feel to be my art of living. "We get forward in the world," says he, "not so much by doing services as by receiving them."' He might have found even more application in another bit of Shandyism, when Sterne shows his compassionate tenderness by feeding the starved ass, but also murmurs, with his subtle self-analysis, 'At this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that

there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon, — than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.' All his life Seward felt that whimsical curiosity to see how the constituent ass would munch the political macaroon.

This sense of detachment, of watching the game, of amusement in the antics of the puppets and their insignificance, including his own, is ever-present and most characteristic. Mr. Bancroft justly points out that Seward on himself is always delightful. It is for this reason, — because he surveyed himself as one among the other asses and laughed at his own contortions with that macaroon. He is annoyed with himself, ashamed of himself, surprised at himself, but always as if he were somebody else. He told Bigelow that 'He had been astonished to find how much he had done since he had been in public life, how well some things had been done which he had entirely forgotten.' It was the same detachment which led him to laugh at the outrageous treatment of Motley in 1867 and to say calmly to Bigelow that he had to sacrifice Motley to save himself.

This detached, remote attitude is that of the humorist, and Seward was a humorist. He himself denied that Lincoln was, and in a sense justly. Lincoln, he said, was a grave and serious man who told his stories only to make a point. He might have said, further, that to the Lincoln of the war, as to the Shakespeare of the tragic period, comedy was merely a relief in the terrible tragedy of life. To Seward there was no tragedy of life. The most strenuous effort, the most ardent hope was all a part of the game, and even suffering, more particularly that of others, was insignificant compared with eternity. Therefore, in his speech and in his thought there was always the light and

dainty play of humorous fancy, as when he ends a letter to Weed, summing up all his semi-serious woes and difficulties, 'With love to Harriet, I am ever your unfortunate friend who has faith in everybody and enjoys the confidence of nobody.'

Also, he was capable of keen wit. To a lady who was begging for military information he said, 'Madam, if I did not know, I would tell you.' When Piatt had made him known to the guard at the War Department — Stanton's War Department — and asked in turn to be passed in himself, in the name of common politeness, Seward remarked, 'Young man, the politeness of this department is not common.'

With the humor and the detachment went also the vanity of at least a certain type of artist. It need hardly be said that this is not the highest type. Seward did not represent the highest type. The defect obviously springs from not surveying one's self with quite the same complete detachment that one bestows upon the rest of the world. Whatever the cause, a certain vanity, at times vexatious, is undeniable in Seward. 'He had a canine appetite for praise,' says Bigelow, quoting Jefferson on Lafayette. And the astute Lord Lyons comments patronizingly, 'He has, besides, so much more vanity, personal and national, than tact, that he seldom makes a favorable impression at first. When one comes really to know him, one is surprised to find much to esteem and even to like in him.'

This vanity showed both in candid statement of the Secretary's own undeniable merits and in a certain amount of delusion as to merits and abilities which he did not possess. It accounts for his being 'intoxicated with power,' as a good observer expresses it, for his long-cherished belief that he could run and was running the whole government of Lincoln, for many remarks and ob-

servations almost equal to the following: 'Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along so far.' It is, perhaps, most delightfully manifested in the amplified reminiscence of a well-known saying of Cæsar: 'I always held on to my country home at Auburn, because, come what might, there I could always be sure of ranking with the first. I would not live in New York City because there one becomes cheap. You are lost in the crowd. By keeping outside of the city I was always a lion in the city. I patronized instead of being patronized.'

As this quotation shows, such vanity as Seward's — or Cicero's — is not at all incompatible with keen self-analysis. Indeed the two naturally occur together. It is precisely because one is so sensible of one's own defects that one does not wish others to see them. Such vanity is even consonant with a fine humility. Above all, it often accompanies a quite admirable candor, as suggested by the remark of one of Meilhac and Halévy's characters, who was accused of coquetry because he looked in the glass. 'Oh, no, it is n't coquetry at all. It is just simply that it gives me great pleasure to look at myself.'

Finally, the most attractive and most serviceable element of the artist in Seward was the imaginative outlook, which I have indicated earlier in this study. Others about him were more or less opportunists, absorbed in the immediate political necessity of the hour. From his earliest manhood he looked far ahead into the immense regions of American possibility and guided his course steadily by what he saw there. He was not a profound thinker in any respect. In religion he moved always in the vague limbo in which many of us nowadays pass our spiritual lives. In philosophy and art he seldom went beyond conventionalities. His

force in these lines is well shown in Mr. Bancroft's excellent observation that 'he had a philosophical theory for everything he wished to believe.' But he had the seer's enthusiasm and the seer's hope. The present, the result actually achieved, however great, was never enough for him. A new desire, a new effort, a new ideal, perpetually spurred him onward; and in this nervous restlessness he was thoroughly American and of immense service to America.

You could not fatigue him. You could not disgust him. Hear with what a clamorous appeal he stirs the sloth of his fellows in the dead atmosphere of routine legislation. 'I see rising before me hundreds of thousands, millions, even tens of millions, of my countrymen, receiving their fortunes and fates, as they are being shaped by the actions of the Congress of the United States, in this hour of languor, at the close of a weary day, near the end of a protracted and tedious session.' One phrase sums up as well as any this splendid, energetic, triumphant, imaginative optimism, which is perhaps Seward's greatest merit and surest claim to the affection of posterity. 'The improvableity of our race is unlimited.' When the immediate prospect looks blackest and most hopeless, it is well to stimulate our courage with that watchword, which one statesman at least believed in: 'The improvableity of our race is unlimited.'

Without insisting too strongly, I believe that this explanation of the artistic temperament is the best clue to all the spiritual problems affecting Seward. The point is interesting because it differentiates him from almost all his political contemporaries, who were workers, doers, practical men, too busy with the immediate battle about them to get out of it and survey it as a spectacle merely.

In any case, he was a many-sided, many-colored, many-featured, most fascinating spirit, whom I part from with the greatest regret. Yet I confess that, after all, what comes closest to

me in regard to him is Lincoln's rolling over in his berth and murmuring sleepily, —

'Seward, you go out and repeat some of your poetry to the people.'

UNDER THE ARCH

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

EVERY now and then a big warm drop would splash down on me from the dome. It was right over me, the dome, irregularly pierced by translucent bull's-eyes. From them a greenish light wavered through the haze of steam. It gave one a curious sensation of being out of the world, under the sea. A little imagination made mermen out of the figures about me, with their nude torsos tailing off into striped red towels. It amused me to wonder what my Puritan forbears would have made of such an underworld, and whether I owed it to their hard New England winters that the heat of the marble crept so deliciously through my nomad skin. That reminded me of some one in the *Thousand and One Nights* — not as we read them in our school days, but as Dr. J. C. Mardrus has translated them in sixteen big French volumes — who made a poem of that world, and keeps breaking out into an ecstatic '*O hammam!*' It struck me that a Debussy could find an *Après Midi d'un Baigneur* in the hollow echoes, just this side of music, that rippled and rumbled through the place — the different-keyed splashings of water, the ring of

metal bath-bowls, the duller click-clack of wooden clogs on marble, the rise and fall of voices, punctuated occasionally by the muffled slam of a door.

In an alcove near me a young man was singing. Every other phrase of his song began with '*Aman! Aman!*' which you must understand as meaning something between *Alas!* and *Have mercy!* I could see no more of him than a dark poll and a muscular brown shoulder, by reason of a panel of Byzantine sculpture that closed the end of the low marble dais on which he sat. The floor of his alcove, too, was inlaid with colored marble in a Byzantine pattern of interlaced garlands. Who knew out of what Greek church they came, long ago? And there a Turkish peasant — or so it pleased me to fancy him — sat singing one of those endless old unhappy love songs of Asia, knowing no more of Byzantines and their carvings than if his fathers had never knocked over a Byzantine empire. '*Aman! Aman!*' he sang, sending the strangest reverberations quivering up into the misty green twilight of the dome.

A moment later another young man, wrapped from his waist to his heels in the red towel of rigor, click-clacked across the marble floor, stepped out of

his clogs on to the central platform where I lay, knelt beside me, and began to knead my wrists. He was rather a striking-looking young man, not so much because he was tall and well made, as because of two strangely sombre eyes he had, under heavy black brows and a low-growing thatch of black hair. There was something vaguely familiar about him, withal. And I noticed that his left arm was tattooed. But what I chiefly noticed was what he began to do to me. Turkish massage is very much like any other massage, except that it goes into refinements of torture which I have not suffered in Christendom. Starting as mildly as you please, it culminates by removing your vertebræ, one after another, turning them inside out, and replacing them with more or less care. When it is done with more care you feel as if you had just broken the bank at Monte Carlo and were about to take Cleopatra to wife. When it is done with less care you feel as if you had broken your neck — and sometimes you have. This particular bathman showed that he happened to be an expert in his art. So I let him do his worst, while I closed my eyes and drifted into a state of beatific semi-consciousness.

When this part of the complicated rite of the bath was at an end, my *tellak* clapped his hands as a signal thereof and led the way into one of the alcoves. There, setting me down on the hot marble step that ran around the three sides and squatting on his heels in front of me, he proceeded to put me through the humiliation of peeling. Heavens! Such rolls of grime as come off one under a bathman's horsehair mitten! And we imagine that we are a cleanly race! The Turks do not share our good opinion of ourselves in that regard. They never wash so much as their own little finger in standing water. Conse-

quently in a real Turkish bath there is no such thing as a tub or a pool. There are merely small marble basins set about the walls. Out of the one beside which I sat my bathman dipped a little water now and then with a brass bowl and sluiced away such portions of my anatomy as he had separated from me. Up to this time no word had passed between us. But at last he made an overture.

'Eh, say,' he invited me.

Now that we were forced to sit nose to nose, it seemed to me again that I knew him. Yet if it had been in a bath that I had seen him I surely would have remembered the tattoo on his arm. It was not an anchor or a heart or a butterfly or any other of the devices dearest to the artist in India ink. It looked like writing.

'What shall I say?' I answered. 'What do you want to know?'

He stared at me for a moment with an intensity that my fatuous question did not deserve. Then, —

'Are you from Austria?' he asked.

It was a query, I must confess, that left me a little cold. I had expected something more in keeping with those melodramatic eyes. I wondered, too, why Turks so often take me for a German, and why I so distinctly fail to be flattered.

'No,' I promptly replied. 'I come from much farther away — from America.'

'Ah,' said he, as if disappointed.

I am always seeing myself act the Fat Young Man to other people's Will o' the Mill, and am almost always saddened by their failure to play up to my cue. I can, however, play up to theirs.

'Where is your country?' I inquired, knowing perfectly well beforehand what he would answer.

'I come from the Black Sea,' he said, 'from Castambol.'

'From Castambol!' I exclaimed,

beginning to cheer up again. I had not known beforehand what he would answer, after all; for I had known that he would answer Sivas. All bathmen do, with such tiresome unanimity that I have about given up that line of conversation. 'I have heard that there is an old castle, there,' I went on. 'Is it true?'

'Yes. It is from the time of the Genoese.' The Turks, despising their Greek subjects, attribute everything that antedates their own era to the Genoese. 'But I have never seen it. I am not from the city. I am from a village outside.'

So far so good. But what next? Nothing is more tantalizing than the way people walk about the world full of the most interesting information and without any reason for keeping it in the dark, yet totally unable to impart it to any human being. That village near Castambol — I could make my fortune if I knew about it a tenth of what this black-browed bathman did. What surgery or magic, however, could get it out of him? I am not, alas, of those gifted personalities who turn inside out at will their most casual acquaintances. On the contrary, people I have known all my life daily become for me darker mysteries. So I felt doubtful about seeing the true inwardness of a Turkish village spread out before me by an inhabitant thereof. Still, he did finally volunteer something out of a clear sky.

'In my country,' he began, 'there is a lake. And in the lake there is an island. And on the island there is a tree. And under the tree there is a hole. And down the hole stairs go, to a palace under the lake. And there a girl sits, a Christian girl with yellow hair, combing her hair with a golden comb. And she has a golden ball in her lap, and all around her are pearls and emeralds and I don't know what.'

'Oh!' exclaimed I with ravishment. This truly was a bathman among bathmen. I had heard of lakes and islands and subterranean princesses before, but never from a serious-looking person rather taller than I. After all, we were getting on! 'Have you ever been down the stairs?' I inquired.

'No. We are afraid. A man went once and he did not come back.'

'Well, perhaps you would not have wanted to go back,' I suggested.

But he only shrugged his shoulders. And there was the end of that! He should, of course, have gone on and told me a long and complicated story, which I would quickly have run home and written down and sent to America and got an enormous price for. Instead of which he began to scrape the under side of my upper arm so ferociously as to make me bawl out that I was n't made of shoe leather. And I presently added, borrowing a leaf from his book, —

'Eh, say.'

'What is there to say?' he replied. 'It is you who have things to say. You go, you come, you hear, you see, while we are always shut up. It is as if we were under the lake in my country. See how little light comes through the water!'

He pointed to the greeny bull's-eyes in our own little dome. That rather pleased me, you know.

'Then you did n't go back! Only — where is the yellow-haired girl?'

'Where?' he assented. And silence fell heavily again between us.

'What is that on your arm?' I asked at last, thinking to try a new tack.

'What should it be? It is nothing.'

'Let me see,' I insisted, taking hold of his arm to keep him from moving it.

The tattooing was in writing, but in a writing I could n't make out — till I suddenly realized that although it was on a Turkish bathman's arm it was in

German script. Then I managed to read it. And what I read was 'Ach, Lisa, ach!'

'Ach, Lisa, ach!' I repeated aloud, smiling at him in the knowing way of men with regard to women.

As for him, he pulled his arm away. It occurred to me to wonder if one took one's bathman seriously, and I began to see where Austria came in. Still, I continued to smile my knowing smile. And I asked, —

'Have you ever been Under the Arch?'

'I went once,' he replied gravely. 'But that is finished.'

But it seemed to me, from the way he looked, that something was not altogether finished. For me at least it was not, for I suddenly began to remember. What I remembered, primarily, was what I am always forgetting — that the world does n't stand still, particularly in one's teens.

'It is well that you tell no lies,' I said, 'for I have seen you Under the Arch.'

'Then it was a long time ago.'

'It was a long time ago. It was five or six years ago, when you were still a boy.'

He looked at me more strangely than he had looked at me yet. In his eyes it was as if something began to smoulder.

II

Flaring lights, slippery cobblestones, overhanging grapevines, a pervasive odor of mastic, a no less pervasive jingle of crank pianos, and scraps of every language under heaven, and vivid ladies picking their way on high heels between house-fronts that climb through the dark to some quiet star, or lounging, much touched up as to complexion and much cut down as to toilette, in open windows of the ground floor, not unready to pluck the cap off the head, the purse from the pocket, or even the

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heart out of the body, of the men of every land and every sea who find their way Under the Arch in Galata — That is what suddenly came back to me — that and the picture of a Turkish peasant boy, with a gay handkerchief knotted about his fez and colored tassels bobbing below the knees of his loose blue knickerbockers, who strolled down a certain garish lane with his hands in his pockets. He attracted my attention because Turks are comparatively few Under the Arch, being the only true Puritans left in the world, and because the eyes with which he stared at this and that, from under heavy black eyebrows, made such an intensity of darkness in the color of his handsome face, and because he was evidently so young. It was also evident that everything he saw was perfectly strange to him — as if he had wandered Under the Arch by chance. As I watched him he stopped and looked into a lighted window. The window belonged to a wineshop of a kind not uncommon Under the Arch. The clients were served by gaudy girls, whom it was not too difficult to induce to sit down and share a glass. In one corner a gypsy turned the handle of a *lanterna* — the crank piano of the country. Near the window were sitting two women and a man — also a Turk, apparently. One of the women, catching sight of the boy outside, got up, went to the door, smiled at him, and beckoned. She was a creature in scarlet satin, with a mop of hair trailing over one eye. The boy blushed, half smiled in return, shifted his feet uneasily, but did not move. Then the creature, still smiling, went up to him, took his hand, pulled him after her into the wineshop, and sat him down beside her at an empty table.

I, who stood in the street and watched, found myself strangely affected. I am not much of a missionary.

Otherwise I would hardly have been standing in that street. My temperament inclines me to believe with the Frenchman that to understand is to pardon. I also believe that there is too much meddling with other people's affairs, and I am for letting a man hang himself with his own rope. Yet when it comes to a boy — ! Of one's own youth one fancies that if one had known this or that, or if at a certain moment one set of accidents had turned up instead of another — Youth is so priceless a thing, it lasts so little time, such endless consequences hang on its ignorant decisions — But what, I asked myself, watching youth's encounter through the lighted window, is one to do? One can't put youth in a padlock. It is no use to snatch it by the hair of the head from experience. The bitterest experience is better than none. Is it, though? Still, if I marched in and pulled the boy out, what would prevent his marching back as soon as I disappeared?

His encounter, I could see, was too embarrassing to be pleasant. His cheeks became the color of his companion's dress and he did n't know where to look or what to say. The creature continued to smile, patted his hand, ordered him a glass of mastic. He hesitated before taking a sip. Then he set down the glass so hurriedly that he tipped it over, coughing and wiping his eyes. At that everybody laughed. The creature laughed too. In a moment, however, she put her arm about him and whispered in his ear. She got up, and he got up. But all of a sudden he bolted out of the door.

III

It is curious, is it not, what things will stick in the memory of a refined, cultured, and liberally educated gentleman — as the women's clubs put it

— who cultivates a taste for letters and who would have liked to see himself a creator of memorable houses and gardens. If you are shocked, I can't help it. Of course I am tempted to argue that the fault is life's, not mine, — that makes so unending and so engrossing a spectacle, that prospers in the unkindest soil, that ironically loves to discover Under the Arch the simplicity, the directness, the impatience of ruse which sometimes fail in your guarded drawing-room. But argument never helps a story — particularly when it is a story like this one, that you must mostly tell yourself.

I looked at my bathman, then, in whose sombre eyes something began to smoulder. Yes, those must be the same eyes, and the same eyebrows. He had grown tall, though, and his young country color was gone. Had the bath boiled it out of him, or — what?

'Then you have seen her?' he demanded.

Ach, Lisa, ach! For the moment a smile almost flickered out of me. I remembered how moved I had been, watching through the lighted window so long ago, and how relieved when he ran away. It had confirmed me anew in my policy of non-intervention. And he had gone back, naturally enough. And the scarlet creature had eaten him up after all. The Scarlet Creature, or The Bathman's Romance! I could see it all. Life will be life, even Under the Arch. That was what had become of the golden hour of his youth. And all he had to show for it was the label on his arm — and the smouldering in his eyes. *Ach, Lisa, ach!*

'Yes, I have seen her,' I answered. 'I saw her come to the door, beckon to you, pull you in, give you something to drink, and whisper to you, and then I saw you run away. But you went back, eh?'

And I reproduced a remnant of my

knowing smile. He, however, looked at me rather oddly.

'That was not the one!' he exclaimed at last, with abrupt contempt.

He turned away and began to prepare for the next stage in operations by making soapsuds with a tuft of raffia in a big copper bowl. I watched him with an access of curiosity which would make it appear that one may, after all, take one's bathman seriously. Perhaps he felt the intensity of my silent questioning. Perhaps the accident of my having seen him before, of my having been a witness of that moment in his life, made a sort of bond between us. Perhaps the smouldering in him had never found vent. At all events he suddenly dropped his raffia and turned back to me.

'What is it, *effendim*,' he broke out, 'that a woman does to a man? The world is full of them. Why will not one do as well as another? Why—'

He stopped. And from the way he looked at me I knew he did not see me. Presently he went on, in another tone.

'You know, my *effendim*, what it is to be young. After I ran away that night I was ashamed. I heard men talk, they told me things, they laughed, they would not let me forget. How should I know anything? I was only sixteen. I had always lived in my village, in Anatolia. I had never thought of women or seen them. And suddenly to see them like that, with bare faces, bare arms, in clothes made to fit them, of silk and velvet— not such bags as our women wear! And the lights, and the music! I did n't know there were such things in the world. It was like the palace under the lake in my country. So I went back. I went back to the same place, to show them I was not afraid. I sat down at a table and I ordered *raki*. The girl who had spoken to me before was there, sitting in a corner with a sailor. She remem-

bered me and she laughed. "There is my little Anatolian!" she said. "Come here, little Anatolian!"'

He stopped again and pulled up the copper bowl, as if uncertain whether to go on with his story or to shampoo my head. I waited for his decision with a curious suspense.

'Just then another girl came and sat down beside me,' he finally said. '*Effendim*, she was the princess under the lake in my country. Her hair was like gold, as I had never seen hair before, and her eyes were so blue they frightened me. We say, you know, that people like that have the Evil Eye. I was frightened and my heart began to beat as if I had run from St. Sophia to the Taxim. At first she only looked at me and smiled, in such a way that I was both less frightened and more frightened. Then she began to talk to me. "Why did you order that *raki*?" she asked. "It is bad. Don't drink it." When she spoke I began to tremble. I always trembled when I heard her voice—to the last time.' He paused an instant. 'I could not say anything. I did not know what to say. She saw it and she went on talking to me. As my mother never spoke to me, *effendim*, she spoke to me. She told me I must n't go again to such places. She asked me where I lived, what work I did, when I was going to my country. And at last she sent me away.'

I almost smiled again, remembering my own attitude on a certain occasion. But I could tell myself that I had no Evil Eye, and that in me the voice of intervention would never have made him tremble! It was curious, though, what a power he had, with so little of a story, to move me so much a second time. It was partly the intensity of his tone and of his sombre look. It was also the curiosities within curiosities he set alight— about the world he lived in, about his strange lost princess. I

must say he did very little to satisfy them.

'When she sent me away that night,' he went on, 'she thought it was finished. But it only began. Every night I went back and watched in the street until I found her again. And after that, for three years, I saw her nearly every day; but not as you think. She never would let me come to her house. I always saw her in wineshops, in coffee-houses, in the street. She made me go to school, too, and she paid for it. I can read, *effendim*, because of her. She could read too, and she could write, and she could sing, and she could play — your piano, our lute. She knew everything. But she did n't know how to keep me from becoming mad. I thought of nothing else but her. I wanted to take her away from Galata. In the three years, you see, I became a man. But she would not listen. She said she was too old, she said she was too bad, she said she loved me too much, she said she could never live in Anatolia or I in Europe. How do I know what she said,' he broke off, 'or where she is now? Akh, Lisa! Akh!'

My eye followed his to the inscription pricked on his arm. It became more and more evident that the story, such as it was, was one which you have to tell yourself. There was enough obvious interplay in it of East and West,

of blue eyes and black, of innocence and — must I say corruption? — the eternal lure of the contrary. And one could more or less make out the case of the dark-browed young peasant lover. But what of the obscure courtesan, cast out from her own land into that place of all vulgarity and disaster, who had become for him a princess of fairy lore?

'She wrote it there,' he said. 'She always told me I did n't know how to say anything else! She wrote it there the last time I saw her — the first time I went to her house. At last I made her open the door to me. And I begged her as I had never begged her to go away with me. "Akh, Lisa!" I said. "Akh, I can't go on like this. I can't work in the day. I can't sleep at night. All the time I see your eyes. They make a fire in my heart." She smiled a little, as she knew how to smile, then wrote this on my arm with a needle. And then —'

Another bathman came into the alcove, followed by an old gentleman who sat down opposite me. My bathman stirred his copper bowl again and then put me past all power of sight or speech by pouring soapsuds over my head. Across the vaulted room the bather in the Byzantine alcove was singing his melancholy old love-song of Asia. '*Aman! Aman!*' he sang, making strange reverberations quiver up into the dome.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

ADVENTURES IN THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE¹

BY MILDRED ALDRICH

HUIRY-SUR-MARNE,
September 8, 1914.

I HAD gone to bed early on the night of Friday, September 4, and passed an uneasy night. It was before four when I got up and opened my shutters. It was a lovely day. Perhaps I have told you that the weather all last week was simply perfect.

I went downstairs to get coffee for the picket, but when I got out to the gate there was no picket there. There was the barricade, but the road was empty. I ran up the road to Amélie's. She told me that they had marched away about an hour before. A bicyclist had evidently brought an order. As no one spoke English, no one understood what had really happened. Père had been to Couilly — they had all left there. So far as any one could discover there was not an English soldier, or any kind of a soldier, left anywhere in the *commune*.

This was Saturday morning, September 5, and one of the loveliest days I ever saw. The air was clear. The sun was shining. The birds were singing. But otherwise it was very still. I walked out on the lawn. Little lines of white smoke were rising from a few chimneys at Joncheroy and Voisins.

¹ This is an authentic letter written by an American lady to a friend in this country. Earlier letters in the correspondence were published in the July and August numbers. — THE EDITORS.

The towns on the plain, from Montyon and Penchard on the horizon to Mareuil in the valley, stood out clear and distinct. But after three days of activity, three days with the soldiers about, it seemed, for the first time since I came here, lonely; and for the first time I realized that I was actually cut off from the outside world. All the bridges in front of me were gone, and the big bridge behind me. No communication possible with the north, and none with the south except by road over the hill to Lagny. Esbly evacuated, Couilly evacuated, Quincy evacuated. All the shops closed. No government, no post-office, and absolutely no knowledge of what had happened since Wednesday. I had a horrible sense of isolation.

Right after breakfast I had the proof that I was right about the Germans. Evidently well informed of the movements of the English, they rode boldly into the open. Luckily they seemed disinclined to do any mischief. Perhaps the place looked too humble to be bothered with. They simply asked — one of them spoke French, and perhaps they all did — where they were, and were told, 'Huiry, commune of Quincy.' They looked it up on their maps, nodded, and asked if the bridges on the Marne had been destroyed, to which I replied that I did not know, — I had not been down to the river. Half a truth and half a lie, but goodness knows that it was hard enough to have to be

polite. They thanked me civilly enough and rode down the hill, as they could not pass the barricade unless they had wished to give an exhibition of 'high school.' Wherever they had been they had not suffered. Their horses were fine animals, and both horses and men were well groomed and in prime condition.

Luckily for me, part of the morning was killed by what might be called an incident, or a disaster, or a farce — just as you look at it. Just after the Germans were here I went down the road to call on my new French friends at the foot of the hill, to hear how they had passed the night, and incidentally to discover if there were any soldiers about. Just in the front of their house I found an English bicycle scout, leaning on his wheel and trying to make himself understood in a one-sided monosyllabic dialogue with the two girls standing in their window.

I asked him who he was. He showed his papers. They were all right, — an Irishman — Ulster — Royal Innisfall Fusiliers — thirteen years in the service.

I asked him if there were any English soldiers left here. He said there was still a bicycle corps of scouts at the foot of the hill, at Couilly. I thought that funny, as Père had said the town was absolutely deserted. Still, I saw no reason to doubt his word, so when he asked me if I could give him his breakfast, I brought him back to the house, set the table in the arbor, and gave him his coffee and eggs. When he had finished he showed no inclination to go — said he would rest a bit. As Amélie was in the house, I left him and went back to make the call that my encounter with him had interrupted. When I returned an hour later I found him fast asleep on the bench in the arbor, with the sun shining right on his head. His wheel, with his kit and gun on it, was leaning up against the house.

It was nearly noon by this time, and hot, and I was afraid he would get a sunstroke; so I waked him and told him that if it was a rest he needed, — and he was free to take it, — he could go into the room at the head of the stairs, where he would find a couch and lie down comfortably. But his sleepiness seemed suddenly to have disappeared, so he asked for the chance to wash and shave; and half an hour later he came down all slicked up and spruce, with a very visible intention of paying court to the lady of the house. Irish, you see, — white hairs no obstacle. I could not help laughing. 'Hoity toity,' I said to myself, 'I am getting all kinds of impressions of the military.'

While I was, with amusement, putting up fences, the gardener next door came down the hill in great excitement to tell me that the Germans were on the road above, and were riding down across Père's farm into a piece of land called 'la terre blanche,' where Père has recently been digging out great rocks, making it an ideal place to hide. He knew that there was an English scout in my house and thought I ought to know. I suppose he expected the boy in khaki to grab his gun and capture them all. I thanked him and sent him away. I must say my Irishman did not seem a bit interested in the Germans. His belt and pistol lay on the *salon* table, where he put them when he came downstairs. He made himself comfortable in an easy chair, and continued to give me another dose of his blarney. I suppose I was getting needlessly nervous. It was really none of my business what he was doing here. Still he was a bit too *sans gêne*.

Finally he began to ask questions. 'Was I afraid?' I was not. 'Did I live alone?' I did. As soon as I had said it I thought it was stupid of me, especially as he at once said, —

'If you are, yer know, I'll come back

here to sleep to-night. I'm perfectly free to come and go as I like, — don't have to report until I'm ready.'

I thought it wise to remind him right here that if his corps was at the foot of the hill, it was wise for him to let his commanding officer know that the Germans for whom two regiments had been hunting for three days had come out of hiding. I fancy if I had not taken that tack he'd have settled for the day.

'Put that thing on,' I said, pointing to his pistol, 'get your wheel out of the barn, and I'll take a look up the road and see that it's clear. I don't care to see you attacked under my eyes.'

I knew that there was not the slightest danger of that, but it sounded businesslike. I am afraid he found it so, because he said at once, 'Could you give me a drink before I go?'

'Water?' I said.

'No, not that.'

I was going to say 'no,' when it occurred to me that Amélie had told me that she had put a bottle of cider in the buffet, and — well, he was Irish, and I wanted to get rid of him. So I said he could have a glass of cider, and I got the bottle, and a small, deep champagne glass. He uncorked the bottle, drank it off, and thanked me more earnestly than cider would have seemed to warrant. While he got his wheel out, I went through the form of making sure the road was free. There was no one in sight. So I sent him away with directions for reaching Couilly without going over the part of the hill where the Uhlans had hidden, and drew a sigh of relief when he was off. Hardly fifteen minutes later some one came running up from Voisins to tell me that just around the corner he had slipped off his wheel, almost unconscious, evidently drunk. I was amazed. He had been absolutely all right when he left me. As no one understood a word he tried

to say, there was nothing to do but go and rescue him. But by the time I got to where he had fallen off his wheel, he was gone, — some one had taken him away, — and it was not until two days later that I discovered the truth of the matter.

Yesterday afternoon an exhausted soldier was in need of a stimulant, and one of his comrades, who was supporting him, asked me if I had anything. I had nothing but the bottle out of which the Irish scout had drunk. I rushed for it and poured some into the tin cup held out to me. Just as the poor fellow was about to drink, his comrade pulled the cup away, smelt it, and exclaimed, 'Don't drink that — here, put some water in it. That's not cider. It's *eau-de-vie des prunes*.'

I can tell you I was startled. I had never tasted *eau-de-vie des prunes*, — a native brew, stronger than brandy, and far more dangerous, — and my Irishman had pulled off a full champagne glass at a gulp, and never winked. No wonder he fell off his wheel. The wonder is that he did not die on the spot. I *was* humiliated. Still, he was Irish and perhaps he did n't care. I hope he did n't. But only think, he will never know that I did not do it on purpose. He was probably gloriously drunk. Anyway, it prevented his coming back to make that visit he threatened me with.

All this excitement kept me from listening too much to the cannon, which had been booming ever since nine o'clock. Amélie had been busy running between her house and mine, but she has, among other big qualities, the blessed habit of taking no notice. I wish it were contagious. She went about her work as if nothing were hanging over us. I don't believe she shirked a thing. It seemed to me absurd to care whether the dusting was done or not, whether or not the writing-table was in

order, or the pictures straight on the wall.

As near as I can remember, it was a little after one o'clock when the cannonading suddenly became much heavier, and I stepped out into the orchard, from which there is a wide view of the plain. I gave one look; then I heard myself say, 'Amélie,' — as if she could help, — and I retreated. Amélie rushed by me. I heard her say, 'Mon Dieu!' I waited, but she did not come back. After a bit I pulled myself together, went out again, and followed down to the hedge where she was standing, looking off to the plain.

The battle had advanced right over the crest of the hill. The sun was shining brilliantly on silent Mareuil and Chauconin, but Montyon and Penchard were enveloped in smoke. From the eastern and western extremities of the plain we could see the artillery fire, but owing to the smoke hanging over the crest of the hill on the horizon, it was impossible to get an idea of the positions of the armies. In the west it seemed to be somewhere near Claye, and in the east it was in the direction of Barcy. I tried to remember what the English soldiers had said, — that the Germans were, if possible, to be pushed east, in which case the artillery at the west must be either the French or English. The hard thing to bear was, that it was all conjecture.

So often, when I first took this place on the hill, I had looked off at the plain and thought, 'What a battlefield!' forgetting how often the Seine et Marne had been that, from the days when the kings lived at Chelles down to the days when it saw the worst of the invasion of 1870. But when I thought that, I had visions very different from what I was seeing. I had imagined long lines of marching soldiers, detachments of flying cavalry, like the war pictures at Versailles and Fontainebleau. Now I

was actually seeing a battle, and it was nothing like that. There was only noise, belching smoke, and long drifts of white clouds concealing the hill.

By the middle of the afternoon Montyon came slowly out of the smoke. That seemed to mean that the heaviest firing was over the hill and not on it, — or did it mean that the battle was receding? If it did, then the Allies were retreating. There was no way to discover the truth. And all this time the cannon thundered in the southeast, in the direction of Coulommiers, on the route into Paris by Ivry.

A dozen times during the afternoon I went into the study and tried to read. Little groups of old men, women, and children were in the road, mounted on the barricade which the English had left. I could hear the murmur of their voices. In vain I tried to stay indoors. The thing was stronger than I, and in spite of myself, I would go out on the lawn and, field-glass in hand, watch the smoke.

Between me and the terrible thing stretched a beautiful country, as calm in the sunshine as if horrors were not. In the field below me the wheat was being cut. I remembered vividly afterward that a white horse was drawing the reaper, and women and children were stacking and gleaning. Now and then the horse would stop, and a woman, with her red handkerchief on her head, would stand, shading her eyes a moment, and look off. Then the white horse would turn and go plodding on. The grain had to be got in if the Germans were coming, and these fields were to be trampled as they were in 1870. Talk about the duality of the mind — it is sextuple. I would not dare tell you all that went through mine that long afternoon.

It was just about six o'clock when the first bomb that we could really see came over the hill. The sun was set-

ting. For two hours we saw them rise, descend, explode. Then a little smoke would rise from one hamlet, then from another; then a tiny flame — hardly more than a spark — would be visible; and by dark the whole plain was on fire, lighting up Mareuil in the foreground, silent and untouched. There were long lines of grain-stacks and mills stretching along the plain. One by one they took fire, until, by ten o'clock, they stood like a procession of huge torches across my beloved panorama.

It was midnight when I looked off for the last time. The wind had changed. The fires were still burning. The smoke was drifting toward us — and oh! the odor of it! I hope you will never know what it is like.

I was just going to close up when Amélie came to the door to see if I was all right. My mind was in a sort of riot. It was the suspense, — the not knowing the result, or what the next day might bring. You know, I am sure, that physical fear is not one of my characteristics. Fear of Life, dread of Fate, I often have, but not the other. Yet somehow when I saw Amélie standing there I felt that I needed the sense of something living near me. So I said, 'Amélie, do you want to do me a great service?'

She said she'd like to try.

'Well then,' I replied, 'don't you want to sleep here to-night?'

With her pretty smile, she pulled her nightdress from under her arm: that was why she had come. So I made her go to bed in the big bed in the guest-chamber, and leave the door open; and do you know, she was asleep in five minutes, and snoring, and I smiled to hear her, and thought it the most comforting sound I had ever heard.

As for me, I did not sleep a moment. I could not forget the poor fellows lying dead out there in the starlight — and it was such a beautiful night.

It was about my usual time, four o'clock, the next morning, — Sunday, September 6, — that I opened my blinds. Another lovely day. I was dressed and downstairs when, a little before five, the battle recommenced.

I rushed out on the lawn and looked off. It had moved east — behind the hill between me and Meaux. All I could see was the smoke which hung over it. Still it seemed nearer than it had the day before. I had just about room enough in my mind for one idea: 'The Germans wish to cross the Marne at Meaux, on the direct route into Paris. They are getting there. In that case to-day will settle our fate. If they reach the Marne that battery at Coutevroult will come into action,' — that was what Captain Edwards had said, — 'and I shall be in a direct line between the two armies.'

Amélie got breakfast as if there were no cannon, so I took my coffee, and said nothing. As soon as it was cleared away I went up into the attic, and quietly packed a tiny square hat-trunk. I was thankful that this year's clothes take up so little room. I put in changes of underwear, stockings, slippers, an extra pair of low-heeled shoes, plenty of handkerchiefs, just the essentials in the way of toilette stuff, a few bandages and such emergency things, and had room for two dresses. When it was packed and locked it was so light that I could easily carry it by its handle on top. I put my long black military cape, which I could carry over my shoulder, on it, with hat and veil and gloves. Then I went downstairs and shortened the skirt of my best walking suit, and hung it and its jacket handy. I was ready to fly, — if I had to, — and in case of that emergency nothing to do for myself.

I remember that it was about four in the afternoon, and I was sitting in the arbor under the crimson rambler, which

was a glory of bloom, when Père came and stood near by on the lawn, looking off. With his hands in the pockets of his blue apron, he stood silent for a long time. Then he said, 'Listen to that. They are determined to pass. This is different from 1870. In 1870 the Germans marched through here with their guns on their shoulders. There was no one to oppose them. This time it is different. It was harvest time that year, and they took everything, and destroyed what they did not take. They bedded their horses in the wheat.'

You see Père's father was in the Franco-Prussian War, and his grandfather was with Napoleon at Moscow, where he had his feet frozen. Père is over seventy, and his father died at ninety-six. Poor old Père just hates the war. He is as timid as a bird — he can't kill a rabbit for his dinner. But with the queer spirit of the French farmer he has kept right on working as if nothing were going on. All day Saturday and all day Sunday he was busy digging stone to mend the road.

The cannonading ceased a little after six, — thirteen hours without intermission. I don't mind confessing to you that I hope the war is not going to give me many more days like that one. I'd rather the battle would come right along and be done with it. The suspense of waiting all day for that battery at Coutevroult to open fire was simply nasty.

I went to bed as ignorant of how the battle had turned as I was the night before. Oddly enough, to my surprise, I slept, and slept well.

I did not wake on the morning of Monday, September 7 — yesterday — until I was waked by the cannon at five. I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. This time there could be no doubt of it: the battle was receding. The cannonading was as violent,

as incessant as it had been the day before, but it was surely farther off to the northeast of Meaux. It was another beautiful day. I never saw such weather.

Amélie was on the lawn when I came down. 'They are surely retreating,' she called as soon as I appeared.

'They surely are,' I replied. 'It looks as if they were somewhere near Lizy-sur-l'Ourcq'; and that was a guess of which I was proud a little later. I carry a map round these days as if I were an army officer.

As Amélie had not been for the milk the night before, she started off quite gayly for it. She has to go to the other side of Voisins. It takes her about half an hour to go and return; so — just for the sake of doing something — I thought I would run down and see how the little French family at the foot of the hill had got through the night.

Amélie had taken the road across the fields. It is rough walking, but she does n't mind. I had stopped to tie a fresh ribbon about my cap, — a tri-color, — and was about five minutes behind her. I was about halfway down the hill when I saw Amélie coming back, running, stumbling, waving her milk-can and shouting, 'Madame — un anglais, un anglais.' And sure enough, coming on behind her, his face wreathed in smiles, was an English bicycle scout, wheeling his machine. As soon as he saw me, he waved his cap, and Amélie breathlessly explained that she had said, 'Dame américaine,' and he had dismounted and followed her at once.

We went together to meet him. As soon as he was near enough, he called out, 'Good morning. Everything is all right. Germans been as near you as they will ever get. Close shave.'

'Where are they?' I asked as we met.

'Retreating to the northeast — on the Ourcq.'

I could have kissed him. Amélie did. She simply threw both arms round his neck and smacked him on both cheeks, and he said, 'Thank you, ma'am,' quite prettily; and, like the nice clean English boy he was, he blushed.

'You can be perfectly calm,' he said. 'Look behind you.'

I looked, and there along the top of my hill I saw a long line of bicyclists in khaki.

'What are you doing here?' I asked, a little alarmed. For a moment I thought that if the English had returned, something was going to happen right here.

'English scouts,' he replied. 'Colonel Snow's division, clearing the way for the advance. You've a whole corps of fresh French troops coming out from Paris on one side of you, and the English troops are on their way to Meaux.'

'But the bridges are down,' I said.

'The pontoons are across. Everything is ready for the advance. I think we've got 'em.' And he laughed as if it were all a game of cricket.

By this time we were at the gate. He stood leaning on his wheel a moment, looking over the hedge.

'Live here with your daughter?' he asked.

I told him that I lived here alone with myself.

'Was n't that your daughter I met?'

I did n't quite fall through the gate backwards. I am accustomed to saying that I am old. I am not yet accustomed to have people notice it when I do not call their attention to it. Amélie is only ten years younger than I am, but she has the figure and bearing of a girl.

The lad recovered himself at once, and said, 'Why, of course not, she does

n't speak any English.' I was glad that he did n't even apologize, for I expect that I look fully a hundred and something. So with a reiterated 'Don't worry — you are all safe here now,' he mounted his wheel and rode up the hill.

I watched him making good time across to the route to Meaux. Then I came into the house and lay down. I suddenly felt horribly weak. My house had taken on a queer look to me. I suppose I had been, in a sort of subconscious way, sure that it was doomed. As I lay on the couch in the salon and looked round the room, it suddenly appeared to me like a thing I had loved and lost and recovered, — resurrected, in fact; a living thing to which a miracle had happened. I even found myself asking, in my innermost soul, what I had done to deserve this fortune. How had it happened, and why, that I had come to perch on this hillside, just to see a battle, and have it come almost to my door, to turn back and leave me and my belongings standing here untouched, as safe as if there were no war, — and so few miles away destruction extending to the frontier?

The sensation was uncanny. Out there in the northeast still boomed the cannon. The smoke of the battle still rose straight in the still air. I had seen the war. I had watched its destructive bombs. For three days its cannon had pounded on every nerve in my body; but none of the horror it had sowed from the eastern frontier of Belgium to within four miles of me, had reached me except in the form of a threat. Yet out there on the plain, almost within my sight, lay the men who had paid with their lives — each dear to some one — to hold back the battle from Paris, — and incidentally from me.

(The End.)

THE ART OF ASIA

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

THE art of Asia, with its revelation of so rich a world of beauty hidden so long from Western eyes, has in quite recent years assumed more and more of importance, and attracts new students and new lovers every day. It is a vast subject, as vast almost as the art of Europe. In the brief space of this paper it would be impossible to attempt more than the briefest outline; and I shall perhaps be condemned for my rashness in attempting so much as that. But even in this brief space it may, I think, be possible to indicate something of the diverse elements which have formed the character of Asiatic art; to emphasize what is typical in the genius of the art of India, of Persia, of China and Japan; and to note the relation in which the arts of these countries stand to one another.

A complete survey of the field would of course include the monumental and powerful art of Assyria and ancient Persia, as seen in the imposing sculptures still preserved. But of these I shall say nothing, partly for lack of space, partly also because these creations of antiquity have had no such direct and vital influence on the later art of Asia as the classic art of antiquity has had on European traditions. Roughly, we may take as our starting point a date corresponding to the Christian era.

What was the state of Asia in the first century A.D.?

The invasion of Alexander, who had

passed through Persia and Bactria into the valley of the Indus, had been a momentous event. Indirectly it had brought about the creation of a strong central power in India, and the subsequent conversion of the great Indian Emperor Asoka to Buddhism was of vast importance for the history of the whole of Asia. Hellenic influence had been brought far into the continent. It took no vital hold, and was soon an ebbing tide. But one great result of Alexander's conquest was the setting free of a great current of various activities between East and West. Right from China to the Mediterranean stretched the highroad by which the precious silks were brought by traders to the markets of imperial Rome. The two main ports of traffic at the Western end were Antioch and Alexandria; and from these cities the fomenting ideas of the period, the new cults and religious speculations with which it was so rife, were carried by the Jews, by whom the silk trade was maintained, into the heart of the continent. During the first Christian centuries the Central Asian region was a kind of whirlpool of religious thought. The mystical doctrines of the Gnostics, as well as Christianity proper, spread from Alexandria eastward, meeting the faith of Zoroaster in Persia and the full tide of Buddhism in its outward triumphant flow from India. Mani, a Persian, tried in the second century to form a new religion, — Manichaeism, — fusing the vital elements of Zoroastrianism, Christianity, and Buddhism into a

single world-religion. And with this deep stirring of religious thought arose a manifold activity in art.

Sir Aurel Stein brought back in 1908 from his last memorable expedition a set of frescoes painted about the third century A.D., on the wall of a Buddhist shrine built in the desert within the borders of Chinese Turkestan. Among these frescoes is a series of lunettes of winged angels. It is surprising how thoroughly Western these paintings are in style, in feeling, in sense of form. We are reminded at once of the few remaining relics of classical painting in Europe; we are reminded of the late Greek portraits found on mummy cases in Egypt, with their large, prominent eyes and broad, vigorous outline. And yet in this same shrine are painted groups of Buddha and his disciples, and scenes from the Buddha legend. Well, strange as it may seem, there can be little doubt that the painter of these frescoes was a citizen of the Roman empire,—a Syrian, perhaps, from Asia Minor, who had carried his art, derived from Hellenistic tradition, into the border of the Chinese empire. On one of the frescoes he has signed his name, Tita,—a variant, probably, as Stein suggests, of the Roman Titus.

Such evidence as this might lead us, and has already led some theorists, to the conclusion that Western art, penetrating so far into Asia, provided the art of that continent, not only with material to work upon, but with a dominant inspiration. Yet in truth the evidence supports no conclusion of the kind. The painter of these angel frescoes was plainly not in sympathy with the world of thought which he was commissioned to express. His treatment of the Buddha figure is entirely unimpressive. If we compare for a moment any work of the mature art of Asia with these frescoes, we can find no point of connection between them.

A like theory of Greek inspiration being at the source of Asian sculpture was propounded by various scholars when the sculpture of Gandhara was first brought to light. Gandhara is a small kingdom outside the northwest of India; and there a school of sculptors, working in a late Hellenistic tradition, attempted to create images of Buddha and his legend in response to the fervor of Buddhist faith which, arriving from India, had seized on the people of Gandhara. But here again it is the same story. Art works from within. It may borrow externals; but it is the spirit within which moulds it. Something of bodily grace, something in the folds of drapery, remains in the Buddhist art of China and Japan as a legacy from far-off Greece; but that is all. We have literary evidence that in India, as in China, the art of painting on the walls was practiced at least some centuries before Christ. There still exist in India, at Orissa, paintings on the walls of a cave which date from the second century B.C. The technique of these frescoes, with strong outline and the use of colors confined to red and black on white, reminds us of the earliest paintings known to us,—the prehistoric paintings found in Spain and Southwestern France.

II

The traditions of craftsmanship in the East are fixed and persistent. Everywhere, in India, in Turkestan, in China, in Japan, we find the same method of fresco-painting on lime, with a strong expressive outline and clear coloring. It corresponds to what is known of the earlier type of painting in Greece itself. The presumption of an Early Asiatic style of painting diffused as widely as the shores of the Mediterranean is one that is likely to win general acceptance. It was from

this primitive style, we may presume, that the various countries of Asia developed each a national character of art, always however retaining a common base of character.

In the greatest series of early Indian frescoes which are still preserved, art has become mature. In a remote ravine among the mountains of Haiderabad a great scarp of precipitous rock sweeps in a horseshoe curve above a stream. It is a place of wild and solitary beauty. All along the surface of the cliff the rock has been hollowed out into what are often called caves, but are really spacious halls elaborately hewn in imitation of actual structure. There are twenty-nine of these, four being churches, the rest monastery dwellings. Many of them contain paintings, — not all of one date; the earliest are perhaps of the first century A.D., the latest and finest of the seventh century.

These paintings are all of Buddhist subjects. The types of Buddhist art with which students are most familiar are those contemplative, hieratic figures in which the sculptors and painters of China and Japan sought to embody the intense, impersonal spirit of peace and of pity. Those figures, isolated like supernatural visions on a background of darkness, are far removed from the actual world. But the frescoes of Ajanta, at least the most characteristic of them, are warm and human. They are concerned less with sublime visions of the Bodhisattvas than with the stories of the Buddha's lives in his various incarnations on earth; and on these walls the actual life of the India of the time is portrayed before our eyes. In a palace with colored pillars a prince is seated, and girls are bringing offerings. We are astonished by the easy mastery of the attitude and movement; and how natural in their grace is the action and the pose of these supple limbs and bod-

ies! Still more remarkable are the outdoor scenes. We are reminded of frescoes by the primitive Italian masters; but these Indian paintings show less of stiffness and struggle with materials, though they have an equal simplicity and largeness. And if not so masculine in design, and lacking in the instinct for drama and passion so characteristic of European masters like Giotto or Altichieri, they show a maturer conception of the world, in that the painters are less engrossed by man and the doings of man: their vision includes and rejoices in the world of animals and vegetation. The deer, the wild geese, above all, the elephants, are drawn with extraordinary vigor and knowledge both of form and of movement. This sympathy with, and insight into, the life outside humanity expresses the Buddhist tenderness for all created things. The Buddha himself is incarnated now in the deer, now in the wild goose, now in the elephant; and in each case teaches a lesson of magnanimity and forgiveness to men. These scenes, therefore, are very different in spirit from any European hunting scene, although one who knew nothing of the stories and their meaning might only observe the noble naturalism of the animal-drawing of which these Indian painters had the secret.

The pervading spirit of compassion and of gentleness, impressed on these animated groups of many moving figures, with their courteous grace of gesture, is concentrated in one sublime figure which is the quintessence of the art of Ajanta. This is a superhuman form standing detached among a number of smaller figures, and, lotus in hand, looking down upon the world in pity and renunciation. It is doubtful whether it is meant for the Prince Siddhartha renouncing the delights of the senses, or the great Bodhisattva, the incarnation of Mercy, Avalokitesvara. Assur-

edly the day will come when this wonderfully expressive figure will receive recognition among the great creations of the world's art.

The publication of the copies made on the spot by Lady Hervingham and her Indian assistants, which the Indian Society of London has undertaken, and which is shortly to take place, will increase the fame of these frescoes and make them known to a far wider circle than has hitherto been possible; for the caves themselves are difficult of access, even to the traveler in India. Yet Ajanta is not less worthy of a pilgrimage than is Assisi; and these paintings are more important in the history of the art of Asia than is any one group of Italian frescoes in the history of the art of Europe.

Indian painting here dawns in splendor. Besides Ajanta, there are a few other sites where frescoes, similar in style and inspiration, and belonging to the same period, have been found. But the destruction by Mohammedan invaders, one must surmise, has been immense, to say nothing of the ravages of time and neglect; for from the seventh century onward, so far as is known, practically nothing seems to have survived till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the art of painting reappears in a different form and on a smaller scale. Buddhist art was to flourish exceedingly outside the borders of India, — in Turkestan, in China, in Tibet, in Japan; but in the land of its birth it died out, like the religion itself.

Most of the mediæval sculpture of India is inspired by the Hindu religion. Here the weaknesses of Indian art are, on the whole, more apparent than its excellences. While single figures and groups are often beautiful, there is a general lack of organic design. The tendency is to load and crowd, with an effect like language that is all superla-

tives; the forms are apt to be at once flaccid and heavy. Nevertheless, the copious mass of Indian sculpture has many interests, and deserves more study than it has yet received, though the recent works of Mr. Harell, the enthusiastic champion of Indian art, and the comprehensive history of Mr. Vincent Smith have made the subject easier to grasp.

One or two single sculptures may be mentioned as indications of what the Indian genius could achieve at its best. In the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London is a torso of rare beauty. The date of this work has been disputed, but it certainly belongs to a quite early period, perhaps even dating before Christ. It represents a young hero, possibly the Prince Siddartha who was to become the Buddha. The sense of vigorous graceful youth reminds us of Greek marbles, but a kind of spiritual rather than mere bodily charm allies it, on the other hand, to the beauty of Gothic figures. It is akin to the art of Ajanta in its inspiration; noble and restrained in contour, with a delicate richness in its ornament. Assuredly this torso will hold its own with the classics of the sculptor's art. Another memorable work is the seventh-century relief, cut deeply from the rock, of a famous sage, Kapila, in Ceylon. There is grandeur in the gesture of this boldly hewn figure seated in absorbed meditation, with one arm thrown out: the latent power and the concentration it expresses make it strangely striking. Here also there is a rare purity of form. Magnificent, too, are the colossal statues of horses and elephants at a temple in Orissa, one of which is reproduced in Harell's *Indian Sculpture and Painting*, although when compared with works of equal rank we feel that they are lacking in the finest economy of style; there is something superfluous and barbaric

betrayed in the lines of their contours. None the less, in their grandeur and powerful movement these sculptures are immensely impressive.

III

The Buddhist religion — which had inspired the greatest monument of Indian pictorial art, the frescoes of Ajanta, as well as some of the finest Indian sculpture, including the great series of reliefs at Borobodur in Java — the Buddhist religion died out in India, but swept northward in a triumphant movement across Asia to Japan. The advancing tide of Buddhism, carrying with it a rich store of Indian imagery, arrived at last in China. There it met a race which had already a vigorous art of its own. All representations of the Buddha legends which the Ajanta frescoes illustrate in a character so entirely Indian, were not only treated by the Chinese artists in their own manner, but with the personages portrayed as Chinese, in type and feature and in every detail of costume as well. This convention, once fixed, was adhered to and never abandoned, even in Japan. Sakyamuni has become a Chinese prince, in purely Chinese surroundings. As China became more familiar with Buddhist symbolism and with the actual images of the Indian faith brought from Khotan and Gandhara, and as the Mahayana doctrine, with its worship of the great Bodhisattvas, began to supersede the simpler primitive teaching of Buddha, Chinese artists eagerly assimilated the forms and symbols of the conquering faith. What they borrowed was, however, always subdued to the genius and idiom of their own art.

What was the character, then, and what the dominant features of native Chinese art? Apart from bronze vessels and incense-burners dating from vari-

ous centuries before Christ, there is very little Chinese art surviving before the advent of Buddhism. One of the chief monuments is a series of low reliefs on a tomb in Shantung. These sculptures date from the second century of our era. We do not know precisely what the subjects mean. But we seem to be in presence of a race of great original energy and vitality. Above all we have the impression of mass. But the masses are never immobile and inert: there is a strong sense of movement, whether actual or latent. If one had to characterize this art in the briefest manner, one might say that it was especially distinguished by the feeling for volume and momentum. This power of expressing movement, and also of expressing the volume of life within the outline of a form, persists throughout Chinese art.

When we come to painting, we find another characteristic element. The Chinese write with a brush; and painting in their view is not only intimately allied with writing, but is reckoned as actually a branch of writing. We now possess letters of the first century A.D., and these indicate almost as much mastery of the brush as any later writing. In a people trained from childhood to write expressively and sensitively the strokes of the intricate Chinese characters, we should expect that their painting would, even in primitive times of art, show a high skill in the manipulation of the brush. The painting attributed to Ku K'ai-chih in the British Museum may or may not be an original work; but the fineness and subtlety of the 'handwriting,' to use a term quite appropriate in speaking of Chinese art, are, I think, in themselves no ground for judging it to belong to a later date. Ku K'ai-chih was a famous Chinese master of the fourth century A.D.

In the painting at the British Museum, instead of the impression of mass,

proper to sculpture and its material, the fine writing line on the smooth silk is used to express human character with singular subtlety and intensity. Even thus early we arrive at the sense of intimacy and refinement which comes only to a ripe art, and we feel convinced that a long tradition must lie behind work so sensitive and mature. There is no trace whatever of Indian influence in this picture, or in the picture attributed to the same master which has lately passed from the most famous of Chinese collections into that of Mr. Freer at Detroit. Mr. Freer's picture is of gods and goddesses, and is remarkable for its expressive rendering of swift and buoyant movement in delicate nervous line. I think it is certain that, whether these pictures are originals or early copies, they represent the style of the fourth century. Now Ku K'ai-chih, we know, painted Buddhist pictures. What these were like we cannot tell, but at any rate his art as we know it is essentially and entirely Chinese.

The native tradition of painting in China, then, had for one of its chief characteristics a beauty of handwriting, a power of modulating the strokes of the brush and making them expressive of the artist's nature, the intensity and force of his spirit. Such an art as this readily allies itself with the instinct for communicating the sense of movement. The great draughtsmen of Europe have for the most part been distinguished by this searching grasp of structure and this power of suggesting roundness and mass. They have seconded their powers by close studies of anatomy. The Chinese recall rather exceptional artists like Botticelli, with whom the love of sinuous, rhythmical line is an inborn passion, and whose instinct for representing movement became at last a mannerism.

The love of movement, the dwelling

on continuous flowing lines, which pervades Chinese art, is the outcome of a certain attitude of mind and philosophy of life. The conviction that life consists of change, that without change and without movement there is no life, — this conviction seems to be ever present in Chinese art, underlying even its chosen patterns of decoration. The decorative ornament of the West is mostly of a static character. It is made up of stable forms, and relies on the principle of symmetry. Persian and Indian ornament are not essentially different from this. But Chinese decoration, with its recurring motives of cloud and wave, and its sinuous dragons, takes the most fluid elements for its matter and imparts to its patterns a vibration as of things alive.

Indian thought — like Chinese thought — is full of the fact of change and impermanence in everything, including human personality. But while the Indian spirit accepts it with resignation, and pines always for a place of rest from the endless chain of existence, the Chinese spirit seems rather to be exhilarated by the consciousness that every life is part of the streaming, ever-changing energy of the universe. Take, for instance, the series of drawings recently published by Dr. F. R. Martin, the well-known authority on Persian art. Of these fifty drawings, ten are especially remarkable. They form a separate series, illustrating an old Chinese folk-tale about animals fighting with demons.

In these drawings, which are very likely copied from large wall-paintings of the T'ang period (seventh to tenth century), the conviction of an energy of movement as the essence of life is vividly expressed. We seem transported into a world of stream and flow, where elemental creatures move untrammelled by corporeal weight, yet endowed with superhuman force. We

talk of demonic energy; and here that phrase is embodied to the life. A gust of electric storm seems to sweep through the whole design, and to carry us along with it. The same peculiar power which appears in a primitive form in the relief of the Han period is now displayed to its utmost capacity. Though only line is used, nothing could surpass the volume and momentum of these figures. And now the beasts and reptiles, carved with rude vigor by the early sculptor on the stone, are drawn with a brush of supreme mastery. Leonardo could not have surpassed them.

In comparing these with Indian drawings, we feel at once the inborn superiority of the Chinese genius for design. I mean that faculty which creates from the pictorial elements it uses an organic unity, holding the parts in equilibrium. 'Balance is the pivot of art,' says Rodin; and in the attainment of this balance the Chinese have not been rivaled by any other race. Through this balance of organic unity even the stormiest and most violent forms can be held as in a charmed repose; and this repose is what we miss most often in Indian design, grandiose and fecund as it is, and rich in particular beauties.

As Chinese art develops, it gradually invents a system of spacing which is quite new in the art of the world, and quite unique, though carried out with special variations by the Japanese who inherited it. Whatever China has borrowed from outside, — and probably, like most original races and original talents, she has borrowed much, — this genius for spacing remains her own and is of the indestructible essence of her art. It is the miraculous faculty of design, of pure art, that without recourse to symbol it can take the simplest of living things and convert them from fact into idea, so that we no long-

er see merely the object represented, but are somehow admitted with seeing eyes into the mystery of life itself, the something sacred at the heart of things which appeals to what is profoundest in ourselves. Something in us of which we were not conscious, far below the surface of our intelligence, comes up into the light.

With all the genius for design which pervades the whole of their art, the Chinese did not spend themselves on abstract problems of decoration, but kept their design animated and nourished by an intimate observation of nature. And this was not mere observation for its own sake; it was prompted by an impassioned love of all that had most power to liberate and enchant our spirits in the world without: the miracle of flowers forever springing and fading, the passage of the moon, the purity of the snow, the airy motion of birds, the endurance and the vastness of the mountains. So the landscape art of China, in all its various phases, remains, in richness and poetic depth of mood, unsurpassed even now.

We feel no veiling interval of time between the most typical Chinese paintings of a thousand years ago and ourselves. Of how much of European art can we say this? How modern in spirit are the Chinese paintings of so many centuries ago, we shall realize if we turn to Persia.

IV

For Persian painting really begins with the fall of Bagdad and its destruction by the Mongols in the thirteenth century. The Mongols had conquered China in the same century. But now the invading Mongols brought in their wake Chinese artists, and China from that time exercised a constant influence on Persian painting. The Arab painting which existed be-

fore the fall of Bagdad is relatively of slight importance, being, so far as we know, but a timid and meagre flower that grew from the débris of classic art.

The real foundation of the Persian painting which began to flourish in the Middle Ages is less this Arab tradition than that tradition of art which had certainly been long established in Turkestan. Just as this ancient and traditional Asian style received a special development under the influence of the powerful Chinese genius, so on the west of Turkestan another process of development from the same or similar origin was set in motion by the genius of the Persian race. For whatever the influence of China, the creative and essential part of Persian painting is truly Persian; and the race of Ivan seems always to have been gifted with a fine sense of color, and with the instinct for design. At the back of these, however, there is nothing parallel to the atmosphere of ideas from which Indian art in its way, and Chinese art in its quite different way, were nourished and renewed. Mohammedanism condemned expressive art; and although the prohibition was not literally obeyed where the natural bent for art was strong, it acted as a sterilizing influence by restricting the artist's subject-matter. The themes of Persian painting are, when not portraiture, almost all taken from romance. Visions of deity, spiritual forms and presences, apparitions of power or of pity, — all these are absent from an art dominated by a doctrine which forbade imagination to play about its austere conception of the Divine Unity. Instead of these the Persian fancy seems ever intent on thoughts of an earthy paradise.

Persian painting, as we know it in its purest and finest form, is an art of miniature. It is small in scale, whether in the form of illustrations to manuscripts or of albums of single drawings. The

drawings are often in outline of an exquisite quality, with perhaps a few touches of color. But while the line drawing of the Chinese is of the most varied character, now of an incredible fineness, now broad, bold, and sweeping, or again rough and jagged or violent with splintering strokes, the tone of the Persian artists is suave, smooth, and clean, rhythmically used indeed, but presenting little variety of expression.

But the most characteristic Persian painting is richly colored. And in certain qualities Persian color is unsurpassed. Most of the paintings have been preserved from exposure between the pages of books, and retain their original lustre.

The high horizon and bird's-eye-view perspective of Persian painting are common to Asiatic art and to much of the earlier art of Europe. But in Persia there is no development, as with the Chinese and Japanese, in the direction of a landscape art. The study of atmosphere is unknown. The climate of Persia may partly account for this, and also the right instinct of artists working on the decoration of a page. None the less, the fact remains that Persian design after a certain period stagnates. The painters remain content with a prescribed convention and their efforts seem wholly absorbed in getting the utmost possible richness from their chosen materials.

Accepting these narrow limitations, they achieved wonderful things. At times a master like Bihzad, the most famous of Persian painters, could rise to dramatic invention. But no dramatic, no passionate motive ever so grips and possesses a Persian artist as to absorb his whole imagination. His sensuous love of beauty cannot resist filling in the accessories of the scene with just as much care and intention in every detail as he devotes to the central fig-

ures. In the great works of Chinese and Japanese painters, as in masters like Rembrandt, accessories are subdued or suppressed, the color is limited, and the figures which create the motive of the design are so emphasized, so dominant in the eye, that they seem to transcend the limits of the framing space, they seem alive with all the latent energies of actual men and women. No Persian painting imposes itself thus on the imagination. Everything remains within the frame, inlaid as in a lustrous mosaic. The Persian method has, it is true, its own compensations. Just as in the early pictures of Rossetti and Millais, everything is realized with a dreamlike vision; and this is always a real achievement for the painter. The freshness and glory thus brought to the eye, as of a world washed clean, with every object magically distinct and burning with clear color, make a vivid impression of strangeness. Strangeness, remoteness from the routine of every day, — that is the essence of romance; and no art in the world is more steeped in romance than the painting of Persia.

I have in my mind the page of a gorgeous manuscript, where a king and his counselor ride up to a ruined village. The original blazes with color and fine gold; and we see, as with heightened faculties, and in a rarefied air, the minutest details of the scene, the gazelles grazing in the doorway of the ruin, the detached fragments of painted tiles, the herons in their nest against a sky of dappled blue and white, the delicate single plants of red, or yellow, or purple iris that border the little stream. The splendor of articulated nature is brought home to us with a kind of intoxicating effect.

Persian painting corresponds most nearly, I suppose, to the popular conception of the East and Eastern art, founded on the glowing pages of the

Arabian Nights. In the history of the world's art it is a kind of backwater; but it is certainly a chapter that we could ill afford to lose.

The Persian style and Persian example were carried into India by the Mogul conquerors and the descendents of Tamerlane. The great emperor, Akbar, who died at the beginning of the seventeenth century, encouraged art at his court. Though the Persian tradition by this time was enfeebled and degenerate, it was taken up by the Hindus. The great majority of the Indian paintings generally seen belong to the Mogul school thus created. The classic Persian themes of romance were handled again by the Indian artists; but the great strength of the school is in portraiture. No period in all history is more vividly illustrated for us in the persons of its prominent men than this. But after all the Mogul school represents a hybrid art. It is neither wholly Indian nor wholly Persian. And there is more living interest in the purely Indian styles which existed side by side with the Mogul school. This genuine Indian painting, the product chiefly of valleys of the Himalayas to which the Mohammedan conquerors had not penetrated, is still very little known. Yet it deserves our study. For here, after so many centuries which remain a blank, we recapture something of the early spirit of Ajanta, — the humanity, the joyousness, the tenderness, the spirituality diffused in life itself. The themes of this art are drawn from the life of a race preserving its ancient ways and its ancient legends; above all, the legends of Krishna, the Divine Cowherd, and of his beloved Radha. Untouched by Persian influence, these Indian drawings contrast strongly in their airy delicacy and intimate humanity with the extravagant, feverish effort, the loaded ornament and inchoate design, which mark so much of later

Indian sculpture. These draughtsmen love to contain their figures within continuous rhythmic lines; and in this and in their feeling for the innate beauty of natural gesture and attitude they remind us of another popular art, the art of the color-print designers of Japan. To Japan we must now turn.

V

In a sense Japan owes everything to China. But it is in the same sense that the nations of the West may be said to owe everything to Judæa, Greece, and Rome. Only a race of the finest creative gift as well as the finest susceptibility could have been able to do what the Japanese have done; their art, even when most closely following Chinese example, has always in it something of native mood and fibre. That they should have kept so close to Chinese tradition for so many centuries and yet have produced a variation so alive and so continuously and freshly inventive, proves their originality as much as it proves their unique docility. It is a superficial view which sees in a painter like Ingres only an inferior imitation of Raphael; and it is a superficial view which sees in the art of Japan only an inferior imitation of the art of China.

Even in the periods in which the main aim of Japanese masters was to emulate the Chinese they adored, there is always that spontaneous difference which reveals a creative element. But for my present purpose I shall single out only those phases of Japanese art which are most purely Japanese.

A certain fastidiousness, a certain love of scrupulous and cleanly order, belongs to the Japanese character; we find it in their manners, their habits, their furniture, in all their workmanship. The word exquisite, so often vaguely misapplied, is an epithet truly applicable to the art of Japan.

The faults of this character are a tendency to the smallness that often goes with neatness. The Japanese do not work under the pressure of abundant ideas and torrential emotions; they do not fall into the excessive extravagance which sometimes besets the Chinese. But their unfailing sense of style compensates in great measure for their lack of more genial exuberance. Taste with them, as with artists like Velasquez and Whistler, becomes no mere negative avoidance, but a positive and vitalizing factor. One might well compare the Japanese genius in some aspects with the Latin genius, as it is shown in much of the poetry of the Romans and of the French, where a telling economy of words and fineness of handling are made to compensate for a slightness or even complete absence of matter.

Again, we must never forget that, while the Chinese are a pacific people, the Japanese are a martial people; and this is not without its effect even on their art. And with their high spirit goes a gay temper and a vivacity that again reminds us of France.

In the early periods it is in the themes of war and battle that the genius of Japanese painters is most effectively disengaged. No battle pictures in the world have surpassed those of the Japanese masters of the thirteenth century, of which the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is so fortunate as to possess a splendid example. The *makimono* or long rolls which they preferred were indeed signally adapted to the portrayal of the various incidents of warfare, with its shocks, alarms, and surprises. We watch the advance of haughty warriors, or see them making ready in their camp where the ox-drawn chariots are ranged in order; we see flights of arrows from an ambush; furious onslaughts on stockades; the burning of palaces; the confused stampede of

flight, — the whole moving scene of war, in fact, pictured far more truly than when, as with us, a single scene must be contracted within the confines of a frame. And in these Japanese paintings the suppression of all but essentials is matched by the extreme intensity and energy of the figures. These do not strike heroic attitudes, but they are living, daring, desperate men.

But alongside this martial energetic design we find an extreme delicacy, as in illustrations of romances and scenes from voluptuous court life, where the color is of extraordinary richness, and where flowers are drawn with the same isolation of delicate forms that we find in Persian miniatures.

In the fifteenth century the Chinese style had captured and overwhelmed well-nigh the whole art of Japan. Sesshin and his compeers were emulating the inspired Sung masters in impassioned visions of mountains, mists, and torrents, or in figures of the great saints and sages boldly struck on to the paper by the ink-charged brush. It was a wonderful burst, a brilliant period. But I must pass over this splendid and enthusiastic revival of Chinese ideals and Chinese style, because, though it is associated with men of commanding genius, and though it is by no means to be dismissed as a mere imitation of Chinese art, I have not the space to deal with anything but what is most characteristically Japanese.

The Chinese movement lost, as it was bound to lose, in time, its strength and energy. It fell off into academic routine; it lost touch with the real genius of Japan. And yet its influence remained: art could not be as if this great revival had never taken place. The problem was now to graft the Chinese strain, the Chinese largeness and depth, on to the native principles of design. The problem was most successfully solved by a group of artists whose fav-

orite means of expression was screen-painting. Here at any rate is no smallness, no pretty elegance, such as some people imagine to be the constant attributes of Japanese art. On the contrary a sympathetic grasp of nature, learned from Chinese example, is in these great screens united with the utmost audacity of design and with a splendor of color inherited from Japan's own ancient schools. I do not think the world has at all yet realized what a magnificent page of art, unique in history, and of its kind incomparable, is presented by these paintings. In them perhaps more than anywhere else the peculiar genius of Japan flowers most triumphantly. And they have this special interest for us to-day, that they offer masterpiece on masterpiece created on the very lines which the latest artists of Europe tentatively, rebelliously, and as yet with little success, are trying to pursue. These artists are not preoccupied with nature, sitting down before a landscape and grappling with its structure, its atmosphere, its light and shade, its color. No; they start with their own free design, leaving themselves absolute liberty in the handling of whatever elements they choose to absorb from the visible glory of the world. But they do not turn their backs on nature; whatever natural form or appearance they seize, they seek to press out of its quintessence. And so in such a screen as Mr. Freer's Pines on Snowy Mountains, by Yeitoken, the natural element impresses us even more vividly and powerfully than if the main elements of it were obscured by all the accident and detail involved in what is called fidelity.

Again, in the few magnificent flower screens by Koyetsu, subtle and complex in reality, how broad and bold is the design! It is as if we had a magic glimpse into the teeming breast of Earth, from which the flowers are

tossed up in their force and splendor. How tame and unreal seem our flower paintings beside such work as this, superb as decoration but also full of the essential mystery of life and growth!

VI

What I have had to say in these few pages is of course the merest index to some of the predominant phases of the art of Asia. But it will serve at least to illustrate both the real relation that exists between the arts of these various countries and the inherent difference of character which has made each what it is.

The absence of the scientific spirit, which has had so potent an influence on the art of Europe since the Renaissance, — the absence of this spirit and its application to all the problems of representation, — is perhaps the source of the most obvious differences between the painting of East and West. If we take a deeper view, the essential likeness between all fine creative work becomes more apparent the more we study.

But within the art of Asia itself we note a real division. Indian art may be broadly compared with the mediæval art of Europe. It is practically anonymous. Very few names of individual artists are recorded. There are no great outstanding personalities. It is an art of popular tradition, still able,

at least in architecture, to work wonders, with none of the scientific apparatus and divided labor that are necessary with us. It is also, like mediæval art, pervaded by religion and the religious spirit. That makes it immensely interesting for us in an age when the popular crafts have so much died out and have lost all touch with the expressive arts. On the other hand its limitations are very great; how great, we realize when we turn to China and Japan, where, though the crafts have remained in touch with the arts, painting has developed within itself movements, corresponding to the movements in Western painting, and where a surprising amount of work that is centuries old seems modern in feeling and contemporary with ourselves. Chinese painting touches every side of human life, every relation of the human spirit to the world of nature.

While the art of Europe has been pored over in minutest detail, we are still only at the beginning of the study of the art of Asia. Only the main outlines are apprehended, hardly even these. Indeed the special study required is so exacting and the subject has been approached from such different standpoints, that there may be a danger, in the fascinating task of detailed exploration, of losing sight of just those large relations which it has been the object of this paper to bring out.

THE DROVE-ROAD

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

'T WAS going to snow — 't was snowing! Curse his luck!
And fifteen mile to travel — here was he
With nothing but an empty pipe to suck,
And half a flask of rum — but that would be
More welcome later on. He'd had a drink
Before he left; and that would keep him warm
A tidy while; and 't would be good to think
He'd something to fall back on, if the storm
Should come to much. You never knew with snow.
A sup of rain he did n't mind at all,
But snow was different with so far to go —
Full fifteen mile, and not a house of call.
Ay, snow was quite another story, quite —
Snow on these fell-tops with a northeast wind
Behind it, blowing steadily with a bite
That made you feel that you were stark and skinned.

And those poor beasts — and they just off the boat
A day or so, and hardly used to land —
Still dizzy with the sea, their wits afloat.
When they first reached the dock, they scarce could stand,
They'd been so joggled. It's gey bad to cross,
After a long day's jolting in the train,
Thon Irish Channel, always pitch and toss —
And heads or tails, not much for them to gain!
And then the market, and the throng and noise
Of yapping dogs; and they stung mad with fear,
Welted with switches by those senseless boys —
He'd like to dust their jackets! But 't was queer,

A beast's life, when you came to think of it
From start to finish, — queerer, ay, a lot,
Than any man's, and chancier a good bit.
With his ash-sapling at their heels they'd got
To travel before night those fifteen miles
Of hard fell-road, against the driving snow,
Half blinded, on and on. He thought at whiles
'Twas just as well for them they could n't know.

Though, as for that, 't was little that he knew
Himself what was in store for him. He took
Things as they came. 'T was all a man could do;
And he'd kept going, somehow, by hook or crook.
And here he was, with fifteen mile of fell,
And snow, and — God, but it was blowing stiff!
And no tobacco. Blest if he could tell
Where he had lost it — but, for half a whiff
He'd swap the very jacket off his back.
Not that he'd miss the cobweb of old shreds
That held the holes together. Thon Cheap-Jack
Who'd sold it him had said it was Lord Ted's,
And London cut. But Teddy had grown fat
Since he'd been made an alderman. . . . His bid?
And did the gentleman not want a hat
To go with it, a topper? If he did,
Here was the very . . .

Hell, but it was cold:
And driving dark it was — nigh dark as night.
He'd almost think he must be getting old,
To feel the wind so. And long out of sight
The beasts had trotted. Well, what odds! The way
Ran straight for ten miles on, and they'd go straight.
They'd never heed a byroad. Many a day
He'd had to trudge on, trusting them to fate,
And always found them safe. They scamper fast,
But in the end a man could walk them down.

THE DROVE-ROAD

They're showy trotters, but they cannot last.
He'd race the fastest beast for half a crown
On a day's journey. Beasts were never made
For steady traveling: drive them twenty mile,
And they were done; while he was not afraid
To tackle twice that distance with a smile.

But not a day like this! He'd never felt
A wind with such an edge. 'T was like the blade
Of the rasper in the pocket of his belt
He kept for easy shaving. In his trade
You'd oft to make your toilet under a dyke —
And he was always one for a clean chin,
And carried soap. — He'd never felt the like —
That wind, it cut clean through him to the skin.
He might be mother-naked, walking bare,
For all the use his clothes were, with the snow
Half blinding him, and clagging to his hair,
And trickling down his spine. He'd like to know
What was the sense of pegging steadily,
Chilled to the marrow, after a daft herd
Of draggled beasts he could n't even see!

But that was him all over! Just a word,
A nod, a wink, the price of half-and-half —
And he'd be setting out for God-knows-where,
With no more notion than a yearling calf
Where he would find himself when he got there.
And he'd been traveling hard on sixty year
The same old road, the same old giddy gait;
And he'd be walking, for a pint of beer,
Into his coffin, one day, soon or late —
But not with such a tempest in his teeth,
Half blinded and half dothered, that he hoped!
He'd met a sight of weather on the heath,
But this beat all.

'T was worse than when he'd groped
His way that evening down the Mallerstang —
Thon was a blizzard, thon — and he was done,
And almost dropping when he came a-bang
Against a house — slap-bang, and like to stun! —
Though that just saved his senses — and right there
He saw a lighted window he'd not seen,
Although he'd nearly staggered through its glare
Into a goodwife's kitchen, where she'd been
Baking hot griddlecakes upon the peat.
And he could taste them now, and feel the glow
Of steady, aching, tingly, drowsy heat,
As he sat there and let the caking snow
Melt off his boots, staining the sanded floor.
And that brown jug she took down from the shelf —
And every time he'd finished, fetching more,
And piping, 'Now reach up, and help yourself!'
She was a wonder, thon, the gay old wife —
But no such luck this journey. Things like that
Could hardly happen every day of life,
Or no one would be dying, but the fat
And oily undertakers, starved to death
For want of custom. . . . Hell! but he would soon
Be giving them a job. It caught your breath,
That throttling wind. And it was not yet noon;
And he'd be traveling through it until dark.
Dark! 'T was already dark, and might be night
For all that he could see.

And not a spark
Of comfort for him! Just to strike a light,
And press the kindling shag down in the bowl,
Keeping the flame well shielded by his hand,
And puff, and puff! He'd give his very soul
For half a pipe. He could n't understand
How he had come to lose it. He'd the rum —
Ay, that was safe enough; but it would keep

Awile; you never knew what chance might come
In such a storm . . .

 If he could only sleep —
If he could only sleep . . . That rustling sound
Of drifting snow, it made him sleepy-like —
Drowsy and dizzy, dithering round and round.
If he could only curl up under a dyke,
And sleep and sleep . . . It dazzled him, that white,
Drifting and drifting, round and round and round . . .
Just half a moment's snooze. He'd be all right.
It made his head quite dizzy, that dry sound
Of rustling snow. It made his head go round —
That rustling in his ears . . . and drifting, drifting . . .
If he could only sleep . . . he would sleep sound . . .
God, he was nearly gone!

 The storm was lifting;
And he'd run into something soft and warm —
Slap into his own beasts, and never knew.
Huddled they were, bamboozled by the storm —
And little wonder either, when it blew
A blasted blizzard. Still, they'd got to go.
They could n't stand there snoozing until night.

But they were sniffing something in the snow.
'Twas that had stopped them, something big and white —
A bundle — nay, a woman. And she slept.
But it was death to sleep.

 He'd nearly dropped
Asleep himself. 'Twas well that he had kept
That rum; and lucky that the beasts had stopped.

Ay, it was well that he had kept the rum.
He liked his drink; but he had never cared
For soaking by himself, and sitting mum.
Even the best rum tasted better, shared.

JUPITER

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

I

WHEN 'Uncle Bob,' who for many years had served my brother and me as gardener, stable-man, hewer of wood, and drawer of water, quietly died of old age, Jupiter came to take his place. His former employer, Mrs. Crenshawe, gave him this amazing 'character':—

'Jupiter certainly is the most trying darkey in Tippah, and he's bound to do everything in his own way and at his own time, if it kills him. He's lazy and shiftless and untidy, but if you let him alone he gets things done. Anyhow, I don't know how on earth I'll ever do without him, and I'd be perfectly happy if only I could keep him as long as I live.'

When I asked why she let him go, she said she had n't discharged him; Jupiter was leaving of his own accord because Mr. Crenshawe had given him a 'cussin'-out' for taking so long to go to the post-office and back.

'You know it's only a mile to the post-office,' she pleaded, 'and Jupiter always rode, unless he was too lazy to saddle Dame,'—Dame was Mr. Crenshawe's white mare,—'and he hardly ever had any errands to do, unless it was to go to the bank and have a check cashed, or to carry round the notices of a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary,—you know I'm secretary, and it saves stamps to send the notices by Jupiter,—or to fetch out some groceries, or to match some embroidery silk for me; but although he had next to nothing to do, he would be gone

three or four hours every day. However,' she sighed, 'the Lord knows I'm going to miss him.'

'Maybe he won't stay with me, either,' I suggested, cheerfully, for I felt a little guilty, as though I were robbing gentle Mrs. Crenshawe of her chief treasure.

But I made up my mind to keep him if he were as useful as she claimed; and I knew my brother, Judge Roberts, whose house I have kept ever since his wife died of 'the Fever,' in '78, would never give Jupiter a 'cussin'-out.' He leaves to me the management of the servants, who, he declares, treat him as a distinguished visitor; and he says he prefers the privileges of a guest to the responsibilities of a master.

The morning after my little talk with Mrs. Crenshawe, Jupiter, a stalwart figure, more like Hercules than the Father of Olympus, with a carriage whose dignity I have never seen equalled by any white man, sauntered up the lane lined with young walnut trees, which led to our back yard. I was sitting on the steps of the back porch, and I called him to me.

'Where do you live, Jupiter?'

He told me, and when I found that his house was two miles off I had some doubt about his getting to his work in good season every morning.

'What time you want me ter come, Miss Molly?' he asked. 'I kin come whenever you say: five o'clock, fo' o'clock, half-pas' three. Ole folks like me don' require much sleep.'

He looked about forty, but when I

asked his age he said he was 'nigh on to a hund'ed,' and added that he had been married twice and had 'a dozen head o' chillen, not countin' them what wuz dead.'

'All my chillen wuz bawn wid twelve fingers an' twelve toes,' he boasted, 'same as I wuz. The doctor gin'rally cuts 'em off — the little extrys, I mean. Some folks says hit's like the monkeys. Is you ever seed a monkey, Miss Molly?'

Discouraging his curiosity about natural history, I proceeded to set forth his duties. He was to chop wood for the fireplaces and for the kitchen stove, to make the garden and gather the vegetables, to feed the chickens, and to draw water from the well and carry it to the house and to the kitchen.

'Is *that* all? Don' I have ter go ter the post-office? An' don' you want me to help in the kitchen? Aunt Malviny' — the cook — 'is powerful fat, an' I reckon she'd be proud ter have me beat her biscuits every mawnin'. An' I sho' kin cook. I kin make all kinds er cake — Charlotte Polonaise, Blue Grass, Lady Baltimore, tipsy cake, fruit cake, angel cake, marble cake, Jew cakes —'

I cut short Jupiter's eloquence and directed him to the wood-pile. But his culinary accomplishments were soon put to the test. A week after his introduction into our household poor fat Aunt Malviny succumbed to apoplexy and followed her husband, Uncle Bob, to the grave. Jupiter succeeded her, as my brother said, automatically, and great was his indignation when I spoke of looking for another cook.

'Ef you'll lemme bring my gal, Chasty, here to help me, Miss Molly,' he proposed, 'you won't need to hire any other nigger. Chasty's twelve years old, but she looks fo'teen. I can't make her go ter school, 'cause she's done tuk the notion that every

nigger what learns ter read an' write will die in the penitentiary. You won't have ter pay her no wages, Miss Molly; jus' feed her an' give her some o' yo' ole close. Ef she thought she wuz wuth wages she'd git so uppety that her maw would have to lick her oncet a week, same as she does the boys. Yes, 'm, Sue licks the boys reg'lar; she sho' does her bes' ter raise my chillen right. Some folks thinks she is lazy, 'cause she don't hire out, or take in washin'; but I says she has got her hands full with all that passel o' chillen. When they's little she greases 'em an' she iles 'em an' she cleans out their cisterns, an' when they gits big she licks 'em good an' proper. She's had fifteen chillen an' buried six, an' the younges' wuz bawn las' night an' as it's a gal she wants ter name it Molly, for you, ma'am.'

I made the proper acknowledgment of this compliment, and asked Jupiter if he had any grandchildren. I wanted to know if they had twelve toes.

'Well, Miss Molly, not exackly. I got a piece o' one.'

'Mercy, Jupiter, what do you mean?'

'Well, you see, Miss Molly, Little Jupiter, that's my oldes' son, he ain't never married his gal yit, an' that's why I say their baby ain't no more'n a piece of a gran'chile. An' he did n't have no twelve fingers an' toes, neither. She ain't much, that gal ain't. Puts powder on her face an' spends Little Jupiter's good money, what he made shootin' craps, buyin' some pizen stuff ter take the kinks outen her hair.'

II

When Jupiter was not talking he was cooking. The garden and the chickens were neglected, and Jupiter's maddening habit of never doing anything at the right time would have been the despair of any but the most easy-going of

housekeepers. So long as I let him go his own way, and shut my eyes to the fact that the dishes were washed only once a day and that the interior of the kitchen, though clean, looked like a junk shop, all went well; but whenever I rashly stood out for more order and system, Jupiter always hinted that his talents were wasted in Tippah, and that there was 'big money' to be made in a rest-er-ant in a neighboring city, where his 'Eyetaryn cooking' would be appreciated. Once I remonstrated when he spoke in this tone; it was too much like a threat, and smacked of impertinence.

'Miss Molly, I did n't sass you; I ain't never sassed you,' he protested, so humbly that I had to forgive him, and let him go on in his happy-go-lucky way. Left to himself, he regaled us with the best food we ever had, a joy to the eye as well as to the palate, for Jupiter touched nothing that he did not adorn. Like Imogen, he 'cut our roots in characters.'

To do what he was told to do was gall and wormwood to his proud spirit. If by any makeshift or subterfuge he could evade obedience to orders he was happy. He wanted to take the initiative, to assume responsibility, to spring a surprise on us. If I specified a dessert, there was generally some good reason why that particular dessert could not be prepared that day; but if I weakly let him alone, or said carelessly, 'Fix us up something good, Jupiter,' I was never disappointed. 'The trivial round, the common task' bored him sadly; works of supererogation were his keenest delight. He boasted that he could do everything, 'cep'n' wash an' iron, which is women's work.' He left me no peace until I bought a cow, saying that he loved to milk, and that the butter would pay for the cow's food. His wonderful cakes called for more butter than I could afford to buy in those days, for

times were hard, with cotton only five cents a pound.

One day I was sitting on the back porch, churning and wondering how long I could hold out against Jupiter's entreaties that I buy a little pig, which he would fatten on buttermilk and finally convert into sausage, side-meat, and chitterlings, when to my dismay my valuable servant came up to the steps and said he was mighty sorry, but he was afeard he'd have ter quit.

I nearly upset the churn.

'Leave us, Jupiter? But why?'

'Well, Miss Molly, a man like me needs ter make a whole lot o' money. I got thirteen head o' chillen, an' while the gals is right smart, the boys ain't wuth the powder an' shot it would take ter kill 'em. You pays me eight dollars a month, an' that would n't be enough for me ter take care o' my family on, an' pay my Lodge dues — you know I is a Knight an' Lady of Honor, Miss Molly — withouten I made some more. Now I's been makin' four dollars a month as sexton of St. Faith's, only they don't pay me reg'lar. Howsomever, I kin git erlong on twelve dollars a month. But now I done lost my job as sexton, so I better go to Memphis, an' work in a resterant.'

'But, Jupiter, what happened? Were you discharged?'

'No, ma'am. I done discharged myself. Mr. Simpson, he say I stole. I ain't never stole nothin' in my life, an' Mr. Simpson ain't got no call ter make a fuss over a little bit o' coal. You know I has ter make the fire in the furnace at St. Faith's every Sunday, good an' early, so the church'll be warm for seven o'clock service. Well, they bought some coal las' fall, an' soon after Christmas when it wuz nearly all gone, I went to Mr. Simpson, the senior warden, they calls him, an' tole him he better buy some more, an' he says he thinks there's plenty for another

Sunday or two. Then I goes to him agin, an' he says I mus' speak ter Mr. Yates, the treasurer. An' Mr. Yates he says he's a treasurer withouten any treasure, an' I better see the rector, 'cause he had n't no money to buy no coal. An' the rector, he say he had n't nothin' to do with business matters, but he would see that the subjick wuz laid before the vestry. An', bless my life, the vestry did n't meet for two months, an' by that time the weather wuz warm an' they did n't need no coal nohow. An' then las' Sunday after church I wuz onhitchin' Mr. Simpson's hoss an' he wuz a-gittin' in his buggy ter drive home when he says, "Well, Jupiter, you pestered us all mightily about coal, but we did n't have to buy any more, after all. I thought the supply we laid in in the fall would last until spring, and it did. It's just a question of knowing how to run a furnace economically."

"Yessir," I says. "But it sho' wuz hard work wheelin' coal in er wheelbarrer all the way from the freight yards, the other side of the deepo, every Sunday for six weeks."—Yes, Miss Molly,—in answer to my exclamation of horror,—'that's what I had ter do. I axed fur coal, an' I axed fur coal, an' the gemmen jus' kep' on payin' no 'tention ter me, an' what else *could* I do? It wuz my business ter keep that church hot. Think I'd let everybody freeze to death with carloads o' coal settin' thar doin' nothin' on the railroad tracks? I uster git up at three o'clock of a dark winter mawnin,' an' take your wheelbarrer, Miss Molly,'—this with a confiding smile, as though he were glad to let me have a humble share in this creditable performance,—'an' go an' help myself ter enough coal ter make the House of the Lord comfortable for his worshipers. Sometimes I had ter make as many as six trips, on a extry col' day. An' Mr.

Simpson calls that stealin'! Stealin' is takin' sompen fur yo' own self, an' I took this here coal fur the Church. I ain't never tooken even one teeny lump fur myself, 'cause I don' burn nothin' but wood, nohow.'

I was not concerned with Jupiter's private interpretation of the Eighth Commandment, but I asked if he would give up the idea of going to Memphis if I could get his job at St. Faith's back for him. His statement that he had 'resigned' I did not credit; Mr. Simpson had doubtless discharged him when he heard of his larceny. For once, I decided to call my brother to my aid. He is a member of the vestry of St. Faith's, and through his influence Jupiter was not only reinstated, but from that time he was paid his four dollars promptly on the first of the month.

III

For a while everything went smoothly. I promised to get a pig the following year if Jupiter would stop teasing me. My idea was to dangle the pig over his head, as a promise of distant reward, hoping in this way to bind him to my service. Absolutely devoted as he was to my interests, he never ceased to pine for Memphis, and the 'big money' he could make there.

Jupiter's daughter—the illiterate Chasty—was soon taught by her father to do everything he was unwilling to do himself. She picked chickens, crawled under the cabins to look for eggs, pulled up weeds, made beds, waited on the table, and, on occasion, as when Jupiter was at church, on a Sunday morning, she could cook a dinner. She was a bright-eyed little thing, always dressed in red calico, with her legs bare, except in winter. At breakfast and supper she scudded back and forth between the house and the kitchen, carrying relays of waffles, bis-

cuits, and batter-cakes; but at dinner, which we ate at one o'clock, we were served by Jupiter himself, whose kinky black head rose above his white jacket and apron 'like a fly in a pan o' milk,' as he pleasantly suggested. Talkative elsewhere, in the dining-room he was all that was correct. My brother or I might unbend, and compliment some gorgeous dish he served, but Jupiter never lost his dignity, or said an unnecessary word. He prided himself on having always lived with 'the quality,' and he did not belie his training.

The first time the Bishop visited St. Faith's after Jupiter's occupation of my kitchen, I arranged to have him dine with us, after the morning service. The Bishop was fastidious, but if Jupiter's cooking did not satisfy him, he deserved to go hungry. Jupiter of course had to be at church all morning, to ring the bell and to blow the organ, but he planned his dinner carefully, and Chasty was left to carry out her father's instructions. We all came home about half-past twelve. I left my brother to entertain the Bishop on the porch, peeped into the dining-room, saw that it was dark and cool, and that my peacock-feather fly-brush was in readiness, then made my way to the kitchen.

Chasty had disappeared.

The fire was out, the vegetables had not been prepared; the chickens, killed and picked the night before, still hung in the well; the ice-cream had not been frozen, and the ice destined for the freezer had melted in its old blanket. There was no clue to Chasty's whereabouts. Jupiter, after saying he would break every bone in her body, wasted no time in conjecture, but went to work. I did what little I could to help, and my brother plied the Bishop with cigars and mint-juleps. In less than two hours, Jupiter stood majestically waving the fly-brush over as good a dinner as the Bishop ever ate; of that I am

sure. Later, while the gentlemen were smoking, I slipped out on the back-porch, where I found Chasty in tears, and Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.

'I ain't er-gwine ter leave it ter yer maw ter lick yer,' he stormed. 'I's gwine ter lick the stuffin' outen yer *myself*. Miss Molly, she done spent the whole blessed mawnin' settin' on Mrs. Simpson's kitchen steps whilst that no-count Pury, what cooks fer Mrs. Simpson, wropped her ha'r. Mrs. Simpson wuz dinin' out, an' Pury did n't have nothin' ter do. Chasty wanted to be primped up ter go ter the pertracted meetin' to-night. I ain't er-gwine ter let her go, an' I's gwine ter wear her out jes' as soon as I gits home from evenin' service. I's gwine ter beat her till she's so sore she can't lay nor set.'

It seemed my duty to interfere. I ordered Jupiter not to whip the child, and promised to punish her thoroughly myself. He went off to church, leaving me to deal with the little sinner. Her tears did not move me, but I was fascinated by her hair. Accustomed as I was to seeing hair 'wropped,' I had never seen such a coiffure as Chasty's. There must have been fifty little short tails sticking out at right angles to her head, each wrapped around with parti-colored rags. No wonder it took Pury two hours to do it. I gazed, and I had an inspiration.

'Chasty,' I commanded, 'sit down on the lowest step.'

She obeyed, sobbing, and I sat on the top step, above her. Spreading a towel on my lap, I proceeded in silence to *un-wrop* her hair. The operation lasted an hour. Chasty wailed that she had had her hair wropped because she wanted to go to the pertracted meetin' that night, and that she might er got erligion, and now maybe she never *would* git erligion, and it would be my fault if she went to the Bad Place when she died. But I was obdurate.

Looking back, I regard this as the most cruel act of my life. Far better if I had let Jupiter 'lick the stuffin' outen her.'

Apart from protracted meetings and barbecues, Jupiter's chief dissipation was 'the Lodge.' He was an enthusiastic Mason, and when the time approached for a visit from the Grand Master of the Templars, for the purpose of initiating new members, he assumed an air of mystery and importance, sometimes tinged with anxiety. Once he came to me with a troubled look on his pleasant black face.

'Miss Molly, would you please, ma'am, tell me what is a *peblet*?'

'A *what*? How do you spell it?'

The dictionary threw no light on the problem, and Jupiter explained that the Grand Master had written that when the procession was formed to meet him at the station every Knight must bear in his hand a 'peblet.' Jupiter would have died rather than confess ignorance. For days he looked gloomy and puzzled, and at last he appealed to me again.

'Don't yer think, Miss Molly, that a nice long stick with a ball on the end would make er good peblet?'

'Jupiter,' I answered earnestly, 'it would make a *fine* peblet. Nothing could be more edifying, impressive, and appropriate.'

His face cleared.

'Yes, 'm; yes, *ma'am*. An' now I comes ter think erbout it, I 'members that's jes' what a peblet *is*. Dunno huccome I ain't thought of it sooner.'

He went about his work with his old debonair gayety, and that night we had angel food for supper. Days passed happily. Discretion forbade any questions about the mystic rites of the Templars; but a week later, when I heard the neighbors' children lamenting the disappearance of many croquet balls I drew my own conclusions. In

justice to the Knights and Ladies of Honor I must add that the balls were afterwards found lying about in the different yards, none the worse except for a few holes where nails had been driven and extracted.

IV

When Jupiter had been with us about two years, and had assumed full charge of me and my brother, the cow and the pig, — for of course I had bought a pig, — the chickens and the garden, a new and important member was added to our family. I am a spinster, and had had no experience with children when the tragic death of my brother's daughter and her husband, in a fire in a theatre, left a little orphan girl of two years to my care. At first I was a little nervous over my new responsibility, and I was not above finding comfort in Jupiter's reassuring words.

'Chillen ain't half the trouble that other animiles is, fer the reason that they got sense, an' the beasties ain't. I ought ter know all erbout chillen; I's had seventeen. Jes' you turn little Missy loose in the back yard, an' ole Jupiter'll see nothin' don't hurt her.'

Missy was backward about talking, and it was after she came to us that she began to put words together. It is of record that her first attempt at a sentence was, 'Missy bonny kitchy Jupy,' which meant that she wanted to put on her sunbonnet and go to the kitchen to see Jupiter; and a pretty picture she made, sitting in her high-chair at the kitchen table, with a piece of dough and a little stick, her sweet dimpled arm copying Jupiter's every motion as he beat the biscuits on a block he had made from a tree-stump and a piece of granite he had coaxed the tombstone maker to give him.

Fed on corn-bread and pot-liquor, 'jes' the same as a setter pup,' Missy

grew round and rosy. Chasty was her devoted handmaiden, Jupiter her humble worshiper and faithful protector. My hold on him now seemed secure; Missy was a greater success than the pig in making him forget Memphis and 'big money.'

Years passed. I began to regard with patronizing pity my friends whose chief topic of conversation was trouble with servants. I never had any trouble. In 1893, when everybody was going to the World's Fair, I decided to leave Jupiter in charge and take a long holiday, spending a week in Chicago and the rest of the summer at a resort on Lake Michigan. My brother had already gone to Buffalo Lithia for his gout, and Missy, no longer fat and freckled, but slim and sweet and shy, had been taken to Europe in the spring by her northern aunt. Jupiter had been restless and discontented ever since her departure, and I thought perhaps my absence would give him a change of occupation and manner of life, and enable him to see more of his family, so that when I came back I should find the Jupiter of former days.

My return home was hastened by this letter: —

TIPPAH, MISS.
sep ninth 1893.

MISS MOLLY, —

We are all well. I hop you ar well. The cat had kittins but I drownd em. The cow will kum in in erbout a month. All yore frens axes me when is you kumin home an has the Jedge got rid of his gout an if Missy has been presented at Cote. I says Missy aint got no call to go to Cote Houses nor yit jails. Please Miss Molly is you heerd from Missy. I xpecks she done forgot ole Jupiter. My boy Cube wuz run over an kilt by the I. C. railrode las weak. A white gemman whut says he wuz the clame agent fur the rode gimme 2 hundred dolars ter sine my name

ter a paper sayin I did n't blame the rode fur killin him. He wuz berried in gran style fur I had had him inshured, an I cut all yore full-blone roses fur ter put on the coffin, but I never teched nary buds. Youll have ter git another cook cause Im er goin ter take the 2 hundred an go to Memphis an start a calf A fur toney cullud folks. Hit sho is lonesome with you an Missy an the Jedge gone. Chasty got married las month but she never tole me till today. She will stay on till you kum back. I made 7 duz kwats of pikkles an pre-sarves an jelly an I put up okra in cans. I am well an hopin you are enjoyin the same Gods blessin.

Yore sarvent

JUPITER.

I took the next train and found everything in good order, but Chasty was impatient to go to Texas, with her husband, and the loss of Jupiter was a calamity. My brother was in New York to meet Missy, and they reached home a week after I did, Missy with fine presents for Jupiter and Chasty, who were not there to receive them.

Over the discomforts and inconveniences and vexations of the following three months I draw a veil. One thing I gained: I revised my uncharitable opinion of women who could talk of nothing but the servant problem.

One morning, not long before Christmas, I was wakened by the familiar sound of the beating of biscuits, — a sound which in happier days had been the equivalent of a rising bell in our household. The cook I had then — the eleventh since Jupiter left me — made only soda biscuits, saying that her doctor had warned her against exercise that might 'injure her organ.' I dressed as quickly as possible, and when I went downstairs there stood Jupiter, his beaming smile a reflection of my own look of pleasure and surprise.

'Howdy, Miss Molly! You sho' is lookin' well. I done sont off that good-fer-nothin' yaller gal I found in my kitchen. I tole her you would not require her sarvices now that I wuz home agin. Lawdy! lawdy! I sho' is glad ter git back ter Tippah. How's Missy, an' the Jedge?'

At this moment they came down, to speak for themselves, and we all wanted to know the fate of the Calf A.

'Hit's done busted up,' said Jupiter, cheerfully, 'an' ter tell the trufe I is glad uv it. I allus has lived wid white folks, an' wid quality, at that, an' I ain't er-gwine ter spen' my declinin'

years waitin' on niggers, what eats with their knife jes' the same as I do, an' what ain't no better'n me, nohow — if they's as good. Yistiddy the white man what I rented my dinin'-hall an' kitchen from say if I don' pay the rent to-day he'd tu'n me out, so I jes' lit out myself, an' beat my way home on a freight car, an' heah I is. An' Miss Molly, if you'll please, ma'am, excuse me fer runnin' off, I'll stay right on now, an' when Missy gits jined togedder at the altar I'll blow the organ fer the weddin' march, an' I'll bake the fines' weddin' cake that ever wuz baked in the State of Mississippi.'

JOHN MASEFIELD

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

DEMOCRACY's best pen, with passion vowed

'To maimed and halt and blind, in rain and cold,'

Three mighty epics of the poor hath told:

The Dauber freezing in the sleeted shroud;

The widow kneeling in the gallows crowd;

And that great idyl of the windy wold, —

The drunkard walking where the dawn unrolled,

And with changed eyes beholding one who ploughed.

Again, immortal, yoke that share divine

And fix our eyes 'forever on that sign':

Plough deep our souls, that can with mirth endure

Ease to ourselves and burdens to the poor;

Convert us wastrels; O undying pen,

Harrow our hearts, 'that we may flower to men.'

DISRAELI AND CONSERVATISM

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

I

SOMEWHERE in the course of his infinite gossip, Augustus J. C. Hare tells of a dinner at which one of the guests spoke of Disraeli as 'that old Jew gentleman who is sitting on the top of chaos.' The phrase, worthy of the master of epigram it describes, has been much in my mind as I have been reading the extended memoirs begun by Mr. Monypenny and now in the hands of Mr. G. E. Buckle. The third volume of the biography ends with the year 1855, when Disraeli was neither old, nor yet quite at the summit of the chaos he was climbing; but the significant philosophy of the man is here, and the first flush of victory. The rest can be only the putting on of the crown and the putting of it off—a little tarnished. His statesmanship reaches its climax with the formation of the Conservative party; after that his career is politics.

The very entrance of Disraeli upon the stage is of a kind to stir the imagination. He was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when a Hebrew was no more than a Shylock to the English people; and although, for social reasons mainly, he was baptized at the age of twelve and through life professed an ardent attachment to the Anglican Church, he never denied his race, but rather gloried in it and held it up always as the chosen vessel of God.

His education was irregular, when the hard discipline of the public schools was regarded as the only training for

victory on the hustings as well as on the fields of Waterloo. He was bizarre in his manners and dress to the point of absurdity, startling London with his curls and waistcoats long before he conquered it by his brains. What should England expect of a candidate for Parliament who, in the days of the Reform Bill, could appear at a dinner wearing 'a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles, falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders'? Sometimes his trousers were green, and heaven knows what other colors, and this at a time when Bulwer's *Pelham* was introducing the fashion of black as the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Mayfair gazed and wondered; but Mayfair did not laugh, at least to his face, for it knew his power of sarcasm, as Parliament was afterwards to know it.

'He was once dining,' says the same lady who has described his raiment, 'with my insufferable brother-in-law, Mr. Norton, when the host begged him to drink a particular kind of wine, saying he had never tasted anything so good before.

'Disraeli agreed that the wine was very good. "Well," said Norton, "I have got wine twenty times as good in my cellar." "No doubt, no doubt," said Disraeli, looking round the table; "but, my dear fellow, this is quite

good enough for such *canaille* as you have got to-day.”

There was, in fact, method in Disraeli's vanity, a deliberate purpose to conquer, by dazzling and bullying, a place to which the ordinary paths of access were for him closely barred. I do not know that he was a special reader of Plutarch, but the precision and tenacity of his ambition resemble nothing in modern history so much as they do those stories from the antique world. Early in his life the two prizes of literature and politics rose before his vision, and, though he never gave up the former, he deliberately chose a practical career for his serious concern and made letters subordinate to it. ‘Poetry,’ he notes in his Diary, ‘is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write.’ Having thus chosen, he determined in his mind the manner of procedure and the warrant of success. ‘Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature,’ is the reflection of his Contarini ‘amid the ruins of Athens.’ There was never a more patient politician than Disraeli; never one who found destiny more clearly in his own will. And if confidence in himself was one side of his shield, the other side was contempt, or something like it, for mankind in general. Writing to his father from Malta, in 1830, he relates this incident:

‘Here the youngers do nothing but play rackets, billiards, and cards, race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown

a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day!’

That in another person might seem like impudent coxcombry. But there is something almost terrible in the thought of a young adventurer of twenty-five calmly adopting such a policy of dealing with men, and by it raising himself to be, as he was for a time, the most powerful leader in the world. Nor was the goal he set before himself any less definite than the means of advance. In 1834, Lord Melbourne, then still Home Secretary in the Reform Cabinet, and Disraeli, a beaten candidate for Parliament, were talking together after dinner, and the typical British peer, the friend of Victoria, was attracted by the cleverness of the Hebrew aspirant. ‘Lord Melbourne,’ as Disraeli tells the story, which is confirmed by Melbourne's biographer, ‘asked how he could advance me in life, and half proposed that I should be his private secretary, inquiring what my object in life might be. “To be Prime Minister.”’ The condescending Whig tried gently to argue the young man out of what must have seemed to him pure infatuation; but he did not forget the remark. When, in 1848, as an old man, he learned of Disraeli's success in Parliament, he was heard to exclaim, ‘By God! the fellow will do it yet.’

These are not isolated anecdotes; they are of a piece with the whole tenor of Disraeli's early years as given in the first volume of the present biography, and as, indeed, it was already well enough known. Where in the course of modern history shall one find anything quite like this conscious shaping of a career? The valor of his game with Fate is recognized and admired even by those who most resent his success.

Certainly he needed patience as well as determination at the outset of his career. Three times he stood for Parlia-

ment as an independent, without money and without energetic backing. Inevitably he was beaten. Then, in 1835, came the famous Tamworth Manifesto of Peel, with its programme for reconstructing the old Tory party to meet the exigencies of modern politics. Its platform could not long satisfy any one who looked below the surface of things, and ten years later Disraeli described it scornfully as 'an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfillment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connections.' But at the time it gave the baffled aspirant an excuse for affiliating himself avowedly with one of the ruling parties. Almost immediately he had himself nominated to the Carlton Club, which was 'the recognized social citadel of Toryism.' He was yet to fail once again, but to fail in such a way that he could answer a scurrilous attack of O'Connell's with the challenge: 'I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand. . . . We shall meet at Philippi.'

Two years later, in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, he was returned for Maidstone, and with him went the Mr. Wyndham Lewis whose widow was to become his wife, aiding him with her money and her loyal sympathy. It was a strange union in some respects, not lacking in those elements that furnish the world with comedy, but heroic also and beautiful. It is a fact that one night when they were driving together to Parliament House she sat all the way with her finger jammed in the door, bearing the torture in silence rather than disturb his mind before an anxious debate. And it is said by Froude that the only instance in which he ever spoke with genuine anger was once when some young

men ventured a jest at Mrs. Disraeli's age and his motives for marriage. 'Gentlemen,' he replied, as he rose and left the room, 'do none of you know what gratitude means?' The world called her frivolous and him mercenary.

II

The career of Disraeli would be memorable were it only for the interest excited by the story of a great ambition working itself out through enormous difficulties and in original ways, but it has this added significance: that it is bound up with the rise of a new political philosophy, or rather with the resuscitation and adaptation of an old philosophy to meet new circumstances. The result of the Revolution of 1688 had been to introduce into politics a kind of drifting utilitarianism and to establish in power an oligarchy which, under various forms and party titles, had ruled in England for a century and a half. Virtually these men were Whigs, and their long close reign was, as Disraeli used to say, somewhat fantastically perhaps, nothing more than the realization of the frustrated efforts of Hampden and the other early leaders of the Rebellion 'to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians.' It held together, despite factional divisions, through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, owing to the pressure of events and the principles instilled into public life by Burke.

But by 1832 such an oligarchy had become anomalous. In the Reform Bill its leaders, with virtuous faces, abdicated, leaving the country with no clear principle or order of government beyond a short-sighted opportunism. Under the primacy of Melbourne (1835-1841) there was the shadow of

Whiggery over the land, but not the power: Parliament was marking time. Then came with Peel the equally shadowy restoration of the Tories. Meanwhile, under the stress of famine in Ireland and labor revolt in England, the new liberal and conservative ideas were becoming conscious aims of government.

Disraeli, as we have seen, entered Parliament as a supporter of Peel, but he soon felt the deep cleft between his own philosophic conservatism and the Tory opportunism of his chief. Various acts of Peel made him appear to Disraeli, and not to Disraeli alone, a defaulter from the interests he was supposed to be protecting; and when, stealing his policy from the discomfited Whigs, he proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, the antagonism between the two men broke out in war to the death. The Repeal was carried in the House of Commons on May 15, 1846, but only by splitting the party into the personal followers of Peel, who for a number of years held together as a separate body, and the fragment of Tories who clung loyally to the landed interests and obstinately to a protective tariff. A month later Peel suffered defeat in a division on the Coercion Bill designed for the temporary and forced pacification of Ireland. Four days after that he resigned.

In this struggle the recognized leader of the outraged Tories was Lord George Bentinck, the son of the Duke of Portland, who gave up the sports and pursuits dear to his heart for the unfamiliar strain of political contention. Without him the party could scarcely have held together against the drawing power of Peel, and Disraeli has left a generous tribute to his character and influence. But for us to-day, all the zest of the drama lies in the personal duel between Disraeli and Peel. Not often does the record of such a war of words retain its

vitality for the reader of a later generation; Parliamentary wit has a sad way of growing stale, and the flashes of lightning that dazzled when they fell have a way of looking like paltry fireworks after a few years. But it is not so with the cold malignant strokes of Disraeli; they pierce and sting to-day as they did when Peel, sitting below on the Treasury bench, was their suffering target. Some of his epigrams pronounced at this time have become proverbial: 'The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes,' for instance, and, 'A Conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.' And when Peel, after his Cabinet had resigned because they could not agree on the Repeal, and had taken office again because the Whigs were too distracted to carry out the policy stolen from them, came before a breathlessly expectant Parliament with no clear statement of his purpose, but with a long rambling discourse on things in general, Disraeli's reply fell with a power of terrible sarcasm that reminds one at times of Achilles shouting over the trenches in the plain of Troy. It is no wonder that Peel was unable to look indifferent or to conceal his 'nervous twitchings,' amid 'the delirious laughter with which the House accepted and sealed the truth of the attacks.' An eye-witness of those scenes has left this account of Disraeli's manner:—

'In conveying an innuendo, an ironical sneer, or a suggestion of contempt, which courtesy forbids him to translate into words—in conveying such masked enmities by means of a glance, a shrug, an altered tone of voice, or a transient expression of face, he is unrivalled. Not only is the shaft even-ommed, but it is aimed with deadly precision by a cool hand and a keen eye, with a courage fearless of retaliation. He will convulse the house by the ac-

tion that helps his words, yet leave nothing for his victims to take hold of. He is a most dangerous antagonist in this respect, because so intangible. And all the while you are startled by his extreme coolness and impassibility. . . . You might suppose him wholly unconscious of the effect he is producing; for he never seems to laugh or to chuckle, however slightly, at his own hits. While all around him are convulsed with merriment or excitement at some of his finely wrought sarcasms, he holds himself, seemingly, in total suspension, as though he had no existence for the ordinary feelings and passions of humanity; and the moment the shouts and confusion have subsided, the same calm, low, monotonous, but yet distinct and searching voice, is heard still pouring forth his ideas, while he is preparing to launch another sarcasm, hissing hot, into the soul of his victim.'

With the return of the Whigs to power under Lord John Russell, and the isolated position of the Peelites, the leaders of the Tories had before them the great task of remaking their party. They pulled themselves together sufficiently to form a brief and troubled ministry in 1852, with Derby as First Lord of the Treasury and Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Commons, and again in 1858 and 1866. Before the close of this third administration the Earl of Derby retired, leaving Disraeli as Prime Minister; but the full triumph of Disraeli came in the period from 1874 to 1880, when he was at the head of his own government, for the last four years as the Earl of Beaconsfield. From him the party passed into the hands of Salisbury.

If Disraeli's personal contest with Peel is the dramatic moment of his career, its larger significance lies in the patient effort to infuse a living philosophy into the dumb unthinking Tory-

ism of tradition, and to put meaning into the name Conservative, which the party had assumed in 1835. The Reform Act, while relaxing the grip of the Whig oligarchy, had left the principle of utilitarianism in full operation, and from it was growing the doctrine of *laissez-faire* along with the so-called economic interpretation of history. Under the driving force of Cobden and Bright and the Anti-Corn-Law League, power had passed from the landed proprietors to the manufacturers and the middle classes. Protection was withdrawn from the land, while the taxes for the poor and other burdens laid on it by virtue of its privileges remained in force. But the new Liberal party could not rest here. Already the pressure on it from the more radical organizations was growing severe, and socialism was before it. The conservative elements in its creed had no other tenure than the routine of habit. What was to withstand the onflow? Nothing, unless a true conservatism, based on some permanent principles of human nature, could be reasoned out and brought into play; and this task Disraeli set before himself as a conscious aim.

His philosophy may be found fullfledged in the articles he contributed to the press before his election to Parliament and in the novels written during the Peel administration. Of the latter it is not my purpose to offer here any criticism. They were recognized at the time by a French critic as the creation of historical fiction, and to create a new *genre* in literature is no slight honor. It is fair to say also that, with all their manifest blemishes of taste, they are likely to interest the reader just in proportion to his experience of life and his acquaintance with English political history. John Morley, no lover of Disraeli surely, sums up the traits of the novels in a few phrases, — 'the spirit of whim in them, the ironic solemnity,

the historical paradoxes, the fantastic glitter of dubious gems, the grace of high comedy, all in union with a social vision that often pierced deep below the surface.' Lord Morley is not surprised that Gladstone did not relish these qualities — *eikotôs*, as Demosthenes would say.

The most important of Disraeli's early fugitive writings are the *Vindication of the English Constitution* (a 'letter' to Lord Lyndhurst, published in 1835) and the *Letters of Runnymede* (contributed to the *Times* during the first half of 1836). The letters are an attempt to appear in the double rôle of Burke and Junius, and Disraeli, who was neither quite one nor quite the other of those heroic figures, comes, it must be allowed, amazingly near being a mixture of both. Runnymede has not the terrible voice of the gods, and his attack on Lord John Russell, although as venomous in intention as Burke's on the Duke of Bedford and Junius's on the preceding duke (the Russells enjoy an inherited privilege of abuse), has neither the justification nor the deadly efficiency of its Olympian models. Yet Runnymede could sting: —

'You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect. It is an union not uncommon, and in the majority of cases only tends to convert an aspiring youth into a querulous and discontented manhood. But under some circumstances — when combined, for instance, with great station, and consequent opportunities of action — it is a union which often leads to the development of a peculiar talent — the talent of political mischief.'

Disraeli knew that the men on whom he was pouring his scurrilous, and anonymous, invective were not the empty knaves he made them; but political mischief is not always the work of rogues or fools, and Disraeli believed with all his heart — and rightly, wheth-

er the result meant good or evil — that a revolution was under way, and that the spirit of the new Whiggism was 'hostile to the English Constitution.' That must be the palliation of his rancor; that is the explanation also of his endeavor to fortify his own party with a tenable philosophy of government based on the constitutional balance of powers.

III

The conservatism which Disraeli preached in season and out of season, to mocking Whigs and stolid Tories, rests on a few simple facts of human nature. It believes first of all in the virtue of memory as equally important with the spontaneous faculty of invention. It lays stress on the sheer value of the past — what Disraeli, quoting a fine phrase of Sir Edward Coke's, called 'reverend antiquity' — as a constituent part of the present; it emphasizes the need of experience as a brake on the forward-driving unrest of hope. Both Liberal and Conservative admit that change is an inevitable attendant of life; the difference in their attitude is this, that the Liberal tends to regard all change as progress toward something better, whereas the Conservative tends to regard change in itself as a discomfort, to be tolerated only when it removes a specific evil.

Nor does the virtue of this slackening process depend alone on the need of delay to insure a wise choice among the thronging desires of change; it is involved also in the necessity of making sure that the admitted change, when it comes, shall be salutary in its operation rather than subversive of order. For an illustration, take the growing power of the labor unions. Their constitution was at the beginning bitterly contested by men who now, in theory at least, acknowledge the validity of their principles. And, however wise it

may seem that this hostility should have given way in time, it does not follow that the initial check was unsalutary, nor is the surrender an argument of inconsistency. For it should be pretty clear to any one who reads history that a new power of this sort, if, without opposition, it were exercised by men with no discipline of experience, would have been subject to frightful abuses. The injustice and impracticability of many schemes of the unions to-day, after years of training, show what they might have done to hamper prosperity and retard progress had they been allowed to organize freely under the first wild compunctions of injustice.

In this way conservatism is an essential element of sound evolution, and Disraeli was not without warrant in claiming the name of Progressive for his own party against its exclusive appropriation by the Liberals. As a matter of fact all Liberals, except those of the most radical dye, are ready to admit the necessity of conservatism as a wholesome brake on the wheels of change; but they are wont to look with something of contempt on a party whose function is of a purely negative sort. Disraeli had raised a laugh at Peel for stealing the clothes of the Liberals while they were in bathing, yet he himself did not hesitate on occasion to profit by the same kind of transaction, notably in the Franchise Act of 1867, — an act which to the smitten Tories was 'a political betrayal' without parallel, for which Disraeli declared that he had been educating his party for years, but which is perhaps best described in Derby's phrase: they had 'dished the Whigs.' It would, indeed, not be easy to deny the Liberals their indulgence of superiority if conservatism had no other office than to eliminate the false starts and oppose a wholesome retardation to the wiser innovations of the really constructive element of government.

But to Disraeli, as to his predecessors, the Conservative party had its own programme of construction. As a negative force conservatism is based on a certain distrust of human nature, believing that the immediate impulses of the heart and visions of the brain are likely to be misleading guides; whereas the liberalism which ran through the eighteenth century by the side of Whiggery, and finally absorbed it, being of the same parentage as the religion of Deism and the philosophy of 'enlightenment,' rests on the assumption that, practically speaking, all men are by nature good and need only to be let alone to develop in the right direction. But this distrust of human nature is closely connected with another and more positive factor of conservatism — its trust in the controlling power of the imagination. These, as I analyze the matter, — the instinctive distrust of uncontrolled human nature and the instinctive reliance on the imagination, — are the very roots of the conservative temper, as their contraries are the roots of the liberal and radical temper, the lack of imagination, if any distinction is to be made, being the chief factor of liberalism, and confidence in human nature being the main impulse of radicalism.

Certainly both of these conservative principles lay deeply imbedded in Disraeli's mind beneath his instinctive feeling that

Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

An instance of his distrust of the common intelligence of his fellows, running even into supercilious contempt, has already been given; and indeed too much stress, if anything, is ordinarily placed on what is called his cynicism. But it is not so often remembered that his reliance on the imagination was a companion of that distrust, and equally strong. And here, in Disraeli's oppo-

sition to the current of the age, we shall be brought face to face with some curious paradoxes. It should seem that a party whose theories are based on confidence in untrammelled human nature ought to present the aims and destiny of mankind in a fairer light than its adversary; yet the very contrary is the fact. It is no matter of chance that utilitarianism and liberalism and Manchester economics were coincident with the rise of a materialistic and pseudo-scientific philosophy; they are, in fact, branches from the same root. And against the most fundamental of these, the pseudo-science of the day, with its desolating notion of progress, Disraeli set himself with all the strength of his disposition. 'Modern philosophy,' he wrote years before the advent of Darwinism, 'with its superficial discoveries, has infused into the breast of man a spirit of skepticism; but I think that, ere long, science will again become imaginative, and that as we become more profound, we may become also more credulous.' Again, still before Darwin's work, there is in his *Tancred* a delightful bit of satire of Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*, which he dubs *The Revelations of Chaos*:—

'It explains everything!' said Tancred; 'it must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!'

'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance. 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

'No longer so,' said Lady Constance. 'It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese, churned into light. You must read it, 't is charming.'

'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

'Perhaps not. You must read *Revelations*; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came; let me see, did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

'I do not believe I ever was a fish,' said Tancred.

'Oh! but it is all proved.' . . .

'I was a fish, and I shall be a crow,' said Tancred to himself, when the hall door closed on him. 'What a spiritual mistress!'

Most memorable of all was his epigrammatic conclusion of a speech at Oxford in 1864, in the full swing of the new Darwinistic materialism: 'I, my lord, am on the side of the angels.' You may take these things as excellent fooling; they are that, and they are something more than that. They are not an attack on science, properly so called; they are not, after the manner of Gladstone, an attempt to effect a reconciliation between science and religion by distorting both; they are a warning to science to keep within her own field, and any one who is watching the currents of thought to-day knows that the warning has begun to find heedful ears.

And Disraeli's political convictions ran parallel with his religious faith. As early as 1833 he wrote in his diary: 'The Utilitarians in politics are like the Unitarians in religion; both omit imagination in their systems, and imagination governs mankind.' Hence

his kindred distaste for the Manchester School, because their trust in human nature as a purely economic machine was combined with a blindness to the finer feelings and all those less ponderable forces which we sum up under the name of spiritual. His charge was that these economists 'counselled the people of England to lower their tone'; and he was right. It should never be forgotten that while Disraeli, the avowed champion of the soil, was yet in his *Sybil* and in his speeches setting forth the unspeakable condition of the miners and factory-workers, and educating his party for just labor legislation, the virtuous John Bright, who believed that the control of government should be transferred from the despots of the land to the manufacturing classes, was nevertheless opposing laws for the regulation of the hours of work and for protection of children, or for the sheathing of machinery which had a habit of grinding up the workers. History pronounces the philosophy of Manchester one of the most heartless creations of the human brain. And Peel was the tool of Bright and Cobden. These things must be remembered when we hear Disraeli calling himself a *Radical-Tory*, and appealing to the people of England.

It is not strange, therefore, that when Disraeli, in his *Lord George Bentinck*, came to sum up the character of Peel, the Tory in Whig clothing, he should have laid his finger on this defect of imagination as the cause of that statesman's weakness and final failure.

Perhaps the purest example of the conservative distrust of human nature combined with trust in the imagination is the famous myth of Plato's *Republic*, by which the people are to be cajoled into believing in a caste of birth and so persuaded to perform contentedly each his own function in the hierarchy of society. That naked illusion of govern-

ment, as it may be called, has haunted many minds since Plato's day, and sometimes in cruder forms. Such a view of life may seem cynically low, but apparently it is the underlying fact of things: you will find it hard to escape, unless you care to rest order on the more brutal fact of the policeman's club — whose power after all depends on an illusion, in the end.

For there is a true illusion, if the phrase will be accepted, whereby the lower nature of man is charmed by the voice of his higher instincts; and there is a false illusion, which is of the very contrary sort. The one is social and constructive, and is the work, properly speaking, of the imagination; the other is disintegrating and destructive, and is the product of the egotistic desires. In government this higher illusion shows itself historically in many forms, nowhere more than in the creation of that mysterious entity worshipped by all good British Conservatives under the name of the Constitution. The idea underlying this fact is by no means a new thing. It was perfectly known to the hard practical common sense of the Republic of Rome, and its fullest exposition may be read in the philosophical annals of Polybius: —

'As for the Roman Constitution, it had three elements, each of them possessing sovereign powers; and their respective share of power in the whole State had been regulated with such a scrupulous regard to equality and equilibrium, that no one could say for certain, not even a native, whether the Constitution as a whole were an aristocracy or democracy or despotism. And no wonder: for if we confine our observation to the power of the consuls we should be inclined to regard it as despotic; if to that of the senate, as aristocratic; and if, finally, one looks at the power possessed by the people, it would seem a clear case of democracy.

... When any one of the three classes becomes puffed up, and manifests an inclination to be contentious and unduly encroaching, ... the proper equilibrium is maintained by the impulsiveness of the one part being checked by its fear of the other.'

That was precisely the eighteenth and early nineteenth century notion of the British Constitution as a balanced division of the powers of government among king, nobles, and commons.¹ It is the idea which permeated Disraeli's mind from his reading of Bolingbroke and Burke, and which he dinned into the ears of unwilling Whigs with most damnable iteration.

Now it needs no comment to show how this system of constitutional checks, on its negative side, indicates a distrust of the encroaching selfishness of men. On its positive side, a constitutional government is the interlocking harmony of those institutions which are 'the realized experience of a nation.' It was on institutions indeed, those symbols and efficacies of the imagination, which swallow up the individual man in involuntary actions and then render back to him his life enriched by manifold associations, and whose traditional forms are the hands of the past laid caressingly on the present, — it was on institutions that Disraeli most often dwelt, with an eloquence less magnificent no doubt than Burke's, but with a shrewder practical sense. Without them there is only apathy or chaos. 'The rights and lib-

erties of a nation can only be preserved by institutions,' he declared. 'It is not the spread of knowledge or the march of intellect that will be found sufficient sureties for the public welfare in the crisis of a country's freedom.' And he added, — justly, it will be conceded by those who know the man, — 'I would address myself to the English Radicals.'

To Disraeli the House of Commons was never representative of the people as a nation, but of a special class. Full representation, he believed, could not be obtained by the rough machinery of the polls; and one of the best of his early epigrams, which time has not proved untrue, was aimed at measures intended to discredit the representative power of hereditary office: 'In a hasty and factious effort to get rid of representation without election, it will be as well if eventually we do not discover that we have only obtained election without representation.'

For the representation of the whole people Disraeli looked to the sovereign, both by virtue of his isolated pre-eminence, which should enable him to embrace the interests of all classes without prejudice or partiality, and by virtue of his power as a visible symbol of the state to give life and unity to the sympathies of patriotism. Disraeli thought, too, that the Crown was the natural bulwark of the people, in the narrower use of the word, against the encroachments of an oligarchy or plutocracy.

But if Disraeli looked askance at a factious oligarchy, he had large hopes in a prescriptive and landed aristocracy. Leaders the people will have, leadership there will be — if by no other means, then by brute force or deceptive flattery. Disraeli believed that in England this leadership was best secured by a hereditary aristocracy. He was building again on the power of the imagination, holding that the insignia of

¹ It may be observed in passing that in the same Polybian principle the American Constitution finds its real value, rather than in the functional division of government into executive, legislature, and judiciary, taken from Montesquieu's inadequate conception of British history. The balance and checks are lodged in president, senate, and lower house, the office of the judiciary being to correct any transgression of this constitutionally appointed equilibrium. — THE AUTHOR.

authority handed down in one family were likely to bring to the wearer a surer sense of responsibility, and to others a willingness to be guided and to find in the upward-glancing comfort of reverence some compensation for the relative deprivations which discontent and envy have never yet abolished. But he regarded this institution from no bigot's point of view. 'It is not true,' he says, in his *Lord George Bentinck*, 'that England is governed by an aristocracy in the common acceptation of the term. England is governed by an aristocratic principle. The aristocracy of England absorbs all aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and every class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and excel.' Disraeli knew, as Burke knew, that the real force and stability of prescription must rest in the end on its success in fostering and symbolizing and absorbing that natural aristocracy which is the creation of character and talent. And if he failed in his philosophical system, and still more in his political practice, to bring the forms of government into harmony with this natural aristocracy, he failed in company with Burke and others of his kind before him.

IV

Nor need we be surprised at this relative failure. The task of the conservative statesman is in itself far more difficult than that of the liberal or radical. It is not required of the liberal that he should have any consistently elaborated scheme of government. His rôle is to face conditions as they are, in the spirit of an honorable opportunism, and to legislate in view of what seems, to the upright opinion of the day, the immediate and tangible good. His success lies, as Gladstone said, in considering 'actions simply as they are in them-

selves.' As for the radical, he has in his favor all the vast powers of flattery, the natural feeling of men that what they at the moment desire is good and should be granted without hindrance. More particularly his programme is easy at a time when man's innate restlessness has been lifted by false deductions from evolutionary science into a philosophy which regards all change as life and progress and condemns stability as stagnation and death.

Against these impelling forces what has the conservative to offer? To the seductions of flattery he can oppose only the cautions of control, based on a distrust of human nature which in times of ordinary tranquillity wears the face of sullen pride. To counteract an opportunism which deals frankly with the material needs of the hour, he can appeal only to the intangible considerations of remote consequences and ancient precedents. It may be true that society is ultimately governed by the imagination, but he who in an assembly of practical men rises to defend existing institutions on this seemingly insubstantial ground is at an enormous disadvantage in comparison with one who has behind his arguments the urgency of the eager present. The conservative may at times have the selfishness of possession on his side, and indeed his strength is likely to depend on this contingent motive; but, especially in an age permeated by humanitarian sympathies, this occasional advantage may be often used to discredit him by the radical, while the liberal may be cajoled into believing that a certain concession will entail no considerable loss or will even accrue to the profit of property.

It is not strange, therefore, that the history of England since the Revolution of 1688, with intervals of timid obstruction, has been the record of a gradual yielding to the steady thrust of

opportunism. And this movement has been aided by the accidental fact that the leading conservatives have proved themselves inadequate to the great charge laid upon them. Some of them, such as Laud and his master, confused conservatism with an unwholesome reaction. Others, such as Hobbes, based their politics on a strained and logic-ridden philosophy. Filmer was childish. Bolingbroke lacked common honesty. Burke, the noblest of them all philosophically, was practically inefficient. And Disraeli had not only his origin against him, but suffered from disabilities of a more personal sort.

Above all things it behooves the conservative, who appeals to the imagination of men, to see that his own imagination is sound and true; and it is a fact which no admirer of Disraeli can deny, that his words sometimes ring false. One feels this shabby strain in his novels; one regrets it now and then in the rodomontade of his political addresses; the emotion which floats in his imagery is sometimes shallow when it pretends to be profound. More fatal still was the inability of Disraeli to distinguish between his private ambitions and his aims as a statesman. That, indeed, is a failing of all save the saints, and the saints are scarcely desirable members of Parliament; but in Disraeli this weakness was of a kind that laid itself open to easy attack. No candid man can endure patiently the falsetto note in his laudation of the Jews, or the cloudy mysticism in which he wrapped up his everlasting allusions to the 'Eastern Question.' Critics and biographers have asked in bewilderment what he meant by this Eastern question; the answer is too disconcertingly simple. I fear that by the mystery of the East Disraeli meant just himself.

The question of sincerity is inevitably raised. It is not fair to charge Disraeli with treachery to protection, as

his enemies charged him so furiously in Parliament and on the hustings. Protection in his view was merely an incident in the larger cause of conservatism; and we now know that almost immediately after the Repeal he started to wean his party from their narrower self-concern. But withal one is bound to admit that certain of his actions, such for example as the denial of having sought office from Peel and his notorious plagiarism from Thiers, were below the Parliamentary standard of honor. In comparison with Gladstone he was a philosopher and statesman; he was a genius opposed to a man of great talent — as it is fair to say that conservatism is in general the intuition of genius, whereas liberalism is the efficiency of talent. But there was yet something in the character of Gladstone which inspired confidence despite the most flagrant vicissitudes of his policy; something that Disraeli lacked.

Sincerity is an elusive quality, hard to define. When in 1852 Disraeli, in the new rôle of Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought forward his first budget, it was not only torn to pieces by Gladstone, but was made the occasion of a scathing diatribe against his political foe. So bitter was this personal antipathy that it is plausibly given as one of the motives which led Gladstone to refuse office in Derby's Cabinet and to throw himself openly into the Liberal party.

And this is Gladstone's account of the debate to his wife: 'I had therefore to begin by attacking him for these [personalities]. . . . My great object was to show the Conservative party how their leader was hoodwinking and bewildering them. . . . *God knows I have no wish to give him pain.*'

There is in that underscored clause a mark of the particular sort of self-deception that is often, and not unjustly, denounced as British middle-class cant.

Of that kind of insincerity Disraeli was singularly free. But in the manner of Gladstone, in his careful use of details, in his subordination of personal ends to what his group believed to be right, the British mind saw mirrored its own 'massive, sincere, and majestic' self; and it gave to Gladstone a public allegiance which Disraeli never won, and did not altogether deserve.

That is the tragic aspect of Disraeli's dazzling success; it is also the transient aspect, and not the permanent. Personally, we shall, perhaps, long continue to picture him as 'that old Jew gentleman'; but the time may come when, alarmed by the policy of drifting, we shall be glad to think of him as still, through his philosophy of government, 'sitting on the top of chaos.'

THIS OLDER GENERATION

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

I READ with ever-increasing wonder the guarded defenses and discreet apologies for the older generation which keep filtering through the essays of the *Atlantic*. I can even seem to detect a growing decision of tone, a definite assurance of conviction, which seems to imply that a rally has been undertaken against the accusations which the younger generation, in its self-assurance, its irreverence for the old conventions and moralities, its passion for the novel and startling, seemed to be bringing against them. The first faint twinges of conscience felt by the older generation have given place to renewed homily. There is an evident anxiety to get itself put on record as perfectly satisfied with its world, and desirous that its sons and daughters should learn anew of those peculiar beauties in which it has lived. Swept off its feet by the call to social service and social reform, it is slowly regaining its foundation, and, slightly flushed, and with

garments somewhat awry, it proclaims again its belief in the eternal verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality.

It is always an encouraging sign when people are rendered self-conscious and are forced to examine the basis of their ideals. The demand that they explain them to skeptics always makes for clarity. When the older generation is put on the defensive, it must first discover what convictions it has, and then sharpen them to their finest point in order to present them convincingly. There are always too many unquestioned things in the world, and for a person or class to have to scurry about to find reasons for its prejudices is about as healthy an exercise as one could wish for either of them. To be sure, the reasons are rarely any more than *ex post facto* excuses, — supports and justifications for the prejudices rather than the causes thereof. Reason itself is very seldom more than that. The important point is that one should feel the need of a reason. This always indi-

cates that something has begun to slide, that the world is no longer so secure as it was, that obvious truths no longer are obvious, that the world has begun to bristle with question marks.

One of the basic grievances of this older generation against the younger of to-day, with its social agitation, its religious heresy, its presumptive individuality, its economic restlessness, is that all this makes it uncomfortable. When you have found growing older to be a process of the reconciliation of the spirit to life, it is decidedly disconcerting to have some youngster come along and point out the irreconcilable things in the universe. Just as you have made a tacit agreement to call certain things non-existent, it is highly discommoding to have somebody shout with strident tones that they are very real and significant. When, after much struggling and compromise, you have got your world clamped down, it is discouraging to have a gale arise which threatens to blow over all your structure. Through so much of the current writing runs this quiet note of disapprobation. These agnostic professors who unsettle the faith of our youth, these 'intellectuals who stick a finger in everybody's pie in the name of social justice,' these sensation-mongers who unveil great masses of political and social corruption, these remorseless scientists who would reveal so many of our reticences — why can't they let us alone? Can they not see that God's in his heaven, all's right with the world?

II

Now I know this older generation, which doth protest so much. I have lived with it for the last fifteen years, ever since I began to wonder whether all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. I was educated by it, grew up with it. I doubt if any genera-

tion ever had a more docile pupil than I. What they taught me, I find they still believe, or at least so many of them as have not gone over to the enemy, or been captured by the militant youth of to-day. Or, as seems rather likely, they no longer precisely believe, but they want their own arguments to convince themselves. It is probable that when we really believe a thing with all our hearts, we do not attempt to justify it. Justification comes only when we are beginning to doubt it.

By this older generation I mean, of course, the mothers and fathers and uncle and aunts of the youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty who are beginning their professional or business life. And I refer of course to the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class. Now this older generation has had a religion, a metaphysics, an ethics, and a political and social philosophy, which have reigned practically undisputed until the appearance of the present generation. It has at least never felt called upon to justify itself. It has never been directly challenged, as it is to-day. In order to localize this generation still further, we must see it in its typical setting of the small town or city, clustered about the institutions of church and family. If we have any society which can be called 'America,' it is this society. Its psychology is American psychology; its soul is America's soul.

This older generation, which I have known so well for fifteen years, has a religion which is on the whole as pleasant and easy as could be devised. Though its members are the descendants of the stern and rugged old Puritans, who wrestled with the devil and stripped their world of all that might seduce them from the awful service of God, they have succeeded in straining away by a long process all the repellent attitudes in the old philosophy of life.

It is unfair to say that the older generation believes in dogmas and creeds. It would be more accurate to say that it does not disbelieve. It retains them as a sort of guaranty of the stability of the faith, but leaves them rather severely alone. It does not even make more than feeble efforts to reinterpret them in the light of modern knowledge. They are useless, but necessary.

The foundation of this religion may be religious, but the superstructure is almost entirely ethical. Most sermons of to-day are little more than pious exhortations to good conduct. By good conduct is meant that sort of action which will least disturb the normal routine of modern middle-class life: common honesty in business life, faithfulness to duty, ambition in business and profession, filial obligation, the use of talents, and always and everywhere simple human kindness and love. The old Puritan ethics, which saw in the least issue of conduct a struggle between God and the devil, has become a mere code for facilitating the daily friction of conventional life.

Now one would indeed be churlish to find fault with this devout belief in simple goodness, which characterizes the older generation. It is only when these humble virtues are raised up into an all-inclusive programme for social reform and into a philosophy of life, that one begins to question, and to feel afar the deep hostility of the older generation to the new faith.

Simple kindness, common honesty, filial obedience, it is evidently still felt, will solve all the difficulties of personal and social life. The most popular novels of the day are those in which the characters do the most good to each other. The enormous success with the older generation of *The Inside of the Cup*, *Queed*, and *V.V.'s Eyes*, is based primarily on the fact that these books represent a sublimated form of the

good old American melodramatic moral sense. And now comes along Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee with his *Crowds*, — what a funny, individualized, personal-responsibility crowd he gives us, to be sure, — and his panacea for modern social ills by the old solution of applied personal virtue. Never a word about removing the barriers of caste and race and economic inequality, but only an urging to step over them. Never a trumpet-call to level the ramparts of privilege, or build up the heights of opportunity, but only an appeal to extend the charitable hand from the ramparts of heaven, or offer the kindly patronage to the less fortunate, or — most dazzling of all — throw away, in a frenzy of abandonment, life and fortune. Not to construct a business organization where dishonesty would be meaningless, but to be utopianly honest against the business world. In other words, the older generation believes in getting all the luxury of the virtue of goodness, while conserving all the advantages of being in a vicious society.

If there is any one characteristic which distinguishes the older generation, it is this belief that social ills may be cured by personal virtue. Its highest moral ideals are sacrifice and service. But the older generation can never see how intensely selfish these ideals are, in the most complete sense of the word selfish. What they mean always is, 'I sacrifice myself for you,' 'I serve you,' not, 'We coöperate in working ceaselessly toward an ideal where all may be free and none may be served or serve.' These ideals of sacrifice and service are utterly selfish, because they take account only of the satisfaction and moral consolidation of the doer. They enhance his moral value; but what of the person who is served or sacrificed for? What of the person who is done good to? If the feelings of sacrifice and service

were in any sense altruistic, the moral enhancement of the receiver would be the object sought. But can it not be said that for every individual virtuous merit secured by an act of sacrifice or service on the part of the doer, there is a corresponding depression on the part of the receiver? Do we not universally recognize this by calling a person who is not conscious of this depression, a parasite, and the person who is no longer capable of depression, a pauper? It is exactly those free gifts, such as schools, libraries, and so forth, which are impersonal or social, that we can accept gratefully and gladly; and it is exactly because the ministrations of a Charity Organization Society are impersonal and businesslike that they can be received willingly and without moral depression by the poor.

The ideal of duty is equally open to attack. The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions. One is 'supposed' to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being 'unnatural.' One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of family life is the useless energy that is expended by the dutiful in keeping these artificial channels open, and the correct amount of current running. It is exactly this that produces most infallibly the rebellion of the younger generation. To hear that one ought to love this or that person; or to hear loyalty spoken of, as the older generation so often speaks of it, as if it consisted in an allegiance to something which one no longer believes in, — this is what soonest liberates those forces of madness and revolt which bewilder spiritual teachers and guides. It

is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

But when they are loves, you have duty no longer meaning very much. Duty, like sacrifice and service, always implies a personal relation of individuals. You are always doing your duty to somebody or something. Always the taint of inequality comes in. You are morally superior to the person who has duty done to him. If that duty is not filled with good-will and desire, it is morally hateful, or at very best, a necessary evil, — one of those compromises with the world which must be made in order to get through it at all. But duty without good-will is a compromise with our present state of inequality, and to raise duty to the level of a virtue is to consecrate that state of inequality forevermore.

III

It is the same thing with service. The older generation has attempted an insidious compromise with the new social democracy by combining the words 'social' and 'service.' Under cover of the ideal of service it tries to appropriate to itself the glory of social work, and succeeds in almost convincing itself and the world that its Christianity has always held the same ideal. The faithful are urged to extend their activities. The assumption is that, by doing good to more individuals, you are thereby becoming social. But to speak of 'social democracy,' which of course means a freely coöperating, freely reciprocating society of equals, and 'service,' together, is a contradiction of terms. For, when you serve people or do good to them, you thereby render

yourself unequal with them. You insult the democratic ideal. If the service is compulsory, it is menial and you are inferior. If voluntary, you are superior. The difference, however, is only academic. The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values. The slave serves gladly instead of servilely. That is, he turns his master into a slave. That is why good Christian people can never get over the idea that Socialism means simply the triumph of one class over another. To-day the proletarian is down, the capitalist up. To-morrow the proletarian will be up and the capitalist down. To pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree is the highest pitch to which Christian ethics ever attained. The failure of the older generation to recognize a higher ethic, the ethic of democracy, is the cause of all the trouble.

The notorious Victorian era, which in its secret heart this older generation still admires so much, accentuated all the latent individualism of Christian ethics, and produced a code which, without the rebellion of the younger generation, would have spiritually guaranteed forever all moral caste divisions and inequalities of modern society. The Protestant Church, in which this exaggerated ethic was enshrined, is now paying heavily the price of this debauch of ethical power. Its rapidly declining numbers show that human nature has an invincible objection to being individually saved. The Catholic Church, which saves men as members of the Beloved Community, and not as individuals, flourishes. When one is saved by Catholicism, one becomes a democrat, and not a spiritual snob and aristocrat, as one does through Calvinism. The older generation can never understand that superb loyalty which is loyalty to a community, — a

loyalty which, paradoxical as it may seem, nourishes the true social personality in proportion as the individual sense is lessened. The Protestant Church in its tenacious devotion to the personal ideal of a Divine Master — the highest and most popular Christian ideal of to-day — shows how very far it still is away from the ideals and ethics of a social democracy, a life lived in the Beloved Community.

The sense of self-respect is the very keystone of the personality in whose defense all this individualistic philosophy has been carefully built up. The Christian virtues date from ages when there was a vastly greater number of morally depressed people than there is now. The tenacious survival of these virtues can be due only to the fact that they were valuable to the moral prestige of some class. Our older generation, with its emphasis on duty, sacrifice, and service, shows us very clearly what those interests were. I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals, as a defensive measure. Morals are always the product of a situation; they reflect a certain organization of human relations which some class or group wishes to preserve. A moral code or set of ideals is always the invisible spiritual sign of a visible social grace. In an effort to retain the *status quo* of that world of inequalities and conventions in which they most comfortably and prosperously live, the older generation has stamped, through all its agencies of family, church, and school, upon the younger generation, just those seductive ideals which would preserve its position. These old virtues upon which, however, the younger generation is already making guerilla warfare are simply the moral support with which the older generation buttresses its social situation.

The natural barriers and prejudices

by which our elders are cut off from a freely flowing democracy are thus given a spiritual justification, and there is added for our elders the almost sensual luxury of leaping, by free grace, the barriers and giving themselves away. But the price has to be paid. Just as profits, in the socialist philosophy, are taken to be an abstraction from wages, through the economic power which one class has over another, so the virtues of the older generation may be said to be an abstraction from the virtue of other classes less favorably situated from a moral or personal point of view. Their swollen self-respect is at the expense of others.

How well we know the type of man in the older generation who has been doing good all his life! How his personality has thriven on it! How he has ceaselessly been storing away moral fat in every cranny of his soul! His goodness has been meat to him. The need and depression of other people has been, all unconsciously to him, the air which he has breathed. Without their compensating misfortune or sin, his goodness would have wilted and died. If good people would earnestly set to work to make the world uniformly healthy, courageous, beautiful, and prosperous, the field of their vocation would be constantly limited, and finally destroyed. That they so stoutly resist all philosophies and movements which have these ends primarily in view is convincing evidence of the fierce and jealous egoism which animates their so plausibly altruistic spirit. One suspects that the older generation does not want its vocation destroyed. It takes an heroic type of goodness to undermine all the foundations on which our virtue rests.

If then I object to the ethical philosophy of the older generation on the ground that it is too individualistic, and, under the pretense of altruism,

too egoistic, I object to its general intellectuality as not individual enough. Intellectually the older generation seems to me to lead far too vegetative a life. It may be that this life has been lived on the heights, that these souls have passed through fires and glories, but there is generally too little objective evidence of this subjective fact. If the intuition which accompanies experience has verified all the data regarding God, the soul, the family, and so forth, — to quote one of the staunchest defenders of the generation, — this verification seems to have been obtained rather than the issues might be promptly disposed of and forgotten. Certainly the older generation is rarely interested in the profounder issues of life. It never speaks of death, — the suggestion makes it uncomfortable. It shies in panic at hints of sex-issues. It seems resolute to keep life on as objective a plane as possible. It is no longer curious about the motives and feelings of people. It seems singularly to lack the psychological sense. If it gossips, it recounts actions, effects; it rarely seeks to interpret. It tends more and more to treat human beings as moving masses of matter instead of as personalities filled with potent influence, or as absorbingly interesting social types, as I am sure the younger generation does.

The older generation seems no longer to generalize, although it gives every evidence of having once prodigiously generalized, for its world is all hardened and definite. There are the good and the criminal, and the poor, the people who can be called nice, and the ordinary people. The world is already plotted out. Now I am sure that the generalizations of the truly philosophical mind are very fluid and ephemeral. They are no sooner made than the mind sees their insufficiency and has to break them up. A new cutting is made,

only in turn to be shaken and rearranged. This keeps the philosopher thinking all the time, and it makes his world a very uncertain place. But he at least runs no risk of hardening, and he has his eyes open to most experience.

I am often impressed with the fact that the older generation has grown weary of thinking. It has simply put up the bars in its intellectual shop-windows and gone off home to rest. It may well be that this is because it has felt so much sorrow that it does not want to talk about sorrow, or so much love that to interpret love tires it, or repulsed so many rude blows of destiny that it has no interest in speaking of destiny. Its flame may be low for the very reason that it has burned so intensely. But how many of the younger generation would eagerly long for such interpretations if the older would only reveal them! And how little plausible is that experience when it is occasionally interpreted! No, enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor, — all the heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world, seem only to make the older generation uneasy. The spirit, in becoming reconciled to life, has lost life itself.

As I see the older generation going through its daily round of business, church, and family life, I cannot help feeling that its influence is profoundly pernicious. It has signally failed to broaden its institutions for the larger horizon of the time. The church remains a private club of comfortable middle-class families, while outside there grows up without spiritual inspiration a heterogeneous mass of people without ties, roots, or principles. The

town changes from a village to an industrial centre, and church and school go through their time-honored and listless motions. The world widens, society expands, formidable crises appear, but the older generation does not broaden, or if it does, the broadening is in no adequate proportion to our needs. The older generation still uses the old ideas for the new problem. Whatever new wine it finds must be poured into the old bottles.

Where are the leaders among the older generation in America who, with luminous faith and intelligence, are rallying around them the disintegrated numbers of idealistic youth, as Bergson and Barrès and Jaurès have done in France? A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward Democracy, led by battled veterans in a war against privilege. But how soon the older generation became wearied in the march! What is left now of that shining army and its leader? Must the younger generation eternally wait for the sign?

The answer is, of course, that it will not wait. It must shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals and revolutionary points of view as wholeheartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation. The shuddering fear that we in turn may become weary, complacent, evasive, should be the best preventive of that stagnation. We shall never have done looking for the miracle, that it shall be given us to lighten, cheer, and purify our 'younger generation,' even as our older has depressed and disintegrated us.

A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

IN spite of its ominous sound, the suggestion of a league of nations to enforce peace has no connection with any effort to stop the present war. It is aimed solely at preventing future conflicts after the terrific struggle now raging has come to an end; and yet this is not a bad time for people in private life to bring forward proposals of such a nature. Owing to the vast number of soldiers under arms, to the proportion of men and women in the warring countries who suffer acutely, to the extent of the devastation and misery, it is probable that, whatever the result may be, the people of all nations will be more anxious to prevent the outbreak of another war than ever before in the history of the world. The time is not yet ripe for governments to take action, but it is ripe for public discussion of practicable means to reduce the danger of future breaches of international peace.

The nations of the world to-day are in much the position of frontier settlements in America half a century ago, before orderly government was set up. The men there were in the main well disposed, but in the absence of an authority that could enforce order, each man, feeling no other security from attack, carried arms which he was prepared to use if danger threatened. The first step, when affrays became unbearable, was the formation of a vigilance committee, supported by the enrolment of all good citizens, to prevent men from shooting one another and to punish offenders. People did not wait for

a gradual improvement by the preaching of higher ethics and a better civilization. They felt that violence must be met by force, and when the show of force was strong enough violence ceased. In time the vigilance committee was replaced by the policeman and by the sheriff with the *posse comitatus*. The policeman and the sheriff maintain order because they have the bulk of the community behind them, and no country has yet reached, or is likely for an indefinite period to reach, such a state of civilization that it can wholly dispense with the police.

Treaties for the arbitration of international disputes are good. They have proved an effective method of settling questions that would otherwise have bred ill-feeling without directly causing war; but when passion runs high, and deep-rooted interests or sentiments are at stake, there is need of the sheriff with his *posse* to enforce the obligation.

There are, no doubt, differences in the conception of justice and right, divergencies of civilization, so profound that people will fight over them, and face even the prospect of disaster in war rather than submit. Yet even in such cases it is worth while to postpone the conflict, to have a public discussion of the question at issue before an impartial tribunal, and thus give to the people of the countries involved a chance to consider, before hostilities begin, whether the risk and suffering of war are really worth while. No sensible man expects to abolish wars altogether, but we ought to seek to reduce the

probability of war as much as possible. It is on these grounds that the suggestion has been put forth of a league of nations to enforce peace.

Without attempting to cover details of operation (which are, indeed, of vital importance and will require careful study by experts in international law and diplomacy), the proposal contains four points stated as general objects. The first is that before resorting to arms the members of the league shall submit disputes with one another, if justiciable, to an international tribunal; second, that in like manner they shall submit non-justiciable questions—that is, such as cannot be decided on the basis of strict international law—to an international council of conciliation, which shall recommend a fair and amicable solution; third, that if any member of the league wages war against another before submitting the question in dispute to the tribunal or council, all the other members shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against the state that so breaks the peace; and fourth, that the signatory powers shall endeavor to codify and improve the rules of international law.

The kernel of the proposal, the feature in which it differs from other plans, lies in the third point, obliging all the members of the league to declare war on any member violating the pact of peace. This is the provision that provokes both adherence and opposition; and at first it certainly gives one a shock that a people should be asked to pledge itself to go to war over a quarrel which is not of its making, in which it has no interest, and in which it may believe that substantial justice lies on the other side. If, indeed, the nations of the earth could maintain complete isolation, could pursue each its own destiny without regard to the rest; if they were not affected by a war between two

others or liable to be drawn into it; if, in short, there were no overwhelming common interest in securing universal peace, the provision would be intolerable. It would be as bad as the liability of an individual to take part in the *posse comitatus* of a community with which he had nothing in common. But in every civilized country the public force is employed to prevent any man, however just his claim, from vindicating his own right with his own hand instead of going to law, and every citizen is bound when needed to assist in preventing him, because that is the only way to restrain private war, and the maintenance of order is of paramount importance for every one. Surely the family of nations has a like interest in restraining war between states.

It will be observed that the members of the league are not to bind themselves to enforce the decision of the tribunal or the award of the council of conciliation. That may come in the remote future, but it is no part of this proposal. It would be imposing obligations far greater than the nations can reasonably be expected to assume at the present day; for the conceptions of international morality and fair play are still so vague and divergent that a nation can hardly bind itself to wage war on another, with which it has no quarrel, to enforce a decision or a recommendation of whose justice or wisdom it may not be itself heartily convinced. The proposal goes no further than obliging all the members to prevent, by a threat of immediate war, any breach of the public peace before the matter in dispute has been submitted to arbitration; and this is neither unreasonable nor impracticable. There are many questions, especially of a non-justiciable nature, on which we should not be willing to bind ourselves to accept the decision of an arbitration, and where we should regard compulsion by armed interven-

tion of the rest of the world as outrageous. Take, for example, the question of Asiatic immigration, or a claim that the Panama Canal ought to be an unfortified neutral highway, or the desire by a European power to take possession of Colombia. But we ought not, in the interest of universal peace, to object to making a public statement of our position in these matters at a court or council before resorting to arms; and in fact the treaty between the United States and England, ratified on November 14, 1914, provides that all disputes between the high contracting parties, of every nature whatsoever, shall, failing other methods of adjustment, be referred for investigation and report to a permanent international commission, with a stipulation that neither country shall declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted.

What is true of this country is true of others. To agree to abide by the result of an arbitration, on every non-justiciable question of every nature whatsoever, on pain of compulsion in any form by the whole world, would involve a greater cession of sovereignty than nations would now be willing to concede. This appears, indeed, perfectly clearly from the discussions at the Hague Conference of 1907. But to exclude differences that do not turn on questions of international law from the cases in which a state must present the matter to a tribunal or council of conciliation before beginning hostilities, would leave very little check upon the outbreak of war. Almost every conflict between European nations for more than half a century has been based upon some dissension which could not be decided by strict rules of law, and in which a violation of international law or of treaty rights has usually not even been used as an excuse. This was true of the war between France and Austria

in 1859, and, in substance, of the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. It was true of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, of the Russo-Turkish War in 1876, of the Balkan War against Turkey in 1912, and of the present war.

No one will claim that a league to enforce peace, such as is proposed, would wholly prevent war, but it would greatly reduce the probability of hostilities. It would take away the advantage of surprise, of catching the enemy unprepared for a sudden attack. It would give a chance for public opinion on the nature of the controversy to be formed throughout the world and in the militant country. The latter is of great importance, for the moment war is declared argument about its merits is at once stifled. Passion runs too high for calm debate, and patriotism forces people to support their government. But a trial before an international tribunal would give time for discussion while emotion is not yet highly inflamed. Men opposed to war would be able to urge its injustice, to ask whether, after all, the object is worth the sacrifice, and they would get a hearing from their fellow citizens which they cannot get after war begins. The mere delay, the interval for consideration, would be an immense gain for the prospect of a peaceful settlement.

In this connection it may be of interest to recall the way in which the mediæval custom of private war was abolished in England. It was not done at one step, but gradually, by preventing men from avenging their own wrongs before going to court. The trial by battle long remained a recognized part of judicial procedure, but only after the case had been presented to the court, and only in accordance with judicial forms. This had the effect of making the practice far less common, and of limiting it to the principals in the quarrel instead of involving a general breach

of the peace in which their retainers and friends took part. Civilization was still too crude to give up private war, but the arm of the law and the force in the hands of the crown were strong enough to delay a personal conflict until the case had been presented to court. Without such a force the result could not have been attained.

Every one will admit this in the case of private citizens, but many people shrink from the use of international force to restrain war; some of them on the principle of strict non-resistance, that any taking of life in war cannot be justified, no matter what its purpose or effect. Such people have the most lofty moral ideals, but these are not a part of true statesmanship, unless they aim at the total welfare which may require the attacking of evils even by forcible means. Many years ago when an Atlantic steamship was wrecked it was said that some of the crew made a rush for the boats, beating the passengers off, and that the captain, who was urged to restore order by shooting a mutineer, replied that he was too near eternity to take life. The result was a far greater loss of life than would have been suffered had he restored order by force. Probably no man with the instincts of a statesman would defend his conduct to-day. He was not a coward, but his sentiments unfitted him for a responsible post in an emergency.

Most people who have been thinking seriously about the maintenance of peace are tending to the opinion that a sanction of some kind is needed to enforce the observance of treaties and of agreements for arbitration. Among the measures proposed has been that of an international police force, under the control of a central council which could use it to preserve order throughout the world. At present such a plan seems visionary. The force would have to be at least large enough to cope with the

army that any single nation could put into the field, — under existing conditions let us say five millions of men fully equipped and supplied with artillery and ammunition for a campaign of several months. These troops need not be under arms, or quartered near The Hague, but they must be thoroughly trained and ready to be called out at short notice. Practically that would entail yearly votes of the legislative bodies of each of the nations supplying a quota; and if any of them failed to make the necessary appropriation there would be great difficulty in preventing others from following its example. The whole organization would, therefore, be in constant danger of going to pieces.

But quite apart from the practical difficulties in the permanent execution of such a plan, let us see how it would affect the United States. The amount of the contingents of the various countries would be apportioned with some regard to population, wealth, and economic resources; and if the total were five million men, our quota on a moderate estimate might be five hundred thousand men. Is it conceivable that the United States would agree to keep anything like that number drilled, equipped, and ready to take the field on the order of an international council composed mainly of foreign nations? Of course it will be answered that these figures are exaggerated, because any such plan will be accompanied by a reduction in armaments. But that is an easier thing to talk about than to effect, and especially to maintain. One must not forget that the existing system of universal compulsory military service on the continent of Europe arose from Napoleon's attempt to limit the size of the Prussian army. He would be a bold or sanguine man who should assert that any treaty to limit armaments could not in like manner be evaded; and however much they were

limited, the quantity of troops to be held at the disposal of a foreign council would of necessity be large, while no nation would be willing to pledge for the purpose the whole of its military force. Such a plan may be practicable in some remote future when the whole world is a vast federation under a central government, but that would seem to be a matter for coming generations, not for the men of our day.

Moreover, the nations whose troops were engaged in fighting any country would inevitably find themselves at war with that country.

One cannot imagine saying to some foreign state, 'Our troops are killing yours, they are invading your land, we are supplying them with recruits and munitions of war, but otherwise we are at peace with you. You must treat us as a neutral, and accord to our citizens, to their commerce and property, all the rights of neutrality.' In short the plan of an international police force involves all the consequences of the proposal of a league to enforce peace, with other complex provisions extremely hard to execute.

A suggestion more commonly made is that the members of the league of nations, instead of pledging themselves explicitly to declare war forthwith against any of their number that commits a breach of the peace, should agree to hold at once a conference, and take such measures — diplomatic, economic, or military — as may be necessary to prevent war. The objection to this is that it weakens very seriously the sanction. Conferences are apt to shrink from decisive action. Some of the members are timid, others want delay, and much time is consumed in calling the body together and in discussions after it meets. Meanwhile the war may have broken out, and be beyond control. It is much easier to prevent a fire than to put it out. The country that is plan-

ning war is likely to think it has friends in the conference, or neighbors that it can intimidate, who will prevent any positive decision until the fire is burning. Even if the majority decides on immediate action, the minority is not bound thereby. One great power refuses to take part; a second will not do so without her; the rest hesitate, and nothing is done to prevent the war.

A conference is an excellent thing. The proposal of a league to enforce peace by no means excludes it; but the important matter, the effective principle, is that every member of the league should know that whether a conference meets or not, or whatever action it may take or fail to take, all the members of the league have pledged themselves to declare war forthwith on any member that commits a breach of the peace before submitting its case to the international tribunal or council of conciliation. Such a pledge, and such a pledge alone, can have the strong deterrent influence, and thus furnish the sanction, that is needed. Of course the pledge may not be kept. Like other treaties it may be broken by the parties to it. Nations are composed of human beings with human weaknesses, and one of these is a disinclination to perform an agreement when it involves a sacrifice. Nevertheless, nations, like men, often do have enough sense of honor, of duty, or of ultimate self-interest, to carry out their contracts at no little immediate sacrifice. They are certainly more likely to do a thing if they have pledged themselves to it than if they have not; and any nation would be running a terrible risk that went to war in the hope that the other members of the league would break their pledges.

The same objection applies to another alternative proposed in place of an immediate resort to military force: that is the use of economic pressure, by

a universal agreement, for example, to have no commercial intercourse with the nation breaking the peace. A threat of universal boycott is, no doubt, formidable, but by no means so formidable as a threat of universal war. A large country with great natural resources which has determined to make war, might be willing to face commercial non-intercourse with the other members of the league during hostilities, when it would not for a moment contemplate the risk of fighting them. A threat, for example, by England, France, and Germany to stop all trade with the United States might or might not have prevented our going to war with Spain; but a declaration that they would take part with all their armies and navies against us would certainly have done so.

It has often been pointed out that the threat of general non-intercourse would bear much more hardly on some countries than on others. That may not in itself be a fatal objection, but a very serious consideration arises from the fact that there would be a premium on preparation for war. A nation which had accumulated vast quantities of munitions, food, and supplies of all kinds, might afford to disregard it; while another less fully prepared could not.

Moreover, economic pressure, although urged as a milder measure, is in fact more difficult to apply and maintain. A declaration of war is a single act, and when made sustains itself by the passion it inflames; while commercial non-intercourse is a continuous matter, subject to constant opposition exerted in an atmosphere relatively cool. Our manufacturers would complain bitterly at being deprived of dyestuffs and other chemical products on account of a quarrel in which we had no interest; the South would suffer severely by the loss of a market for cotton; the shipping firms and the export-

ers and importers of all kinds would be gravely injured; and all these interests would bring to bear upon Congress a pressure well-nigh irresistible. The same would be true of every other neutral country, a fact that would be perfectly well known to the intending belligerent and reduce its fear of a boycott.

But, it is said, why not try economic pressure first, and, if that fails, resort to military force, instead of inflicting at once on unoffending members of the league the terrible calamity of war? What do we mean by 'if that fails'? Do we mean, if, in spite of the economic pressure, the war breaks out? But then the harm is done, the fire is ablaze and can be put out only by blood. The object of the league is not to chastise a country guilty of breaking the peace, but to prevent the outbreak of war, and to prevent it by the immediate prospect of such appalling consequences to the offender that he will not venture to run the risk. If a number of great powers were to pledge themselves, with serious intent, to wage war jointly and severally on any one of their members that attacked another before submitting the case to arbitration, it is in the highest degree improbable that the *casus fœderis* would ever occur, while any less drastic provision would be far less effective.

An objection has been raised to the proposal for a league to enforce peace on the ground that it has in the past often proved difficult, if not impossible, to determine which of two belligerents began a war. The criticism is serious, and presents a practical difficulty, grave but probably not insurmountable. The proposal merely lays down a general principle, and if adopted the details would have to be worked out very fully and carefully in a treaty, which would specify the acts that would constitute the waging of war by one

member upon another. These would naturally be, not the mere creating of apprehension, but specific acts, such as a declaration of war, invasion of territory, the use of force at sea not disowned within forty-eight hours, or an advance into a region in dispute. This last is an especially difficult point, but those portions of the earth's surface in which different nations have conflicting claims are growing less decade by decade.

It must be remembered that the cases which would arise under a league of peace are not like those which have arisen in the past, where one nation is determined to go to war and merely seeks to throw the moral responsibility on the other while getting the advantage of actually beginning hostilities. It is a case where each will strive to avoid the specific acts of war that may involve the penalty. The reader may have seen, in a country where personal violence is severely punished, two men shaking their fists in each other's faces, each trying to provoke the other to strike the first blow; and no fight after all.

There are many agreements in private business which are not easy to embody in formal contracts; agreements where, as in this case, the execution of the terms calls for immediate action, and where redress after an elaborate trial of the facts affords no real reparation. But if the object sought is good, men do not condemn it on account of the difficulty in devising provisions that will accomplish the result desired; certainly not until they have tried to devise them. It may, indeed, prove impossible to draft a code of specific acts that will cover the ground; it may be impracticable to draft it so as to avoid issues of fact that can be determined only after a long sifting of evidence, which would come too late; but surely that is no reason for failure to make the

attempt. We are not making a treaty among nations. We are merely putting forward a suggestion for reducing war, which seems to merit consideration.

A second difficulty that will sometimes arise is the rule of conduct to be followed pending the presentation of the question to the international tribunal. The continuance or cessation of the acts complained of may appear to be, and may even be in fact, more important than the final decision. This has been brought to our attention forcibly by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We should have done very wisely to submit to arbitration the question of the right of submarines to torpedo merchant ships without warning, provided Germany abandoned the practice pending the arbitration; and Germany would probably not have refused to submit the question to a tribunal on the understanding that the practice was to continue until the decision was rendered, because by that time the war would be over. This difficulty is inherent in every plan for the arbitration of international disputes, although more serious in a league whose members bind themselves to prevent by force the outbreak of war. It would be necessary to give the tribunal summary authority to decree a *modus vivendi*, to empower it, like a court of equity, to issue a temporary injunction.

In short, the proposal for a league to enforce peace cannot meet all possible contingencies. It cannot prevent all future wars, nor does any sensible person believe that any plan can do so in the present state of civilization. But it can prevent some wars that would otherwise take place, and if it does that it will have done much good.

People have asked how such a league would differ from the Triple Alliance or Triple Entente, — whether it would not be nominally a combination for peace which might in practice have quite a

different effect. But in fact its object is quite contrary to those alliances. They are designed to protect their members against outside powers. This is intended to insure peace among the members themselves. If it grew strong enough, by including all the great powers, it might well insist on universal peace by compelling the outsiders to come in. But that is not its primary object, which is simply to prevent its members from going to war with one another. No doubt if several great nations, and some of the smaller ones, joined it, and if it succeeded in preserving constant friendly relations among its members, there would grow up among them a sense of solidarity which would make any outside power chary of attacking one of them; and, what is more valuable, would make outsiders want to join it. But there is little use in speculating about probabilities. It is enough if such a league were a source of enduring peace among its own members.

How about our own position in the United States? The proposal is a radical and subversive departure from the traditional policy of our country. Would it be wise for us to be parties to such an agreement? At the threshold of such a discussion one thing is clear. If we are not willing to urge our own government to join a movement for peace, we have no business to discuss any plan for the purpose. It is worse than futile, it is an impertinence, for Americans to advise the people of Europe how they ought to conduct their affairs if we have nothing in common with them; to suggest to them conventions with burdens which are well enough for them, but which we are not willing to share. If our peace organizations are not prepared to have us take part in the plans they devise, they had better disband, or confine their discussions to Pan-American questions.

To return to the question: would it

be wise for the United States to make so great a departure from its traditional policy? The wisdom of consistency lies in adherence to a principle so long as the conditions upon which it is based remain unchanged. But the conditions that affect the relations of America to Europe have changed greatly in the last hundred and twenty years. At that time it took about a month to cross the ocean to our shores. Ships were small and could carry few troops. Their guns had a short range. No country had what would now be called more than a very small army; and it was virtually impossible for any foreign nation to make more than a raid upon our territory before we could organize and equip a sufficient force to resist, however unprepared we might be at the outset. But now, by the improvements in machinery, the Atlantic has shrunk to a lake, and before long will shrink to a river. Except for the protection of the navy, and perhaps in spite of it, a foreign nation could land on our coast an army of such a size, and armed with such weapons, that unless we maintain forces several times larger than at present, we should be quite unable to oppose an attack before we had suffered incalculable damage.

It is all very well to assert that we have no desire to quarrel with any one, or any one with us; but good intentions in the abstract, even if accompanied by long-suffering and a disposition to overlook affronts, will not always keep us out of strife. When a number of great nations are locked in a death-grapple, they are a trifle careless of the rights of the bystander. Within fifteen years of Washington's Farewell Address we were drawn into the wars of Napoleon, and a sorry figure we made for the most part of the fighting on land. A hundred years later our relations with the rest of the world are far closer, our ability to maintain a complete isolation

far less. Except by colossal self-deception we cannot believe that the convulsions of Europe do not affect us profoundly, that wars there need not disturb us, that we are not in danger of being drawn into them; or even that we may not some day find ourselves in the direct path of the storm. If our interest in the maintenance of peace is not quite so strong as that of some other nations, it is certainly strong enough to warrant our taking steps to preserve it, even to the point of joining a league to enforce it. The cost of the insurance is well worth the security to us.

If mere material self-interest would indicate such a course, there are other reasons to confirm it. Civilization is to some extent a common heritage which it is worth while for all nations to defend, and war is a scourge which all peoples should use every rational means to reduce. If the family of nations can by standing together make wars less frequent, it is clearly their duty to do so, and in such a body we do not want the place of our own country to be vacant.

To join such a league would mean, no doubt, a larger force of men trained for arms in this country, more munitions of war on hand, and better means of producing them rapidly; for although it may be assumed that the members of the league would never be actually called upon to carry out their promise to fight, they ought to have a potential

force for the purpose. But in any case this country ought not to be so little prepared for an emergency as it is today; and it would require to be less fully armed if it joined a league pledged to protect its members against attack, than if it stood alone and unprotected. In fact the tendency of such a league, by procuring at least delay before the outbreak of hostilities, would be to lessen the need of preparation for immediate war, and thus it would have a more potent effect in reducing armaments than any formal treaties could have, whether made voluntarily or under compulsion.

The proposal for a league to enforce peace does not conflict with plans to go further, to enforce justice among nations by compelling compliance with the decisions of a tribunal by diplomatic, economic, or military pressure. Nor, on the other hand, does it imply any such action, or interfere with the independence or sovereignty of states except in this one respect, that it would prohibit any member, before submitting its claims to arbitration, from making war upon another on pain of finding itself at war with all the rest. The proposal is only a suggestion, defective probably, crude certainly; but if, in spite of that, it is the most promising plan for maintaining peace now brought forward, it merits sympathetic consideration both here and abroad.

WAR NOTES FROM A NEWSPAPER DESK

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

TO-DAY, June 18, forty-six weeks after the Kaiser's declaration of war, Bernhardt is selling at five cents a copy on Broadway. He was a dime only a week ago, and I cannot say whether the price has been forced down by the pressure of competition or by the approach of peace. I have read somewhere that great calamities like the present — war, plague, famine, earthquake — frequently usher in a revolt against ordinary methods of reason and in the direction of mysticism. In some such mystic yearning for relief, for escape from the monotony of forty-six weeks of casualty lists and seven-column headlines, I find myself turning to Bernhardt for a sign, fancying his decline on the Broadway curb as bound up in some way with the weariness, the longing for peace, which now rises out of the official dispatches, the notes and counter-notes, the billion-dollar credits in Parliament, and out of the very speeches of chancellors and prime ministers when they express their utter conviction of the justice of their cause and their confidence in ultimate victory.

Forty-six weeks do not measure the length of this war to me. Nor am I much better off when I think of the landmarks of the months, back through Lemberg and Przemyśl to the Carpathians, to the Lusitania, to the second battle of Ypres, to the first battle of Ypres, to the Aisne, to the Marne, to Liège. The long horror comes home

closest when measured in terms of Bernhardt, who was 75 cents in cloth before the outbreak of hostilities, who was 50 cents in paper when Louvain gave us our first taste of the Will to Conquer, who came down to 25 cents on the bookstands, along with 'Poultry-Raising at a Profit' and '300 Easy Parlor Tricks,' as the theory of modern war seeped into the popular consciousness, and who is now offered at 5 cents a copy to a world familiarized with war on three fronts, with *francs-tireurs* and operations on inside lines, with air bombardments and asphyxiating gas.

How long this frightful nightmare has been upon us you can realize only when you pronounce 'Bernhardt' and the name stirs old, vague memories. Bernhardt belongs in the dim past with such half-forgotten names as Von Kluck, the Crown Prince, King Albert, Nicholas Nicolaievitch, Sir John French — even Hindenburg has faded into the background, even Joffre, even the Kaiser, who began the war as a very vivid personality and has petrified into a symbol, a phrase. Von Kluck, of the two-inch scare heads, for whom no task was too great and no task too small — 'Von Kluck Threatens Paris,' 'Von Kluck Captures Machine Guns,' 'Von Kluck Advances on Forty-Mile Front,' 'Von Kluck Wins Bridge Head' — his name is a shadow. All names are now shadows, for the romance of great leaders, the magic of personal combat, has long vanished out of this war which has resolved itself into a slow grinding of

anonymous masses against each other.

For that matter, we have even given up thinking of masses and nations. The hearts of half the world, the minds of the rest of humanity are fixed upon one thing — shells. Neither strategy, nor tactics, nor fanaticism, nor courage, nor hate, enter into the dispatches, the special correspondence, the war expert's speculations, the editorials, the forecasts of chancellors and prime ministers, but shrapnel only and high explosive, barbed-wire and incendiary bombs. These are the protagonists, who have seized not merely the centre of the stage, but the entire proscenium, ousting men, issues, passions, ideals, principles. After thousands of years of speculation regarding the nature and purpose of the state, we know to-day. The state exists for the production of shells, government is for the regulation of shells. Not progress, not happiness, not virtue, not efficiency, is the purpose of society, but shells; and if not shells, then shrapnel. Civilization has reached the point where we have a Minister of Munitions. Civilization moves on, and future wars, or perhaps this war before it ends, will see a higher specialization, a Minister of High Explosives, a Minister of Low Explosives, a Lord Chancellor of Shrapnel, Secretary of State for Lyddite, for Melinite, for Shimose Powder, with Under Secretaries for Picric Acid, for Hydrochloric Acid, for Saltpetre, and — who knows? if the war goes on, if the Will to Conquer persists — a Minister of Dum-dum Bullets and Arsenic.

II

A little before nine o'clock in the morning, six days in the week, a slim, thin-haired man, with an iron-gray moustache and humorous eyes of a light blue, sits down at a desk in our office, adjusts his pince-nez gently but firmly,

and draws to his ear, figuratively speaking this time, a knotted mass of wires that stretch out to the six continents and the seven seas. Several million puppets dance at the further ends of the wires, — some of them are called Joffre, Asquith, Mackensen, Hindenburg, Bethmann-Hollweg, Nicholas Nicholaievitch, — and at the near end of the wires is he, our Telegraph Editor. You have read in magazine stories of the heaven-born newspaper man who unerringly rips out the heart of a 'story' and so rises to fame and fortune. Ripping out the heart of a 'story' calls up the picture of a vast mass of detail into which the great newspaper man reaches his hand and grasps the essentials. Our telegraph editor has found comparatively little opportunity in the war news for such major operations. His business has been rather to build muscles and flesh around the bare skeleton of the official dispatches which the cables bring him.

His work is constructive engineering of a high kind. He must find in the curt summary of a hundred words sufficient material for an honest narrative that shall not be crushed under the weight of the ornamental cornice which is the headline. His task is infinitely harder than the problems that Joffre and Hindenburg must deal with. For the time is past when commanders in the field must make instant decisions on the basis of fragmentary reports brought in by sweating aides-de-camp. A skirmish nowadays lasts three days and a battle two months, and the deliberations of the General Staff are like the papers read at the Philadelphia Academy of Political Science. But our telegraph editor must frame his decisions between 10:15 and 11:15 for the first edition; he must rectify his lines between 11:45 and 12:45 for the second edition; he must reshape his strategy for Wall Street, and see to it that mat-

ters are definitely pointed to victory or defeat for the Final, at 3:35.

For this purpose the telegraph editor makes no use of textbooks, which are all in the Military Expert's office. Behind his desk, it is true, hangs a large map of Central Europe, but it is largely interior decoration. He has a simpler method for the geography of Europe and the chronology of the war. He carries them in his head. He recalls automatically the A. P. story of a Zeppelin flying over Denmark, which came on October 4 *via* Amsterdam, and identifies it as an early version of the story of a Zeppelin in distress over the North Sea, which came to him *via* Paris on October 15. Long experience of human fallibility in times of peace has given him an instinct for piercing to the truth behind the reticencies, the paraphrases, and the afterthoughts of the war dispatches. Just as before the war he had his comparative scale of veracity completely worked out, — knowing just how far you could believe the A. P. correspondent at Peking and the United Press representative at Los Angeles, — so now he has Paris, Berlin, London, Petrograd, Stockholm, and Geneva classified in the scale of authenticity, not formally, but by instinct, as I have said. Automatically the spluttered lines of the 'flimsy' shape themselves to him as a double-column head, a single 51, or a mere stickful somewhere in the inside pages near the real-estate news.

He has his difficult moments. There have been weeks in this war when the telegraph editor was in the same position as Field-Marshal French, a nation behind him crying for heavy results in the shape of fat headlines, and no ammunition with which to get his results; only two lines from Paris saying that the situation shows no change from the statement of last night; only a remark from Berlin that operations are pro-

gressing quite as foreseen. For the yellow editor there is a way out. He can always pick up a story of Francis Joseph berating his defeated generals, with a faithful paraphrase of the imperial scolding, and put a seven-column head over that. He can always print a story of the imminent fall of the Dardanelles as reported by a Greek merchant from Sophia who reaches Rome via Salonica, Lesbos, Venice, and Alexandria, and put a scare head over that. The most conservative of telegraph editors have been compelled to write double-column heads on the capture of very small trenches; but sometimes even the necessary fifty yards of trenches have not been forthcoming. On such occasions, while the Russian lines on the Bzura are holding firm under Hindenburg's fire, while General Foch is countercharging north of Arras, our telegraph editor bites at an apple and wishes the horrible slaughter were over. Among the victims of the slow-grinding deadlock in the trenches of northern France you must not forget our telegraph editor.

His sufferings are acutest perhaps at 10:30 in the morning. This war, as you have read, has been emphatically an afternoon paper's war. The official war bulletins at Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, London, are given out some time in the afternoon, which means five to six hours earlier in New York and so beyond the reach of the morning papers. It is we of the afternoon press that have scored the most important victories. Only during the first months of the war, when there were important occurrences in the Pacific, did the morning papers have a chance. If I were the proprietor of a great morning daily in New York I wonder if I could resist the temptation to have the war spread to China and eastern Siberia. The greatest 'story' of the war, so far as we of neutral America are concerned, the destruction of the *Lusitania*, was entirely

an afternoon story. For us the sinking of the great ship, and the appalling loss of life; for the morning papers merely the exact counting of the dead, the hunt for survivors, and the recording of the amazement and horror of mankind.

No, a newspaper office on the afternoon of a *Lusitania* story is decidedly not the storm centre which you have read about in the magazines or seen on the stage — city editors in shirt sleeves shouting like Richard III on Bosworth Field, reporters dashing madly through slamming doors, copy boys hurdling the desks toward the pneumatic dispatch-tubes. A *Lusitania* afternoon in our office finds the city room in a hush, the men at the typewriters a little faster than usual, but quieter, too, the copy boys moving a little more swiftly, but with no turmoil. It is among the editorial writers on the other side of the house that you will find excitement, strain, a feverish exchange of opinion. For they are the men who must write to-morrow their reasoned opinion on what it all means — and what does it mean?

The men in the telegraph room and city room, having immediate work to do, do it with silent efficiency. The city editor turns frequently to the telephone, but he does not bawl through half a dozen telephones at once as you have seen him do on the stage. He shouts up the speaking tube to the composing room, but his voice does not rise to a shriek of agony. And the telegraph editor, fixing his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose, sinking a little deeper into his chair, reads, cuts, writes, adjusts, transposes, condenses, expands, rebuilds for the first extra, rebuilds for the second extra, glances at the clock, finds he has still three minutes for his summary, revises his list of survivors, writes a new head for the London Cunard office story,

shifts a first-page London item, 6.35, on to the inside to make room for a *Queenstown*, 6.55 — and the sheets fly from his hand to the hook, and from the hook they are carried to the tube, and the 'takes' descend by tube, until the managing editor announces that there are no more extras.

III

Ever since official war reports have been written, I suppose, they have followed a literary technique of their own. Among the rules of bulletin-writing that will never be changed are those which prescribe that little victories shall be described at much greater length than big victories, that small defeats shall be promptly acknowledged for the purpose of creating an atmosphere of absolute frankness, and that serious reverses shall at first be passed over in silence, then alluded to as a matter of course, and ever after that characterized as a strategic retirement, a rectification of the front, a readjustment of the wings in closer coöperation with the centre, a consolidation of position, a withdrawal from positions that had lost importance, and so forth. These are the classical methods, and they have been liberally employed in the present war. If, for instance, one were to reread the official dispatches from Petrograd during the Galician battles of May and June, one would seldom find the word retreat or retirement. But on successive days or in successive weeks the dispatches calmly speak of the fighting before Tarnow, the fighting on the Wisloka, the fighting at Przemyśl, our front west of Lemberg, our front east of Lemberg, each position being from ten to twenty miles in the rear of the position last mentioned. An army is never beaten, an army seldom retreats, and yet somehow an army is found a good deal far-

ther behind where it was the week before.

It is a method which deceives no one who compares the reports of one day with those of the day before. Only, official war bulletins are written not for information but for moral effect, and are intended, not for the enlightened, but for the unlearned and anxious masses who live only from day to day. Upon them, too, the truth ultimately comes. Vaguely they feel that all is not going well at the front, but by the time the truth is realized there is always at hand a fuller explanation of the comparative insignificance of what might at first seem a serious defeat, and of the real advantages won by our army falling back intact. In that word 'intact' the writer of official dispatches finds great comfort. When important positions are lost it is reassuring to know that, though our positions are lost, our army is intact. And when the army itself has been badly beaten it is a comfort to know that the morale of the army is intact. And when the morale of the army comes under suspicion, there is still the Will of the Nation, the Determination to Conquer, which remains intact. Even in the bitter business of war, the phrase-makers have their rôle.

Teachers of rhetoric must admire the admirable brevity of the average official war report. It has some of the qualities which we were taught at college to look for in Matthew Arnold, — simplicity, conciseness, force. What it does not have of the Matthew Arnold style is Matthew Arnold's orderly lucidity and his sense of proportion. The style is rather that of Picasso and Cézanne. It is the habit of the official reporter, in describing a battle-front 400 miles long, to jump 100 miles after a comma, and to put the capture of 150 men, 2 machine guns, and 3 mine-throwers in the same sentence with the

retirement of a couple of army corps on a front of 20 miles. If, for example, I had to issue an afternoon bulletin dealing with events on a battle-front extending from Albany, New York, to Richmond, Virginia, my report, according to the classical formula, would run somewhat as follows:—

'In the sector of Poughkeepsie our artillery has bombarded the enemy's positions. We destroyed an ammunition train on the road from Asbury Park to Ocean Grove, and forced an airship to descend within the enemy's lines near Old Point Comfort. During the evening of the 19th our forces delivered an attack to the east of Yonkers, and took possession of two lines of trenches on a front of 150 yards, extending to the tenth green on the Van Cortlandt golf links; between Trenton and the James River we have effected a regrouping of our forces some distance in the rear of our advanced positions, which were no longer essential to our strategic purpose. There have been artillery exchanges at Valley Forge, and in the vicinity of Saratoga and Princeton.'

Over this report the *Evening Telegram* would put a seven-column headline, 'Americans Smash Invaders' Lines in Furious Drive Against Van Cortlandt.'

Am I making merry over a rather sad business, blind to the ache and the blood and tears that are concealed behind the dry, disjointed, chaotic formulas of the official reporter? I am not in the least light-hearted. I can see clearly the anxious millions in the towns, in the villages, in the lonely farms and woodcutters' huts to whom these bulletins are offered for anything but information — for consolation, for good cheer, for sustained courage, for readiness to make greater sacrifices still. And, if the story is one of disaster, I can see the mercy as well as the pos-

sible policy of appeasing those anxious hearts with a medley of geography, tactics, and mathematics. I often think with sympathy of the official in the War Office at Paris, Petrograd, Vienna, London, Berlin, to whom falls the final revision of these official reports. He is himself a man, subject to fears, hopes, passions. Defeat must come as dark to him as to any one of us; yet it is his business, like the clown in the comedy, to laugh while his heart is breaking, to laugh in the form of vaguely defined trenches, indefinite bombardments, a dozen prisoners captured, an army corps 'holding its own.'

I cannot help thinking of those utterly bitter days for France when Von Kluck was driving into the heart of the country, when the armies were falling back and back, when Paris seemed doomed, and the bulletins kept coming out regularly about our left wing retiring in order across the Meuse, and then across the Aisne and across the Marne, and still south, falling back intact, its morale unimpaired, inflicting huge losses on the enemy, falling back to positions chosen beforehand by our generals. I cannot help thinking of the author of the Russian bulletins between the Dunajec and Lemberg. Being, after all, a man and a Russian, he must have bent under the pall of defeat; he must have felt the loss of hundreds of thousands of men, the vanishing of great dreams, — Hungary, Constantinople, the open sea. I cannot help thinking even of the stiff Prussian official who penned the phrase about the strategic withdrawal of Von Kluck's right wing to the Aisne. He, too, must have felt the bitterness of vanished dreams, — Paris taken, the French beaten, the English destroyed, the armies marching under the Arc de Triomphe. Much more exhausting, I imagine, than the attacks and counter-attacks of the trenches must be the

strain of sitting in a censor's office and distilling artificial consolation out of the bitter facts of defeat.

IV

We newspapermen printed a vast amount of rubbish during the year of war. By reflecting the nonsense of diplomats, chancellors, war experts, statisticians, professors, scientists, and young women just landed from Rotterdam and convinced that the Germans were bound to win, we justified our claim to be the mirror of the universe. Some of this rubbish we printed unconsciously, in sheer ignorance, but a great deal we inserted, I imagine, for relief. As newspapermen we wanted to break up the monotony of long columns on the first page. As neutrals we were glad to vary the monotony of long German victories with a perfectly disastrous bit of secret information regarding conditions in Berlin, by way of Zurich and Venice to London and so to us.

Most of this rubbish was of anti-German cast, and it is these small 'fillers' that the Germans had in mind when they cried out at the campaign of lies that was waged against them. Lies they may have been, but to call them a campaign is absurd, when you consider their purpose, which was mental relief, and their effect, which was utter futility. In your heart can you blame the telegraph editor who gave a stickful on the first page to the first resplendent bit of war news, the story of how Roland Garros, king of French aviators, on the day after war was declared hurled his aeroplane full speed against one of the Kaiser's Zeppelins and with it went down to destruction? As it turned out, as we might have known from the first, this was not real war news, but it was magnificent.

We, of the ultra-respectable press,

grew cautious very soon. We even went to the extent of appointing expert editorial watchers to run down and destroy such lurid passages as might have escaped the Argus-eyed telegraph editor. We sifted the news rigorously and built up a reputation for impartiality and authoritativeness which made people turn to us for the truth about things. Yes, they looked for the truth about the war in our carefully sifted columns and then turned eagerly to the tit-bits in the yellow and semi-yellow press. If things went ill for the Belgians round Liège, it was heartening to think of Garros's magnificent act of self-devotion, which the Will to Believe made true for a good many of us. People read eagerly enough of old Von Emmich committing suicide with the despairing cry, 'Liège will be the tomb of the German army.' How many times did the German Crown Prince perish, simultaneously or consecutively? How many times did the Kaiser stalk through the night, a bent figure of grief, his hair turned snow-white? There was a particularly glorious afternoon, eight columns wide, when Von Kluck, after the battle of the Marne, asked permission of Joffre to withdraw unmolested into Germany, offering never to take up arms against France. There was that other occasion when Von Kluck, bitterly upbraided by the Kaiser, went forth into the trenches and had himself severely wounded.

This silly gossip of the cables was generally against Germany, but not always. German ingenuity received grudging tribute. I recall clearly the oil casks that the German Admiralty sank off the British coast as storage reservoirs for submarines. I recall the fog bombs that Count Zeppelin invented for the invasion of England, and even German thoroughness could hardly go beyond carrying fog to London.

V

I am not apologizing for the telegraph editor who yielded to temptation and printed news infinitely more gripping than the official dispatches, though quite untrue. And yet it is hard to blame human telegraph editors and common readers for sometimes believing, when even the experts were frail and believed extraordinary things, or at least professed to believe them. I frequently think of this war, which can be classified into various phases under so many different heads, as the history of the rise and fall of a long line of experts. Colonel Repington, of the *London Times*, dominated our columns for several weeks, until it became apparent that he was fallible, both as an expert in the face of a war that proved the undoing of experts and as an Englishman who wanted England to win. Repington, of the *Times*, made way for Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset, of the *Petit Parisien*. He had his day, and the fighting shifted to the east, and for a brief space we sat at the feet of Colonel Shumsky, of Petrograd. For a few days, too, the papers paid cable tolls on the commentaries of a retired major-general on the *Giornale d'Italia*, in Rome, and then for a good many Sundays the cable editors plunged heavily on the eloquent and copious J. L. Garvin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. From time to time we have had Hilaire Belloc, the best of all the Englishmen, with the exception of Spenser Wilkinson, and in the days of Allied adversity it was stimulating to turn to Belloc and watch him add up the German casualty lists into the millions. On the German side we had Major Moraht, of the *Tageblatt*, sober but patriotic. At the moment of writing the floor is to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, friend of Lloyd George.

If the world turned rapidly from one

expert to another, it was not merely because we soon recognized their limitations. If the war turned out so new in its methods, its spirit, its size, as to make a hash of all expert information, we might have been reconciled. But worse than that, the experts argued in a way that made us all M. Jourdain; we all recognized we had been experts all our lives without knowing it. For they all started out with the same assumption: Repington, Garvin, Belloc, and Nicoll, that England would win, Moraht that Germany must win, and Rousset that the French would win. For Garvin the English were never beaten, but only retired, for Rousset the French always fell back on stronger positions, and for Moraht the extraordinary regrouping effected by Hindenburg while marching backwards from Warsaw was a guarantee of the realization of the Will to Conquer.

We, the military experts of neutral American newspapers, drafted for sudden service from various departments of journalism, started with a decided advantage over the Repingtons and the Morahts. In the first place we were somewhat outside the swirl of national hopes and fears, and in the second place we were not hampered by excess of specialized knowledge. It is true that for a time we were under the influence of established military literature. We spoke of river valleys and natural lines of invasion, until the war showed us that armies could go anywhere. We spoke of railways feeding the armies, until motor traction showed the armies to be independent of railways. We spoke of rivers holding up the enemy's advance, until Von Kluck had crossed six rivers in two weeks and recrossed three rivers in three days. We spoke of flanks and centres, until the battle lines stretched from sea to mountain, and there were no flanks. Then we spoke of the impossibility of

flanking operations, until Hindenburg outflanked the Russians. Then we spoke of deadlock and the impossibility of breaking through, until the English broke through at Neuve Chapelle and the Germans in Galicia.

The method of sticking colored pins into a large-scale map proved a failure from the beginning. During the first three weeks in Belgium we did not know where to put in the pins. That was before the time of official reports. On the strength of highly imaginative dispatches from Paris and Amsterdam we ran long lines of red pins, denoting Britons, through Brussels and up to Antwerp. Thick files of blue pins denoting Frenchmen were mobilized on the plain of Waterloo and to the outskirts of Liège. When we learned that there were no Britons in Brussels, no Frenchmen backing up the Belgians south of Liège, it was too late. The armies were all in northern France, and for two weeks moved forward so swiftly that the pins could not keep up. And, when the lines assumed fixity and the pins began to justify themselves, the armies became deadlocked, and for ten months the pins remained immovable on the Aisne and in Flanders, until the sight of them became a weariness.

As prophets, we proved a failure, we experts. But in explaining how things had happened after the event we did not do so badly. To the extent that we helped to clear up a bit of the fog that hung over the battle line, we did it by discarding military history, Napoleonic precedents, the matching of division against division, casualty list against casualty list, and gun weight against gun weight. We went to the maps and read the official reports, and, by checking one against the other, by allowing for exaggerations, regroupings, readjustments, and by reading a bit between the lines, we were enabled to call

up some picture of what was going on in Flanders and Galicia. We tried to be neutral (at least, some of us did), but never reached the ideal of non-partisanship. Too frequently we turned for Allied consolation, for signs of a Russian advance, for indications of a German breakdown, to the unrivaled maps of the German atlas-makers. In our hearts we felt that the Allies were fighting for the freedom of the human soul against the formalism, the oppressive systematization, the drill and preparedness of the Prussian, and so we looked for comfort in the pages of Justus Perthes of Gotha, and in Baedeker. And the starred hotels in Baedeker, the highly recommended pensions, the art-galleries and theatres and shops and beer-gardens, were like the echoes of a dead past.

VI

During a year of war I must have read several thousand columns of special correspondence, — in English, in German, in French, in Italian, — and the vast bulk of this mass of special observation has been meaningless. The Will to Believe has run riot among the special correspondents. They have reported what they expected to see, or what we might have known without going out to see, and only at rare intervals what they have seen with the eye of the specialist. They went to England prepared to meet the awkward, inarticulate, resolute Englishman, and they found him. They went to France for French courage beneath French gayety, and they found it. In Berlin they went to see the crowds escorting their men to the railway stations, tearful but disciplined, sober but rigorously determined to win, the Prussian spirit dominating a nation, and they found it. They found the Viennese gay, the Russian fatalistic. Any one

having a fair acquaintance with the popular novels of the nations, or, better still, with the book reviews of such novels when translated, could have written the greater part of the correspondence that has come from the front. At my desk I could have written of tongue-tied English subalterns who cannot bring themselves to say 'Good-bye' to their fathers, of French lieutenants who kissed before going off on perilous missions, of Russian lieutenants who said, 'Nitchevo.' Altogether the war has been too big for the correspondents.

And when you have collated all the special dispatches from Petrograd, from Cologne, from Przemyśl, from Somewhere in France, and struck out the obvious misstatements and conjectures, and deleted all traces of the Will to Believe, and in every way treated them with rigorous scholarship as if you were editing an utterly unimportant Elizabethan, there emerges from this mass of special correspondence nothing special at all, but a picture which is the same for northern France as for Galicia, for the Yser as for the Vistula. It is a picture of the sameness of modern war, but more than that, of the sameness of the spirit of man, that incorrigible human soul which is one beneath the mask of national habits and idiosyncrasies. To this extent I imagine the advocates of war are right when they speak of war as a normal function of the race. For in times of peace the nations differ — they differ in creed, in clothes, in speech, in social ideals, in art, in their soups and stews and biscuits; but war makes them uniform, dresses them in the same dust-colored khaki, puts them into the same five-foot trench, with or without cement, with or without footboards, and gives them the same outlook, the same appetites, the same fears, the same

whimsies and relaxations. The troop-trains from Berlin are scrawled over with chalk, 'Nach Paris.' The troop-trains from Paris are scribbled over, 'A Berlin.' The troop-trains from Petrograd are decorated with effigies of the Kaiser, the trains from Munich with effigies of King George and Poincaré.

The special correspondent imagines that he draws a picture of the German battle-lines when he describes the Landwehremen with their harmonicas. But he is only depicting our common humanity. For in the French trenches across a hundred yards of barbed-wire ground they are giving recitals on the trombone, and in the English trenches they are playing on the mouth-organ. The English Tommy calls the shrapnel puffs 'Archibald,' and the Frenchman calls them 'Petite Marmite,' and I am certain that there are German, Russian, Serb, and Turkish equivalents. The Kaiser's Landwehremen call their subterranean bomb-proofs 'Villa-Sommerfrisch,' the British nail up signs, 'Ritz,' 'Regent Street,' and the French call them 'Au Moulin Rouge.'

I sometimes wonder why this war or any war should be described as marking the breakdown of civilization when every dispatch from Petrograd, by its sameness to every dispatch from Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, describes a set of common conditions which attest the essential brotherhood of man.

VII

Always the same, our poor human nature, and not the least in its Will to Believe. I have stood at the telegraph editor's desk and read official dispatches spelling disaster for the Allies, the Russians breaking up fast on the Vistula, the French battering in vain at the lines around Arras, cargo boats and trawlers torpedoed in the North Sea,

a British battleship torpedoed in the Dardanelles, and the war-expert part of me has said things looked dark, but the Will has insisted on believing that it was n't as bad as all that: that the Russians had plenty of men, that over there on the extreme left wing in Bukovina there might yet come a blow that would send the Austro-Germans reeling, that once the French started moving forward there would be no stopping them, that England had plenty of battleships, that the German casualty lists were growing at an enormous rate; and I have cheered up. This lower element in me, the Will, has sometimes taken control of the rational war expert in me, and set him to hunting in the largest available maps of Galicia for a river upon the farther bank of which the Russians might make a stand. And when no rivers were available, no swamps, no mountain chains, no bridge-heads, when the plain wording of the triumphant dispatches from Berlin refused to be explained away, to be modified, to be postponed, I have gone out on the street and bought a copy of the *Evening Telegram*, and there, over the same disheartening dispatch I have just read from the wire, I have found comforting head-lines: 'Enormous German Losses as Germans Press on,' 'Czar's Forces Smash Kaiser's Lines' — smash fifty yards out of a line of 900 miles. And if the *Telegram's* head-lines are by any chance reinforced by an interview with a Peoria citizen returning from Germany, who says Berlin feels the pressure of famine, I am altogether cheered up. I know that the Peoria citizen spent twelve hours in Berlin, and that his observations are based on his dinner at the Kaiserbrau in Unter den Linden, and that he thought Berlin was starving because he could not make the waiter understand; but nevertheless I am comforted.

SIDE-ISSUES OF THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

THE war widens, and it will widen still more before it is over. To the nine powers who were in the arena last August three more have already been added,—Turkey on the Germanic side, Portugal and Italy on the side of the Allies. Some three fifths of the total population of the earth and over three fifths of its land surface may at this moment be classed as belligerent. In Europe, of course, the proportion is much higher. Some seventy-five per cent of the peoples of Europe, inhabiting roughly 3,200,000 square miles out of a total area of slightly more than 3,800,000, are now at war. From the north of Scotland to the south of Spain and thence to Constantinople and the Ural Mountains, and so round the entire circuit of the Old World, only about one person in eight, only about one acre in six, lie outside the struggle. Of the fifty-six million Europeans who are at present neutral, perhaps only the twenty who dwell in the Spanish Peninsula are certain to continue so; one half of the remainder are possible, the other half likely, combatants. As matters stand to-day Turkey and the Germanic powers together dispose of some 460,000 square miles of European soil and 119,000,000 inhabitants, and the Allies in Europe of six times as much territory and about two and a half times as many subjects.

This European ratio of belligerent men and areas to neutral, huge as it is, is considerably exceeded in Africa. If

we disregard the fiction which reckons Morocco as an independent state, the only really non-combatant regions in that vast continent are the Spanish colonies, the Kingdom of Abyssinia, and the Republic of Liberia. These states cover rather more than one twentieth of the land of Africa, and embrace rather less than one tenth of its peoples. All the rest, that is to say about 95 per cent of the soil and 90 per cent of the inhabitants, belongs to the warring powers. In Asia, as nearly as I can make out, half the area and slightly over half the population come within the category of belligerents. In North America a twelfth of the people, occupying somewhat more than half the territory, own allegiance to Great Britain; and the remainder are apprehensive, and not without reason, that they too may be drawn into the conflict. The only continent, indeed, that may be said to be immune from the war-madness is Spanish America, where not more than one sixtieth of the area and one one hundred and sixtieth of the inhabitants come even technically within the zone of hostilities.

Looking round the entire world, one can with some confidence predicate neutrality for China, for Mexico, for by far the greater part of South America, and for Spain; but for no other country. The United States, the Republic of Switzerland, the small kingdoms in the north of Europe, and the tempestuous powers of the Balkans are all alike obliged to take into account the possibility of intervention. It is a

possibility that varies, according to circumstances, from the near to the remote; but in no case is it absent. Twelve powers are already in the war. That number will almost certainly be increased by three additions, possibly by four, perhaps by nine. Meanwhile it is enough to go on with. Of the belligerents now in the field one finds that the Allies, owning altogether more than 28,000,000 square miles and ruling nearly 870,000,000 people, are fighting the 150,000,000 subjects and the 2,200,000 square miles of territory that stand to the credit of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. 'The greatest of all wars,' so far as numbers and area are concerned, more than justifies its title.

It justifies it, too, in many other ways. Former wars were wars of armies and governments; this is a war of nations. Former wars were wars of soldiers; this is a war in which the chemist and the manufacturer and the workman at home are as vital to victory as the fighters at the front. Former wars were on a great scale; but none of them saw, as this has seen, some 20,000,000 men under arms. Former wars were expensive, but never until now has civilization paid \$50,000,000 a day for the pleasure of blowing itself to pieces. Former wars brought in their train, within certain limits, a derangement of commerce; but no war, except this one, has precipitated an economic and financial upheaval of such unimaginable dimensions that there is probably not a single human being on this planet who has not in one way or another, for good or evil, directly or indirectly, been affected by it. Former wars took place — or such of them at any rate as can alone be compared with the present one — before the credit system had become internationalized, before the telegraph and the cable and the railway and the steamship were invented, while the mechanism of mod-

ern trade was as yet in its infancy, and when each nation, to a degree we can now hardly conceive, was able in the main to support itself. This war has burst upon a world so bound together by ten thousand links of commerce, finance, and communications, that a shot fired in the Dardanelles sends down the price of wheat in Chicago, and the intervention of Great Britain disorganizes for the time being the trade of China and Brazil, and armies are raised in the ends of the earth, transported across the seven seas to a single spot, and are there fed and clothed and munitioned from the resources of another hemisphere thousands of miles away.

Former wars spread, and sometimes spread far, beyond their source of origin. We all remember what Macaulay wrote of Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War: 'The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.' But this war as a breeder of world-wide strife seems almost to lower its predecessors to the level of domestic broils. The guns it has set a-blazing have been heard among the bean-fields of Shantung, amid the islands of the Pacific, in the Malacca Straits and the Bay of Bengal, off the coast of Chile, within earshot of the Falkland Islands, at the head of the Persian Gulf, along the course of the Tigris and Euphrates, on the banks of the Nile, in the Caucasus and Persia, among the oil palms of Togoland and the Cameroons, in the waterless wastes of Southwest Africa and among the mangrove forests of East Africa, in the Italian Alps and the Adriatic, in the Mediterranean and on the Gallipoli Peninsula, in the Baltic,

the English Channel, the Irish Sea, the Black Sea, the North Sea, and the Ægean, from the Danube to the Baltic, from Paris to Warsaw, and from Switzerland to the Straits of Dover.

Former wars saw nearly all the present antagonists fighting with or against one another. But this one alone has witnessed such a gathering of peoples and races as to make it almost a microcosm of humanity. Canadians and Australians, New Zealanders and West Indians, Sikhs and Pathans, Ghurkas and Garhwalis, Rajputs and Marathas, Tunisians and Senegalese, Algerians and Malagasy, — these are but a few of the outlying peoples who for the first time in history have been summoned from overseas to fight the battle of European freedom on European soil; and the last and greatest of the Crusades, now on foot in Gallipoli, is composed of forces more varied and romantic than Boniface of Montferrat or Henry of Flanders ever knew. Former wars, for all their cruelties, were in general conducted in accordance with enlightened contemporary opinion. This one, beneath the eyes of the whole world, has seen the revival of old practices and the invention of new ones that outrage all the instincts and standards of our sensitive and compassionate age. Former wars saw armies numbered by the hundreds of thousands where to-day we reckon them by millions; fronts of a score of miles that now stretch out fifty times as far; battles of days that now take weeks; less ammunition spent in a whole campaign than to-day suffices for a single engagement; quick decisions, open fighting, and the easy predominance of the human factor, where now we behold victories that end in a gain of less than a mile, a prolonged warfare of subterranean clinches, and machinery rivaling and all but displacing men as the first essential of success.

No comparison, indeed, is possible between this conflict and its forerunners. It beggars them all. The advance in military technique registered by the aeroplane and the submarine is hardly greater than the margin by which this war transcends all other wars as a political and economic convulsion, in the magnitude of its destructiveness and the world-wide sweep of its consequences. For us in Europe it has changed, not merely the conditions, but the very atmosphere of life. I despair, indeed, of bringing home to the American consciousness how completely the normal elements of existence have vanished; with what mingling of oppressiveness and exaltation the war weighs on the thoughts and speech of all of us, transforming every business, every interest, every avocation, and the whole spirit and purpose of private and public pursuits; how unforgettably near and dark hangs its thundercloud of waste and misery and grief, and yet how bright is its lining of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness and heroic devotion. Nothing else in the world matters except the war and its fortunes and problems and the immensity of the effort needed for its proper conduct.

II

In some ways, perhaps, the nature and scope of that effort can be better observed in Great Britain than in any of the other belligerent countries. For Great Britain, when the war broke out, was a peaceable, industrial nation, absorbed in domestic issues; not unprepared for war, — the navy was ready and the Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men was ready, — but decidedly unprepared for a European war on this unexampled scale. Her task in the past year has been to shoulder a three-fold burden never before laid upon any land. To control the seas so as to insure for

herself and her allies an uninterrupted freedom of maritime communications with all the strategic mobility and economic vitality implied therein; to perform for her allies the indispensable functions of banker and manufacturer; and at the same time to build up a military force adequate to the needs of the situation and not less than twenty times greater than any she had previously contemplated, — these have been the labors of Hercules at which she has toiled for the past twelve months.

That there are shadows on her record I should be the last to deny. It could not be otherwise with a people somewhat slow of imagination, little used to the direction or control of the state, fiercely individualistic and unorganized, and kept by its rulers in a stupid and exasperating ignorance of the facts and character of the war. Hence among ministers a backwardness in envisaging the problem before them as a whole, and among the people, here and there, an unrealizing lethargy and too great an indulgence in the habits and pleasures of peace. In the British manner these shortcomings have been trumpeted to the skies. That deceptive trick of the English people of taking what they do well as a matter of course, while loading their failures or defects with extravagant lamentations, is one of the most embarrassing obstacles to a true understanding of their character; and I dare say that no small part of the world of onlookers, taking its cue from the London press, is persuaded that the British masses are shirking their work, spending their high wages on drink and horse-racing and football matches, and pursuing 'business as usual' with an almost horrible insensibility to the national interests.

If such an impression exists among any readers of this magazine, I beg them to get rid of it. So far as it is not

sheer exaggeration, it is justified only in the case of a troublesome but extremely exiguous minority. The great body of the workingmen have done magnificently; and for the backslidings of the weaker vessels among them the indecision and myopia of the government, a very formidable rise in the cost of living, and the revelation of huge profits made by contractors and a few employers, are more immediately responsible than any native lack of energy or self-control or patriotism.

The government have failed to do all that they might and should have done to bring the war home to the people. They failed to foresee that an indiscriminate system of voluntary recruiting would draft into the army thousands and scores of thousands of men who would be better serving their country by going on with their work at home. They failed to establish any rational balance between military and industrial needs, between the numbers required at the front and the numbers required at the forge and the factories to supply the equipment and munitions of war and to carry on the commerce of the country, on which its ability to meet its financial liabilities must largely depend. They failed to realize in advance that high explosive shells and machine guns would prove in this war the prerequisites of victory, and they were unpardonably tardy in waking up to the truth and in acting upon it. What they are doing now to organize labor and industries and to restrict inordinate profits could have been done, and should have been done, six months ago.

But in all wars Britain begins slowly and finishes strongly; and if there is a debit side to the national account, there is also an imposing list of credit items. The British navy has been invaluable; the British army has been something more than useful; and the

financial skill and courage of the government have gone far to insure an all but indefinite capacity to furnish the country and its allies with the sinews of war. Not far short of 3,000,000 men have voluntarily offered themselves for service at the front. In the face of such a spectacle, without parallel in history, it is little less than ludicrous to question the spirit of the British people. What is needed, however, to make that spirit reach its maximum of productivity and effectiveness, is guidance and organization; and these are at last forthcoming. There has been much to deplore and a little to be ashamed of in the British record during the past year, but there has been vastly more to admire; and I, for one, am confident that we are turning at this moment one of the most glorious pages in British annals. I am not thinking solely or even mainly of naval or military successes in the seven widely separated theatres of war in which Great Britain is engaged. I am thinking of a nation strung up to the heroic pitch, wholly united in a cause that holds out no prizes but those of duty done, honor fulfilled, and security won by valor and sacrifice, absorbing discipline and steadied by it without losing their characteristic flexibility and self-reliance, and pitting against a monstrous mechanism of tyranny the full, spontaneous, and orderly strength of millions of free men.

Great Britain, it may be said, has not yet scaled these heights of splendor. But she is nearing them; she is climbing already beyond the lower slopes; she will gain the summit. She will not, however, do so without carrying still further that process of shedding old habits of thought and old ways of doing things which set in from the first moment of the war. We have seen in the past twelve months two developments of unique significance in British

life — the exaltation of the state and the crushing down of party politics. It has been made a reproach to the Socialists of all lands that they did not prevent the war. If they cared for the reply, they might well make answer that at any rate it has had to be waged by applying their doctrines. Whether that shows the common sense of Socialism or merely its abnormality, I shall not attempt to determine. But the fact is patent that in Great Britain, as in all the other belligerent countries, the state has taken on an unprecedented increase of powers and responsibilities. For the time being, the old economics are dead.

The British are among the least submissive and the most independent of peoples. Yet their chief complaint against their government at this moment is that it has not sufficiently restricted their liberties, that it does not enforce discipline on every human being in the kingdom, that it does not prescribe for each one of them his or her special sphere of usefulness. Every step that the state has taken beyond the province assigned to it in times of peace has been received with a round of popular applause. The state regulates the prices of food; the state makes vast purchases of necessary commodities for resale to the people; the state takes over the railways; the state gags the press; the state, by one enactment after another, places the entire kingdom under what is virtually martial law; the state fixes wages, annexes profits, takes control of the saloons, starts new industries, enters the insurance business, commandeers all the engineering works in the country, abolishes trade-union restrictions, regulates and disciplines labor, — essays, in short, a hundred enterprises that would be utterly closed to it in ordinary times.

The approval with which the British people have watched and encouraged

these inroads upon their traditional philosophy is something more than a tribute to necessity. It implies a conscious recognition that the organization of Great Britain as a community has hitherto been singularly defective and that only state action can improve it. This recognition, in my judgment, will outlive the war. A sane and humorous people like the British are never likely to deify the state as the Germans have deified it; but they will more and more incline to enlarge its functions and to invoke its assistance. The awful transitional period that lies ahead of Europe, when the stimulus of war is removed and its ruin and waste come to be counted, and a desperate scramble of readjustment and rebuilding begins, will force all nations to turn to the state for leadership in the work of salvage. I cannot conceive that in Great Britain all problems of government ownership or control of such utilities as the railways, such services as the banks and stock exchange, and such industries as mining, will not after the war be considered from a new standpoint. I cannot conceive that the British people, when peace returns, will tolerate for long the failure of the state to recolonize the British countryside or to provide a genuinely national system of education. Still less can I conceive of the Empire continuing to be the same loose, unfederated, disjointed congeries of states that it was when the war began; or of domestic politics being resumed on anything like their old footing; or of women continuing to be excluded from that share in public and professional life to which their incomparable services during the war have with compelling effect underscored their claim; or of emigration from an exhausted and overburdened Great Britain to the ample skies and prospects of Greater Britain beyond the seas being allowed to pursue its old haphazard course.

System, organization, discipline; a new sense of the state; a more realistic conception of unity throughout the nation and of brotherhood among all classes, — these are the attributes that one hopes may survive the war and animate the British people without detriment to their native impulses of initiative and self-confidence. I find myself relying, blindly perhaps but profoundly, upon those three or four millions of young men who will have volunteered for the war, to introduce into Great Britain, on the return of peace, a wider democracy, not so much of political forms as of spirit and opportunity, a national and not a party outlook in public affairs, a better type of legislator than 'the tired lawyer,' and a higher standard of efficiency in the business of government. With the soldiers of the war, if they will but hold together and assert themselves, rests the future of the nations engaged in it; and in France and Great Britain and Italy, the three belligerent lands in which political life is most highly developed, their influence will naturally be thrown, not on the side of a resumption of party politics, but on the side of prolonging and upholding the temper and methods of the really national governments that the plain urgencies of the war have already set up in London and in Paris.

If Great Britain has much to learn from Germany, Germany has far more to learn from Great Britain. But the capacity of each to assimilate what gives strength to the other is by no means identical. Great Britain can find room for, and in almost all departments of life stands to benefit by, those qualities of patient foresight, scientific exactitude, thoroughness in preparation, thrift, realism, and devotion to the state of which Germany has set so far-shining an example. For these are virtues that already exist in the British character, but are largely lost to the

national service through faulty organization. They can be developed and they can be applied without any harm to, and, indeed, with a positive enrichment of, those traits that are the backbone of the British people. Great Britain, for instance, could adopt national military service without canonizing the uniform or enthroning a military caste. She could extend the functions of the state and yet still regard its agents and functionaries with the good-humored tolerance of to-day. She could reach Germany's standard of education and intelligence without forfeiting her ancient dower of a natural and resourceful rebelliousness. She could become as systematic, economical, and provident as her adversary and still retain her talent for meeting responsibilities gladly and for thriving on emergencies. What Britain, in short, can borrow — and, if she is to hold her own in the war and in the not less difficult times that will succeed the war, must borrow — from Germany is in the nature of expansion. What Germany can borrow from Great Britain is in the nature of explosion. Once plant in the Fatherland the careless British doctrine that a man is a human being and not a cog in a machine, and the whole apparatus of autocracy, caste-government, impotent parliaments, and manufactured opinion begins to crack and crumble.

I fancy that in any event it will hardly emerge intact when the defeat which is as distant as it is inevitable strips from the ruling classes in Germany the prestige of infallibility and success. The people have long been beating against the bars. More and more they have begun to ask for a share in the government commensurate with their numbers and intelligence, and to realize that the ballot, as an end in itself, is insufficient: that divorced from direct responsibility, it is little more than a national plaything, and that it affords no

adequate security against the subjection of government to the interests of a single class or against the capricious and hazardous policies of a semi-absolutism. For some years before the war the German people had been working round to the conclusion that no emperor, however patriotic, and no chancellor, however dexterous, could be quite so safe a guardian of the national interests as the nation itself. I do not say that they had actually reached that conclusion or that, even if they had, they possessed the political capacity to give effect to it. But unquestionably that was the direction in which the German mind was moving. It seems not unreasonable to assume that the defeat of Germany in this war, by discrediting the whole philosophy of the state for which the Hohenzollerns have stood, must powerfully aid the political enfranchisement of the masses.

But it is, perhaps, on Russia that the war is destined to work its greatest effects. Whatever else happens, the days of Prussianism in the Empire of the Czars are numbered; and with its disappearance there vanishes a baleful influence that since the days of Peter the Great has corrupted the Slavonic spirit and interposed an estranging barrier between the Czar and his peoples. Changing the name of the capital from St. Petersburg to Petrograd was a small thing but symbolic. It was a token that the Russian sovereign and his subjects, long separated by Prussian ascendancy in the court, the army, and the bureaucracy, were at last coming together in a mutually intelligible identity. The true genius of the Russian people is kindly, tolerant, and democratic. It is almost everything, indeed, that the Prussian spirit is not. That is why this war is for Russia essentially a war of moral liberation that will clear a path for the fruition and expansion of all that is most genuinely Russian. The

results may be long in showing themselves, but those who know Russia best and are possessed of something of her own unconquerable faith have the least doubt of their ultimate advent. Another and a decisive milestone is being passed on the long and tortuous road of Russia's progress toward liberalism and unity.

III

But it is on wider problems than these that the observer of the present struggle soon finds himself ruminating. There is not a question of all the many questions that have harassed European statesmanship for the past hundred years that has not been started by it into fresh vitality; and one at least, forgotten by all diplomats and remembered only by dreamers, has reëmerged from a still older tomb. Poland! That name, that ideal, that inveterate aspiration of a people martyred with the peculiar callousness of the eighteenth century, — what 'practical' man gave it, until the present war and Russia's resounding pledge of national resurrection, a single moment's thought? Yet the final and, as it were, the sacramental token of victory for the Allies has been solemnly and sincerely declared to be the ancient kingdom of Poland reconstituted and made whole. And the principle by virtue of which this miracle is to be wrought is the principle of nationality. There, if anywhere, is the point of sharpest opposition between the Teutonic powers and the Allies. The triumph of the former means the trampling of the smaller peoples of Europe beneath the jackboot of Prussian militarism; the triumph of the latter is the vindication of their right to security and self-realization.

But one who, with this clue in his hands, seeks to thread the maze of European politics, will find 'the principle

of nationality' an erratic and even convulsive guide. By its light he may, indeed, picture to himself, without too much effort, the lost provinces restored to France, Belgium once more independent, and the neighboring kingdoms as self-contained and relatively tranquil as they are to-day. But as his eyes travel eastward, he becomes aware that, if nationality is to determine everything, very little is left of the map of Europe. Poland rises again; Austria-Hungary disappears, the German elements gravitating toward the Hohenzollerns and the Slav toward the Romanoffs, leaving Hungary to form a Magyar Switzerland; a Greater Serbia, a Greater Roumania, emerge; Bulgaria expands to the limits of her original agreement with Serbia and Greece; Italy annexes whatever in Austria and along the Dalmatian coast is Italian in speech or sentiment or by tradition; and Greece overflows into Asia Minor. Such a rearrangement is not impossible, if and when the Allies win. But it raises almost as many problems as it solves, and the more he looks into it the more will a dispassionate onlooker wonder whether nationality may not prove as refractory and aggressive — and may not be the forcing-bed of as many wars — as religion itself.

Not even here, however, do we reach the limits of this 'greatest of all wars.' Is the five-hundred-years-old curse of Turkish rule at last and really to be removed from Europe? Is Russia actually within sight and touch of her insistent goals, — Constantinople and an outlet to the warm waters? And if the Turks are driven from Europe, can they hold their own or maintain any sort of authority in Asia Minor? Syria and Palestine, Mesopotamia and Arabia, what is to become of them? Can Great Britain with her eighty million Moslem subjects be indifferent to the fate of a country that contains the holy places

at Mecca and Medina, and that commands the trade route to India as well as the coasts of Egypt? Is another and a greater empire to rise where the Assyrian and Babylonian empires fell? Will cities more magnificent than they cover the sites of Nineveh and Babylon, and the Tigris spread fertility like the Nile, and Mesopotamia become once more the granary of the East, and the oilwells of Kerkuk rival those of Baku? These are not idle speculations. They are as much and as pertinently the conceivable consequences of the war as the fate of Germany's possessions in Africa and the Pacific, and the rounding-off of the all-British route from Cairo to the Cape.

But all forecasts, all possibilities, are subject to the issue of the struggle and the nature of the peace. The world is

at war to-day very largely because the Congress of Vienna one hundred years ago redrew the map of Europe on the artificial and transient lines of dynastic claims and antiquated technicalities, and ignored the rights and sentiments and individuality of the peoples it was dealing with. Since then democracy and nationality have made themselves felt as the most potent of all forces in the politics of to-day. If the settlement is guided by them, a new and saner dispensation may be created such as Europe has not seen since the peace of the Antonines was broken. For by far the most crucial question propounded by the war is not its effect upon this country or upon that, but whether it is to end merely to be renewed later on, or whether 'the greatest of all wars' is to be also the last.

WAR AND THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

BY L. P. JACKS

WHAT is the cause of the terrible calamities which are now falling on the civilized world? Surely it lies in the fact that the economic development of mankind has outstripped the moral development. The nations of the world have grown richer without becoming wiser and juster in a corresponding degree. We all know that the possession of great riches is a dangerous thing — dangerous for the possessor and dangerous for his neighbors. We all know what the dangers are; we know further that they can be averted only if the moral development of the man's character keeps pace with the economic de-

velopment of his wealth. I suppose that few of us would object to a man's increasing his possessions tenfold, provided that his sense of justice and his wisdom were increased to correspond. But if his wisdom and sense of justice lagged behind, while his fortune went ahead, we should be justly alarmed for the consequences both to the man and to his neighbors. This holds good of nations as well as of individuals. And the fact is that during the past fifty years the wealth of the world has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, while the morality of the world has moved only at a snail's pace.

Indeed, there are pessimists who maintain that morality has not improved, but rather deteriorated. That I do not believe; at all events it is a disputable proposition. It may be true of certain countries, — I believe it is true of Germany, — but it is not true of the civilized world taken as a whole. At the same time it is indisputable that morality, by which I mean justice and wisdom, has not advanced, anywhere, in the degree that is needed to deal justly and wisely with the enormous accession of riches which has suddenly fallen to the lot of the human race. Material prosperity has taken the world unawares; morally the nations were unprepared for it; some of them made ready for war, but none of them made ready for the greater dangers of peace. The nations have acquired all this wealth, but in the deepest sense they don't know what to do with it; they don't know how it ought to be handled; they don't know how to make it a blessing, or even how to prevent it from being a curse. This disparity between the moral and the economic development is the prime cause of our present trouble.

As things now are, — wealth advancing by leaps and bounds, justice and wisdom advancing at a snail's pace, — rich nations are bound to be quarrelsome nations. They will be quarrelsome in various ways, — in the first place, internally. Within the nation itself there will be class-war, the struggle between the poor and the rich, which may and probably would break out into armed civil strife unless the contending parties were restrained by their common fear of foreign aggression. These internal quarrels — at least the fiercest of them — are centred on the question of wealth, and they are most bitter in those countries where there is most wealth to be divided and quarreled about. And the reasons for this are quite obvious. Where-

ever classes or individuals distrust one another, they will find means to pick a quarrel. Mutual distrust always follows from the presence of ill-digested wealth in a community. The rich suspect the poor of having designs on their property. The poor suspect the rich of trying to oppress them and take advantage of them. Whether these suspicions are well founded or not does not matter. They exist; neither party has confidence in the good faith of the other; and quarrels are bound to break out the moment a pretext is forthcoming.

Before the present war began all the wealthy nations of Europe were seething with this sort of strife. It was bitter in every one of them; but it was even more bitter in the United States, a country which is probably more wealthy than any other, and at the same time less exposed to the danger of foreign attack.

But while the internal quarrels are serious, more serious still are the external quarrels which are produced by the ill-digested wealth of nations. And here I will call your attention to a simple, obvious, and unquestionable fact. The present world-war is, in the main, a war between *rich* nations. It is not a war between nations who are fighting, like starving dogs, for the bare means of subsistence. With the exception of Serbia and Montenegro, who of course are not the principals, each of the belligerent powers possesses vast territories and vast accumulations of wealth. Judged by any reasonable standard of human satisfaction, each has within itself not only enough, but far more than enough, to provide for the wants of its inhabitants. If any of these countries cannot produce for itself all that its population requires, it is at all events rich enough to buy from those who can. Every one of them is enormously rich. Unless they were, they could not wage war on its present scale.

I am going to suggest that the enormous wealth of these nations has something to do with the fact that they are at war and a great deal to do with their being at war on the present stupendous scale. We all know that this war has been brought about by a complicated tangle of causes. From among the tangle I shall pick out this one, and ask you to concentrate attention upon it.

My contention is that vast accumulations of national wealth, so far from inclining nations to live at peace with one another, have, in the present backward state of international morality, precisely the opposite effect. The possession of great riches acts upon nations in the same way that we sometimes see it act upon individuals. Instead of making them contented with what they have, it makes them covetous to get more. It gives rise to ambitions which have no limit and suffer no restraint. It provokes jealousy and arouses predatory instincts. A rich but vulgar-minded man, living in the society of men who are richer than himself, is apt to be jealous on that account. The fact that they have more than he has makes him determined to get more himself, possibly at their expense. So among nations. They may all be rich together, but if some are richer than others, then those that are less rich are apt to look with envy on those that are more rich; those that are more rich on the other hand will suspect that the less rich have designs on their possessions; and so will arise an atmosphere of hatred, envy, and suspicion which sooner or later is bound to issue in strife.

These, I submit, are very simple and obvious truths. Just because they are so simple and obvious I am afraid that they are often overlooked.

But here I must guard myself from being misunderstood. It is not true that all the industrial nations of the

world have been equally corrupted by their wealth. None has escaped corruption altogether; but in some the evil is much less than in others. It is not true that every nation is jealous of its neighbors or eager to raid their possessions; and those that are jealous are not all jealous to the same degree. Most of them, if the peoples as distinct from the governments could speak, are peaceably inclined. Some of them wish nothing better than to be left in peace to pursue their own economic development, leaving the rest to do the same. But to produce the state from which war arises it is not necessary that every nation should envy every other. It is quite enough if there be one black sheep in the flock. The presence of one nation whose wealth has so operated on the national character as to make it envious of others and greedy for more will be enough to upset the peace of the world. The action of that one nation, and its known character, will breed a general sense of insecurity in the rest, will cause them to be on their guard and put them in the attitude which is ready to strike. And that attitude when it becomes general will give rise to new suspicions, to new competitions in armaments, and to all those dangerous suggestions of war which the mere existence of armaments never fails to produce.

This, as we all know to our cost, is precisely what has occurred. And my point is that precisely this was bound to occur, and is likely to occur again in a state of society whose moral development is so far behind its economic development as our own is at the present day. The wealth of nations, operating upon a backward morality, becomes a bone of contention, instead of being, as the thinkers of a past generation hoped it would be, the basis of peace. It provokes the cupidity, the envy, the boundless ambition of which war is the

necessary sequel. It need not and does not provoke these passions everywhere; but it is certain to provoke them somewhere; and that is enough to upset the peaceable equilibrium of the world. Consider how this enormous accumulation of national wealth has come into existence. It is partly the result of the conquest by the more powerful races of the backward territories of the earth. But in the main it is the result of industry carried on by enormous populations and aided by the discoveries of physical science. Now what has industry to do with war?

Industry appears at first sight to be a force opposed to war. Communities which are engaged in producing wealth look upon war as a fatal interruption of their work, and as a disastrous destruction of the fruit of their labors. Moreover, the nations which are engaged in commerce lose the aptitudes which make them efficient in war, and they acquire other aptitudes which make them inefficient. The desire for military glory is displaced by the desire for economic success and for the satisfactions it brings in its train. And in addition to all this, trade between nations tends to break down the barriers of race and geography; and sets up a network of international interests which act in favor of peace. All this is obvious and familiar.

Unfortunately this is not the end of the story. While it remains true that the actual *process* of producing wealth is one which works in favor of peace, it is none the less true that *the wealth when it is produced* becomes a cause acting in favor of war. The peaceful tendencies of the process of industry are undone by effects which the material fruits of industry produce on an imperfectly developed type of human character. These effects are such that bitter strife is the almost inevitable consequence.

Here we come to what seems to me the great defect in Herbert Spencer's treatment of this question. Spencer thought that industry was going to drive war out of the world. His reasons for so thinking were simple. In the first place he saw that industry had those peaceful tendencies which I have already mentioned. But over and above this, he pointed out that nations devoted to industry would find themselves forced to abandon the kind of social organization which is essential to war. What militancy requires is centralization, — that is, a state of society which places all the individual citizens under the immediate command of the state, so that the whole community may be ready to act together, at a moment's notice, against the common foe. And this centralization, which as you know is the characteristic of the Prussian system, while necessary to nations which live by war, Spencer regarded as fatal to nations which live by trade. What trade requires before all else is just that freedom for individual initiative which the citizen must surrender under the state of war. Just as war, to be successful, demands centralization, so industry, to be successful, demands decentralization. Thus the end of war would come about by a natural process of evolution. Industrial communities would gradually find out that the centralized system was opposed to their interests as wealth-producers; that system would gradually be eaten into and destroyed, until at last these industrial communities, which had lost the taste for war in the meantime, would find themselves so decentralized that the carrying on of war would be in any event impossible.

Thus in the end wars would cease automatically. And all this, it will be observed, is to be brought about by the natural development of industrialism — the wealth-making, as opposed to

the war-making, instinct of mankind. Industrialism therefore is the great enemy of militarism; the two are engaged in a struggle for mastery; and the end of the struggle will be the triumph of industrialism and the downfall of militarism. Spencer's own words are these: 'A long peace is likely to be accompanied by so vast an increase of manufacturing and commercial activity, with accompanying growth of appropriate political structures within each nation [he means decentralized institutions], and strengthening of those ties between nations which mutual dependence generates, that hostilities will be more and more resisted, and the organization adapted for the carrying them on will decay.'¹

In Spencer's opinion, then, a long peace (he does not tell us how long) is all that industrial communities need to cripple the machinery of war, and to deaden the desire for it, so that further conflicts will become impossible.

Now all this appears to be excellent reasoning, and incontrovertible so far as it goes. But unfortunately it stops short at the point where some tremendous forces come into operation of which Spencer takes no account. It describes with almost perfect truth the effect which the *process* of wealth-making has on the habits or characters of industrial nations. But it says nothing of the effects which come from the *wealth itself* after it has been produced. How the process of producing wealth acts on the character of nations, is one question, and this Spencer deals with; how the wealth when produced reacts on the nations which have produced it, is another question, and this Spencer leaves out of the account. It is as though you were studying the character of a man engaged in making his fortune by trade. You might conclude that the man, in order to succeed in

business, must avoid quarrelsome habits, must consider his employees and customers, must conciliate the good opinion of other people, must learn to live and let live and maintain a generally pacific attitude to his fellow men, and so on. I suppose that Dr. Johnson was thinking of all this when he said to Boswell, 'Sir, a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is engaged in making money.'

But it is obvious that we must not stop here. We must ask further, 'What will be the effects on the man of his money after he has made it?' The process of earning ten thousand dollars, by industry, may conceivably be a very wholesome discipline. But the possession of the fortune, when earned, may have consequences of a very different order. It may fill the man with pride and ostentation; it may turn him into an offensive snob; it may give him a swelled head. It may have a yet more disastrous effect. Instead of leaving him contented with what he has got, it may only provoke his desire to get more.

Or a worse thing still may happen. His wealth, instead of making him feel comfortable and at ease, may fill him with constant dread lest it be lost or stolen. He may fall into a habit of suspecting that everybody has designs on his fortune, and all those good conciliatory habits which he acquired while earning his money will be replaced by bad suspicious habits, leading him to keep a loaded revolver under his pillow and a fierce dog at his garden gate.

All this applies closely to the question of militarism and industrialism, and especially to Spencer's treatment of it. Spencer leaves us at the point where the biggest question still remains to be asked. Admitting the truth of all he says about industrialism as a peace-making process among nations, we have still to inquire into the after-

¹ *Political Institutions*, p. 736.

effects on the nations of that which industry produces. Industry produces vast accumulations of material wealth. It has made the nations of the West rich in a degree which staggers the imagination. What is the effect of those riches? Does their possession make the nations pacific in their relations with one another? Does it tend to the elimination of jealousy? Does it produce a sense of security and mutual trust among the peoples of Europe? Does it lead us to abandon our armaments? Does it involve the downfall of that centralized system of government which is needed for the carrying on of war? And if by chance war breaks out, does it shorten the period of conflict, and tend to keep the area within narrow limits, and render the conduct of operations less bloody, less cruel? Does it mitigate the passions of hatred or the desire for revenge? Alas, we know that it does none of these things.

In all our studies of industrialism, and of its relation to the question of war and peace, let us bear in mind the distinction I have drawn between the social effects of the process of industry, and the social effect of that which industry produces — national wealth. The distinction appears to me vital. While admitting, with certain reservations, that the industrial process is on the whole pacific, we may yet find that the fruit of the process is the prime cause of war. It may be true, as Spencer teaches, that the effect of industry considered as a process is to break down the system of centralized and coercive government. But when the need arises, as it does arise, of guarding the fruits of industry against the predatory designs of other nations, or when the fear exists, as it does exist, that such designs are in preparation, then it is that these industrial communities are driven, in spite of their own interests, to revert to the military type of

organization, thereby losing to militarism all that they have gained by industrialism. Thus industrialism, instead of destroying militarism, may lead to its establishment on a firmer basis than ever.

As the world is now constituted, and as 'prosperity' is now understood, it may be said without reservation that in proportion as a nation grows rich by industry, it becomes an object of apprehension to itself and of jealousy to its neighbors. That riches bring no content is a moral platitude when applied to individuals. But our greatest thinkers have sometimes forgotten that the same holds good of nations. In times of peace the richest nations, as we have seen, are apt to be the most discontented. Prior to the outbreak of the present conflict the industrial nations were being strained to the breaking point by suppressed civil war. They were never further from satisfaction. The rich were fighting to become richer; the poor were fighting to become less poor.

And if this were true of the classes within the nations, it was equally true of the nations as wholes. All of them were apprehensive in regard to what they possessed already, and some of them, at all events, covetous of possessing more. Every one of the great powers was guarding its hoard and building up armaments, either to protect its own possessions, or to raid those of its neighbors. The warlike preparations were in proportion to the wealth at stake. I do not think there was ever so much fear in the world as there was during the ten years which preceded the war. And it was the kind of fear which is born of the possession of great riches, — the dread lest what you have should be taken away or diminished, the knowledge that others are jealous, the feverish haste to pile up wealth so as to provide a margin for

future losses. The attitude of the great powers constantly reminded one of the miser who lies awake at night suspecting that every sound is the foot-fall of an approaching thief. It was a poor sort of 'prosperity.'

We delude ourselves in thinking of national wealth as though it were necessarily enjoyed by the nations which possess it. As things now are, the sense of its precariousness spoils the enjoyment. And the day comes at last when all the wealth which industrialism has been piling up for generations has to be handed over to militarism to provide the means of mutual destruction, the extent of the destruction being measured by the amount of industrial wealth forthcoming for the purpose.

In view of the facts, therefore, I think we shall not be wise in looking any longer to industrialism as the force which is to antagonize war.

But I must add that in speaking of industrialism, I am thinking of it as it is now understood and carried on. That is to say, I am thinking of that kind of industry whose sole object is the production of material wealth — broadly speaking, the industry of the modern world. The last fruit of that kind is not peace, but war, — war produced by the passions to which the possession of mere material wealth inevitably gives rise.

But there is another kind of industry whose final object is not material wealth but the joy of the worker. There is a kind of industry which is its own reward. It was that kind that built the Cathedral of Rheims — the kind that creates beautiful things. There is precious little of it in the world at present. But I am hoping — I cannot say I am as yet convinced — that the present war, by demonstrating the utter futility of the kind of industrialism so long in vogue, will give that other and better kind a chance and an opportunity

such as it has not had for three hundred years. It seems to me as if the age of mechanism, the age in which we have lived so long, the age which the future will look back upon as one of the dreariest and saddest in the history of the world, were being burned out and destroyed. If this conflagration does not destroy it, then there must be another. For till it is gone there will be no rest, no peace, for man.

My general conclusion is, therefore, that we shall never get rid of war until we get rid of that type of civilization which directs the energies of nations to the production of mere material wealth. In other words militarism will not go till we get a reformed industrialism. So long as nations are engaged in piling up national fortunes, they are creating the forces that make for war.

The question remains whether the wealth of nations would lose its strife-producing qualities if it were more justly distributed among the members of each community. Suppose some system were introduced which gave to every citizen a fair share of the national wealth. Would that lead to universal peace?

Before that question can be answered, we must understand the meaning of our terms. What do we mean by 'a fair share'? Do we mean a share which is considered fair by the man who gets it? Or do we mean one which is considered fair by some tribunal, or authority, appointed to settle the matter, but which possibly the man himself may regard as unfair? This, of course, would not remove the cause of strife. To do that you must not merely insure to the citizen his just share of the world's goods, but you must get him to recognize it as just. Otherwise discontent will remain, and however free the community may be from foreign war, the danger of civil war will always be present.

But the danger would not be over even if we were to introduce a scheme of distribution which everybody recognized as just. We should still have to deal with cupidity and covetousness. Everybody might feel that he was getting as much of this world's goods as he was entitled to; and yet his desire to get a great deal more might be unabated. 'This,' he might say, 'is all I can fairly claim; but it is not enough to satisfy me.' There would still be room for avarice and for the play of the predatory instincts. There is nothing in the recognized fairness of the distribution to prevent an astute and covetous individual from practicing on those who are less astute and covetous than himself. Which is only another way of saying that peace is not yet assured.

Furthermore, we have to consider the question in its international aspects. Two states existing side by side might have solved their economic problems to the perfect satisfaction of their respective citizens. Each of those states might possess enormous funds of justly distributed wealth. But though the citizens of each might be perfectly contented when they looked within their own borders, yet they might be profoundly envious when they looked across the frontier. These rich nations

would not be prevented from hating, envying, and fighting one another by the mere fact that each regarded its domestic arrangements as satisfactory. So that, unless the problem is solved on an international basis, it is not solved at all.

All of which drives me back to my original conclusion. So long as the world is committed to that kind of industrialism which seeks satisfaction in the possession of material wealth, and devotes its main energies to the creation of that wealth, I see no prospect of peace. The root of strife will remain uncut, and militarism will continue to feed itself on the fruits of industry. There will, no doubt, be long intervals of peace, during which industry will pile up its fruits; but only to find that it has been providing the commissariat for future wars. I place my hope in the gradual opening up to man of other satisfactions than those which attend the possession of material wealth. Difficult as this may seem of realization, I cannot but believe that the present war will leave our material industrialism so shattered and discredited, that men and nations will be willing to entertain other objects of endeavor than the mere creation of material wealth. At least they will be more willing than they have been hitherto.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHAVING THOUGHTS

'TALKING of shaving the other night at Dr. Taylor's,' wrote the biographer Boswell, 'Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished." I thought this not possible, till he specified so many of the varieties in shaving, — holding the razor more or less perpendicular; drawing long or short strokes; beginning at the upper part of the face, or the under; at the right side or the left side. Indeed when one considers what variety of sounds can be uttered by the windpipe, in the compass of a very small aperture, we may be convinced how many degrees of difference there may be in the application of the razor.'

So they talked of shaving at Dr. Taylor's before the advent of the safety-razor; and our curiosity can never be satisfied as to just what so acute an observer as Dr. Johnson would have thought of this characteristically modern invention to combine speed and convenience. I can imagine Boswell playfully reminding the doctor how that illustrious friend had quite recently expressed his disapproval of bleeding. 'Sir,' says Samuel, as he actually did on another occasion, 'courage is a quality necessary for maintaining virtue.' And he adds (blowing with high derision), 'Poh! If a man is to be intimidated by the possible contemplation of his own blood — let him grow whiskers.' At any rate among a thousand shavers to-day, two do not think so much alike that one may not be influenced by this consideration and regard Byron, composing his verses while

shaving, as a braver poet than if he had performed the operation with a safety.

The world of shavers is divided into three classes: the ordinary shaver; the safety shaver; and the extraordinary-safety shaver, who buys each safety razor as soon as it is invented and is never so happy as when about to try a new one. To a shaver of this class, cost is immaterial. A safety razor for a cent, with twenty gold-monogrammed blades and a guarantee of expert surgical attendance if he cuts himself, would stir his active interest neither more nor less than a safety razor for a hundred dollars, with one Cannotbedull blade and an iron-clad agreement to pay the makers an indemnity if he found it unsatisfactory. He buys them secretly, lest his wife justly accuse him of extravagance, and practices cunning in getting rid of them afterward; for to a conscientious man throwing away a razor is a responsible matter. It is hard to think of any place where a razor blade, indestructible and horribly sharp as it is, — for all purposes except shaving, — can be thrown away without some worry over possible consequences. A baby may find and swallow it; the ashman sever an artery; dropping it overboard at sea is impracticable, to say nothing of the danger to some innocent fish. Mailing it anonymously to the makers, although it is expensive, is a solution, or at least shifts the responsibility. Perhaps the safest course is to put the blades with the odds and ends you have been going to throw away to-morrow ever since you can remember; for there, while you live, nobody will ever disturb them. Once, indeed, I — but this is getting too per-

sonal: I was simply about to say that it is possible to purchase a twenty-five cent safety razor, returnable if unsatisfactory, and find the place of sale vanished before you can get back to it. But between inventions in safety razors, the extraordinary-safety shaver is likely to revert to first principles and the naked steel of his ancestors.

And as he shaves he will perhaps think sometimes of the unhappy Edward II of England, who, before his fall, wore his beard in three corkscrew curls — and was shaved afterward by a cruel jailer who had it done *with cold water!* The fallen monarch wept with discomfort and indignation. 'Here at least,' he exclaimed reproachfully, 'is warm water on my cheeks, whether you will or no.' But the heartless shave proceeded. Razed away were those corkscrew curls from the royal chin, and so he comes down to us without them, shaved as well as bathed in tears, — one of the pitifulest figures in history. Personally, however, I prefer to think of kindlier scenes while shaving. Nothing that I can do now can help poor Edward: no indignation of mine can warm that cold water; perhaps, after all, the cruel jailer had a natural and excusable hatred of corkscrew curls anywhere. I should feel quite differently about it if he had warmed the water; but although a man may shave himself with cold water, certainly nobody else has a right to.

There have been periods in the history of man when I, too, would probably have cultivated some form of whiskering. Perhaps, like Mr. Richard Shute, I would have kept a gentleman to read aloud to me while my valet starched and curled my whiskers, — such being the mode in the seventeenth century when Mr. Shute was what they then called, without meaning offense, a turkey merchant; and indeed his pride in his whiskers was nothing out

of the common. Or, being less able to support a valet to starch and curl and a gentleman to read aloud 'on some useful subject,' — poor gentleman! I hope that he and Mr. Shute agreed as to what subjects were useful, but I have a feeling they did n't, — I might have had to economize, and might have been one of those who were 'so curious in the management of their beards that they had pasteboard cases to put over them at night, lest they turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep.' Nevertheless, wives continued to respect their husbands in about the normal proportion. Within the relatively brief compass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, I, who would have gone smooth-shaven in the fourteenth, could conceivably have fluttered in at least thirty-eight separate and beautiful arrangements of moustaches, beard, and whiskers. Nor, I suspect, did these arrangements wait invariably upon the slow processes of nature. One does not *have* to grow whiskers. Napoleon's youthful officers were fiercely whiskered, but often with the aid of helpfully adhesive gum; and in the 1830's there occurs in the *Boston Transcript*, as a matter of course, an advertisement of 'gentlemen's whiskers ready-made or to order.' We see in imagination a quiet corner at the whiskerer's, with a mirror before which the Bostonian tries on his ready-made whiskers before ordering them sent home; or again, the Bostonian in doubt, selecting now this whisker and now that from the *Gentlemen's Own Whisker Book*, and still with a shade of indecision on his handsome face as he holds it up to be measured. 'Perhaps, after all, those *other* whiskers' —

But the brisk, courteous person with the dividers and tape-measure is reassuring. 'Elegant whiskers!' he repeats at intervals. 'They will do us both credit.'

The matter has, in fact, been intelligently studied; the beautifying effect of whiskers reduced to principles. If my face is too wide, a beard lengthens it; if my face is too narrow, it expands as if by magic with the addition of what have sometimes been affectionately called 'mutton chops' or 'siders'; if my nose projects, almost like a nose trying to escape from a face to which it has been sentenced for life, a pair of large, handsome moustaches will provide a proper entourage, — a nest, so to speak, on which the nose rests contentedly, almost like a setting hen; if my nose retreats backward into my face, the æsthetic solution is obviously galways. A stout man can do wonders with his appearance by adopting a pointed beard, and a suit of clothes, shirt, necktie, and stockings with pronounced vertical stripes. A thin man, on the other hand, becomes at once substantial in effect, without being gross, if he cultivates side-whiskers, and wears a suit of clothes, shirt, cravat, and stockings with pronounced horizontal stripes. If my face lacks fierceness and dynamic force, it needs a brisk, arrogant moustache; or if it has too much of these qualities, a long, sad, drooping moustache will counterbalance them. I read in my volume of *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* that 'the movements of the moustache are dependent on the muscle called *depressor alæ nasi*. By specially cultivating this muscle, men might in course of time make the movements of the moustache subject to voluntary control. Just think what a capacity for emotional expression lies in such a simple organ as the dog's caudal appendage, aptly called the 'psychographic tail' by Vischer; and moustaches are double, and therefore equal to two psychographic appendages! Truly I know not of which to think first — a happy man wagging his moustache or a happy

dog wagging two tails. And yet here am I, shaving away the daily effort of this double psychographic appendage to become visible! One might almost think that my *depressor alæ nasi* was a vermiform appendix.

It has been said by some critics that whiskers are a disguise. I should be unwilling to commit myself to this belief; nor can I accept the contrary conviction that whiskers are a gift of Almighty Providence in which the Giver is so sensitively interested that to shave them off is to invite eternal punishment of a kind — and this, I think, destroys the theory — that would singe them off in about two seconds. Whiskers are real, and sometimes uncomfortably earnest; the belief that they betoken an almost brutal masculine force is visible in the fact that those whose whiskers are naturally thinnest, take the greatest satisfaction in possessing them, — seem, in fact, to say proudly, '*These* are my whiskers!' But I cannot feel that a gentleman is any more disguised by his whiskers, real, ready-made, or made to order, than he would be if he appeared naked or in a ready-made or made-to-order suit. Whiskers, in fact, are a subtle revelation of real character, whether of the kind that exist as a soft, mysterious haze about the lower features or such as inspired the immortal limerick, — I quote from memory, —

There was an old man with a beard
Who said, 'I am greatly afraid
Two larks and a hen,
A jay and a wren,
Have each made a nest in my beard.'

Yet I feel also and strongly that the man who shaves clean stands, as it were, on his own face.

We have, indeed, but to visualize clearly the spectacle of a man shaving himself and put beside it the spectacle of a man starching and curling his whiskers, to see the finer personal dig-

nity that has come with the general adoption of the razor. I am not going to attempt to describe a man starching and curling his whiskers, — it would be too horrible, — but I like to dwell on the shaver. He whistles or perhaps hums. He draws hot water from the faucet — Alas, poor Edward! He makes a rich, creamy lather either in a mug or (for the sake of literary directness) on his own with a shaving stick. He stops his razor, or perhaps selects a blade already sharpened for his convenience. He rubs in the lather. He shaves, and, as Dr. Johnson so shrewdly pointed out that night at Dr. Taylor's, 'Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished.' Perhaps he cuts himself, for a clever man at self-mutilation can do it even with a safety; but who cares? Come, Little Alum, the shaver's friend, smartly to the rescue! And then, being shaved, he exercises the shaver's prerogative and powders his face. Fortunately the process does not always go so smoothly. There are times when the Local Brotherhood of Razors have gone on strike and refuse to be stopped. There are times at which the twelve interchangeable blades are hardly better for shaving than twelve interchangeable postage stamps. There are times when the lather might have been fairly guaranteed to dry on the face. There are times when Little Alum, the shaver's friend, might well feel the sting of his own powerlessness. But these times are the blessed cause of genial satisfaction when all goes happily.

Truly it is worth while to grow a beard — for the sake of shaving it off. Not such a beard as one might starch and curl — but the beginnings — an obfuscation of the chin, cheeks, and upper lip — a horror of unseemly growth — a landscape of the face comparable to

that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower'

in Browning's grim poem of 'Childe Roland.' *Then* is the time to stop your favorite razor! I wonder, while stopping mine, if any man still lives who uses a moustache cup?

PULLMAN CARS

COLLEGE presidents have the doubtful pleasure of being frequently interviewed on the most various subjects; they have the greatest freedom of utterance in public; and yet there is one topic that they are inclined to avoid, one subject which they either handle with gloves or not at all. Perhaps, like Shelley and the love of which he sang, they feel that scholarship is too often profaned for them to profane it; they take refuge in their official reports, which they know very few will ever read, and express the desire of their hearts and the deepest professional wisdom in pages whose only destiny is to be buried in archives. And yet a few presidents have spoken out to the public on the central problems of education. Such phrases as the 'three-ring circus' and the 'country club' helped to make Mr. Wilson famous; and now President Hyde has said that we must furnish 'Pullman cars' to our better students, so that they may be separated from mediocrity and may travel to learning in a class by themselves. Here indeed is reaction in high places, and courage too. For his words are redolent with special privilege, and it is likely that the Students' Protective Association will soon issue a memorial demanding equal rights and equal rewards for all, reasserting the Sixteen-Hours-a-Week Law and reminding President Hyde that all American citizens are created free and equal.

Now it would be a joke if the students should make such a protest, and

yet it would be highly serious; for it is the general American belief that all students should have the same training and the same teachers. We have confounded political equality, which is possible, with intellectual equality, which is impossible. Almost all of us have taken for granted that the old utilitarian ideal of the greatest good to the greatest number would solve any difficulty. The result has been that our colleges are wide open. Any one can get into them, and very few, after entrance, fail to get out of them duly adorned with a degree. For us, it has been a comforting spectacle, and we have been confirmed in our satisfaction by foreign savants who congratulate us profusely on our national passion for education and go home without regret to universities whose degrees mean something.

But the minority to which President Hyde belongs is growing: the important minority who believe in the inequality of the students, so far as intelligence is concerned; who have realized that our democracy depends not merely on the general average but also on our ability to foster and produce the best. If that is aristocracy, we need aristocracy; if that means Honor Schools, let us have Honor Schools. But above all, let us encourage our college presidents to unburden themselves on educational questions. We assure them that there is an eager public who appreciate slang when uttered in a good cause, and who will tolerate even weighty argument, if directed against the intellectual apathy and slackness of our colleges.

For it is absurd that the good, the bad, and the indifferent should all take the same courses, hear the same professors, and receive the same degrees; a business firm which gave the same tasks to all its employees would soon be in bankruptcy. Our reluctance to

admit any difference of ability between one man and another is so profound that we have come near to killing distinction. The trouble with the 'Pullman car' phrase is that it suggests luxury, ease of motion, and porters, whereas what our best students really need is hard work, the stimulus of competition, and the total absence of 'porters.' For porters have altogether too nearly the same function as the ordinary professor; they both examine their passengers at frequent intervals and are very careful to remove from them all signs of the long and dusty journey. If some metaphor is necessary, perhaps one drawn from the aristocracy of athletics would do. We wish President Hyde would found a training table.

ON BEING THE LAST TO BED

BED is a kind of solecism after all: one can't quite imagine the angels tucking their heads under their wings or having any ado with blankets. Even the 'young-eyed cherubim,' one is sure, need no slumber to preserve that immortal youthfulness of gaze; and if man is a little lower than the angels, it may be because, however great and good he may become, he still must sleep.

Yet one aspires! There are nights when the ebullient soul refuses to simmer and sink to flat tepidity, when one can look the clock squarely in the face with ignoring insolence, when not even the thought of the inevitable drowsy morrow can send one packing to his pillow. Let the raveled sleeve of care for once go unattended, and the white night have its way.

They're all upstairs and asleep. Bless their dear hearts! we love them all; but one can't play Robinson Crusoe with a family about — even he was at his best before that ill-omened day when Man Friday appeared. Herein lies the essential prosiness of the Swiss

Family Robinson, that with all the turtles and other pleasing fauna of their marvelous isle, and despite the equally amazing flora, — distinctly I remember cloves, and there must have been yams, inevitable product of desert islands, combining the security of the potato with a name suggesting the lip-smackings of the more refined negroid types, — in spite of all these things, I say, good Robinson with all his interesting brood, crowned and completed by his admirable wife, was in no case to know the things which solitude, divinest mystagogue, reveals to her initiates.

That strained interval once tided over in which it is still possible that the voice of wifely counsel may recall the admitted difficulty of rising betimes, with Health and Wealth to greet one, the room becomes a microcosm. Need it be said that only one light is burning? There must be shadows, wherein Wonder may play at hide-and-seek, like Horace's maidens among the ineffectual willows — and there is, too, the light bill. I repeat, the room is now a microcosm, complete, enclosed. Out-of-doors is a mere matter of conjecture, like the nature of the atom. The mind may posit various things. Perhaps the shrubbery has stolen down the hillside, lured by the unheard melodies of some unseen Amphion. Or perhaps — to dismiss the thought of such vegetable vagaries — it may be silently raining, and every leaf be lifting up her face in speechless rejoicing. The imagination even slips back to the habit of twoscore years ago, and considers the fairies. But more immediate things have also changed. The chairs have a settled look, as if resting. The arm-chair stretches out its arms, in solid, middle-aged fashion, like a stoutish person of some consequence, plump hands on fatter knees. The tables literally stand. It is the Hour of all the furniture — or would be, were the fur-

niture granted its just privacy. The flowers in the vases look bored: they have been fresh all day, and counted upon this time to wilt in decent retirement. No self-respecting herb of the field likes to wither publicly. I cannot garden, but this much I know.

Now, in the midst of all this change, I too am changed. Proportion and perspective, shy in the stress of living, come back and arrange experience. All day long my mind has had to work; now — there is no other word for it — it fairly cavorts! So a tired horse astonishes us by his outrageous galloping, when once the green grasses and the pleasant waters acquaint him that he is his own horse again.

Only the cat sleeps on, with a tentative ear hung out for signals from potential mice. A remarkable cat this, fully convinced, not that we keep a cat, but that he cherishes a few humans as pets. Between the intervals of letting him out and in, all day long, I manage to do a little work — and I am sure he thinks that I fall short of the standard of strict honor in so doing. The cat rises and the mood, birdlike, flies away. Arched back, extended paw, and the *miaou* of tolerant contempt apprise me that it is again his will and pleasure to walk abroad. This time, though, the man triumphs. Cat under my left arm, candle in my right hand, I reach the cellar stairs and put him down. He runs to the bottom with ridiculous, unfeline strides, and the air of having said 'cellar' when he spoke. I dispose of a portion of my income for the benefit of the furnace, and crawl yawning up the stairs. Bed has its merits after all. The last object I see is the cat, sitting upright in his box, his back pointedly turned, with the attitude of one who will presently remove his shoes, if only I will have the decency to withdraw. Good-night, then — 'and so, to bed.'

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BLACK SHEEP¹

I THE MAIL FROM THE BUSH

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

[FOR five decades the Presbyterian Church in America has maintained a mission on the West Coast of Africa. From its original occupancy along the coast of what became, with the partition of Africa, the French Congo, Spanish Guinea, and the German colony of Kamerun, this mission has gone inland from the coast of southern Kamerun.

The station in Gaboon, of which mention is made in these letters, is now under the care of the French Protestant Society at work in the French Congo.

The ten years preceding the present war were a season of great activity and success in African missions. The Presbyterian mission in Southern Kamerun shared with its French neighbors to the south and its German neighbors to the north in the encouragements of this epoch. There was a tumult of development. The forest tribes and the tribes by the sea crowded into the tribe of God, — and under black leaders: in the past decade the black men with whom the white missionary shares his burdens have increased at the rate of eight

to one. Under the thatched roofs of the churches gather, here and there in the forest, Sabbath congregations of six thousand, of eight thousand. Self-support is a major intention; and in the year before the war the thirty thousand adherents of this mission gave, out of their primitive circumstance, nearly fifteen thousand dollars to the treasury. There was a large industrial plant at Elat; there were more than ten thousand pupils in the schools; there was a beneficent medical work at four stations. The clamor of the drums at unnumbered villages called the young to school of a week day, and broke the dark before the dawn of a Sunday with the call to 'gather.'

So much for the days before the war in a neighborhood which has been, since the war began, a battlefield.]

LIVERPOOL, *June 30.*

Now surely you would know that I am off to West Africa. My circumstance reeks of it. My room smells of the rubber that is to keep me dry. My shining tin trunks and my traveling bed mark me missionary or government.

¹ These are actual letters written from Africa by an American missionary. — THE EDITORS.

S.S. SOKOTO, *July 10.*

It is late afternoon of one of our monotonous bright days. We sail always south toward a horizon of summer clouds that we never overtake; sometimes we pass dreary-looking steamers making their journey north, and sometimes lovely lady ships. One to-day, a four-masted bark with every sail set and as white in the sun as Hubert's stag in the forest, made us feel the mean vessel that we are.

Near by, but where he cannot see me, the chief engineer leans his long young body over the rail and talks to the stewardess in tones of the utmost cynicism about missionaries.

July 15.

Yesterday we called at Monrovia and this morning at another town. Monrovia makes quite a showing of clustered European houses, but the town at which we called to-day showed only native huts, gray and squat. We lie off shore; this is all open sea beach. All day we make along the coast; the stain of it is all day on the eastern rim of the bright circumference of the sea. Sometimes our course lies well in shore; then we feel the land-swell, we see the white line of the inevitable surf, and back of this, the wall of the forest with its higher trees rising on bare trunks, a scanty and fernlike foliage. There is a level light of afternoon that picks out to an extraordinary degree the detail of this forest and drenches it in green.

The coast line is for the most part low. The water hereabouts, varies in color, — gray, sometimes green, once emerald with amber in the lights. Once we came to anchor in jade. To-day the Kroos came about the ship in their canoes, brown bodies in brown canoes, all wet with the sea and struck with violet lights. They came up the ship's side and took passage as crew boys; it is they who will handle the cargo when we come to discharge it.

July 19.

Past Axim, Secondi, Accra, and Lagos, and always beauty to hold the eye. From every settlement there come out to the ship boats manned by strapping black men who sit on the gunwales as a woman rides a horse, six on a side, each with a short paddle that is a trident, my dears, like Neptune's. They lean to the water in unison. In the stern stands the helmsman, his loin cloth blowing about him, and the effect of all this is not just primitive, it is classic.

Many of the Africans wear a garment like the toga. I look at a row of them leaning over the rail (for our lower decks fore and aft are crowded with black passengers now) — I see them leaning looking out to sea with so much about them, in dress and gesture, of the Romans.

Among them are others: Mohammedans, effeminate-looking young fellows as easily distinguished by their hauteur as by their dress; and their dress is fine, — handwoven stuffs in stripes, lemon yellows striped in lavender, or tawny yellows striped in bronze.

July 21.

To-day I got off the ship and walked in Africa, my friends, and it smelt like a hothouse. This is Old Calabar. The government building and the mission building are on a hill that slopes to the river; the native town falls into a hollow and climbs half way up the next hill. I took a photograph, but you will never see from that how the mammoth trees father the little brown huts.

July 23.

We had tea with some Scotch missionaries, all set about with Rossetti on the shelves and on the walls, and we had good things to eat. But the little girl-wife thinks Old Calabar a pretty severe field, for here, she says, the natives are semi-civilized and vicious.

She envies us going into the bush. And indeed so do I. I mean I would n't change with her for anything.

BATANGA, KAMERUN, *July 31.*

This is the receiving port for our mission, and we landed yesterday at sunset. Here the ship lies about three miles off the coast, and we had to go ashore in a surf-boat. I never went anywhere in a surf-boat, and I must say, when I saw them begin to hand the babies from the ladder to that intoxicated surf-boat, I felt sick of the sea. You get into the boat any way you can. Presently we were all sitting where we had dropped, and we pulled away from the ship. The evening was golden, but the sea was pretty rough, and no one looked much at the scenery. There were five rowers on a side, and they were, it seems, very skillful in their management of the boat. But this was lost on me, and on my word of honor, when I saw the tremendous surf, and the boat came broadside to wait the next wave, I began to take off my mackintosh. I thought we would end in the sea. But before I could get free of my coat the boat headed for shore, ran up a mountain and down, and hard on the sand. Back again with the return of the water into the turmoil; but when the next wave carried us ashore again, natives ran into the surf to her prow and held her against the return, while others picked agitated missionaries off the sides. Mrs. Lehman had said to me, 'Don't fight the native when he comes for you as we land.' Fight him! I literally fell on his neck and embraced him all the way to dry land.

I never saw anything more tragic than the faces of the mothers watching their little ones being carried through the surf.

Yesterday our people — fifty carriers — came in from the bush. They came to shake hands with the new mis-

sionary, and looked at her gravely. There is at first something disquieting about their unsmiling regard, but presently one knows it to be friendly. Four of these men will carry my hammock, in relays of two; we shall be four nights on the road.

LOLODORF, KAMERUN,
Friday, August 12.

We left Batanga Monday morning at seven, and got into Lolodorf on Thursday at four in the afternoon. This means that we walked twenty miles each day and twenty-two the last day. I don't mean that I walked all the way: I had four hammock-carriers, but hammock-carriers reach their limit, and there are many steep places along the road; so I walked perhaps half the way, and yesterday I must have pegged along fourteen miles.

There are different sensations for different hours of the day on the road. There is the miserable 4.30 A.M. sensation. You are asked to get up, and the cot is snatched from under you. You start to wash and the basin is whisked off. Presently you sit down to breakfast by the light of a lantern, and as you eat, day breaks; well, you feel better. And when at six o'clock you take the road, in the dawn and the dew, it is heavenly. And so it is heavenly all day, in and out of the hammock, swaying along a level path, or panting up an incline, in the forest or under the open sky, sunk in a valley with your road suspended behind you and before, or on some hilltop, with the mountains for your betters. In four days I saw more beauty than in all my life before. So the morning passes gloriously. And at noon in the palaver house of some town you sit on a pole bed, or a sort of bamboo couch, with your knees up to your chin, and eat what your native cook has brought in the chop-box, and it is good. You are ready for the road again. But by three o'clock you droop. At

four you limp and drag. When you come to the native town where the tent is to be pitched, you sit on the ground until your men set up the camp-chairs, and after that, too, for you are too weary to move. Somehow you get to bed, and then it is 4.30 A.M.

All your meals, your uprisings and your downittings, are witnessed and commented upon by all the natives in the town. I suppose they stand outside the tent and listen to us breathe. The tent is always pitched in the centre of the town. In the morning Dr. Lehman paid our debts for water and vegetables when any had been bought, and our currency is matches or fishhooks or needles, — needles are especially acceptable.

The forest is not lonely. There is a continual line of carriers coming from the east with ivory and rubber, — big men from Yaunde or Bene, fine physically, and just as untutored as you can conceive; indeed more so than I could have conceived. Happily they speak Bulu, so I shall be able to talk to them some day. The last day on the road it poured rain, the beginning of the rainy season. You can imagine struggling up hills and sliding down, 'and when we came to greasy ground we split ourselves in two.' At four o'clock we arrived at Lolodorf. The native pastor, Ndenga, who had been left in charge of the station, had opened the house for us.

This is a beautiful place. Everywhere you look you see a detached hill that is a young mountain and every little mountain is dressed in tropical opulence. Lolodorf is a military post; the fortifications are on an abrupt hill near by. The mission itself is on the land that rises from the river and is bounded by the river on the west and north. South of us runs the road. The station consists of two dwelling-houses, a church in which school meets as well,

and between six and eight workhouses, toolhouses, or what not. The houses are all built bush-fashion — saplings set up for stanchions about three feet apart. The walls, of bark, — great sheets of brown bark, slatted horizontally with strips of bamboo, — are sewed to the stanchions with a rattan thread. No nails are used in the entire house; everything is sewed or tied with 'bush rope' as I tell you. You can see daylight through the punctures and sometimes through the splits in the bark. The roof is a thatch of palm leaves, and the eaves are low. We are very cosy and look Elizabethan.

At this station there are the Lehmans; Ndenga, a native pastor from the beach, who has done very well by the work during the Lehmans' absence; myself, and the Rev. Mr. Heminger, who is due from Elat any day. The regular school work has not been taken up as yet; we are just getting the station in order.

The people here are largely Ngumba and Yaunde. These latter have been brought up by the government from the interior; the Yaunde are the carrier tribe, they and the Bene. In carrying to the beach, hundreds of carriers in the week sleep here. The mission has a palaver house for their benefit, and one of the most interesting opportunities is offered by this transient audience, a people absolutely virgin. There are dwarfs in this neighborhood, too, serfs of the Ngumba. Dr. Lehman journeys among them and we get them in the school.

I am to learn Bulu; the Ngumba and the Yaunde understand it, though it is not theirs. The Fang understand it, and it is the best thing to learn, since my ultimate station is uncertain.

August 12.

High above us looms the government hill, where three Germans live.

The senior officer, a lieutenant, came to make his call on Sunday, and told me that he already felt well acquainted with me, as indeed I should think he might, since he had informed himself by document as to the age and condition, intent, and station of Missionar Schwester Mackenzie. After making this hopeful statement he became terribly embarrassed and went away. I was so sorry, for I had some impertinent questions to ask him, with a view to acquaintance.

There is a strange beauty about these people, especially the Yaunde and the Bene, — a beauty of body and of posture, of color and of draping. A thousand things would remind you of the art of the Renaissance. The way they dress their heads is so often like Botticelli. They have a surprising instinct for decoration; often the tattoo is a single figure on one side of the face, and their hair is dressed with no superstitious regard for the middle of their foreheads.

LOLORDORF, *August 26.*

Oh, you dears, to write me so!

Some belated carriers have brought mail. I feel as lavish as Ahasuerus when Esther entertained him — you shall have half of my kingdom. Dear me, I see your embarrassment when my retainer makes good. My kingdom is Bitum, in the trousers I helped him make, and in no shirt at all if you insist on immediate delivery, for he is washing his shirt to-day. Which half will you have? I suppose you will be selfish and take the dressed half. He came to me this morning with a most virtuous air; he was going to wash his shirt! 'Good,' cried I, with enthusiasm. But where, he begged to know, was he going to get soap? I suppose this appears to you fair enough, but there is a root of evil. I asked of Mrs. Lehman, 'May n't I give him soap this once?' 'Well, if you do, tell him that he is not

to have soap again; that he is to buy it out of his wages.' I looked at Mrs. Lehman and wondered. Did she forget her first struggle with the Bulu language?

September 1.

There is no organized church here, but the people are moving that way. On a Sunday there will be some four hundred of an audience, — more brown arms and legs, closer packed, than the church was built to hold. Every day people come to make confession of faith and to be received into the class for instruction. This initial step is a long one; you step out of your tribe and its custom into the tribe of God and its custom. But you clean up your record before the transfer is effected; you pay your debts, you settle your quarrels, you confess your misdeeds to your husband, and you suffer, often enough, your beatings.

There are Macedonian signals from a town about twenty miles from here, Nshicko's town; he is the headman. Nshicko is middle-aged. He, with several men like himself, well-to-do, was converted. Each put away all his wives but one, — and superfluous wives mean property; they formed the bulk of these men's possessions, — and they entered school here. This was before the Lehman's furlough. This last year the men have spent in their town, where they have told their people 'the news.' Now they come to us for help; sixty of their townspeople believe. I wish you might have been with us the night this deputation waited on us as we sat about the lamp, — three middle-aged men, two of them with loin cloths, the other in a white nightshirt. This last was an old man, silent and mild, with a droop half patient and half sad, and a sort of austere mysticism that quite awed me.

We are short-handed here, but we have sent Ndenga to Nshicko's town,

where he will start a school and preach.

Now I study Bulu and teach the primary class in a school. Some of you smile at this and so do I, but not all the time. I have over seventy pupils, some young ones and some grown men and women, — poor long-legged men who sit patiently through the morning while I explain with a chart and a pointer the difference between *e* with an accent and without. It is my aim and my passion to keep the grown people up with the children. I can't tell whether this is the fruit of compassion or of the natural enmity between one generation and the next. There is a man called Zambe, and I mean that he shall read if it is to be done by sheer will.

LOLODORF, *September 8.*

I realized the other day that I am not giving you much sense of the externals of 'Life in Africa.' Too bad, for they are understood to be so thrilling. Truly I could write you a thriller if I saw things in a certain light. The other evening I was talking with Mrs. Lehman, and we agreed that we could get up a very moving account of our affairs. It would read like this: —

A missionary, his wife, and two children live in one room of a three-roomed house. They eat, read, and work in one room, in company with a single woman missionary, who occupies the third room. The walls of the house are made of sheets of bark, which are split here and there so that the sun's rays penetrate in swaths of light which threaten the life and reason of the missionaries. Moreover, the roof, which is made of palm-leaf thatch, has given way here and there, so that in the rainy season the water falls into the soup and on the heads of the missionaries. (On the head of the little single missionary — think of it, she who never liked to get her head wet!) When it rains, the sheep and the goats take refuge under the

house, and at night these heathen beasts clamor. When the single missionary puts her hand into her wall pocket to pull out a handkerchief (an innocent luxury which she allows herself), she pulls out a cockroach as big as a mouse — and so on, horrors upon horrors. But I spare you.

This is the wet season, one of them. Every afternoon it rains terrifically. Long before the rain booms upon the roof the rush of it may be heard in the forest, and there, among the great trees, the gray army advances. When it has passed and the sun comes out, the heat is pretty severe.

Sunday, *September 11.*

Yesterday I took to myself and went for a long walk. I meant to say to Bitum, 'I will walk presently.' I said something in Bulu, very proudly. Afterwards Mrs. Lehman explained to me, between her laughs, that I had asked to walk in hell. (Dear Margaret, it was their own hades, that they manufactured for their primitive uses before ever the missionary appeared on the scene.) Small wonder that Bitum had looked at me oddly, shaking his head. I suppose he thought it was time to call a halt.

September 12.

Already these hills are less strange and this forest — I know the secret of many paths and shall soon know all. A country and a circumstance are soon familiar; only people are perpetually mysterious. I thought about this so much to-day when I was plodding along in the mud, the hills about me blue with evening, and we passed some carriers, — Yaunde women, nude but for leaves, and beautifully formed, as so many Yaunde women are. The carrying of loads does not encourage sight-seeing, and by the day's end the eyes of a carrier don't wander far from the path; so these women were passing me,

heads down. But I spoke the word of greeting and they looked up. Their eyes met mine. Ah, how far away the dim islands of their entity, and between us what expanse of 'unplumbed, salt, estranging sea'! Often, in meeting such women, I am conscious that a word has passed between us. They go on, I believe from my heart, not ungreeted. But our intercourse is hardly what might be called genial. It is very oppressively sad; there never was one that smiled at me. And truly youth seems most desolate; the younger the girl the more morose her gaze. Perhaps the capacity for pain is the essential jewel of Yaunde youth. The Ngumba people seem much less tragic.

September 15.

To-night I was reading about Stanley's search for Livingston, when suddenly I asked myself, 'Am I really in the country of which he writes?' I went to the window to look out, to see, my dears, if I were. It was raining heavily, but for all that the moonlight penetrated the clouds and fell with a most impartial ray and no glamour. There were the wan paths leading from little gray huts to little gray huts; there were the innumerable banners of the plantain trees, and the slim, upstanding pawpaws, and beyond these the great columns of the trees of the forest, all patient under the vehement rain. And I knew perfectly, and for the first time, that I am in Africa.

Nowadays during half of the school hours I teach several classes in the primer. Zambe has graduated to the primer and reads, with inexplicable pauses and with strange agitations of his arms and legs, sentences of three words each. Always his eyes plead with me not to desert him in this adventurous country of learning. Do you know, I am happy in this: that all these people are real and individual. One is clever, another is

stupid; another's lips, when he recites, tremble with trepidation; another, bless her little heart, has a little frightened pulse that throbs in her neck when she grapples with the chart. Who could resist such allurements, such weaknesses, such eagerness?

October 3.

To-day on the road I saw a woman so small, so perfect, so black, and so comely that I looked at her with wonder. She walked with her arms folded, before a big carrier. She wore a leaf bandage supported by a crimson strap which held in place low on her back one of those curious bustles which are the pride of the people from the interior, — a thick even glossy bunch of dried grass that looks like black horse-hair, and is jaunty to a degree. Her dark skin was in perfect condition; her beautiful slender limbs moved with elastic decision; above her slim shoulders her head was poised with a sort of nervous pride; and her hair was charmingly and elaborately dressed. Fairly she seemed to glitter in the sunlight.

LOLODORF, October 4.

The other evening as I sat writing there came from outside a sound of vehement voices. So I went out into the night, where the moonlight lay broad and even on the paths and on the banners of the plantain trees and on the little thatched church. The noise came from the dark interior of the church, through its doors and windows, which are never closed, lacking the where-withal. Presently Mrs. Lehman called to me from the house that Ngya, one of the early converts, was in the church talking to a company of carriers; and then I could distinguish his voice, urgent and rapid in the languid night, and the occasional unanimous response of the carriers. 'You have understood?' he would ask. 'We have under-

stood!' they would roar in concert. Standing there, listening, I wished that you might hear too.

On Sunday, at the women's meeting, some twenty carriers strolled in and sat back against the bark wall, where they presented a great array of arms and legs. Mrs. Lehman told the women of that illuminating quarrel between Abraham and Lot, — we were sure of the carriers during that time, for these people respond readily to the Old Testament. At the close of the service the rain hindered our return to the house, and while we waited for the storm to pass, Mrs. Lehman played on the little organ. Presently there was about her a wall of great strapping carriers, so pleased with the magic of the keys, and with the brightness of her hair, that they looked at one and the other smiling. They had never heard the word of God before, and they turned their faces on Mrs. Lehman with a sort of animal innocence, — such an unwinking, amazed interest as I could hardly have imagined as human, though I have seen horses look so before they were broken. Then such huddlings together, such linkings of arms, such leanings of friend against friend, such exclamations one to the other in their virile ungoverned voices, such sudden laughs of jocund wonder. 'Zambe, he who created us is not one to endure fetish! Is that a true word?' — and they laughed.

So Mrs. Lehman talked to them and I looked at them till the rain had moderated — and we were going. But one thing they must know — what was that fruit? pointing to the revolving globe. Then they were told how the earth is round, and all the rest of that unlikely legend of its relation to the sun. So we left them, and they went on their way in that new world which is round, and was made by a God who rejects medicine (fetish). They may pass this way again.

It will be Thanksgiving season at home, when you read this, and so it will be with us. The other Sunday Mrs. Lehman held a Thanksgiving service with the women; they were to tell of the mercies they had enjoyed during the past year. So they assembled on Sunday afternoon in their motley garments. At one service I saw a woman with pink corsets over a very proper dress; but there was no such indiscretion on this particular Sunday. These were some of the reasons given as cause for thanksgiving, and from among all I have taken one of every kind: —

One woman said that her child had died, and that she had found comfort in the House of God.

Another that, in answer to prayer, the animals no longer molest her garden.

Another, that when she had visited a distant clan, ignorant of the things of God, and was taunted by them for her belief, she had been given strength to withstand their taunts.

Another, that while she used to have to work hard and had none to help her, now God had sent her some one from the beach.

There is an insult in vogue here which gives rise to the most deadly quarrel, — it is to *ta*. I am sure I can't say why it is so effective; it is all a matter of words; but several women gave thanks for this: that they had suffered without retaliation when told that their husbands or their mothers were *taed*.

Pretty smiling Malinga, wife of Ze, was thankful that she and her husband had been given grace to carry loads for the governor, and that God had put it into the heart of the governor to allow them to rest on the Sundays.

There is one old woman who has held my attention from my first sight of her, so unhappy and so poor does she appear, — so like an ancient maltreated orphan. She rose in her bits of rags to say that she had ten children, five of

them were dead and five of them scorned her, — God helped her bear it. Her name is Wawa; I go often to see her since, to make up for her children. Of course, we do not converse very much, since she speaks only Ngumba, and I speak 'three words' of Bulu, but in spite of such limitations we seem to be in a fair way to make friends. She told me yesterday that we were 'one person,' which I thought a rather extreme inference; but Mrs. Lehman said not to be frightened, that it was a not uncommon expression and entailed no responsibilities.

Well, these were some of the reasons why the women thanked God; and some of them, you will agree, went deep. If many were quaint and fantastic, and if some were grossly material, why, so must many of our own appreciations seem to God.

November 4.

These people are not without manner; indeed, they have a great deal. They greet one, and take leave; they clasp hands; they appreciate by facial expression and by little formal ejaculations the conversation of the missionary even when it is not understood by them, or, being understood, bores them; and all this in a very finished fashion. They have, I think, a real courtesy of the heart. But their conventions are so unlike ours that we often have mutual misgivings, and they infer, I fancy, that we have been badly brought up. I take lessons wherever I may, and hope to be able, eventually, to enter and to leave a town, having properly saluted the inhabitants and having announced my departure in form.

A town in this neighborhood consists of two rows of houses with a street between. The houses differ very little. They are all low huts of a room each, say, a matter of eighteen feet by seven, with two openings like windows in the centre of each long wall. The frame-

work is of sapling poles, the walls of plates of a bark which is yellow when newly cut but which soon tones to a silver brown, as do the leaf-mats which form the roof and make a thatch in appearance very like a straw thatch. The eaves project beyond the walls some two feet, and hang low; it is almost always necessary to stoop in passing under them. Certainly you must stoop to enter the door of the house, and at the same time must step over the sill, which will be anywhere from one to two feet from the ground. Inside you find yourself on a mud floor in an interior persistently brown. For furniture there will be several beds made of split poles laid in rows on two logs which serve as legs; another serves as pillow, and all these are brown and polished with use. From the roof will be hanging mysterious bundles done up in plantain leaves brown with smoke; gourds, brown by nature, I suppose; brown baskets for peanuts and corn. On the ground will be a fire and a woman evolving a meal; but there will be no chimney in the roof, which explains a good many things, and why the unseasoned visitor presently makes for the street. An average street will be from fifty to sixty feet wide, perfectly clean and generally barren, necessarily so when it is a section of the excellent government road.

There is, now that I think of it, quite a difference in character between such a travel-worn town and one where the little forest path, which has wandered into the street at one end, makes out at the other into the green shade. In such a town there may be oil-palm trees; there will be, back of the houses or near them, little groves of plantain trees, their great banner-like leaves murmuring in the wind or drooping, green like the inner curve of a wave, in the still air. But most gardens are at a distance from the town. Thus, if you pass at eleven of a morning there will be no life

stirring more than the silly, coatless sheep; while at five of an afternoon every house will give you a greeting.

December 2.

Any one passing through Benzork's village the other day would have witnessed a nice civilized scene. A white man going about the country in the interest of rubber culture, laboring with the natives not to cut the vines down but to tap them, had pitched his tent in the middle of this village and so, white-man fashion, owned the place. Here he might be seen of an evening sitting outside his admirable little tent, playing pleasant airs on a cornet, — an accomplishment which might have endeared him to the entire community; but that he set little store by popularity, you will agree when his deeds come to light. One night he could not sleep for the noise of rats in a neighboring house. The house was empty, and the stranger found the rats among the fetishes of poor Benzork, who is off in Bulu. There is a flourish to the effect that he found some of his food hidden away by the rats in the treasured skulls. Be that as it may, the white man brought the skulls out of the house and arranged them in a line beside the path, sixteen poor skulls amazed at the stars. Behind these he set up two *mingunemelan* — small wooden idols — sitting passive among these ruins. So I saw them next morning, and so they were seen of common eyes, both of men and women. Who shall say what thoughts burned in the hearts of the men of Benzork's town, or with what emotions the Christians looked at this shame of the past? For myself, I could not look at these things of darkness under the morning sun with any lightness of heart. Mr. Heminger saw Benzork's little daughter step off the path to walk directly in front of the line, — a very bold, bad action indeed and entirely in

keeping with the little girl's reputation, for had not she once slapped the faces of the unwinking *mingunemelan*, the very same that watched her from behind the skulls? And did she not, for this offense, suffer a sore disease of her guilty arm? Presently the fetishes were gathered up by black soldiers, who took them up the government hill, and from there, by order of authority, they were thrown into the river; which is a reason, if another were needed, why one had best not drink river water. One evening after these events I saw the white man sitting in front of his tent playing a pleasing air, in which he paused to bow to me with mild courtesy. Benzork has not yet returned to his desecrated hearth; but one of his little daughters, three years of age, has been sent to him that she may be turned over to a man who has bought her.

Benzhuli is a young Ngumba who assists in the school and has many talents. He is the dressmaker of this region. He is very kind and gentle with stupid little children. For a long time he has been paying goods on a girl, — guns and goats and many hundreds of little iron objects called *nsuba*, that are currency for women. One day he hears that Minko, son of a big, bad headman, is in the running and likely to win out, for all that Benzhuli has the start of him in goods. Benzhuli takes a vacation to talk this palaver, and finds that the people of the girl's village favor the other man. And when the girl says she will have Benzhuli or none, they tie her up with bush rope, and make off with her into the forest. You can think if Benzhuli is happy. He comes back to Lolodorf, and an account of the affair goes 'up on the hill,' that is, to the government post. And one day along the road comes a file of people, the girl with her people and Minko with his, pretty well laden with goods, — Benzhuli's goods, which they expect

to pay back, as they certainly expect to 'stand' in the palaver. But not so. The governor listens to them and he listens to Benzhuli, and then, for all he is German, conducts himself like a true Ngumba 'cutter of palavers.' Placing two sticks on the ground, he names them for the rivals, and 'Which will you have?' he asks the girl. She, in the face of her oppressors, takes the Benzhuli stick. 'You belong to me,' says Benzhuli (Dr. Lehman had heard him talking the day before to Minko about 'our woman').

So they come down the hill together. Presently they appear at the station, Benzhuli a very smiling school-teacher and dressmaker, but poor Mvunga sad and shrinking and timid, as how could she be else? It is no light matter to break through the custom of a country, and women are sorry pioneers. Since then her husband the dressmaker has made her a garment, and her husband the teacher has taught her the alphabet, and she quite blooms in school, for she is a pretty girl with more than average poise.

I have told you of these two events because they are of the most vital importance to these people. In all the community there is wagging of heads, the heads of the elders, for the old things are passing away. Two weeks ago last Sunday there was held in the church, after the morning service, a meeting called by the Ngumba Christians at their own instigation, to consider the giving and taking of wives without price. I cannot understand Ngumba, so I did not know what was said, nor do I think that the missionaries look for any material results from this meeting. But consider what it means that there should be a few men in any African community who voice such ideas. You cannot fancy how deeply complicated this marriage system is nor how many ramifications

there may be to a 'woman palaver.' The other day Mr. Heminger was sitting in a hut talking with two members of his congregation, wives of one husband. He was talking to them about their sins, which were of an obvious character: the younger woman had been accused of stealing food. Then he turned to the elder, Wawa, she of the ten children, five dead and five cruel.

'Wawa,' said he, 'why cannot you live at peace with this wife of your husband? Why are you always quarrelling?' (They are notorious scrappers.) 'Well,' said Wawa, 'she was bought with one of my children and I cannot forget it.'

By the last steamer there came from America the latest translation into Bulu of Mark, Luke, and John; we already have a new Matthew and Acts. To-day these were put on the market. And what joy in the little Christian communities, what haste to buy the pearl of great price, what caressing of little black books, and how Ngwa's teeth shone, and his eyes, when in a state of exalted extravagance he bought two, calling out to his wife, 'I give you this!' I think that this deep African joy in his Word must be a very flower of prayer before God.

March 24.

To-day I started out on one of the main roads, and as I passed through the towns I put my head in at every brown hut and said who would might follow me; that I meant to hold a meeting in Biali's town. Presently I might be seen to lead a straggling single file of women, — yet not so single either, for almost every one had a child slung to her shoulder by a strap. To these were added a few small boys who very much admire me. So we walked along the road, which left the open sunny spaces of the town and dropped into a hollow of the forest, very cool and green. And arriving at Biali's town, we consorted

under a roof which will some day, perhaps, develop walls. Now it is open to all the winds, which is more of an advantage than you are likely to realize. The missionary, seated on a gin¹ box, was sufficiently elevated above her audience, which sat upon the ground. So I led the little meeting in a species of Bulu of which it is a shame so much as to speak. I spoke as well as I might about Christ and the Good Samaritan.

On the way home we passed a sick carrier who was being left by his fellows on the open road and with no more comfort than he was likely to get from a fire they had built him. When we neared him his friends were running from him, though I took them to be running from an impending rain; but a lad who had come with me from the meeting knew his people better, and the coincidence moved him. Here was his chance to be a good Samaritan! And I left him calling out shame upon the priest and the Levite, and holding out to the sufferer glittering possibilities of relief at the hands of Dr. Lehman. Don't ask for the end of this story, for I was running home under an angry sky — you know that there was only one Samaritan in the parable.

April 18.

A few minutes ago a black boy arrived on the porch in a great hurry, and set about wiping his feet like a well-trained dog before entering the house. There was quite an air of bustle about this performance. I supposed the boy to have arrived on an errand of importance. As he came into the lighted room it proved to be Bitum. 'What do you hunt?' asked I. 'My hat,' said he, 'I hate to sleep far away from my hat. My hat and I, we sleep in one place!' So off he went in the moonlight, with

¹ Sold at trading-posts, — THE AUTHOR.

his atrocious hat under his arm. But there was something very quaint about the eagerness of this quest.

May 3.

I must say the study of Bulu worries me. I am working at it with a will, but more will than anything else. I sit down in a palaver house and listen to the men talk. Yesterday I heard a most animated palaver about a woman and one Ndungo, and a goat. Bits of sugar-cane stalk were spread upon the ground as the characters took the stage. The woman enters — a strip of stalk. Ndungo enters — another strip laid down with a discriminating squint of the eye. The goat, placed at a safe distance; and then four little strips laid down and adjusted with a final pat — these were the woman's children. What drama was enacted by these strips is beyond my guessing, but they moved about their little stage to the disapproval of their audience. Truly their doings would seem to have been shocking. Only one man laughed at the play, and him I took to be Ndungo in the flesh, who could not see himself so dramatic without audible joy and self-approval.

Presently the man who was declaiming stopped to look at me, all his gesture at rest and the fire of his eloquence flickering. 'Why is the white woman here?' inquired he.

'I have sat down to hear the Bulu speak, but if you hate to have me here I shall go.'

How he liked this reply and took me for the nice sensible person that I am! 'That is good,' said he. 'You may stay and listen to me,' which I did.

I am trying to get a little Bulu girl to live in the house with me, who will, it may be, love me. But I cannot, of course, exact this exercise of her affections, and I shall have to be very severe and very watchful if I get her.

(To be continued.)

THE EXTIRPATION OF CULTURE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

IT is odd how words recur. There has been more talk about culture, among educated people in America, during the last months, than there had been for years. To be sure, the culture discussed since August, 1914, has been German culture; but that does not matter. We have actually been talking about it once more; rehabilitating it, if only for the sake of denying that the Germans, by and large, have a monopoly of anything so good. To some of us, this recurrence of a word so long *tabu* is welcome — and as side-splittingly funny as it is welcome. For the fact is that for twenty years — ever since Matthew Arnold went out of fashion — to speak of culture has meant that one did not have it. The only people who have talked about it have been the people who have thought you could get it at Chautauquas. To use the word damned you in the eyes of the knowing. Now I have always, privately and humbly, thought it a pity that so good a word should go out of the best vocabularies; for when you lose an abstract term you are very apt to lose the thing it stands for. Indeed, it has seemed only too clear that we were doing all in our power to lose both the word and the thing. I fancy we ought to be grateful to the Germans for getting 'culture' on to all the editorial pages of the country; though I admit it sometimes seems as if the Germans bore out the rule that only those people talk about it who have it not. I should real-

ly like to make a plea for the temporary reversal of the rule. Indeed, I think we are getting to a point where we are so little 'cultured' that we can really afford to talk about it. When the plutocrat goes bankrupt, he may once more, with decency, mention the prices of things. Culture has ceased to be a passionate American preoccupation. Perhaps we shall not offend modesty if we use the word once more.

Now there are some who, believing that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds, and that to-morrow is necessarily better than to-day, may think that if culture is a good thing we shall infallibly be found to have more of it than we had a generation since; and that if we can be shown not to have more of it, it can be shown not to be worth seeking. Having, myself, a congenital case of agoraphobia, I habitually say nothing to the professional optimists in the public square. The wilderness is a good place to cry in; the echoes are magnificent. So I shall not attempt to deprive any one of Candide's happy conviction. If any person is kind enough to listen, I will simply ask him to contemplate a few facts with me. No one will be too optimistic, I fancy, to grant that there are *proportionally* fewer Americans who care about culture — and who know the real thing when they see it — than there were one or two generations ago. 'Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world' is not desired by so large a proportion of the community as it was. That there are new and *parvenu*

branches of learning, furiously followed, I, on my part, shall not attempt to deny. But culture is another matter. Perhaps the sociologists can show that this is a good thing. I do not ask any one to deplore anything. I only ask the well-disposed to examine the change that has come over the spirit of our American dream.

If I were asked to give, off hand, the causes of the gradual extirpation of culture among us, I should name the following: —

1. The increased hold of the democratic fallacy on the public mind.

2. The influx of a racially and socially inferior population.

3. Materialism in all classes.

4. The idolatry of science.

Only one of these is purely intellectual; two might almost be called political. In point of fact, all four are interwoven.

II

I should be insultingly trite if I proceeded here to expound the fallacy of the historic statement that all men are born free and equal. We have all known for a long time that individual freedom and individual equality cannot coexist. I dare say no one since Thomas Jefferson (and may I express my doubts even of that inspired charlatan?) has really believed it. No one could believe it at the present day except the people who are flattered by it; and of people who are flattered by it, it is obviously not true. The democracy of the present day — like the aristocracy of another day — is fostered by the people whom it advantages; and the people whom it advantages are adding themselves, at the rate of a million a year, to our census lists. When even democracy has to reckon with the fact that its premises are all wrong, and that men are not born equal, — that hierarchies are inherent in human kind

regardless of birth or opportunity, — it proceeds to do its utmost to equalize artificially; it becomes Procrustes. But will any one contend that Procrustes left people free?

Now, what has this to do with culture? Simply this: that culture is not a democratic achievement, because culture is inherently snobbish. 'Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world' makes people intellectually exclusive, and makes them draw distinctions. Those distinctions, seriously speaking, are not founded on social origins or great possessions; they are founded on states of mind. So long as democracy is simply a political matter, culture is left free to select its groups and proclaim its hierarchies. But it is characteristic of our democracy that political equality has not sufficed to it; the 'I am as good as you are' formula has been flung out to every horizon. The people with whom it has become a mania insist that their equality with every one else in their range of vision is a moral, an intellectual, a social, as well as a political, equality. Let that formula prevail, and culture, with its eternal distinction-drawing, will naturally die. For contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world induces a mighty humility — and a mighty scorn of those who do not know enough to be humble before the Masters. They are an impersonal humility and an impersonal scorn, — attitudes of the mind, both, not of the heart. But humility and scorn are both ruled, theoretically, out of the democratic court.

The pure-bred American once cared for culture, and no longer — to the same extent, at least — does. If any one asks why America (I use the word loosely, as meaning our United States), having always, since the Revolution, been a democracy, can have cared for so undemocratic a thing, the answer is

simple. The democracy of our forefathers was a purely pragmatic affair. The Declaration of Independence was framed by men living in a world where it was almost true enough to be workable. Roughly speaking, in pioneer and colonial days — wherever and whoever the pioneers and colonists may be — the community is a democracy because it is an aristocracy. In those grimmer worlds, the fittest do survive because there is no incubator process to keep the feeble going. A pioneer and colonial group, moreover, is apt to be like-minded; people do not exile themselves in each other's company unless they want the same things. Minor differences of opinion are swallowed up in like major needs: you form coalition governments against savages and famine or a specially detested tyranny. In the modern 'I am as good as you are' sense, our ancestors were not democratic at all. They were democratic for their own special group, and a pragmatic truth misled them, — as, because we admire them, we are permitting it to mislead us. They were Brahminical in their attitude to learning; they thought it supremely valuable, and they did not believe in — no Brahmin wants to believe in — a royal road to it, any more than they believed in a royal road to the salvation of the soul. They believed in intellectual, as much as they did in spiritual, election; and they certainly did not think that politics could influence either. Up to the last generation or two, they looked upon the cultured man as a peculiarly favored person; and because culture (unlike beauty, let us say) depended to some extent on the effort of the individual, they thought it fit to mention.

Now there is this about a pragmatic truth: like any other invention of the devil, it smooths the road for the lazy. If it did not smooth the road, it would not be, by pragmatic definition, truth.

And the great bulk of us have found the 'free and equal' statement such a help that, though we cannot pretend for a moment that it is true, we stick to it. The schoolboy sticks to it because it greases his oratory; the politician sticks to it because his constituents like the sound of it; the detrimental sticks to it because it is his only apology. And, just as you cannot suppress a word without eventually suppressing the thing it stands for, so you cannot utter a statement forever without imbibing some of its poison. Even as our reasonable national pride turned into the spread-eagleism that Dickens and Mrs. Trollope caricatured, so the 'free and equal' shibboleth turned into the 'I am as good as you are' formula. Why trouble about anything, if you were already lord of the world? At first, it was Europe we defied. What were the ancient oligarchies, to impose on us their standards, intellectual, social, or moral? We set up our own standards, because we were as good as any one else, — and also because it was a little easier.

III

Let me say before going further, that I am not blaming the lower classes alone for the extirpation of culture among us. The upper classes are equally responsible, — if, indeed, not even more to blame. We have become materialistic: our very virtues are more materialistic than they were. It is forgivable in the poor man to be materialistic; for unless he has bread to keep his body alive, he will presently have no soul to cherish. Materialism is less pardonable in the man who always knows where his next meal is coming from. He, if you like, does have time to worry about his soul. None the less, he worries about it very little. There used to be a good deal of fun poked at

settlement-workers who tried to read Dante and Shakespeare to slum-dwellers. I am not sure that those misguided youths and maidens who first carried Dante and Shakespeare into the slums were not right as to substance, however wrong they were as to sequence. The only morally decent excuse for wanting to have a little more money than you actually need to feed and clothe your family, is your ambition to have a little mental energy to spend on things not of the body. The ultimate tragedy of the slums is that, in slum conditions, one can scarcely think, from birth to death, of anything but the body. The upper-class people who think of pleasing their palates instead of relieving hunger, of being in the fashion instead of covering their nakedness, are no more civilized than the slum-dwellers. They are apt to become more so; for it is a strange fact that a family can seldom be rich through several generations without discovering some æsthetic truths. And æsthetic truths lead to moral perceptions. You cannot with impunity fill your ears with good music, your eyes with good painting and sculpture and architecture. Something happens to you, after a time, no matter how vulgar you may be. But wealth is very fluctuating in our country; and several generations of it are not often seen. The people who are rich now are generally people whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers were fighting for sheer existence. So we have the spectacle of the dominant plutocrats (no one will deny that plutocracy is the order of the day, both here and in Europe) either mindful themselves of the struggle for existence, or in a state of having only just forgotten it. They are not going to push their children into a race for intangible goods. And the more we recruit from immigrants who bring no personal traditions with

them, the more America is going to ignore the things of the spirit. No one whose consuming desire is either for food or for motor cars is going to care about culture, or even know what it is. And it is another misfortune of our over-quickenened social evolution that the middle classes do not stay middle-class. They climb to wealth, or sink to indigence. Neither that quick rise nor that quick fall is any time in which to cherish their own or their children's intellects.

Both from above and below, then, our colleges and schools have felt the hostile pressure. Colleges are, on the one hand, jeered at for doing their business badly, and, on the other, accused of being too difficult. We are always hearing that college is of no earthly use to a man except as he learns there to rub up against other men. We are always hearing, also, that the college curriculum is a cruel strain on the average boy or girl. On one score or another, the colleges are always being attacked; and the attack usually includes the hint that the real test of a 'college education' is not the intrinsic value, but its success or failure in preparing the youth for something that has nothing to do with learning. Will it be of social or financial use to him? If not, why make sacrifices to get it? Far be it from me to assert that the intellectual flame never burns in the breast of collegiate youth! But I do believe it provable that there is far less tendency to regard learning as a good in itself, and far more tendency to cheat scholarship, if possible, in the interest of some other thing held good, than there was two generations ago. Ignorance of what real learning is, and a consequent suspicion of it; materialism, and a consequent intellectual laxity, — both of these have done destructive work in the colleges.

The education of younger children

is in like case. We put them into kindergartens where their reasoning powers are ruined; or, if we can afford it, we buy Montessori outfits that were invented for semi-imbeciles in Italian slums; or we send them to outdoor schools and give them prizes for sleeping. Every one knows what a fight the old universities have had to put up to keep their entrance standards at all. With the great new army of state universities admitting students from the public schools without examination, because they themselves are part of the big public-school system, how can it be otherwise?

Now the patriotic American may see — and rightly enough — in the public-school system which includes a college training, a relic of the desperate desire of our forefathers that education, as a major good, should be within the reach of all and sundry. But even the patriotic American must see another impulse at work: the impulse to put the college intellectually, as well as financially, within the reach of all. The colleges must not set up standards for themselves that the average boy or girl, from the ordinary school, cannot reach without difficulty, because that is undemocratic.

Now I know as well as other people that it is positively harder to get into our old universities to-day than it was in our fathers' day. But granted the enormously increased facilities for preparation all over the land, it is not relatively anything like so hard. Certainly, once in, it is possible to get through the college course with less work than ever before. In the first place, there is a much wider choice of subjects on which a boy can get his degree: his tastes are consulted as they never used to be. If he does not want to endure the discipline of Greek, he can get an A.B. at every college in the country — except Princeton — with-

out knowing a word of Greek. Even at Princeton, he can take a Litt.B. and let Greek forever alone. He can study sociology, or Spanish, or physical culture, or nearly anything he likes. I have even heard that in one of our state universities there is a department of hat-trimming, which contributes its quota to the courses for a (presumably feminine) academic degree.

It may be objected at this point that the fluctuations of colleges have nothing to do with our standards of culture. I think they have, a great deal. No one will deny that culture can be got elsewhere, or that colleges do not suffice in themselves to give it. But if colleges do not consider themselves custodians of culture, warders and cherishers of the flame, they have no reason for existence. It is a platitude that business men consider college a worthless preparation for business life, — save as a young man may have laid up there treasure for himself in the shape of valuable 'connections.' Even the conception of college as a four years' paradise intervening before the hell of an active struggle for existence, does not touch upon the original reason for universities' being at all. Universities were invented for the sake of bringing their fortunate students into contact with the precious lore of the world, there garnered and kept pure. There was no idea on the part of their founders that every one would or could partake of academic benefits. The social scheme would not originally have allowed that; still less would the conception of the public intellect have admitted the notion. Every one was not supposed to be congenitally qualified for intimacy with the best that has been said and thought in the world. They had no notion, until very recently, of so changing the terms of that intimacy that every one might think he could have it. Learning, culture, were not to be adul-

terated so that any mental digestive process whatsoever could take them in.

But now, in America, there is a tendency that way. If a boy does not feel a preëstablished harmony between his soul and the humanities, then give him an academic degree on something with which his soul will be in preëstablished harmony. And if there is no preëstablished harmony between his soul and any form of learning, then create institutions that will give him a degree with no learning to speak of at all. I do not mean to deny that many of our virtually valueless colleges were founded in the pathetic inherited conviction that learning and culture were too great goods not to be accessible to all who cared passionately for them. But I do believe that the reverence for learning and culture has been largely replaced by a conviction that anything which has so great a reputation as a college degree must be put within the reach of all, even at the risk of making its reputation a farce. The privileged have been unwilling that their children should be made to work; the unprivileged have been unwilling that their children should see anything of good repute, anything with a prestige value, denied to them. We have all demanded a royal road to a thing to which there is no royal road. The expensive schools lead their pupils from kindergarten to nature-study and eurhythmics, with basket-work and gymnastics thrown in; the public schools follow them as closely as they can. Of real training of the mind there is very little in any school. The rich do not want their children overworked; the poor want a practical result for their children's fantastically long school hours. So domestic science comes in for girls, and carpentering for boys. Anything to make it easy, on the one hand; anything to make a universal standard possible, on the other.

Take one example only: the attitude toward Greek. There are two arguments against teaching our children Greek: one, that it is too hard; the other, that it is useless. The mere fact that public opinion has drummed Greek out of court as an inevitable part of a college curriculum shows that these arguments have been potent. No person who could be influenced by either has the remotest conception of the meaning or the value of culture. Culture has never renounced a thing because it was difficult, or because it did not help people to make money. And the mere fact that Greek is no longer supposed by the vast majority of parents to be of any 'use'—even as a matter of reputation—to their sons, shows that the old standards of culture have changed. The larger part of our public schools no longer teach Greek at all; a great many private schools have to make special arrangements for pupils who wish to study it. And the attitude toward Greek is only a sign of our democratic, materialistic times.

IV

Now I have done with the colleges. I have dealt with them at all only by way of hinting that they have been so democratized that culture means, even to its avowed exponents, something different from what it has ever meant before. May I speak for one moment explicitly of the public schools? For we must trace all this back to the source—must begin with the ostensible homes of 'culture' and follow up the stream to the latent public consciousness. Each class that comes into college has read fewer and fewer of what are called the classics of English literature. An astonishing number of boys and girls have read nothing worth reading except the books that are in the entrance requirements. An increasing propor-

tion of the sons and daughters of the prosperous are positively illiterate at college age. They cannot spell; they cannot express themselves grammatically; and they are inclined to think that it does not matter. General laxity, and the adoption of educational fads which play havoc with real education, are largely responsible. In the less fortunate classes, the fact seems to be that the public schools are so swamped by foreigners that all the teachers can manage to do is to teach the pupils a little workable English. Needless to say, the profession of the public-school teacher has become less and less tempting to people who are really fit for it.

It is not only in the great cities that the immigrant population swamps the schoolroom. An educated woman told me, not long since, that there was no school in the place where she lived — one of our oldest New England towns — to which she could send her boy. The town could not support a private school for young children; and the public school was out of the question. I had been brought up to believe that public schools in old New England towns were very decent places; and I asked her why. The answer made it clear. Three fourths of the school-children were Lithuanians, and a decently bred American child could simply learn nothing in their classes. They had to be taught English, first of all; they approached even the most elementary subjects very slowly; and — natural corollary — the teachers themselves were virtually illiterate. Therefore she was teaching her boy at home until he could go to a preparatory school. Fortunately, she was capable of doing it; but there are many mothers who cannot ground their children in the languages and sciences. A woman who could not would have had to watch her child acquiring a Lithuanian accent and the locutions of the slum.

An isolated case is never worth much. But one has only to consider conditions at large to see that this has everything to make it typical. One has only to look at any official record of immigration, any chart of distribution of population by races, to see how the old American stock is being numerically submerged. If you do not wish to look at anything so dull as statistics, look at the comic papers. A fact does not become a stock joke until it is pretty well visible to the average man. Our forefathers cared immensely for education; they felt themselves humble before learning; and their schools followed, soon and sacredly, upon their churches. They stood in awe of the real thing; and they had no illusions as to the ease of the scholar's path. They legislated for their schools solemnly, and if not with complete wisdom, always at least with accurate ideals. Educational (like all other) legislation nowadays is largely in the hands of illiterate people, and the illiterate will take good care that their illiteracy is not made a reproach to them. If any one chooses to say that culture must always be in the hands of an oligarchy, and that the oligarchy has not been touched, I will only ask him to consider the pupils and the teaching in most private schools. In the end, prestige values are going to tell; and the vast bulk of our population will see to it that the prestige values are not absolutely unattainable to them. The great fortunes have made their way to the top — yes, really to the top. In many cases there has been time for a quick veneer of grammar to be laid over their original English. In many cases there has not; and no one cares. The custodians of culture cannot afford to care; for their custody must either be endowed or be forsaken.

Oh, yes; there are a few Brahmins left; but one has only to look at the marriages of any given season to see

what is becoming of the purity of the Brahmin caste. The Brahmins themselves are beginning to see that they are lost unless they compound with the materialists, and make or marry money, — or increase, by aid of the materialists, what they have inherited. In what New England village, now, is the minister or the scholar looked up to as a fount of municipal wisdom because he is a learned man? Is he a 'good mixer'? That is what they ask: I have heard them. Once it was possible in America for a poor man to hope to gain for his children, if they deserved it, the life of the intellect and of the spirit. Now it no longer is; for the poor themselves have defiled the fount. They are a different kind of poor, that is all; and they have become an active and discontented majority, with hands that pick and steal. When they no longer need to pick and steal, they carry their infection higher and give it as a free gift. And they have been aided by the Brahmins themselves; who, having dabbled in sociology *pour se désœuvrer*, and then for charity's sake, are now finding that sociology is a grim matter of life and death, and endow chairs of it — as if one should endow chairs of self-preservation. But self-preservation is not culture and never will be; and no study of the manners and customs of savages or slums can call itself 'contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world.'

V

We owe, too, I think, a great deal of our cultural deterioration (which I admit is a villainous phrase) to science. Science has come in with a rush, and is at present — why deny it? — on top. 'Scientific' is a word to charm with, even though it has already had time to be degraded. If Mrs. Eddy had called her bargain-counter Orientalism any-

thing but 'science,' would she have drawn so many followers? Science has done great things for us; it has also pushed us hopelessly back. For, not content with filling its own place, it has tried to supersede everything else. It has challenged the supereminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend on it; and it has bribed the skeptics by giving us immense material comforts. To the plea, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' it has retorted that no word proceeds authentically out of the mouth of God save what it has issued in its own translations. It is more rigorous and more exclusive than the Index of the Roman Church. The Inquisition never did anything so oppressive as to put all men, innocent or guilty, into a laboratory. Science cares supremely for physical things. If it restricted itself to the physical world, it would be tolerable: we could shut ourselves away with our souls in peace. But it must control the soul as well as the body: it insists on reducing all emotions, however miraculous and dear, to a question of nerve-centres. There has never been tyranny like this.

Now I do not mean to say that all scientists despise culture. That would be silly and untrue. But the 'scientific' obsession has changed all rankings in the intellectual world. The insidiousness of science lies in its claim to be not a subject, but a method. You could ignore a subject: no subject is all-inclusive. But a method can plausibly be applied to anything within the field of consciousness. Small wonder that the study of literature turns into philology, the study of history into archæology, and the study of morals and æsthetics into physical psychology. With the finer appeals of philosophy

and poetry and painting and natural beauty, science need not meddle; because about their direct effect on the thought and wills of men it can say nothing valuable. You cannot determine the value of a Velasquez by putting your finger on the pulse of the man who is looking at it; or the value of Amiens Cathedral by registering the vibration of his internal muscles; or of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by declaring that all perception of beauty is a function of sex. Nor does it matter very much, at the moment, to the enraptured reader or observer that such and such a work of art was the logical result of a given set of conditions. The point is that it is there; and that it works potently upon us in ways which we can scarce phrase. Culture puts us disinterestedly in communication with the distilled and sifted lore of the world. Science is in comparison a prejudiced affair — prejudiced because it seeks always to bring things back to literal and physical explanations. Far be it from me to deny that geology, biology, physics, have given us unapprehended vistas down which to stray — only, strictly speaking, it forbids the straying. The moment the layman's imagination begins to profit, begins to get real exhilaration from scientific discoveries, it contributes something unwelcome to science. Science has its own stern value; in the end we are all profoundly affected by its gains in the field of fact. One's quarrel is not with science as such, but with science as demanding an intellectual and spiritual hegemony. With nothing less than hegemony, however, will science be content.

Now if it is not yet clear what effect all this must have on culture, a few words may make it clearer. The great danger of the scientific obsession is not the destruction of all things that are not science, but the slow infection of

those things. If the laboratory is your real test, then most philosophies and all art are no good. The scientists are not good philosophers, and they are not good artists; and if science is to rule everywhere, we must shelve philosophy and art, or else take them into the laboratory. I need not point out what has become of literature under a scientific régime. We all know the hopeless fiction that is created by the scientific method: fiction that banks on its anecdotal accuracy and has in it no spiritual truth. Literature is simply a different game: you do not get the greatest literary truth by the laboratory method. Art is not reducible to science, because science takes no account of the special truth which is beauty, of the special truth which is moral imagination.

It is not only by the laboratory method that our fiction has been ruined: a great many of our writers of fiction are not up to the laboratory method. But all our fiction has been harmed by the prevalent idea that no fiction is any good which is not done by the laboratory method, and that even fiction which attempts that method is of little value in comparison with a card-catalogue. There were some snobs who were not affected by the democratic fallacy; but even the snobs have been affected by scientific scorn.

VI

I may have seemed to be showing rather the reasons for the extirpation of culture among us than the fact of the extirpation. Perhaps that is not the best way to go to work. But the actual evidence is so multitudinously at hand that it was hardly worth while beginning with solemn proofs of the fact. In all branches of art and learning we have a cult of the modern. Modern languages rank Latin and Greek in our

schools and colleges; practical and 'vocational' training is displacing the rudiments of learning in all of our public and many of our private institutions for the teaching of the young; the books admitted to the lists of 'literature' include many that never have been and never will be literature. I found, a few years ago, the following books on a list from which students of English were allowed to choose their reading for the course, — this, in one of the old and respectable high schools of Massachusetts, not twenty miles from Boston: *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Pushing to the Front*, *Greifenstein*, *Doctor Latimer*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, *The First Violin*, and 'any of the works of Stewart Edward White.' These, and many others, may be, in their way, good reading, but there is no excuse for offering them to the young student of English as examples of 'literature.'

Standards of beauty and truth are no longer rigidly held up. In philosophy we have produced pragmatism; in art we have produced futurism, — and what not, since then? — in literature we have produced the pathologic and the economic novel, and no poetry worth speaking of. The 'grand style' has gone out; and the classics are back numbers. Our children do not even speak good English; and no one minds. They cannot be bored with Scott and Dickens; they cannot be bored with poetry at all. And why should they, when their fathers and mothers are reading *Laddie* and *The Sick-a-Bed Lady*, and their clergymen are preaching about *The Inside of the Cup* — or the latest work dealing with the slums by some one who was slum-born and slum-bred, and is proud of it? You can be slum-born and slum-bred and still achieve something worth while; but it is a stupid inverted snobbishness to be proud of it. If one had a right to be

proud of anything, it would be of a continued decent tradition back of one. The cultured person must have put in a great many years with nothing to show for it; his parents have usually put in a great many years, for him, for which they have nothing to show. There is nothing to show, until you get the complex result of the disciplined and finished creature. 'Culture' means a long receptivity to things of the mind and the spirit. There is no money in it; there is nothing striking in it; there is in it no flattery of our own time, or of the majority.

Ours is a commercial age, in which most people are bent on getting money. That is a platitude. It is also, intellectually speaking, a materialistic age, when most of our intellectual power is given either to prophylaxis, or to industrial chemistry, or to the invention of physical conveniences — all ultimately concerned with the body. Even the philanthropists deal with the soul through the body, and Christianity has long since become 'muscular.' How, in such an age, can culture flourish, — culture, which cares even more about the spirit than about the flesh? It was pointed out not long ago, in an *Atlantic* article, that many of our greatest minds have dwelt in bodies that the eugenists would have legislated out of existence. Many of the greatest saints found sainthood precisely in denying the power of the ailing flesh to restrict the soul. There is more in the great mystics than psychiatry will ever account for. But science, in spite of its vistas, is short-sighted. It talks in æons, but keeps its eye well screwed to the microscope. The geologic ages are dealt with by pick and hammer and reduced to slides, and the lore of the stars has become a pure matter of mathematical formulæ. Human welfare is a question of microbes. Neither pundit nor populace cares, at the pres-

ent day, for perspectives. The past is discredited because it is not modern. Not to be modern is the great sin.

So, perhaps, it is. But every one has, in his day, been modern. And surely even modernity is a poor thing beside immortality. Since we must all die, is it not perhaps better to be a dead lion than a living dog? And is it not a crime against human nature to consider negligible 'the best that has been said and thought in the world'? It is only by considering it negligible that we can consent to let ourselves be overrun by the hordes of ignorance and materialism, — the people (God save the mark!) of to-morrow. Let us stand, if we must, on practical grounds: the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. As if our only guaranty that to-morrow would be tolerable were not precisely that it is sprung from a past that we know to have been, at many points, noble! It is pathetic to see people refusing to learn the lessons of history; it is a waste that no efficiency expert ought to permit. All learning is a textbook which would save much time to him who works for the perfection of the world. But I begin to think that our age does not really care about perfection; and that it would rather make a thousand-year-old mistake than learn a remedy from history. So much the worse for to-morrow!

But meanwhile let us — those of us who can — see to it that the preëminent brains of other ages shall not have passed away in vain. M. Anatole France, in *La Révolte des Anges*, has a good deal to say about the absurdity of a Jehovah who still believes in the Pto-

lemaïc system. Well, the Ptolemaïc system did not prevent the ancient world from giving us Greek theatres and Roman law, or England from giving us Magna Charta. We are still imitating Greek theatres (rather badly, I admit) in our stadia; Roman law is still, by and large, good enough for such an enlightened country as France; and Magna Charta — or its equivalent — had to be there before we could have a Declaration of Independence. Our superior scientific knowledge has not given us our standards of beauty or justice or liberty. Let us take what the present offers — Zeppelins and all. But let us not throw away what other men, in other ages, have died for the sake of discovering. If the lore of the past is useless, there is every chance — one must be very overweening indeed not to admit it — that the lore of our generation will be useless, too. Culture — whether you use the word itself or find another term — means only a decent economy of human experience. You cannot improve on things without keeping those things pretty steadily in mind. Otherwise you run the risk of wasting a lot of time doing something that has already been done. Any one, I think, will admit that. And it is not a far step to the realization that on the whole it is wise not to lose the past out of our minds. There is no glory in being wiser than the original savage; there is glory in being wiser than the original sage. But in order to be wiser than he, we must have a shrewd suspicion of how wise he was. By and large, without culture, that shrewd suspicion will never be ours.

THE OPEN SEASON FOR AMERICAN NOVELISTS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I

THIS is the open season for American novelists. The wardens are in hiding and any one with a blunderbuss and a horn of powder is entitled to all the game he can kill. The trouble was started by Mr. Edward Garnett, a poacher from abroad, who crawled under the fence and wrought great havoc before he was detected. His invasion roused the envy of scores of native hunters, and at their behest all laws for game-protection have been suspended, to satisfy the general craving for slaughter. Mr. Owen Wister on his broncho leads the field, a daring and orgulous knight, sincerely jealous for the good name of the ranges. The fact that I was once beguiled by an alluring title into purchasing one of his books in the fond hope that it would prove to be a gay romance about a lady, only to find that the heroine was, in fact, a cake, did not alter my amiable feelings toward him. I made a pious pilgrimage to the habitat of that cake and invested in numerous replicas for distribution all the way from Colorado to Maine, accompanied by copies of the novel that so adroitly advertised it — a generosity which I have refrained from mentioning to Mr. Wister or his publisher to this day.

Mr. Wister's personal experiences have touched our oldest and newest civilization, and it is not for me to quarrel with him. Nor should I be saddling Rosinante for a trot over the fearsome range had he not taken a pot shot at

poor old Democracy, that venerable offender against the world's peace and dignity. To drive Mr. Bryan and Mr. Harold Bell Wright into a lonely cleft of the foothills and rope and tie them together seems to me an act of inhumanity unworthy of a good sportsman. As I am unfamiliar with Mr. Wright's writings, I can only express my admiration for Mr. Wister's temerity in approaching them close enough to apply the branding iron. Mr. Bryan as the protagonist of Democracy may not be dismissed so easily. To be sure, he has never profited by any ballot of mine, but he has at times laid the lash with a sure hand on shoulders that needed chastisement. However, it is the free and unlimited printing of novels that here concerns us, not the consecration of silver.

Democracy is not so bad as its novels, nor, for that matter, is a constitutional monarchy. The taste of many an American has been debased by English fiction. At the risk of appearing ungracious, I fling in Mr. Garnett's teeth an armful of the writings of Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Barclay, and Marie Corelli. The slightest regard for the literary standards of a young and struggling republic should prompt the mother country to keep her trash at home. It is our most grievous sin that we have merely begun to manufacture our own rubbish, in a commendable spirit of building up home industries. In my youth I was prone to indulge in pirated reprints of engrossing tales of adorable curates' nieces who were for-

ever playing Cinderella at hunt balls, and breaking all the hearts in the county. They were dukes' daughters, really, changed in the cradle — Trollope, with a dash of bitters; but their effect upon me I believe to have been baneful.

A lawyer of my acquaintance used to remark in opening a conference with opposing counsel, 'I am merely thinking aloud; I don't want to be bound by anything I say.' It is a good deal in this spirit that I intrude upon the field of carnage, armed with a white flag and a Red Cross badge. The gentle condescension of foreign critics we shall overlook as lacking in novelty; moreover, Mr. Lowell disposed of that attitude once and for all time.

If anything more serious is to be required in this engagement than these casual shots from my pop-gun I hastily tender my proxy to Mr. Howells. And I am saying (in a husky aside) that if in England, our sadly myopic step-mother, any one now living has served letters with anything like the high-minded devotion of Mr. Howells, or with achievements comparable to his for variety, sincerity, and distinction, I shall be glad to pay postage for his name.

We must not call names or make faces, but address ourselves cheerfully to the business at hand. The American novel is, beyond question, in a bad way. Something is radically wrong with it. The short story, too, is under fire. Professor Canby would clap a Russian blouse on it and restore its first fine careless rapture. He makes out a good case and I cheerfully support his cause, with, however, a reservation that we try the effect of American overalls and jumper before committing ourselves fully to Slavic vestments. In my anxiety to be of service to the friends of American fiction, I am willing to act as pall-bearer or officiating minister, or even as corpse, with proper guaranties of decent burial.

II

Our slow advance in artistic achievement has been defended on the plea that we have no background, no perspective, and that our absorption in business affairs leaves no time for that serene contemplation of life that is essential to the highest attainments. To pass the obvious baccalaureate bromide that we are inheritors of the lore of all the ages, it may be suggested that our deficiencies in the creative arts are overbalanced by the prodigious labors of a people who have lived a great drama in founding and maintaining a new social and political order within little more than a century.

Philosophers intent upon determining the causes of our failure to contribute more importantly to all the arts have suggested that our creative genius has been diverted into commercial and industrial channels; that Bell and Edison have stolen and imprisoned the Promethean fire, while the altars of the arts have been left cold. Instead of sending mankind whirling over hill and dale at a price within the reach of all, Mr. Henry Ford might have been our enlaureled Thackeray if only he had been born beneath a dancing star instead of under the fiery wheels of Ezekiel's vision.

The preachiness of our novels, of which critics complain with some bitterness, may be reprehensible, but it is not inexplicable. We are a people bred upon the Bible; it was the only book carried into the wilderness; it still has a considerable following among us, and all reports of our depravity are greatly exaggerated. We are inured to much preaching. We tolerate where we do not admire Mr. Bryan, because he is the last of the circuit riders, a tireless assailant of the devil and all his works.

I am aware of growls from the Tory

benches as I timidly venture the suggestion — fully conscious of its impiety — that existing cosmopolitan standards may not always with justice be applied to our literary performances. The late Colonel Higginson once supported this position with what strikes me as an excellent illustration. 'When,' he wrote, 'a vivacious Londoner like Mr. Andrew Lang attempts to deal with that profound imaginative creation, Arthur Dimmesdale in the *Scarlet Letter*, he fails to comprehend him from an obvious and perhaps natural want of acquaintance with the whole environment of the man. To Mr. Lang he is simply a commonplace clerical Lovelace, a dissenting clergyman caught in a shabby intrigue. But if this clever writer had known the Puritan clergy as we know them, the high priests of a Jewish theocracy, with the whole work of God in a strange land resting on their shoulders, he would have comprehended the awful tragedy in this tortured soul.'

In the same way the singular place held by Emerson in the affections of those of us who are the fortunate inheritors of the Emerson tradition can hardly be appreciated by foreign critics to whom his writings, viewed from Athens, seem curiously formless and his reasoning absurdly tangential. He may not have been a great philosopher, but he was a great philosopher for America. There were English critics who complained bitterly of Mark Twain's lack of 'form'; and yet I can imagine that his books might have lost the tang and zest we find in them if they had conformed to old-world standards.

On the other hand, the English in which our novels are written must be defended by abler pens than mine. Just why American prose is so slouchy, so lacking in distinction, touches questions that are not for this writing. I shall not even 'think aloud' about

them! And yet, so great is my anxiety to be of service and to bring as much gayety to the field as possible, that I shall venture one remark: that perhaps the demand on the part of students in our colleges to be taught to write short stories, novels, and dramas — and the demand is insistent — has obscured the importance of mastering a sound prose before any attempt is made to employ it creatively. It certainly cannot be complained that the literary impulse is lacking, when publishers, editors, and theatrical producers are invited to inspect thousands of manuscripts every year. The editor of a popular magazine declares that there are only fifteen American writers who are capable of producing a 'good' short story; and this, too, at a time when short fiction is in greater demand than ever before, and at prices that would cause Poe and De Maupassant to turn in their graves. A publisher said recently that he had examined twenty novels from one writer, not one of which he considered worth publishing.

Many, indeed, are called but few are chosen, and some reason must be found for the low level of our fiction where the output is so great. The fault is not due to unfavorable 'atmospheric' conditions, but to timidity on the part of writers in seizing upon the obvious American material. Sidney Lanier remarked of Poe that he was a great poet, but that he did not know enough, — meaning that life in its broad aspects had not moved him. A lack of 'information,' of understanding and vision, is, I should say, the fundamental weakness of the American novel. To see life steadily and whole is a large order; and a people prone, as we are, to skim light-heartedly the bright surfaces, are not easily to be persuaded to creep to the rough edges and peer into the depths. We have not always been anxious to welcome a 'physician of the iron age'

capable of reading 'each wound, each weakness clear,' and saying 'thou ailest here and here!' It is not 'competent' for the artist to plead the unattractiveness of his material at the bar of letters; it is his business to make the best of what he finds ready to his hand. It is because we are attempting to adjust humanity to new ideals of liberty that we offer to ourselves, if not to the rest of the world, a pageant of ceaseless interest and variety.

It may be that we are too much at ease in our Zion for a deeper probing of life than our fiction has found it agreeable to make. And yet we are a far soberer people than we were when Mr. Matthew Arnold complained of our lack of intellectual seriousness. The majority has proved its soundness in a number of instances since he wrote of us. We are less impatient of self-scrutiny. Our newly awakened social consciousness finds expression in many books of real significance, and it is inevitable that our fiction shall reflect this new sobriety.

Unfortunately, since the passing of our New England Olympians, literature as a vocation has had little real dignity among us; we have had singularly few novelists who have settled themselves to the business of writing with any high or serious aim. Hawthorne as a brooding spirit has had no successor among our fictionists. Our work has been chiefly tentative, and all too often the experiments have been made with an eye on the publisher's barometer. Literary gossip is heavy with reports of record-breaking rapidity of composition. A writer who can dictate is the envy of an adoring circle; another who 'never revises' arouses even more poignant despair. The laborious Balzac tearing his proofs to pieces seems only a dingy and pitiable figure. Nobody knows the difference, and what's a well-turned sentence

more or less? I saw recently a newspaper editorial commenting derisively on a novelist's confession that he was capable of only a thousand words a day, the point being that the average newspaper writer triples this output without fatigue. Newcomers in the field can hardly fail to be impressed by these rumors of novels knocked off in a month or three months, for which astonishing sums have been paid by generous magazine editors. We shall have better fiction as soon as ambitious writers realize that novel-writing is a high calling, and that success is to be won only by those who are willing to serve seven and yet other seven years in the hope of winning 'the crown of time.'

In his happy characterization of Turgenieff and his relation to the younger French school of realists, Mr. James speaks of the 'great back-garden of his Slav imagination and his Germanic culture, into which the door constantly stood open, and the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him.' I am further indebted to Mr. James for certain words uttered by M. Renan of the big Russian: 'His conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race: generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance.'

I make no apology for thrusting my tin dipper again into Mr. James's bubbling well for an anecdote of Flaubert, derived from Edmond de Goncourt. Flaubert was missed one fine afternoon in a house where he and De Goncourt were guests, and was found to have undressed and gone to bed to *think!*

I shall not give comfort to the enemy by any admission that our novelists lack culture in the sense that Turgeneff and the great French masters possessed it. A matter of which I may complain with more propriety is their lack of 'information' (and I hope this term is sufficiently delicate) touching the tasks and aims of America. We have been deluged with 'big' novels that are 'big' only in the publishers' advertisements. New York has lately been the scene of many novels, but the New York adumbrated in most of them is only the metropolis as exposed to the awed gaze of provincial tourists from the rubber-neck wagon. Sex, lately discovered for exploitation, has resulted only in 'arrangements' of garbage in pink and yellow, lightly sprinkled with musk.

As Rosinante stumbles over the range I am disposed to 'think aloud' a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may ask where, then, lies the material about which our novelists are so deficient in 'information.' (Just then a bullet grazed my ear: this is dangerous ground indeed! O loungers in the scorners' seat, I who am about to die salute you!) No strong hand has yet been laid upon our industrial life. It has been pecked at and trifled with, but never treated with breadth or fullness. Here we have probably the most striking social contrasts the world has ever seen; racial mixtures of bewildering complexity, the whole flung against impressive backgrounds and lighted from a thousand angles. Pennsylvania is only slightly 'spotted' on the literary map, and yet between Philadelphia and Pittsburg nearly every possible phase and condition of life is represented. Great passions are at work in the fiery aisles of the steel mills that would have kindled Dostoiefsky's imagination. A pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night marks a limitless field for the

earnest fictionist. A Balzac would find innumerable subjects awaiting him in the streets of Wilkesbarre!

At this point I must bemoan the ill luck that has carried so many American fiction writers to foreign shores. If Hawthorne had never seen Italy, but had clung to Salem, I am disposed to think American literature would be the richer. If fate had not carried Mr. Howells to Venice, but had posted him on the Ohio during the mighty struggle of the '60's; and if Mr. James had been stationed at Chicago, close to the deep currents of national feeling, what a monumental library of vital fiction they might have given us! If Mrs. Wharton's splendid gifts had been consecrated to the service of Pittsburg rather than New York and Paris, how much greater might be our debt to her!

Business in itself is not interesting; business as it reacts upon character is immensely interesting. Mineral paint has proved to be an excellent preservative for *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, which remains our best novel of business. But if paint may be turned to account, why not cotton, wool, and the rest of the trade catalogue, every item with its own distinct genesis? In *The Turmoil* Mr. Tarkington has staged under a fitting canopy of factory smoke a significant drama of the conflict between idealism and materialism. Surely the novel of business need not be left altogether to purveyors of hectic romances showing the stock exchange hitched to a cabaret.

Turning to our preoccupation with politics, we find another field that is all but fallow. Few novels of any real dignity may be tendered as exhibits in this department, and these are in a sense local, — the comprehensive, the deeply searching, has yet to be done. Mr. Churchill's *Coniston*, Mr. Page's *Red Rock*, and Mr. Brand Whitlock's *The Thirteenth District* are the happiest

experiments I recall, though possibly there are others of equal importance. Yet politics is not only a matter of constant discussion in every quarter: through and by politics many thousands solve the problem of existence. Alone of great national capitals Washington has never been made the scene of a novel of distinction. Years ago we had Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administration*, but it failed to establish itself as a classic. George Meredith doubtless would have hated our capital; its statuary would have depressed him; but he would have found much upon which to exercise his ironic powers. The passing of Mr. Bryan was not without a certain dramatic interest; perhaps, when the newspapers have exhausted it, Mrs. Ward, who is skilled in the management of prime ministers, may find it a subject to her liking!

With all our romantic longings it is little short of amazing that we are not more fecund in schemes for romantic drama and fiction. The stage, not to say the market, waits; but the settings are dingy from much use and the characters in threadbare costumes strut forth to speak old familiar lines. Again, there is an old superstition that we are a humorous people, and yet humor is curiously absent from recent fiction. 'O. Henry' knew the way to the fountain of laughter, but contented himself with the shorter form; *Huckleberry Finn* seems destined to stand for some time as our nearest approach to a novel of typical humor. We have had David Harums and Mrs. Wiggses a-plenty, — kindly philosophers, often drawn with skill, — but the results are character sketches, not novels.

III

It is impossible in a general view of our fiction to dissociate the novel from the short story, which, in a way, has

sapped its vitality. An astonishing number of short stories have shown a grasp of the movement, energy, and color of American life, but writers who have succeeded in this field have seemed incapable of longer flights. And the originality possessed by a great number of short-story writers seems to be shared only meagrely by those who experiment with the novel. When Macaulay's New Zealander or some venturesome Martian ravages the Library of Congress it is in the short-story division that he will find the surer key to what American life has been. There are few American novels of any period that can tip the scale against the ten best American short stories, chosen for sincerity and workmanship. It would seem that our creative talent is facile and true in miniature studies, but shrinks from an ampler canvas and a broader brush. Mr. Poole's recent novel, *The Harbor*, is a striking exception to the rule; Frank Norris's *The Pit* and *The Octopus* continue to command respect from the fact that he had a panoramic sense that led him to exercise his fine talents upon a great and important theme.

We have had, to be sure, many examples of the business and political novel, but practically all of them have been struck from the same die. A 'big' politician or a 'big' man of business, his daughter, and a lover who brazenly sets himself up to correct the morals of the powerful parent, is a popular device. Young love must suffer, but it must not meet with frustration. In these experiments (if anything so rigidly prescribed may be said to contain any element of experiment) a little realism is sweetened with much romance. In the same way the quasi-historical novel for years followed a stereotyped formula: the lover was preferably a Northern spy within the Southern lines; the heroine, a daughter of the

traditional aristocratic Southern family. Her shuddersome ride to seek General Lee's pardon for the unfortunate officer condemned to be shot at day-break, was as inevitable as measles. The geography might be reversed occasionally to give a Northern girl a chance, but in any event her brother's animosity toward the hero was always a pleasing factor. Another ancient formula lately revived with slight variations gives us a shaggy elemental man brought by shipwreck or other means into contact with gentle womanhood. In his play *The Great Divide* William Vaughn Moody invested this device with dignity and power, but it would be interesting to see what trick might be performed with the same cards if the transformed hero should finally take his departure for the bright boulevards, while the heroine seized his bow and arrow and turned joyfully to the wilderness. The present popular type portrays the girl with Daniel's weakness for venturing into fiery furnaces and among lions, — always to reappear unscathed to take her curtains before applauding audiences.

When our writers cease their futile experimenting and imitating and wake up to the possibilities of American material we shall have fewer complaints of the impotence of the American novel. We are just a little impatient of the holding of the mirror up to nature, but nevertheless we do not like to be fooled all the time. And no one is quicker than an American to 'get down to brass tacks' when he realizes that he must come to it. Realism is the natural medium through which a democracy may 'register' (to borrow a term from the screen drama) its changing emotions, its hopes and failures. We are willing to take our recreations in imaginary kingdoms, but we are blessed with a healthy curiosity as to what really is happening among our

teeming millions, and are not so blind as our foreign critics and the croakers at home would have us think as to what we do and feel and believe. But the realists must play the game straight. They must paint the wart on the sitter's nose — though he refuse to pay for the portrait! Half-hearted dallying and sidling and compromising are not getting us anywhere. The flimsiest romance is preferable to dishonest realism. It is the meretricious stuff in the guise of realism that we are all anxious to pepper with birdshot.

Having thus, I hope, appeased the realists, who are an exacting phalanx, difficult to satisfy, I feel that it is only right, just, and proper to rally for a moment the scampering hosts of the romanticists. It is deplorable that Realism should be so roused to blood-thirstiness by any intrusion upon the landscape of Romanticism's dainty frocks and fluttering ribbons. Before Realism was, Romance ruled in many kingdoms. If Romance had not been, Realism would not be. Let the Cosacks keep to their side of the river and behave like gentlemen! Others have said it who spoke with authority, and I shall not scruple to repeat, that the story for the story's sake is a perfectly decent, honorable, and praiseworthy thing. It is as old as human nature, and the desire for it will not perish till man has been recreated. Neither much argument about it, nor the limning against the gray Russian skyline of the august figures of Dostoieffsky, Tolstoy, and Turgenieff will change the faith of the many who seek in fiction cheer and recreation.

Again, I beg, let us preserve a good temper as we ponder these matters. More and more we shall have true realism; but more and more let us hope for the true romance. Stevenson's familiar contributions to the discussion are in the best vein of the cause he espous-

es; and although a New York newspaper referred to him the other day as the 'Caledonian poseur,' his lantern-bearers continue to signal merrily from the heights and are not to be confused with Realism's switch-lights in the railroad yards in the valley. The lords of the high pale brow in classrooms and on the critical dais are much too contemptuous of romance.¹ Romance we must have, to the end of time, no matter how nobly Realism may achieve. With our predisposition as a healthy-minded and cheerful people toward tales of the night-rider and the scratch of the whip-butt on the inn-door, it is unfair to slap Romance on the wrist and post her off to bed like a naughty stepchild. Even the stern brow of the realist must relax at times.

Many people of discernment found pleasure in our Richard Carvels, Janice Merediths, and Hugh Wynnes. Miss Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* and *Lewis Rand* are books one may enjoy without shame. The stickler for style need not be scornful of Mrs. Catherwood's *Lazarre* and *The Romance of Dollard*. Out of Chicago came Mr. Henry Fuller's charming exotic, *The Chevalier of Piansieri-Vani*. *Monsieur Beaucaire* and Miss Sherwood's *Daphne* proved a while ago that all the cherries have not been shaken from the tree—only the trees in these cases unfortunately were not American. Surely one of these days a new Peter Pan will fly over an American greenwood! I should bless the hand that pressed upon me for reading to-night so diverting a skit as Mr. Vielé's *The Inn of the Silver Moon*. I

¹ Having just read, in the August *Harper's*, Professor Canby's protest against flings at the highbrow, I must add that the term as we use it in the corn belt is one of endearment and envy. At times on wet nights I have crept in from the muddy road and thrown down my blanket on the outer fringes of the highbrow camp, and it is far from my purpose to sneer at the sound discourse I have heard there. — THE AUTHOR.

shall not even pause to argue with those who are plucking my coat-tails and whispering that these are mere trifles, too frivolous to be mentioned when the novel is the regular order of the conference. I am looking along the shelf for Stockton, the fanciful and whimsical. How pleasant it would be to meet Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine again, or to lodge for a day at another Squirrel Inn. And yet (O fame, thou fickle one!) when I asked a young lady the other day if she knew Stockton, she replied with emphasis that she did not; that 'that old quaint stuff' does n't go any more!

Having handed Realism a ticket to Pittsburg with generous stop-over privileges, I regret that I am unable to point Romance to any such promising terminus. But the realm of Romance is extra-territorial; Realism alone demands the surveyor's certificate and abstracts of title. An Irish poet once assured me that fairies are to be found everywhere; and surely somewhere between Moosehead Lake and Puget Sound some lad is piping lustily on a new silver whistle where the deer come down to drink.

IV

It is the fashion to attribute to the automobile and the motion picture all social phenomena not otherwise accounted for. The former has undoubtedly increased our national restlessness, and it has robbed the evening lamp of its cosy bookish intimacy. The screen drama makes possible the 'reading' of a story with the minimum amount of effort. A generation bred on the 'movies' will be impatient of the tedious methods of writers who cannot transform character by a click of the camera, but require at least four hundred pages to turn the trick. It is doubtful whether any of the quasi-historical novels

that flourished fifteen and twenty years ago and broke a succession of best-selling records would meet with anything approximating the same amiable reception if launched to-day. A trained scenario writer, unembarrassed by literary standards and intent upon nothing but action, can beat the melodramatic novelist at his own game every time. A copyright novel of adventure cannot compete with the same story at five or ten cents as presented in the epileptic drama, where it lays no burden upon the beholder's visualizing sense. The resources of the screen drama for creating thrills are inexhaustible; it draws upon the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth; and as nothing that can be pictured can be untrue, — or so the confiding 'movie' patron, unfamiliar with the tricks of the business, believes, — the screen has also the great advantage of plausibility.

The silent drama may therefore exercise a beneficent influence, if it shall prove to have shunted into a new channel of publication great numbers of stories whose justification between covers was always debatable. Already many novels of this type have been resurrected by the industrious screen producers. If, after the long list has been exhausted, we shall be spared the 'novelization' of screen scenarios in the fashion of the novelized play, we shall be rid of some of the débris that has handicapped the novelists who have meekly asked to be taken seriously.

The fiction magazines also have cut into the sales of ephemeral novels. For the price of one novel the uncritical reader may fortify himself with enough reading matter to keep him diverted for a month. The literary magazine is no longer revered as a means of fixing a household's standard of culture. The family 'favorite' used to be subscribed for every Christmas as a reli-

gious rite and maintained on the centre table in close proximity to the Bible. Nowadays the hurrying citizen approaches the magazine counter in much the same spirit in which he attacks the help-yourself lunch-trough — grabs what he likes and retires for hurried consumption. It must, however, be said for the much-execrated magazine editors that with all their faults and defaults they are at least alive to the importance and value of American material. It was they who discovered O. Henry, now recognized as a writer of significance. I should like to scribble a marginal note at this point to the effect that writers who are praised for style, those who are able to employ *otiose*, *meticulous*, and *ineluctable* with awe-inspiring inadvertence in tales of morbid introspection, are not usually those who are deeply learned in the ways and manners of that considerable body of our people who are obliged to work for a living. We must avoid snobbishness in our speculations as to the available ingredients from which American fiction must be made. Baseball players, vaudeville and motion-picture performers, ladies engaged as commercial travelers, and Potash and Perlmutter, are all legitimate subjects for the fictionist, and our millions undoubtedly prefer just now to view them humorously or romantically.

V

In our righteous awakening to the serious plight to which our fiction has come it is not necessary, nor is it becoming, to point the slow unmoving finger of scorn at those benighted but well-meaning folk who in times past did what they could toward fashioning an American literature. We all see their errors now; we deplore their stupidity, we wish they had been quite different; but why drag their bones from the grave for defilement? Cooper and Irv-

ing meant well; there are still misguided souls who find pleasure in them. It was not Hawthorne's fault that he so bungled *The Scarlet Letter*, nor Poe's that he frittered away his time inventing the detective story. Our deep contrition must not betray us into hardness of heart against those unconscious sinners, who cooled their tea in the saucer and never heard of a samovar!

There are American novelists whose portraits I refuse to turn to the wall. Marion Crawford had very definite ideas, which he set forth in a most entertaining essay, as to what the novel should be, and he followed his formula with happy results. His *Saracinesca* still seems to me a fine romance. There was some marrow in the bones of E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*. I can remember when Miss Woolson was highly regarded as a writer, and when Miss Howard's amusing *One Summer* seemed not an ignoble thing. F. J. Stimson, Thomas Nelson Page, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Miss Murfree, Mary Hallock Foote, T. B. Aldrich, T. R. Sullivan, H. C. Bunner, Robert Grant, and Harold Frederic all labored sincerely for the cause of American fiction. F. Hopkinson Smith told a good story and told it like a gentleman. Mr. Cable's right to a place in the front rank of American novelists is not, I believe, questioned in any survey; if *The Grandissimes* and *Old Creole Days* had been written in France, he would probably be pointed to as an author well worthy of American emulation.

No doubt this list might be considerably expanded, as I am drawing from memory, and merely suggesting writers whose performances in most instances synchronize with my first reading of American novels. I do not believe we are helping our case materially by ignoring these writers as though they were a lot of poor relations whenever a for-

eign critic turns his condescending gaze in our direction.

VI

It is a hopeful sign that we now produce one or two, or maybe three, good novels a year. The number is bound to increase as our young writers of ambition realize that technique and facility are not the only essentials of success, but that they must burrow into life — honeycomb it until their explorations carry them to the core of it. There are novels that are half good; some are disfigured by wobbly characterizations, or the patience necessary to a proper development of the theme is lacking. However, sincerity and an appreciation of the highest function of the novel as a medium for interpreting life are not so rare as the critics would have us believe.

The plea that the great American novel is being written in installments and that it will never be more than a jumble of *disjecta membra* is no longer entitled to an entry in the pleadings *in re* The People *vs.* The American Novel. I have never subscribed to the doctrine that the sun of American literature rises in Indiana and sets in Kansas. We have had much provincial fiction, and the monotony of our output would be happily varied by attempts at something of national scope. It is not to disparage the small picture that I suggest for experiment the broadly panoramic, — "a Hugo flare against the night," — but because the novel as we practice it seems so pitifully small measured by the material. I am aware of course that a hundred pages are as good as a thousand if the breath of life is in them. Flaubert, says Mr. James, *made* things big.

We must escape from this carving of cherry stones, this contentment with the day of littleness, this use of the novel as a plaything where it pretends

to be something else. And it occurs to me at this juncture that I might have saved myself a considerable expenditure of ink by stating in the first place that what the American novel really needs is a Walt Whitman to emit a barbaric yawp from the crest of the Alleghanies and proclaim a new freedom. Why could n't Mr. Robert Frost have been a novelist instead of a poet? For what I have been trying to say comes down to this: that we shall not greatly serve ourselves or the world's literature by attempts to Russianize, or Gallicize, or Anglicize our fiction, but that we must strive more earnestly to Americanize it, — to make it express with all the art we may command the

life we are living and that pretty tangible something that we call the American spirit.

The bright angels of letters never appear in answer to prayer; they come out of nowhere and knock at unwatched gates. But the wailing of jeremiads before the high altar is not calculated to soften the hearts of the gods who hand down genius from the skies. It is related that a clerk in the patent office asked to be assigned to a post in some other department on the ground that practically everything had been invented and he wanted to change before he lost his job. That was in 1833.

Courage, comrade! The songs have not all been written nor the tales all told.

SPENDTHRIFTS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

THE story I am about to tell I have never told before. The events in it took place when I was a child of fifteen, an oldish child of fifteen. I had a taste for books and dreams, and a kind of adoring love of older people; a predilection, too, for romance and wonderment. There were many things I meant to do some day.

Among my lesser resolves was one that I had held for a good many years: I mean the resolve some day to be a passenger in the absurd old-fashioned bus that had made its daily journey, ever since I could remember, from my home town to a small town quite off the railroad, and some twelve miles

away, the county-seat of that county in which my home was situated.

The bus was an extraordinary-looking vehicle. It had the air of a huge beetle. It creaked and rattled when it was in action. It had enormous dipping springs. It lunged and rolled a bit from side to side as it went. Its top bulged and had ribs across it and a low iron railing around it, convenient for the lashing of ropes to hold the packages of all kinds and sizes with which it usually went laden. There was a door at the back and there were two steps by which to enter. It had the air of being a distinguished character, even among the antiquated and entirely individual types of vehicle still common then in the little old-fashioned town.

This air was, no doubt, due chiefly to the large oval pictures painted, not without some skill, on its sides. One of these depicted the rescue of Daniel Boone by Kenton, who with the butt of a large musket was perpetually about to brain a murderous Indian; the other dealt with Smith's unchanging obligation to Pocahontas.

I hardly think Keats had more lasting enjoyment of his Grecian urn with 'brede of marble men and maidens overwrought' than I of those pictures, where, not less than in the more classic example, I saw perpetually preserved what I took to be the most thrilling and desirable of moments, death forever arrested by unending loyalty and undying affection.

But, interesting as all this was, it was by no means the heart of that strange fascination with which, for so many years, I contemplated the old beetling vehicle. Its fascination lay for me in its daily journey to parts beyond the bounds of my narrow horizon. It plied faithfully every week-day of the year, an envoy extraordinary, ambassador plenipotentiary, between another world and mine. Some day I should see that world and know it.

It must not be supposed, however, that I had in mind only the town to which the bus journeyed, the mere inconsiderable county seat. Children's imaginations, especially when the child is just emerging into all the glorious possibilities of womanhood, deal not in towns but in worlds. The *world* outside my own narrow bounds of life, that was what I meant to see and experience.

I can think of only one thing, besides the old bus, which roused my fancy to an equal degree, namely the herds of dumb cattle which were driven past my home always once and sometimes twice a week, to the stockyards which lay somewhere on the outskirts of my home town. If I close my eyes, I can

still hear on hot afternoons the dark herds trampling past, a mass of broad backs and spreading horns and wide foreheads, — and dull or occasionally frightened eyes, — and the hurrying hoofs, scuffling the dust.

I had never seen the stockyards. I was never informed very particularly about them, and by some instinct, I suppose, I never inquired too carefully. But I knew this for another world also, and dread as it was, it fascinated me. I believe the hurrying herds stood to me for a kind of world of fearful reality that I meant some day to look into, and the old picture-painted bus for a world of romance, yonder, yonder over the dip of the horizon, which not less, some day, I was determined to know.

Just how I came to take my resolve, and the events which precipitated it — all this has no bearing on the story. The story begins just where I stood that hot day in June waiting for the bus by the dusty mullens beside the pike. I had walked a good mile outside the town so that none of the townspeople would see the beginning of my adventure.

The bus was late, I think, even allowing for my anxiety. It came in sight at last, at a slow beetling pace. I held up a slim finger. But not until he was alongside did the driver begin to draw in the long reins. I ran after the bus a few paces, opened the door, climbed the high steps with a beating heart, and got in.

The driver peeked through the little peek-hole in the roof to make sure I was safe; then he called to his horses, and the vehicle lunged ahead.

The only other passengers were an old man, unknown to me, who carried a basket of eggs, and an old woman who lived somewhere outside the town and whom I recognized as her we called the 'horse-radish woman.' She stood

always on a Saturday at one corner of our town market, grinding and selling horse-radish roots, blinking with red eyes, and always wiping the tears from them before she could make you your change. I recognized her of course at once, but whether she knew me, I do not know. If she did, she gave not the least evidence of it, but looked out absently with squinted red-lidded eyes at the country as we jogged along.

The lovely rolling Kentucky land began to spread out on all sides. Long white curves of the pike flowed slowly behind us and were seen in glimpses through the open front windows ahead of us. Dust rose and settled over us.

A little while before we got to Latonia, the old horse-radish woman, with a tin cup she carried, knocked on the ceiling of the bus near the driver's peephole, to warn him that she wished to get out. When we arrived at Latonia and the horses were having water at the big trough, the old man with the basket of eggs also left.

But I was going all the way to the county seat and I considered these passengers much below my own level as travelers. They were merely making a convenience of the bus, you see, which just happened to go past their homes; whereas I was off for adventure, my home quite in the other direction, and the world spread wide before me.

It was with a tourist's pleasure, then, that I looked at that little grouping of houses and the elm- and poplar-shaded pike, which in those days was called, and I believe is still called, Latonia; and at the old Latonia Springs Hotel. It was a typical relic of Southern before-the-war hotel architecture, with its white pillars, its long verandas, its wide doorway, its large lawn sombered by very old shade trees.

I had known something of travel. I had lived in France for two years, at school; but there I had always had

some one to go about with me. Here, on the contrary, I was alone. I liked the flavor of the adventure; it was novel, and very stimulating. This journey, however poor a thing it might seem to others, had Audrey's superlative virtue: it was mine own. The old hotel, then, already romantic enough, took on an additional romance in my eyes.

The driver came around now from sponging his horses' heads and noses at the trough.

'Going all the way, are you?'

I nodded.

'Well, you can get out and stretch your legs if you like, for we'll be here ten minutes.'

But I did not 'like.' In the bus I felt safe enough; but if I got out — adventurous spirit though I was — I knew with unconquerable shyness that everybody would be staring at me.

I contented myself with watching the lazy coming and going of a few people; a dog snapping at flies; some chickens taking dust-baths in the road.

What a still, lazy place it was! Some one asked the time. The driver's watch had stopped. Nobody knew; it appeared not to matter. This seemed no place for clocks. A stout lame man having the look of a Southern war veteran stopped on his cane in the middle of the road, looked around carefully at the outlying country and the shadows, then took a calculating glance at the heavens.

'Well, I should reckon, colonel,' he said, addressing the stage driver, 'it mout be about twenty-two minutes past two. You gen'lly get here about two, but you was a bit late to-day, a leetle bit late, I should say maybe to the amount of about twelve minutes.'

He leaned on his cane again and began dotting his way slowly and heavily through the dust toward the hotel.

I could not have told whether he was

in jest or earnest. But as I look back on it now it seems to me curiously fitting that the little town should have had so scant dependence on timepieces, for it lay away from all the world, and there was so little to occupy the attention that the houses, the dusty pike, with its slowly lengthening and slowly shortening shadows, the fields beyond, with their great sycamores and maples, and the sky so little interrupted from edge to edge, must each, indeed, have been to those who had so long observed them, a sundial to make clocks seem mere bustling contrivances.

A big fly sailed in one of the bus windows and round and round, droning, and then out; and went with every effect of careful choice and deliberation to settle on the nose of the old dog that lay, alternately napping and snapping, four feet in the sun.

I can give you no idea of the keen enjoyment with which I noted all these details. I take pleasure now in remembering that despite the fact that I had lived in Paris, among its thrilling boulevards and monuments, and had seen some stagey Swiss villages and dramatic little French towns, this little cluster of houses known as Latonia, on a dusty pike in Kentucky, only a few miles from my own home, — this village which never a tourist would have gone to see, — was to me in that droning, incredibly quiet afternoon a very piece of romance; the air itself — I beg you to have patience with me, for really, I tell you only the truth — the very air itself being 'ambient' for me; the green fields 'amburbial'; the white clouds, so nearly at rest in the blue sky, 'huge symbols of a high romance'; the silver poplars and elms not less than 'immemorial'; and the old hotel a thing made of dreams, haunted with green and shaded memories of before-the-war days, across whose verandah might have stepped at any moment,

before my unastonished eyes, the actors in some noble human drama.

I remember, too, that my eye found some dusty marigolds, their blooms leaning through a low paling fence of one of the houses. My eye must have passed over many a marigold before that; I probably never saw one until then. I remember noting their singularity and softness of color, so individual and particular compared with the more customary reds and yellows of commoner flowers, so far more memorable and desirable and foreign; a part they seemed, too, of the quietness and strangeness and romance in the midst of which I found myself.

The bus driver was making ready to leave.

The lame war veteran, — for I still take him to have been such, — having got so far as the gate of the Latonia Hotel, was met by a long, lazy-legged darkey coming down the walk, carrying two traveling satchels. Noticeably new-looking they were, and handsome, for that part of the world. He had one under his arm, the other dangling from the same hand, which left his other hand free to manipulate a long piece of ribbon-grass which he was chewing lazily. The veteran held the gate open, the weight of his body leaning against it.

'Going away, are they?'

'Yassuh.'

There emerged from the hotel at this moment a man and a woman.

The darkey crossed the road and put the two satchels in the bus — and stood with his hand on the handle of the bus door, holding it wide open, waiting.

II

I watched the two strangers as they approached. When they reached the bus the man assisted the woman, in a somewhat formal yet indifferent way.

She entered and took her seat nearly diagonally opposite to me. The man plunged his hand in his pocket, brought out a coin, and put it in the darkey's hand, and stooping, for he was tall, entered the bus after her. It swayed a little perilously with his weight, and rocked quite a bit before he finally comfortably seated himself directly across from me.

The driver meanwhile had swung himself up on the high driver's seat. He opened the peep-hole and looked down, then gathered the reins, and clucked to his horses, and the bus drove off.

If the town had interested me before, I forgot it now, — forgot it quite in the attention, direct and indirect, which I gave to my fellow passengers.

The man was faultlessly dressed. Such clothes were not customary in that corner of the world. The neat derby, the band of which he was even now wiping with a lavender-edged silk handkerchief, was a thing foreign to those parts at that season, cheap straw hats being rather the rule. The tips of the fingers of a pair of new tan gloves were to be seen just looking out from the left breast-pocket of his well-buttoned light gray suit. I could see that he wore a white vest and his shirt had a little hair line of purple in it. His hands were large and very white and well kept, the fingers close fitted together. On one of them a conspicuous Mexican opal smouldered in a massive, very dark gold setting.

I have no words, even to this day, to describe the woman who sat a foot or two from him and to whom he addressed his remarks in an indifferently possessive manner.

She was slight; her hair was of a light brown, her eyes of a distinct orange color. Her face sloped delicately from the forehead, which was low enough to be beautiful, and high enough to sug-

gest nobility of thought, down to the lovely line of chin. Her throat was slender and very white, rising from a turned-down Puritan collar. A Puritan cloak of dust-colored linen, with strap-pings of orange, fell away under the collar in soft and cool lines. Her brown veil had at its edge a line of orange color also. The brown was a shade lighter than her hair; the orange a shade darker than her eyes. The veil carried with it I cannot say what manner of ethereal graciousness, and fell into a wave or floating line of loveliness as she turned her head. Once, as we dipped into a shaded hollow and across a running stream, a little breeze of coolness came in at the windows. The veil, lifted by it, floated and clung like a living thing to her throat and lips, until her delicate hand put it away gently.

I watched her, very fascinated. She was a creature of another world. That she and the horse-radish woman could live on the same planet spoke volumes for the infinite scale of life.

At first these two new passengers spoke hardly at all. Once the man bent his massive figure to get a better look at the landscape from the window opposite him, and called the attention of his companion to some point in it.

'There! As I recollect it, the property is not unlike that, Louise. It rolls that way, I mean; and Felton's line comes into it just as that snake fence comes across there. It is on the other side that the vein of coal is said to begin.'

Though she gave a courteous hearing, I had the impression that she was not really interested.

She watched the country with a kind of well-bred inattentive glance. For myself I could not take my eyes off her. I watched her with that hunger for beauty which is native to the heart of a child. Above all I watched her eyes. The strange, unusual color of them was

in itself a kind of romance. She gave one the impression of being a woman unique; something rare and choice, not to be found again or elsewhere.

Once she turned her head and met my full gaze. I was embarrassed, but I need not have been. She set the matter right by addressing me with a gentle courtesy.

'Do you live out here?'

I shook my head. I meant to reply more fully in a moment when I had recovered myself; but the man spoke.

'Never heard of Thomas Felton, I suppose; did you? Used to live once in Owen County not far from here.'

I shook my head again and formed the word 'No.'

The woman gave him a gentle glance; nothing reproving, but he took it in the manner of reproof.

'Well, I did not know but she might have,' he explained. Then he settled back a little. 'Maybe some one else will get in later who does know. I thought them confoundedly stupid at the hotel. Did n't seem anxious to give any information either. Nobody knows anything in a place like that.'

There was silence again. The fields at one side of the road climbed now, here and there. Low pastures rose to be foothills. Around one of these hills a rocky road appeared sloping down to the pike. Up the road, at a little distance, was a rustic archway like an entrance to a private property. Waiting by the side of the road stood a figure strange to me, in the garb of some monastic order.

The woman did not notice him. Her glance was far off at the horizon at the other side. The man did. He regarded the stranger with a stolid bold curiosity. Then some idea of his own occurred to him, suddenly. As the bus stopped to take on this new passenger, the heavy man rose, to take advantage of its steadiness, no doubt, and stoop-

ing so as not to knock his derby against the ceiling of the vehicle, tapped imperatively on the lid of the little peep-hole, and when it was raised, spoke to the driver.

'This road leading up at the side here does n't happen to be the Chorley road, does it, that leads into Felton's woods? They said there was a road at the foot of a hill that led into some timber lands belonging to a man named Felton.'

The driver did not understand. The question had to be repeated. While the man repeated it, the Franciscan — though I am not entirely sure he was of that order — opened the door of the bus. The woman turned her head now. I saw her orange-colored eyes grow wide and large as they noted him. With habitually bent head and regarding none of us, he entered. As he seated himself in the corner he looked up, however, and his eyes met hers. I saw him start really violently. His color, which was a dark olive, with a too bright crimson under it at the cheek-bones, became suddenly ashy.

There was just that one look between them. The next instant she had turned to the other, returning from his questions with the driver. He had not seen the look that I had noted.

The Franciscan now drew his eyes away from the woman's face, fumbled in the skirt of his habit, and brought out a prayer-book which he opened with fingers that shook.

The heavy man seated himself, exactly opposite the woman, and beside me and within touch of the Franciscan. He addressed the woman.

'I just thought that that might be Chorley's road. They said it ran up a slope. It was n't, though. I thought I'd like to get a sight of the timber. We may try to make him throw that in, in payment.'

He glanced around at the Franciscan, whose eyes were now entirely on

his book, took him in, as it were, then let his glance glide off out one of the windows. After a sufficient time, a kind of courteous pause, he leaned forward a little, raised his derby the least bit, and said, 'Excuse me, but I suppose you live here?'

The Franciscan looked up, but answered nothing. The color came surging back suddenly into his face, which was haggard. There was a noncommittal look in his eyes, as though his lips were to say, 'I beg your pardon.'

'I supposed you lived here,' the other said, 'and I thought you might just happen to know a man named Felton. He came originally from Owen County. We are on here from New York. We are strangers and we know nothing of this country. You don't happen to know' —

The Franciscan gave a gentle smile, raised one slim hand, which yet trembled visibly, — a fine deprecating gesture.

'Pardon, m'sieu!'

'Oh, I see.' The other touched his hat with a little motion of withdrawal and clumsy apology. 'I see. I did n't know you were French. I don't speak French myself. Wish I did! Excuse me. Excuse me.'

Here was an occasion! The adventure was turning squarely toward me. I knew French; I was proud of it and eager to offer my services. I could perfectly well act as translator, interpreter for these two. Moreover, it would give me that greatly to be desired thing, the attention of this beautiful woman. Yet I did not dare all this at once. I would wait a moment. How should I break into the conversation? A child of fifteen, however oldish, is shy. Would it be proper for me to say, 'Excuse me, but' —

As I was thinking of it with a kind of tumult of pride and shyness, the man turned to the woman.

'Look here, Louise; that's a fact! You speak French! Ask him if he knows Thomas Felton's property. Tell him it's Felton who lived over in Owen County and used to be a wealthy man.'

She turned her clear eyes to the Franciscan and spoke in a pure Parisian French.

'This man, my husband, wishes me to ask if you know a Thomas Felton who has property out here in this direction.' In the same tone exactly, she added, 'Do not let him suspect that you know me.'

'Let him think' — the reply came in pure French also — 'that I speak no English. In this way you and I can converse together.'

Her wonderful orange-colored eyes quivered the least bit as she drew them away from the Franciscan and met the waiting eyes of her husband.

She spoke with perfect composure, however.

'He says he believes there was such a man hereabouts some years ago.'

Her husband turned quickly as though he himself would further address the Franciscan; then, recollecting that he knew no French, he appealed to her again.

'Now Louise, look here. Try to get it straight. As I told you, there are two men of that name, a nephew and an uncle. It's the uncle I want to get hold of. He is the man who owns the property we want. Ask this man how old this Felton is, this man he knows; I can tell by that.'

She turned again to the Franciscan, and spoke again in French. Indeed they spoke nothing else but that sweet and flowing language, a knowledge of which, put me, without my will, in league with them.

'How do you happen to be here?' she questioned.

'I joined the order after I left you,' he said. 'That is, they simply allow

me to live with them, chiefly on account of my name, I think; that, and, I think, as an act of mercy. As a kind of lay brother — it is simple. But, this man — he is your husband?’

‘Yes, I have been married to him eight months.’

‘In God’s name!’ he said, but in a perfectly even conversational tone. ‘And you have suffered. Of course you have suffered.’

They used throughout their conversation, as I have not indicated here, because it sounds forced in English, the familiar and gentle *tutoiement*, the thee-and-thouing of the French.

The husband, understanding nothing of what they said, was watching the two with interest; his small eyes were eager in his heavy face; he was waiting for his answer.

‘Do not let us talk too long,’ the Franciscan said, and turned with a faintly courteous smile, as though to include the heavy man in the conversation. ‘Ask me some more questions,’ he said to the woman; ‘get him to ask some more questions, I mean. In that way we shall have a little time to talk together.’

She addressed her husband.

‘He is not quite sure. He thinks, however, the man he has in mind has a gray beard.’

Her husband drew his large flat fingers down his heavy chin twice, as though stroking an imaginary beard of his own, thoughtfully; his eyes narrowed even more, very speculatively.

‘I see, I see! Well now, like as not it’s the same one.’ Then he put his hands on his knees and leaned forward as though really addressing himself to the business. ‘Look here, Louise, you ask him if this man he knows ever had anything to do with a railway — a railway out West and coal lands out there.’

‘You must give me time. Let me

see! How does one say all that? My French is not so fluent as it once was. I shall have to get at it in a round-about way. Have patience.’

‘Take your time,’ he said, leaning back, ‘only get at it if you can. It’s important.’

She turned now to the Franciscan. But it was he rather who addressed her.

‘But what are you going to do about this horrible marriage?’

‘Nothing, nothing at all.’

‘But, good God, it is desecration. It is like defiling the bread and wine of communion. Does this man kiss you?’

‘He owns the better part of two railroads,’ she said, with a kind of pitiful look in her eyes. ‘He is here now to push to the wall — if he can — a man already overtaken by mischance and misfortune.’

‘Why do you evade?’ said the other. ‘He does of course touch you, he owns you, along with the better part of two railroads. He fondles you at his pleasure. I would not have thought it possible. Not you; not you.’

‘You forget,’ she said, and still her voice kept the strangely even tone. ‘My sister was ill, dying, I thought. I could give her everything by this means. I did give her everything. She is better now, as well as she will ever be. She could not bear poverty; it was killing her. She never could. She is better.’

‘But at what horrible, what hellish cost!’ he replied. ‘She was selfish always and complaining; one of the useless ones; and moreover, answer me, does one buy a cracked pitcher, doomed to be broken at any rate, with the most exquisite pearl in the world, priceless above ten sultans’ ransoms? Were it not so horrible it would be ridiculous. Does one, I ask you, do a thing like that?’

She turned to her husband.

‘He says he believes the man you

ask about was once engaged in a large coal-mining deal in the West.'

'Yes,' said the heavy man eagerly, leaning forward again to listen to what he could not understand, but with as keen attention as though he comprehended fully.

'Wait and I will ask him more.'

Again she turned to the other.

'But you, you also have bought unworthy things at fearful cost?'

'What? In God's name, what have I bought? I who renounced everything, who have nothing left in this world but the memory of your face and the certainty of death?'

'You bought for yourself the approval of what you may choose to call your conscience,' she said in the same almost monotonous, even voice. 'You bought freedom from the world's censure, freedom from what the world would have said had you married me.'

He flung out a trembling hand. I thought it would have betrayed him.

'That! Will you bring up that old mad folly of yours? Would you hope to persuade me it was not my duty to renounce you? They told me I could not possibly get well. You see for yourself. You see now how I am changed. I shall last now, perhaps, six months. You had nothing. I had nothing. What would have become of you, not to speak of all the horror? It was clearly my duty. I leave it to any man.'

'Yes; always that. The opinion of others,' she said, but even still without emotion. 'I do not care for the opinion of a worldful. I accept the fact that you could not get well. I tell you it does not matter. It was for each other God made us; without any regard to circumstance.'

'A woman's reason is not reason,' he said. 'Any man would tell you it was my duty to give you up. The world is not made as you would have it.'

'Listen,' she said. (She interrupted

herself to glance with a smile at her husband, and said to him in English, 'I am trying to explain to him. He is a little dull. He does not understand.') 'Listen,' — she spoke again to the other. 'Be reasonable. See it as it is. Do not cheat yourself into thinking this horrible failure of ours was a virtue. Review the facts with me and face them. These are they: we compromised with life; and in a cowardly fashion. I married, to buy my sister health, because I had not the courage to see her suffer. You renounced me and went away so that you might have a certain peace of mind, and because you had not the courage to go counter to tradition and the world's approval. What would the world have said, — a man as ill as you were to accept the life and devotion of a woman? It was that that tormented and swayed you. You left me, and went away to escape that. We both bought a certain worldly peace of mind, and a kind of conventional self-approval. And with what? With what did we buy these trifling things? What price did we pay for them? We bought them with the entire wealth and treasure God had given us — the most precious in his treasures, beside which kings' ransoms are as nothing. We bought these trifles, these worthless baubles, with the priceless love we had for each other. He gave it to us in such ample measure, you remember. And what did we do with it? What have we to show for it now? In God's world are there to be found, do you think, two such spendthrifts?'

'There! It is your old way,' he replied. 'You speak always in figures like a poet. It is misleading. Deal only with the facts. I leave them to any one. I was to die of a lingering illness. I had no money. I had only a wealth of horrors to drag you through. A slow death it was to be. You would have had two years of that.'

'Two years,' she repeated. 'I have been married eight months; and I think those eight months have been twice eight years. And two years, two years together, you and I! But oh, if it had been one year only; if we had had but one year together. Only one year!' There was a kind of pleading in her voice. 'Only one year! It is as though one were to say "only springtime," — "only love," — "only heaven," — "only God!"'

'What does he say?' said her husband. Perhaps he was curious at the tone of her voice; or merely impatient at the length of their conversation.

'Tell him anything,' said the other. 'We must converse at any cost. Tell him anything you like; only do not cease to speak to me.'

She turned to her husband.

'He is quite interesting. He thinks he used to know this man when he was a child; that his father had some dealings with him in that very coal affair in Illinois. Let me question him a little more. I will tell you by and by. We must not seem to be too curious. Do not interrupt me; just let me lead him on. It may take a few moments.'

The other began now, without waiting for her to take up the conversation.

'But I tell you, you do not see the thing as it is. It would have been a criminal thing for a man doomed as I was, to link his life with a woman like you, frail, exquisite, young, beautiful, the very rose of the world. Is it permissible for a man to drag a woman with him to the scaffold, even for love? I leave it to any man.'

'Yes, to any man,' — her reply was quick on his, — 'but you dare not leave it to a woman. Any man would tell you it is not permissible that one about to die should lay his hand in that of the woman he loves. And any man would grant you, that if the woman is his wife, — if that tradition has bound

them, — then it is his right and her duty that they should share fatality, even though they have not the high calling of love. If this man who is my husband were stricken, you, even you, would expect me' —

The sentence broke and she left it as though there could be no need of making the truth plainer. Instead, she folded her hands tensely.

'But, oh, let us not argue. We have squandered God's treasure, you and I. We have squandered it for the sake of convention, for old precedents, for men's opinions; just as this man, my husband, buys railway shares and mining properties at the fearful price of his honor, his human kindness, his soul. You despise him and shrink from him. Truly, I cannot, except when he lays his hand upon me; for we are no better than he. That is the horrible part of it. We are all three spendthrifts, the three of us, here in this little space. But oh, what new folly! Only think of our spending these precious, precious moments in argument. Shall we never have done being wasteful!'

He fell in with her thought immediately.

'You love me still, then.'

'Yes, always.'

'Yet I have not the right, even now, to so much as touch your hand.'

'No; yet my hand lies in yours by the hour. These are things one cannot keep from God.'

'Do you know' — his voice was even — 'I cannot help wondering if the little girl over there in the corner just might possibly understand.'

'No; I think not,' she said gently; 'besides, if she did, it would not matter.'

'No, perhaps not. I think she would say nothing. I notice that her eyes are shaped somewhat like yours. Some day some man will love her also.'

'Yes, without doubt. But it is of our-

selves I would talk. If there is a heaven, there, there, you shall some day possess me!"

Her husband broke in now, —

'Are you finding out anything?'

'Yes, quite a little!' She smiled palely, then turned back to the other.

'How can you lie to him like that!' he said. 'And I also.'

'We waste time,' she urged. 'A carriage meets us at the next town. From there he and I are to drive over to the adjoining county. You and I have only a few moments more left at the most in this world together.'

'Yes.' His fingers interlaced tightly, resting in his lap. 'Let us not argue any more. You remember the night by the river, O my beloved?'

'As though it were the only night in the world.'

'I remember that at first I dared not even be near you; I sat on the bank a little away from you,' he continued; 'but by and by the moon came up and all around us was stillness and beauty; the sheep slept in the pasture; the hills were all cool with the light of the moon; I have not forgot; I can never forget — I dared just to lay the tips of my fingers on the hem of your gown. You did not notice that. It was as though I had dared lay my hand on the garment of God, but sweeter, sweeter even than that.'

'Oh yes, I saw. I saw and felt. And it was exactly as though by that token God had chosen me among women, as he chose the Virgin; only, he chose me there in the moonlight, not for glory and suffering as he chose her, but just for love. He chose and called me for that. I was to love you; was chosen by that touch to love you; only you, among a thousand; only you in all the world of many men. And then, just then, the nightingale, like some little feathered angel of annunciation, broke into song in the trees near by.'

'Yes; and to me it was as though white fire were all about you — as about some altar; and I was afraid to touch you. I dared not. You were too beautiful, too glorious. The night was too still, too holy. And then, at last, I reached out my hand and dared, as though one were to try a miracle. I laid it on yours. And still I lived. And then, the whole scenery of earth and heaven shifted, after that, — as you know. You leaned and kissed me. Everything was changed forever.'

'Yes; I know. After that there was nothing but the night and the silence, and thou and I. Even the nightingale did not sing.'

'Yes.'

'And since that night there has been no one else in the world but only thou and I. Other people, do they not seem like shadows, myriads of shadows, like the inconsiderable leaves of a forest that shall fade and fall and be renewed — but only leaves and shadows?'

'Only thou and I,' he assented, 'in the wide forest, in the woods of the world. And soon, soon, soon, I shall walk the woods no more.'

'Since you must go, do not be discomfited,' she replied; 'nor trouble at all this. If as a kind of lasting torment, to match my own, you were permitted, after death, to be near, to see this man kiss and possess me, you have but to remember the night by the river in the moonlight. You are but to remember that this is the only night in the world; that there are no others; that the rest are dreams; that no lips but yours have ever really touched mine.' Her voice was beautiful, rich; a kind of farewell in itself. 'You must promise me this.'

Her husband leaned forward a little impatiently.

'We are nearly there. Can't you find out, Louise, what I want you to? The thing I want to know is whether he still has an interest in the coal lands. If he

has it will be worth a good many thousands. Now do your best. Try.'

'But you must have patience,' she said, 'I am trying to find out something.'

'I cannot quite get it out of my head,' said the other, 'that we deserve to be damned for this. Does not your conscience misgive you?'

'No; rather my honor. I have a hatred of deception. It is the only time in my life that I have deceived. And you?'

'I might do penance.' He smiled, I thought. He drew the cord of his habit through his slim transparent fingers until one of the knots rested in his palms.

'You could not really mean anything so horrible! And your body, so slim, so beautiful, that I have loved!'

His voice, though it was low, rang also, now, — quivered almost.

'You forget that the stripes might be sweet, my well-beloved,' — I could see that his lips trembled, — 'something still suffered for your sake.'

She put her hand to her brow, a little lovely gesture, as though all this troubled her, perhaps dazed her; or perhaps it was some old recollection in his voice.

'How absurd we are! We shall be parting soon.'

'Yes,' he said, 'for always. What can I say to you that you will remember?'

'Only say that you can never forget the night by the river.'

'I can never forget it.'

Something in his words fell final, like a fate.

She turned now to her husband. The stage was already slowing up.

'Is this the county seat? I have found out quite a great deal. I will tell you more about the coal lands as we drive. He is an interesting man.'

Suddenly, from having been intently upon them, my attention became aware of a familiar sound, the thudding hundred-hoofed sound of an approaching

herd; I had been so absorbed in the strange world of the other happening that I had not known of their approach. Almost suddenly they were about us, black and brown backs, spreading horns, broad wet noses, massive foreheads.

The driver looked down through the little hole reassuringly.

'Just wait till they get past. They're on their way to the stockyards!'

We waited, the four of us, huddled together, with a strange kind of intimacy, it seemed, in the bus, while the trampling mass of driven dumb creatures surged and swayed around us, and finally struggled painfully by, each crowding the other, on their way to death. The woman watched them with eyes in which there met fear and pity.

With the last of the herd past, the driver was already opening the stage door. The woman's husband rose, stooping.

'If you'll allow me I'll get out first with these.'

He took the satchels and got out of the bus, heavily.

He turned to assist the woman. She did not give him her hand at once. The Franciscan drew back a little to let her pass. She paused the fraction of a moment and gave her hand to him.

'Good-bye.'

When she was beside the large man on the road, he also offered his hand to the Franciscan.

'Thank you; thank you very much indeed.'

He turned. 'Guess that's our surrey over there, Louise.' The darkey driver of the surrey hurried toward him. 'Yes; take these.'

The woman followed him. She did not look back. He assisted her into the surrey and followed, himself, his weight bending it heavily to one side as he entered.

I saw them drive away, along a

broad cross-road into the lovely rolling country, her brown veil floating a little, unknown to her, but like a living thing, with a little wild waving of its folds. The Franciscan I saw follow a road in another direction. The curve of it soon hid him. I did not see him again.

III

I remained in the bus. We were to stay only a little while at the county seat, for we were already late. New horses were put to the pole, and within twenty minutes we were driving over the same road by which we had come.

An old gentleman who, I think, was a lawyer returning from county court, was the only other occupant and he was soon dozing. It was a strange ride back. When we came to Latonia the light was so altered as to make a new and lovely adventure of it. The sun was not yet set, but the sunlight had withdrawn to the tops of the tall trees. Below, the hotel lawn was cool, almost twilit, mysterious in shadows. It was there only a little while ago that I had first seen these two coming down the path to enter the bus. The last few hours had changed life for me entirely. Though I did not know it at the time, I know now that the two worlds of reality and of romance—before that distinct and separate in my mind and all untried—were forever mingled with each other now, for me, and were one with my own life. I shall never henceforth be able to see a herd of cattle on a dusty road without seeing those two in their last meeting, nor shall I ever see any who remind me of him or her without a sense of love and death and the inevitable.

This is a true story. I have never told it before. I have kept it locked

away as something too cherished, too intimate to share with any one. There always seemed to me a finality about it beyond any story I could ever read. Yet I am telling it now, partly from a sense of honor, partly from a hidden hope; because it was not, after all, finished that day. She may still be living. This may chance to meet her eye. If so, I would have her know that the dark-eyed child who rode with them that day came in time, by that strange chance, so much more strange in life than in any story, to meet just what she had met: to meet Love, the glorious and radiant presence, only to find that there walked beside Love,—road-companions of the way,—Poverty, and one whose face had all the likeness of Death. And I would have her know that, because of that day, and because of the memory of her in my heart, so long cherished, I, at the chosen moment, laid my hand in that of the shining Presence,—despite those other presences,—to go with it, in what paths soever it might lead me.

It is so, I take it, life deals with us more largely than we know. Fools in our folly; spendthrifts though we may be, throwing priceless wisdom away to the winds, as these two had done; wasting our wealth and our substance of joy irretrievably; careless of God's treasure intrusted to us; squandering gold worth the ransom of all the kings of the earth, and this for some trifling thing, some inconsiderable bauble; yet God, unknown to us, does most usually, no doubt, save from our wrecked fortunes and our lost argosies something—something precious still, and above price—with which, at a future day, with merciful largesse of wisdom and of love, some other soul may yet be blest and may yet be enriched, as it were by all the treasure of the earth.

DEMOCRACY AND LITERATURE

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER

I

READING, some time ago, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, I came upon this sentence: 'Democracy is full of menace to the finer hopes of civilization.' The idea, of course, is not a new one, and yet I found myself dwelling on it as if it had never been expressed before. Democracy! The panacea of all social diseases, the manifest destiny of the modern world, a political creed held by millions of people with a fervor that hardly any religious creed now commands — democracy 'full of menace to the finer hopes of civilization'!

Instinctively I asked myself, 'What are those hopes that even seem to be incompatible with this supreme political good? Are they hopes that we have a right to cherish? If it is true, as Aristotle thought, that man cannot reach the perfection of which his nature is capable unless he unites with other men to constitute a state; if the state, in other words, is the indispensable condition of the perfection of human nature; and if the form of that state toward which humanity is tending is unmistakably democratic, what are we to think of hopes, however lofty, to which such a state offers no promise of fulfillment? Is it possible that democracy and civilization are not quite the same thing? Is it possible that civilization is a larger, a more inclusive thing than democracy, of more irresistible authority and of wider scope?'

These are some of the questions to which Gissing's quiet sentence gave rise

in my mind, and to which I venture to think that I have found answers valid for those, at least, whose democracy is 'tempered,' as Arnold said his liberalism was, 'by experience, reflection, and renouncement.'

For most of us, the democratic idea is not so tempered. We live in a great democracy, cut off by miles of ocean from contact with any other form of society. We breathe democratic air. We view everything, instinctively and necessarily, from the democratic angle. Our notions of education, of social relations, of public and private behavior are different from what they would be under another system of government. It may be, even, that our notions of religion are different, or will become so. Indeed, we are invited by certain philosophers of the Bergsonian school to abandon our monarchical theology and to bring our religion into line with our politics and our science. It is intimated that 'Thy kingdom come' is a prayer that sounds oddly on democratic lips. For, just as the democratic state is a heterogeneous mass of humanity, moving, without plan or prevision, toward an end which no one can foresee; just as in the natural world, even in that part of it which we have been accustomed to call inanimate, there are evidences of life, perhaps of conscious life, striving blindly toward an unknown goal; so He whom we name God, far from being the architect and sovereign of the universe, is only this creative evolutionary force in man and nature, working out, He too,

his mysterious destiny. Biology, sociology, and theology, as seen with democratic eyes, are all engaged in the same task, 'the effort to break down all barriers, to link all the orders of the world together in an essential oneness of quality and process.'¹

Evidently, then, if we are to be good democrats at church as well as in the laboratory and at the polls, we must rid ourselves of our theological inconsistency, and bring ourselves, if we can, to accept the God of democracy. And so our philosophical system comes to be of a beautiful completeness. As we find our own essence in the plant, the animal, the stone; as our sole aim is to detect 'the essential oneness of quality and process' in nature and society, so we find nothing more than this in the heavenly places. Our God, the God of democracy, is but our democratic selves writ large.

But it is not my purpose to discuss this interesting and — from certain points of view — amusing hypothesis. The 'democratic conception of God' may be safely left to the theologians — at least it may be safely left to some of them. I wish only to point out that this — a democracy of such reach and consistency as this — is what we appear to be coming to; but it is a consoling reflection that we may after all be saved from the extreme logic of our theory by those amiable weaknesses of our nature which have saved us so often, — our indolence, our slender reasoning faculty, and our incorrigible sense of humor.

II

There are many minds, perhaps the majority of those most heartily committed to the democratic idea, to whom

it will seem the veriest trifling to inquire, as I must proceed to do, what is to be the place of literature in a world-order like this. And by literature, I hasten to say, I mean those works in which the deepest mind of man has been expressed — his highest hope, his sternest conviction, his most radiant aspiration, his profoundest intuition, his most soaring imagination, his most poignant anguish, his most ecstatic joy. I do not mean the tales and ditties by which the rank and file of men beguile their empty leisure. I mean the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles and Shakespeare, the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost* and *Faust*. I mean those works which demand the exercise of powers of heart and mind at their best, the works in which the keenest-sighted and highest-hearted of men find most profit, works which are not exhausted by generations of students during years of study, works for the comprehension of which the utmost refinement and subtlety of mind are no less necessary than grasp and vigor; works, in short, which but one man in a century is capable of writing and but few, comparatively, in a generation are capable of fully understanding.

For it is an absurd notion that these great works are classics because they are popular. They are classics because the best minds of every age have found them an inexhaustible source of power and beauty. I do not forget such encouraging experiences as those of Miss MacCracken, who found tenement-dwellers who knew by the light of nature that William Shakespeare was a true interpreter of the human heart and Mr. Hall Caine a false one. But take the mass of men and women, by and large, who make up our democratic world; take even the mass of those persons who are said to be 'readers'; take the average man of business, the

¹ PROFESSOR H. A. OVERSTREET, 'The Democratic Conception of God,' *Hibbert Journal*, March, 1913. — THE AUTHOR.

average professional man, the average woman immersed in the social duties of a town small or large, and apply to them the practical test, — the only one that counts, — do they instinctively prefer Shakespeare to Mr. Pintero, Milton to Mr. John Masfield, Thackeray to Mr. Winston Churchill, and they will candidly answer that they do not.

It is not necessary to apologize for a preference for the modern in literature; but such a test is conclusive that literature, in the sense in which I use the term, is not a popular and an easy thing, a thing which appeals naturally to the man in the street, but a highly select and exacting thing, a thing — dare I venture it? — which has most of the qualities that we stigmatize as aristocratic.

Now, in the thorough-going democracy of the future to which all the signs are pointing, literature, in this sense, seems likely to be an anachronism. It is an aristocratic discord in the great hymn — a little monotonous, it must be granted — that we are raising to 'the essential oneness of quality and process.' In a society where the whole emphasis is on resemblances rather than on differences; where there is no master, no guide; where it is collective, not individual wisdom that practically counts; where, if there be an end toward which the whole is moving, no one can possibly know what it is; where, practically speaking, the movement is itself the end, — in a world like this, what has literature to do, literature, in which the differences, the distinctions between things are all-important; in which the individual is everything, the group little or nothing; in which an end, foreseen from the beginning, conditions all movement; in which an intelligible order is the *sine qua non*; in which permanence, stability, completeness are the essentials? The 'democratic con-

ception of God' has little in common with St. James's idea of a Being 'in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning'; yet it is of such a Being that literature, in the high sense, inevitably reminds us.

Perhaps, after all, Matthew Arnold's somewhat daring prophecy stands a chance of fulfillment. More than thirty years ago he wrote: 'The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry . . . our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. . . . The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.' 'The priest departs,' cries Walt Whitman; 'the divine literatus comes.' While we are probably not ready yet to substitute even Dante's or Milton's poem for the four Gospels, still, if we must choose between the democratic chaos and the *Divine Comedy* as a symbol for deity, we should have little difficulty, I think, in making a choice.

But I am reminded that literature, too, illustrates 'the essential oneness of quality and process.' Poetry is only another product of the democratic chaos. If the scholars are right, its beginnings were humble enough. In some rude primeval community the folk gather to celebrate a victory in battle or the fame of a dead warrior. They begin, all together, an exultant or a solemn rhythmic dance. Presently some one utters a cry which expresses their common sense of triumph or grief. It is caught up and repeated and varied, adapted to the movement of the dancing band. Presently another participant contributes a cry, which is added to the first. This process is repeated again and again, as the tribe feels the need of expressing its emotions rhythmically, until, little by little, something like an ode or hymn is developed by

the whole community working under the inspiration of a common emotion. And so the majesty of Homer and Pindar is born.

It is plain that this process admirably exemplifies the growth of the democratic state, the collective work of a whole people, coöperating toward an end that is unforeseen. But here the parallel ceases. After all, there are still some steps to take from the highest achievement of the folk working collectively, to the Odes of Pindar. With the best democratic intentions in the world, we cannot resist the conviction that at some stage of the process there has intervened a gifted individual; and from that point on, the evolving ode is no longer a communal but an individual affair. Indeed, if strict justice were done, it seems to me that we should attach more importance than we do to that first inarticulate cry which began the evolution. The poor fellow who made it had one, at least, and that an important one, of the qualifications of the poet; he felt the emotion which his companions felt, but, unlike them, he was able to express it. However, we will waive this objection to the illustration, and grant that, at least up to the moment of the intervention of the individual singer, poetry, too, illustrates 'the essential oneness of quality and process,' that poetry, too, is democratic.

As I was thinking over these things one day in our college library, my eye fell upon the portrait bust of an unknown Roman priest or citizen, who gazes benignantly, if somewhat satirically, upon the intellectual activity going on about him; and, somehow, in the light of his fine smile, 'the essential oneness of quality and process,' at least as applied to art, began to seem less important. There he was, the finished product of a great civilization, rendered by the artist with a subtle

truth which is itself the mark of a high distinction. And he seemed to say to me, 'Is the process by which I became what you see so all-important as to make you forget what I am? No doubt, at bottom I am, as one of your own poets has said, "blood-brother to the stone"; but practically, what of it? Between that stage and this, there have intervened how many individuals of the highest and rarest gifts! It is they who have made me what I am, and without them I should have been little more than those rude, unhewn resemblances to man that stand out from bluff or boulder on the untraveled mountain-side.'

The lesson to me, at any rate, is plain. Art, literature, however communal in origin, are, in the only form in which they concern us, individual in essence, and few things are more absurd than to talk of their democratic origin, with our Roman friend before us and the literature of all the ages on the shelves about us.

Now it is plain, not only that the democratic spirit in its extreme form is alien to the essential quality of literature, but that it implies a different ideal of humanity from that of the older civilization which it is superseding, an ideal that is summed up succinctly in Walt Whitman's phrase 'the divine average.' The older civilization assumed strength, vigor, boldness, courage, all the aggressive masculine virtues, as, of course, elements in its human ideal; but it added to these grace and refinement of expression, delicacy of perception and taste, intellectual balance and self-restraint, patient submission to mental discipline — in short, all that class of qualities which were believed to mark the cultivated man; qualities, I need hardly observe, which are not common or easily attainable or within the reach of every one. Democratic culture, says Whitman, — and in quoting

Whitman I am, of course, quoting the very foremost exponent of the relation of literature to the new age, — 'must have for its spinal meaning the formation of typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men — and *not* restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses. The best culture will always be that of the manly and courageous instincts, and loving perceptions, and of self-respect.'

I am not disposed to set one of these ideals of culture over against the other, much less to decide between them. But what, if the newer ideal prevails, is to become of literature? What place in such a moral scheme of things is there for a form of human activity which knows nothing of averages; which does not demand, first of all, courage and loving perceptions and self-respect, but delicacy and subtlety and poise of mind and imaginative power; which implies distinction and proclaims privilege?

It is, of course, possible to deny that I have correctly described literature. I only maintain that I have described it as it once was understood. And if this be indeed literature, how can it be expected to thrive in the new democracy? Is it conceivable that we are going to whistle down the wind the fruit of ages of civilization? Life is wasteful, we know, but is it really as wasteful as that? Has humanity been on a false tack all these centuries? It seems incredible, yet it looks as if, for a long time to come, literature, in the highest sense of the word, could do little more than feed the regrets of a few backward-looking, over-sophisticated persons for whom democracy has no use.

There died two years ago in California a gentleman who had given more than thirty years of his life to the conduct of a literary journal, — the only purely critical journal which this country boasts. I allude to Mr. Francis Browne, the editor of *The Dial*. He

had not devoted those thirty years to creative literature, so-called. His name was not widely known and he did not seek reputation. He had no fortune and he sought none. For thirty years he sacrificed fame and money and health to keeping alive a bi-monthly literary review. And for what? In order that a few hundred persons might be supplied with trustworthy accounts of new and important books. He was himself a man of rare distinction of mind. He loved literature as its greatest lovers have loved it, — with something like passion. He loved literature as Macaulay loved it, and Arnold and Norton. He knew his poets by heart and quoted them with endless zest. What place will there be, I ask, for a Francis Browne in the new democratic world?

This is, to be sure, no grave charge to bring against the new era. More than one admirable human type seems to have perished, or to survive here and there only in a few belated individuals to whom we refer as statesmen or gentlemen or men of letters 'of the old school.' I chose Mr. Browne merely as an excellent example of what we used to mean by the man of letters, to make it plain how little the type is suited to the cultural requirements of democracy as Whitman has outlined them.

But Whitman, of course, is assured that democracy will produce its own literature to suit the needs of its new human type. The old literature expresses a conception of life which he stigmatizes as feudal, which is ours no longer. It must give way to an art which shall be indeed the voice of the new world. 'Democracy can never prove itself beyond cavil,' he says, 'until it founds and luxuriously grows its own forms of art, poems, schools, theology, displacing all that exists, or that has been produced anywhere in the past, under opposite influences.'

This is consoling. We had begun to fear that the new democratic era was to have no art, and I cannot help feeling that, in strict logic, it will have no right to any. Yet Whitman will mitigate the inevitable aristocracy of literature as far as possible.

I speak the pass-word primeval,

I give the sign of democracy.

I will accept nothing which all cannot have
their counterpart of on the same terms.

Ah! democracy, then, is safe. If its prophet will accept from its poets only that which every one may have in equal measure, we may be sure that the sweet democratic harmony will not be seriously interrupted. Great literature is not to be had on those terms.

III

And this brings me to the point at which I have been aiming. I do not, of course, believe that literature is about to perish from the face of the earth, nor do I believe that what has been meant in the past by literature is to be superseded by what Whitman means by it. It is evident, indeed, that a democratic era is upon us, in which so aristocratic a product as literature will not easily thrive. It is evident, moreover, that this era will have, that it already has, at least two marked and serious defects. Those two defects I believe that literature is in a position, in some measure, to remedy, and that it is the service which literature can perform for democracy which will save literature in a democratic world. For its capacity to perform this service proves that literature belongs to a larger, a more inclusive order of things than democracy, than any form of government, than any single scheme of life. Literature belongs to the order of civilization. Empires, monarchies, anarchies, even democracies pass, but civilization abides. It has been won by the

coöperative effort of races and nations and individuals without number, who agreed in but one thing, their common hope and aim. Citizens of no mean city were they all, whatever their dress and tongue and customs; citizens of a continuing city, as broad as the world, as old as recorded time, as endless as humanity. Literature, in the great sense, knows no bounds of time or place, and it is therefore in a position to correct, to restrain, to enlarge systems of a less ample scope. There have always been, there will always be persons who acknowledge no narrower allegiance than literature itself acknowledges, the allegiance of civilization. Never will it come to pass in the best regulated, the most thoroughly consistent state that every one will bow the knee to Baal, by whatever name he may be called. Some persons there will always be, and they not the least worthy, who will confess no sovereignty but the highest, and those persons are the hope of literature, and perhaps the hope of democracy as well.

Now the two defects of democracy to which I have alluded, and the existence of which will be denied by no thoughtful person, are these: the lack of perspective and the lack of discrimination. Democrats, I suppose, are not more ignorant of history than other men. They know that political and social wisdom did not come into the world with the French and American revolutions. Yet there is something in the aggressive hopefulness of the democratic spirit which leads men practically to ignore their political inheritance, to speak always of the future, never of the past except to discredit it; to talk much of hope and little of memory. The immediate problem is so pressing, the needs of every day are so insistent, that even the wise may be pardoned if, in Burke's phrase, they consult their invention and reject their

experience. It is not remarkable, then, if the less wise, who after all make up the body of the state, fail to remember that there is any experience to reject; if, slightly varying the patriarch's language, they exclaim, 'No doubt we are the people, and wisdom was born with us.'

This spirit is exhilarating but it is obviously perilous. And even if it were not perilous, it is ill-founded. It is impossible to admire without reservation a spirit which ignores the inherited wisdom of twenty-five centuries, which leaves the refined gold of the ages to gather dust unused while it trades upon its own tiny acquisitions.

And here is the corrective function of literature. For literature is the wisdom of man and the history of man. 'It acquaints the mind,' — I am quoting a man of affairs, the President of the United States, — 'by direct contact, with the forces which really govern and modify the world from generation to generation. There is more of a nation's politics to be got out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions.'

'My notion of the literary student' — I am quoting now Lord Morley, whose democracy, however 'tempered,' is beyond suspicion — 'is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the changes and chances that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue.' 'The strange voyages of man's moral reason'! Could a phrase more happily hit off the curious and endless adventures on which man has embarked, bringing home with him what cargoes of moral, that is, social, political, ethical treasure, or wrecking his craft upon what unseen reefs? And

the record of this is literature. Can it be that such a record has nothing to say to the voyagers who are still setting out on the great adventure? 'Yes,' cries Lord Morley, 'let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humor.' Impatience, restlessness, ill-humor! — to these minor evils democratic societies are peculiarly exposed, and from these literature may help to save us.

It may help to save us, too, from a greater evil than these, a lack of discrimination. The doctrine of political equality is, in practice, a leveling doctrine, and the tendency of democracies, large and small, is to discount great talents and to look askance at any head which raises itself too high above the welter. This is natural. This is the lesson that tyrants and demagogues have taught democracy. Now, literature does it a great service by reminding it of the fact of inequality. Genius — what is that? It is the incalculable, the arbitrary, the distinguished. It is the very type and symbol of special privilege. Inequality, literature tells us, is the law of life. It is very well to proclaim political equality. It is well to assume social equality. But such proclamations and assumptions are perilous. They may lead us to assume that men are really equal. Practically they have led us to assume just that. 'Democracy,' wrote William James some years ago, 'is on its trial and no one knows how it will stand the ordeal. What its critics now affirm is that its preferences are inveterately for the inferior. Vulgarity enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell

us, is our irremediable destiny.' And he proceeds to affirm, in words which cannot be too often read, that the great end of education is to learn to recognize distinction, to acquire a feeling, as he puts it, for 'a good human job' — and this, in order that the majorities who make up our democracy may know from whom to 'take their cue.'

There is no doubt that our educational systems in the past have had too much in view the exceptional man. That is one of the reasons why education, like everything else, is becoming democratized. But it would not be dif-

ficult to prove that there is grave danger that education may aim too low. Literature, I repeat, the study of it, the due appreciation of it, may help to save us from this peril. It will teach us to admire the admirable, it will save us from an indiscriminate leveling, it will preserve for us the image of a true aristocracy, which, if it can no longer mould our institutions, can at least give them moderation, wisdom, and, it may be, permanence. In some such sense as this, poetry may indeed be what Matthew Arnold called it, — 'a criticism of life.'

URBAN COLLOQUY

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

AT midnight, turning sharply round a corner,
I met a vision: high in the air there hung,
Between the looming banks of the narrow street,
Two shining faces, whose exalted orbs
Seemed to dispute the regency of heaven.
One was the moon's and one the old clock-tower's.
The clock's face looked the ruddier and the rounder.
And yet I seemed to hear the pale moon mutter:
'It was not always thus. 'Tis scarce ten decades
Since I, that looked on swarming Nineveh,
Peered down the long stems of the Norway pine
Where now this rival flouts me; and for mortals,
These shores were peopled with gray wolves and gophers.'
And if the clock replied, 'Mile upon mile
No sign of aught but human habitation,'
The surly moon made answer, 'Ay, but wait!'

UNION PORTRAITS

VII. SAMUEL BOWLES

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It seems highly suitable to conclude a series of Union Portraits with a study of one of the great journalists who played so important a part during the war and the years preceding and following. Several of these men have wider reputations than Samuel Bowles, but perhaps hardly any was more singly and intensely identified with his work. Weed and Greeley had an active personal interest in politics. Dana was a valuable public servant as well as an editor. Garrison was something far different from a mere newspaper man. Bennett was confessedly a money-maker. Raymond was, indeed, a thorough journalist; and Godkin also, one of the highest type; but Godkin was, after all, not born an American, though perhaps of more use to us on that account. Then, I confess that what draws me chiefly to Bowles is that no other journalist — and few other men of his time — has left us so complete, vivid, and passionately human a record of himself.

He was a journalist who grew as his paper grew. He had little more education than that of simple New England home life. In 1844, at eighteen years of age, a country boy, he took hold of his father's weekly country paper, the *Springfield Republican*, and before he died, he made it one of the most intelligent and valuable dailies in the United States, 'the most comprehensive pa-

per,' declared the *Nation*, at the time of his death, 'we believe it is no exaggeration to say, in the country.' And a good authority asserted that 'No American journal during the last ten or twenty years has been more diligently studied by editors.'

There was always, to be sure, about the paper, as about its editor, a certain spice of provincialism, or, as he would have put it, localism. But those who know the old-fashioned New England country towns will admit that their atmosphere may be far broader and less fundamentally provincial than that of larger centres. There was fifty years ago — perhaps there is to-day — some truth in this provincial editor's jibe at the metropolis of his state: 'Always except Boston, of course, which has no more conception of what is going on in the world than the South Sea Islanders themselves.'

Bowles's whole life, outside of his family affections, was in his paper, and he saw the world and mankind through his paper's eyes. Every department was always under his immediate supervision, and he interested himself as much in the advertising and business management as in the editorials.

When he began work, modern possibilities of news were just developing, and he seized upon them eagerly. In the early days he himself reported, with keen observation and that journalistic sense of what counts which is more

than observation; and he was always on the lookout for capable reporters. 'News,' he said, 'is the distinctive object of the *Republican*, to which all other things must bend.' Some thought he was not over-particular about the news he printed or the means of obtaining it. Even his ardent biographer, Merriam, admits that he sometimes appeared to cater to an unhealthy curiosity; and the ill-natured review of Merriam in the *Nation*, said to be by W. P. Garrison, calls Bowles 'a great gossip and by no means a safe confidant.' Yet he would certainly not have subscribed without reserve to the rather generous principle of Dana: 'I have always felt that whatever the Divine Providence permitted to occur I was not too proud to report,' — just as Dana himself might have shrunk from some later developments of his own doctrine, though indeed the chief error of these is apt to consist in reporting what even the Divine Providence did not permit to occur.

But, however vast his appetite for news, Bowles would have been the first to recognize that the newspaper had another function besides mere reporting, — that of commenting on news and shaping public opinion in regard to it. How important this function is can best be realized by reflecting that it did not exist at all a hundred years ago, and that even now it hardly exists elsewhere as it does in America. Up to the nineteenth century the pulpit did what the newspaper now does. The minister had the leading, because he had the reading, of the community. He commented on the world's doings in the light of the moral law, and men went away and saw God's finger in everything. Just how far the daily and Sunday papers have undermined the influence of the pulpit, who shall say? They have certainly taken the place of it, with some gain in universal informa-

tion, but with enormous moral loss. 'This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden,' said Longfellow shrewdly. With the best will in the world — and I believe such will is seldom altogether wanting — the editor has many matters to consider besides moral elevation; and even if he wishes to furnish such a thing, he is not always competent to do so. When we read the words of Bowles, 'The church organization seems to me a failure — at least that we have outgrown it, or are fast outgrowing it,' and think, as he no doubt thought, of the newspaper as supplying the church's place, we should remember the weighty remark of Godkin in regard to the defects and dangers of journalism, — 'defects and dangers which nearly every one sees but editors, and which it would be well if editors saw oftener — the recklessness, haste, indifference to finish and accuracy and abstract justice which it is apt to beget in the minds of those who pursue it, and especially of those who pursue it eagerly.'

No one would have recognized these defects in general more heartily than Bowles. But no one was more earnest in insisting upon the power of the press as guide and leader. A *Republican* editorial, written during the war, which we may assume to be his, proclaims, 'With all its failings, with all its prostitutions, the press is the great reliance and safeguard in a time like this, and with a government like ours. And we believe it mainly appreciates its opportunities and responsibilities and is earnest to fulfill them.' He, at any rate, was earnest, and he did his very best to make a paper that should bring him an honest livelihood and should at the same time be a great and inspiring influence in public affairs, should consider the public good only, should be conservative with the radicals and progressive with the conservatives, should

regard principles and not parties, measures and not men, and should follow truth without the slightest care for a merely formal consistency.

This is a high ideal for a newspaper or anything else in this imperfect world; and it is needless to say that the *Republican*, having an editor who was thoroughly human, did not always live up to it. It is a fine thing to avoid extremes, but in doing so you are sure to become obnoxious to all extremists. Hence the *Republican*, in its thirty years' development during Bowles's life, got plenty of shrewd knocks from all parties in succession. It is a fine thing to be independent. Unfortunately complete independence is impossible. There are so many cross twists and conflicting considerations to be taken into account, that at times independence may be taken for discretion; and Garrison could even go so far as to say of his able competitor that as a politician 'he was essentially timid and time-serving.' Again, it is a fine thing to scorn consistency. Emerson did, and why should not Sam Bowles? 'It is no trouble at all to me,' he says, 'that the paper contradicts itself. My business is to tell what seems to me the truth and the news to-day. It's a daily journal. I am not to live to be as old as Methuselah, and brood in silence over a thing till, just before I die, I think I have it right.' The excuse is fascinating certainly, but the practice is likely to have its difficulties.

These difficulties showed in nothing more than in the *Republican's* — and its editor's — delusions as to men. One hero after another — Banks, Dawes, Colfax, Greeley, not to mention others — was set up and urged upon the public, till Time stowed them all neatly away in that vast wallet which contains his tribute to oblivion. Andrew, wrote Bowles, in 1861, 'is conceited, dogmatic, and lacks breadth and tact

for government'; Lincoln 'is a "simple Susan."' These are things that a man — or a newspaper — would rather not have said.

II

But such criticisms do not alter the fact that during all those trying, bitter, passionate years the *Republican* stood earnestly for the best, the highest things; and was in every way and at every point alive. If it was so, it was because Samuel Bowles was as thoroughly alive as any man who ever put pen to paper to describe the doings and sufferings of this intricate world. He had his faults and weaknesses; but sloth and inertia and indifference were not among them.

All his life, the man's whole soul, are reflected in the letters contained in his biography, which are much more significant than his formal books of travel, or even his editorials. It is a great pity that his correspondence has not been collected and published separately, for in my judgment no more telling, varied, human letters have been written upon this side of the Atlantic.

Dead letters do not mean dead souls. There are souls touched with the keenest intensity of living that either cannot or will not reveal themselves in correspondence with even their most intimate friends. Take as an instance the letters of Matthew Arnold. Here assuredly was a man of the widest thought and the subtlest spiritual experience. Yet he writes almost wholly of practical affairs, in a dull conventional strain, which has no claims to attention except those of undeniable simplicity and sincerity. But letters alive as those of Bowles must certainly indicate a burning heart behind them. Take the verve of a scrap from one of the earlier. 'Croak, croak, croak! Why the devil can't Berkshire do something

besides? Let those who are right go to work.' Nor is it in any way a matter of mere slang or expletives. These fly freely when they add force or color, but there is plenty of force and color without them. There is grace and sparkle in the adjectives; there is delicate suggestion in the sweep of the phrases; there is, above all, the cunning, instinctive use of rhythm to charm, to spur, to stimulate, which is perhaps the most effective instrument of the great prose writer. 'I should chiefly regret Aiken of this lot. I have imbibed a good deal of respect for that man. Ben Butler says he is an exaggeration of the stage Yankee; but he is fresh and hearty, and keen and human, and says civil things about me — and of course I like him.' When letters run on like that, through two stout volumes, we are bound to learn something of the man that writes them.

First, he was a man of the deepest, tenderest affection and devotion. He married very young a girl who was very young, and their attachment through early years of struggle and later years of illness is charming to study and appreciate. They had ten children, which naturally means care, especially for a worker of limited means and nervous temperament. The difference of sex gleams vividly in the father's casual remark concerning the death of one of these children at birth: 'She [Mrs. Bowles] feels her loss terribly. Though a disappointment, it is a small matter to me, only as it affects her.'

Yet the most watchful care and solicitude for both mother and children are everywhere apparent, a care that was duly and lovingly returned. The husband's full appreciation of all he received shows in this passage, referring to a journey proposed for his benefit: 'Of course Mrs. Bowles is always ready to say go; you know she would give up any gratification, or endure any suffer-

ing, to give me a pleasure, or get me out of the way of a half-day of work. But that does n't make it always right that I should take her at her word — by no means.' While his constant anxiety for the welfare of the woman he adored appears characteristically and delightfully in a letter laying down a minute programme of what she should do for her health every hour in the day: the meals, the air, the exercise, the society. 'Have somebody come to see you every day. Read newspapers more. Read light books more. Study things that make for fun and peace.' And we know, and he knew, that nobody ever obeys such injunctions. But to give them eases the tired heart of love in solitude. As for his children, his care of them was guided by this exquisite precept, which would save a world of woe if it were written on every parent's heart: 'It is not much that I can do for my children, but I never want to lose sight of myself at their ages — then the little I do can be done more intelligently.'

Nor was his family affection all care and solicitude. As to his children, listen to this pretty rapture on one of the ten in infancy: 'He is practicing on *Yes* and *Mamma*; but all his efforts at the latter melt sweetly into *Papa* — so ravishingly.' And the following delicate discrimination proves the thoughtful study of enduring tenderness: 'We are all pretty well; Ruth is a breeze from the northwest, and Dwight from the south, all the while; Bessie is dainty and shy and quiet and strange, and Charlie enterprising beyond his power.'

As for the depth of conjugal devotion, it is shown so profoundly and so searchingly all through the book, that passages are difficult to choose. I select one not addressed to Mrs. Bowles, that, underneath its general analysis of emotion, implies personal experience of the deepest and most intimate charac-

ter. 'You must give if you expect to receive — give happiness, friendship, love, joy, and you will find them floating back to you. Sometimes you will give more than you receive. We all do that in some of our relations, but it is as true a pleasure often to give without return as life can afford us. We must not make bargains with the heart, as we would with the butcher for his meat. Our business is to give what we have to give — what we can get to give. The return we have nothing to do with. It will all come in due time — in this world or another.'

As these words indicate, Bowles's sympathy and tenderness extended far beyond the family circle. Indeed they were as wide as the world. He has observation just as subtle and delicate on unselfishness and sacrifice as on positive affection. 'We, fortunately, know our failures, and, alas, how well we know them. And yet, out of our very selfishness, out of our very neglect, God buildeth us up; so that what we do perform for kindred and friends takes on larger power and gives deeper bliss than if in a narrow way we had given more hours and thought and service to the beloved. It is a shadowy, tender line between service to ourselves and service to others.'

It is true that this is a newspaper man, who looked at life from the journalistic angle, which is not always strictly humanitarian. To be sure, even as an editor his keen, delightful sympathies often warm his impersonal comment, as when he writes of a deceased celebrity, 'Years and invalid experience have unlocked for us some of the mysteries of his life; we know him better lately without seeing him at all.' But it is also said that his zeal for news sometimes led to disastrous revelations, as when he stopped prize-fighting in Springfield by printing the names of respected citizens who had patronized it;

while in other cases his methods were less justified by results.

In private life Bowles's kindness was by no means confined to theory or sentiment. There is clear record of many deeds of broad generosity and covert indication of many more. Perhaps the most touching is recorded in the last words written by him to his wife, before sailing for Europe in search of health, when money was none too abundant and other prospects were dreary enough: '—— has just come to say good-bye. He will write you. He accepts our offer. I am very glad of it. Now send him and —— the money regularly, and tell nobody.'

There are little kindnesses, little matters of thoughtfulness, which often mean more than money, and certainly endear more. In these Bowles was admirably proficient, because he had the instinct for them. And there is no occasion when such kindnesses are more needed, more appreciated, and more difficult than during travel. General Walker, an admirable judge, who was with Bowles for some months in England, testifies to his exceptional qualities in this direction. He was always thoughtful of others, enjoyed every minute of their pleasures, and was much more anxious to discover what his young companions wished to see, than to see anything himself.

In short, he was an eminently social being. This is evident from the first page of his biography to the last. It is true that he had his times of reserve and repression, times when he did not seem to welcome even friends. Such times must come to every man who lives a busy, eager, crowded inner life. 'Why,' he said to one of his acquaintances, 'why don't people clap me on the shoulder, with a "How are you, old fellow?" as they do you?' 'Because,' was the answer, 'you go along with a look that says, "Keep away from me,

d—n you!”’ But the very pathos of the query shows a longing for human contact and fellowship and intimacy, and this pathetic longing is especially apparent in Bowles’s exclamations of solitude and loneliness when he is traveling and among strangers. Busy as his thoughts were, they did not give him sufficient companionship. If he had a delightful experience, he wanted a friend to share it. If he had a bitter experience, he wanted a friend to take away the sting.

This intense human interest undoubtedly served him well in the business of his life. Nobody profits more by human contact than the journalist. To Bowles the wide world was, in a sense, fodder for his paper. He talked with men of all types and occupations, gathered ideas from the professor and the mechanic, from the farmer and the lawyer, from the fine lady and the ditch-digger in the street. He carried to perfection the delicate art of listening, and knew how to make his own speech serve to elicit the speech and the inmost thought of others.

At the same time, in doing this he was no hypocrite, did not seek men’s company with any cold design of betraying their confidence, did not scoff at or deride them. If he mingled freely and widely with his fellows, it was first of all because he loved to do so, loved the touch of the human hand and the sound of the human voice. It was this spontaneous and constant humanity which made his presence so widely sought in all societies. Senator Dawes wrote, after Bowles’s death, ‘I never knew a man who knew him who would n’t rather have him at his table than any other man in the world.’

Even in illness and decay, when most of us prefer to brood alone over disappointment and failure, this same charming social instinct found utterance in one of those delightful passages which

are in themselves complete lyric poems. ‘I was sure you would have a pleasant summer with the Haskells. They are dreadful good fellows, both of them. But I could n’t have kept up with your gait. I am the chap for “the bank where the wild thyme grows,” with one other fellow, male or female, lying in the sunshine, picking flowers to pieces, and discoursing on the frivolity of things we cannot do.’

The distinction, or indistinction, of sex in this passage is characteristic; for among Bowles’s multitude of friends there were many women. His relations with them seem to have been wholly intellectual, and I see no reason to suppose that Mrs. Bowles had ever any cause for jealousy. But his quick, light, active spirit naturally responded to a woman’s gayety and sensitiveness, and he sought them, wanted them, missed them. At Baden-Baden he writes, ‘There are no women to chaff with, and to rub your mind out of its morbidity.’ None of his letters are more varied, more charming, more full of fresh and vivid interest than those he writes to Miss Whitney. At one moment he laughs with her over some trifle, some new fashion or folly, at the next he is discussing the future of democracy or the welfare of his soul.

It appears that with women he was always perfectly easy and natural; that he did not stand in awe of them or regard them as in any way different. Says one lady of his visits, ‘He used to come in for a few moments, on his way back and forth between his home and his office, and would perhaps sit with both legs hanging over the arm of a chair, his hat low down over his eyes, and talk *sarse*, as he called it.’ Also, he did not abstain from that affectionate criticism which one sex always feels privileged to bestow upon the other. ‘Women are fascinating creatures; yet it is treading upon eggs all the time to

deal with them.' And again, in his extraordinarily careless, vivid fashion, 'Traveling with women sops up one's time awfully.'

But we have the testimony of the most intelligent men and women both, that this ease and occasional apparent flippancy did not spring from indifference or contempt. 'I hardly ever saw any one give just the sort of recognition to a woman that he did,' says one male friend, 'treating her as an intellectual equal, yet with a kind of chivalrous deference, suggested rather than expressed.' And a woman has rarely paid finer tribute to a man than has Miss Brackett to him: 'Of all the men I have ever known, he was the only one who never made a woman feel as if he were condescending in thought or word when he talked to her.'

III

I have not meant to emphasize Bowles's social qualities at the expense of his intellectual, for it is the latter that make him most interesting now and that account for most of his achievement, though here also the social did its part. He was not a profound or elaborate thinker on abstract questions, did not pretend to be. In all matters of practical morals and the conduct of life he had very energetic and decided opinions and proclaimed them in his letters and in his paper, perhaps not always logically or consistently, but always with a manifest intention of promoting the good in the world. He liked to preach and believed that he did it better than a good many parsons, in which he was certainly right. 'Nor do I see any other line of influence or noble effort in this world except in behalf of ideals.' What could be more touching or more significant of a life passed with high aims than his last words to Dawes, 'Drop on your knees,

Dawes, and thank God that you have done a little good in the world, and ask his forgiveness that you have done no more.'

Also, as time served, he liked to wrestle with great spiritual problems. 'Without philosophy,' he wrote, 'there is vastly little of life but a passion and a struggle.' The long letter written to Miss Whitney in January, 1862, is an intensely curious analysis of religious and speculative theories, the earnest effort of a mind not schooled by abstract thought to disentangle the complex web of human longing and passion and despair. Of almost equal interest is the letter to Mrs. Bowles expressing a humble desire to conform to her religious observances, even when he could not himself wholly enter into them.

Yet the attitude generally is one of groping, not a sad or morbid groping, but a willingness to leave to God the things that are God's, while working day and night at the task which God has set us to be done in this world. The whole nature of the man leaps out in one of those splendid phrases that he had the secret of coining: 'It is comforting to *people with free and vagrant heads* to feel that there is a Christianity back of and without Christ, and to which he seems rather interpreter and disciple than founder.' (The italics are mine.)

A free and vagrant head! That is what gives Bowles much of his charm, and he himself prized that freedom far above what any conventional education could have afforded him. For he had no academic discipline, and very little of school; he got what learning he possessed from the touch of human heads and hearts and the careful contemplation of his own. 'His lack of early training was never compensated by self-culture or wise reflection,' says Garrison, scornfully. This is far too severe. At the same time, it is curious

to consider that a man who was all his life a guide to the public through written words should have been so little conversant with the written words of others. Bowles's reading was mainly newspapers; and newspapers, though good seasoning, are not very substantial diet for the intellect.

Bowles himself was keenly aware of his deficiencies. Indeed, as regards style and literary quality, he was far too humble. 'The book made itself,' he says of one of his volumes of travel; 'it is a newspaper book; I am a newspaper writer, and not a book writer; and I do not aspire to be other than I am.' Again: 'I was afraid you would think it [an editorial] a little overwrought, and not low-toned enough for the subject. That is where I always err in my work; it gives it something of its power and charm with the mass of readers; it loses for it something of the impression on the select and superior few.' And as he criticized his own writing, so he often lamented his lack of leisurely reading, of wide contact with the best thought and experience of humanity. When he traveled in Europe, art meant little to him, historical association meant little to him. He sighs for time and strength to think, to adjust himself to the larger current of the world, to get out of the mad, exhausting whirl of news, mere news, which makes the passing passions of the hour seem out of all proportion to the permanent interests of life. Yet even in these longings, books, the distillation of human activity, do not take first place. 'I would roam about the world, studying books some, nature a good deal, and people and institutions more.'

For the man was above all a worker and liver. It was just the 'free and vagrant head' that made his life so joyously abundant and his paper so forcible. His intelligence may not have been profound, but it was splendid in

its vigor, its energy, its variety, its speed. How direct and frank it was, profiting by its very self-training to brush away old convention and the dry bones of formal futility! Has he to congratulate a friend on a congressional victory? 'It is not statesmanship, and you know it. But it is all of statesmanship, I frankly admit, that the present Congress is up to.' Do fools torment him with old saws about dead reputations? 'I hate the "*Nil de mortuis*," etc. What do men die for, except that posterity may impartially judge, and get the full benefit of their example?'

So in his business. He wanted no shirkers, no drivellers, no fuss, no make-believe. He exacted work — faithful, earnest, driving work. He was in a sense a severe task-master, having sharp reproof at his command, when necessary, — not in stormy verbosity, but in just the word or two that find a joint and put a barb in it. He insisted upon exactness, nicety, finish, and set a high standard of mechanical production in days when there were fewer facilities than at present.

But he knew how to make work easy, so far as it ever can be. His office was systematized. Each man had his task, was taught how and when to do it and by whom it was to be controlled and criticized when done. And if the chief could reprove, he could also encourage. Sharp words were lightened by a touch of the quick, sympathetic humor that was natural to him. Words of praise were rare, but they meant something when they came, and power of achievement in any special line was quickly discerned and energetically supported.

Moreover, work was urged on by the most powerful stimulus of all, example. This was no man to set wheels a-going and then watch them whirl at his leisure. From his journeyman days to the

last minute when work was possible, and longer, he labored with all that was in him. 'What with forty-two hours' continuous work Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday, without sleep, and getting over it, I had not time to write to you,' is one of his casual, significant comments. Work was his life, writes one who knew him intimately. We have seen the depth of his domestic affection. Yet in a sense it would be just to say that for thirty years the *Springfield Republican* was wife and child and food and sleep to him. It certainly robbed him of any complete enjoyment of all these things, though it also made his enjoyment of them keener. Even his recreation had usually storm and fury in it. He liked a horse, but he cared nothing for looks or pedigree. What he wanted was speed. An acquaintance, who had studied this phase, said of him, 'He was fonder of reckless driving than any man I ever knew.' Then, though rarely, he would relax and drop into absolute quiescence. As he lay one afternoon on the piazza, with the apple-blossoms blowing over him, he murmured, 'This, I guess, is as near heaven as we shall ever get in this life.'

For, as you see, he was a mere bundle of nerves, the quintessence of our sun- and wind-driven New England temperament, whose life is work, whose death is work, whose heaven is work, whatsoever other heaven we may dream of. You can read it written on his spare, energetic figure, on his sensitive, strained, wistful forehead; above all, in his intense and eager eyes. It was the quick, responsive nerves that enabled him to do the work he did, that gave him passionate joys and passionate sorrows. Even when the nerves are disordered and tormenting, he recognizes their value with wonderfully subtle analysis. 'There is a certain illumination with the disorder that is

enchanting at times.' He is determined that they shall be his servants, not his masters. Now he lays whip and spur to them, forces them to do and overdo, till a set task is accomplished. Again he restrains them, lives by rule and system, makes schedules of food, schedules of hours. These exuberant sensibilities are splendid things, so you control them. 'Sympathies and passions are greater elements of power than he admits. All they want is to have judgment equal to and directing them. No matter how powerful, how acute they are — the more so the better. But sympathies and passions that run away with us are oftener a curse than a blessing.' He thinks he has controlled them, declares he has. 'You must remember I have necessarily schooled myself to coolness and philosophy, and to the look ahead. Otherwise my life would have killed me years ago.'

But such control, especially when carried beyond the normal, is a wearing, exhausting process, and is sure in the end to bring a penalty. Bowles, with his 'look ahead,' knew this perfectly well and faced it always. When a friend warned him of what was inevitably coming, he answered with these striking words: 'I know it just as well as you do. When my friends point out that I am working toward a breakdown, they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now, I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis, to get strong, I shall lose my chance. No man is living a life that is worth living, unless he is willing to die for somebody or something, — at least to die a little!'

Admirable words, and perhaps wise, though not for all, nor at all times. Dying a little is not always conveniently managed at discretion, nor even dying a great deal. And Bowles's disregard

and positive abuse of his nerves not only killed him at fifty-two, but caused him and all who loved him infinite distress and misery before that time. He perfectly understood the cause of his troubles. 'My will has carried me for years beyond my mental and physical power; that has been the offending rock.' Again, 'Nobody knows how I have abused my brain but myself, and I therefore ought to be the most patient with its maladies.'

But to know the cause and to find the cure are far, far different. Therefore, from a very early stage, his life was made up alternately of extravagant effort at home to do more than he or any one man could do, and then of forced change and travel to procure that renovation which could come only — or at any rate could come far better — from within by the acquired habit of repose.

Repose, peace, and the tranquil sleep that should go with them — these were the remedies, the blessings that Bowles sought far and wide, up and down, for thirty years. He told Mr. Howells in Venice that he was sleeping only one hour out of the twenty-four. Sometimes he slept more than that, but he never slept enough. Modern medical methods might have helped him a little. The advice he had was well meant, but now sounds strange. 'Kill a horse, and it will do you good.' He might have killed a dozen horses, but black care would none the less have buzzed and snarled about his ears.

Peace! Peace! Not Clarendon's Falkland could more longingly ingeminate the word. Perhaps Bowles knew so little about it that he overestimated its blessings. 'I never saw in his face,' said a friend, 'the expression of repose — the look was always of fire or tire.' But even Clarendon wrote few things more striking than this paragraph on peace in heaven, though the quality is

not Clarendon's. 'I wonder whether we shall have such weather in heaven! whether or no we go — whether or no such weather. But if the world lives much longer it will have abolished all these whims of its youth. The Unitarians came, and abolished hell; Parker came, Higginson stays, to abolish Christ; the next conceited set of upstarts to invent a new elixir of life, out of gin and juniper berries, will probably supersede heaven, or bring it down to earth. But that is what the rest of us dream of doing — but it can't be done so long as nerves thrill and stomachs labor. No elixir of love, or gin, can make heaven, with neuralgia playing on the fiddles of the orchestra, and dyspepsia groaning through the grim trombone. Give it up. I think I will stick to the original heaven as a thing more sure.'

Nerves so thoroughly and constantly jangled could not fail to produce some unfortunate results in practical life. However perfect the control, there was irritability that would break out at times. Bowles often refers to being thoroughly cross and out of sorts, sometimes in a mood of discouragement, sometimes with his whimsical grace and fancy. Others refer to it also. In his home, with those he cherished, breaks of temper seem to have been rare; but in his office, though he was much admired and much beloved, he was regarded with a good deal of awe.

And the jangled nerves brought hours of depression and temporary hopelessness. He sometimes refers to these, expressing them with his really wonderful gift of telling phraseology. 'I did not mount my great heights of *abandon*; perhaps it is better described in your own sad words as a "*wise despair*."' Take, again, this passage of extraordinary self-analysis, written to Mrs. Bowles, and doubly striking from a man so schooled by persistent disci-

pline to courage and hope. 'Mary, don't let my fretful, downcast moods annoy you. They are unworthy of me and I ought to rise above them, and control them. But sometimes they master and overpower me. I want to give it all up sometimes. Nobody can understand the spell that is upon me. It cannot be described — it does n't seem as if anybody else can ever feel it. Consider me if you can as a little child, sick and peevish, wanting love and indulgence and petting and rest and peace. There, this ought not to have been written. But it can't be unwritten, and it is too late to write anything else. It is morbid; but there's truth, sometimes the clearest, in our morbid reflections. Health is too often independence, selfish philosophy, and indifference.'

Also, worn nerves bring not only general depression and discouragement, but a bitter sense of tasks unaccomplished and vast hopes unrealized. This impression of failure or of uncompleted effort was most keenly felt by Bowles. He was a man with more than the common human passion for success. He could not bear to have other men defeat him. He could not bear to have chance or cross-accident defeat him. To have his own nerves defeat him was humiliation hardly to be described. He loved power, he loved domination, he loved mastery. No one appreciated more broadly than he the immense power that is given to the modern newspaper, and it was for this reason, more than for any other, that he loved newspaper work. In his own office he was absolute master; not a tyrant certainly, but in a quiet, determined, final fashion the one sole authority on little and great affairs.

In this love of power lay unquestionably Bowles's weakness. The most marked failure of his life was his attempt to transfer his activity from the *Republican* to the *Boston Traveler*, in

1857. Various explanations were sought for this. Various elements no doubt entered into it. But a considerable element was the man's own autocratic and imperious disposition. Garrison's theory that he undertook the task 'with a bumptiousness that at once made him the laughing-stock of his esteemed contemporaries' is much too harsh, but it suggests substantial truth, nevertheless.

So, in the conduct of his own paper, he was too inclined to assert his personal views and feelings, for the pure pleasure of it. Independence in politics and religion is a difficult and dangerous path to follow, and an editor in absolute control is apt to mistake whim for pure reason and the rejection of others' judgment for the assertion of his own. If I quote Garrison's *Nation* review yet again, it is because there is a certain malicious pleasure in watching the editors of these two great journals, whose work was in some ways similar, criticize each other as they criticized all the rest of the world. Garrison, then, says, 'The sort of independence which Mr. Bowles gradually achieved consisted in making a fetich of his journal'; and he again characterizes Bowles's effort as 'the evasion of personal responsibility under the guise of a highly virtuous independence.' When the critic of the *Nation* penned this and the other amenities I have before cited, he had just had before his eyes the following from one of Bowles's letters: 'The *Nation* has become a permanent and proud addition to American journalism. Often conceited and priggish; coldly critical to a degree sometimes amusing, and often provoking; and singularly lacking, not only in a generous enthusiasm of its own but in any sympathy with that great American quality, by which alone we as a people are led on to our efforts and our triumphs in the whole arena of progress; the paper yet shows such vigor

and integrity of thought, such moral independence of party, such elevation of tone, and such wide culture, as to demand our great respect and secure our hearty praise.'

But if Bowles's criticism had some justice in it, so also had Garrison's. Bowles's own biographer admits that he was too ready to sacrifice friendship to what he considered duty, and that he freely found fault in his paper with those whom he loved and by whom he wished to be loved in private life. And have we not Bowles's own personal testimony on the subject, none the less forcible for being half jocose? 'I mean to be as loyal as possible, and that isn't very loyal, for you know I do love to find fault and grumble, and thank God I can afford to.' But who of us can really afford to grumble and find fault?

Yet what finer witness can there be to character than the great love that surrounded this man, in spite of his fault-finding? Those whom he attacked publicly resented it for a while, but once they met him they forgot it. He had the art of making men forget everything except his charm. All his life he fought Ben Butler. Yet whenever they met, they swapped jokes and stories. When Bowles was on his deathbed, he received from Butler a letter of sympathy and good wishes, and almost his last words were, 'Write to thank General Butler, and say that while Mr. Bowles has always differed from him in politics, he has never failed to recognize his high qualities, and to appre-

ciate his many personal attractions.' Senator Dawes suffered repeatedly from the strictures of the *Republican*; yet he declared that he loved its editor more than any one outside of his own family. A member of the editorial staff, who had been a witness of many sharp rebuffs, confesses, 'I almost worshipped him. There was more religion in my feeling toward him than in almost anything else in me.' But most touching of all is the exclamation commonly heard among his humble neighbors in the city of Springfield, 'I am so sorry Sam Bowles is going to die.'

He was a striking and most sympathetic type of the journalist, and the journalist is interesting because he came into the world only a hundred years ago and seems likely to play an increasingly great part in it. Certainly no one who has followed our own Civil War in the newspapers can fail to feel the singular and important position they then occupied. If the war itself is to be regarded as a great tragic drama, the newspapers almost precisely perform the function of the Greek tragic chorus. They comment abstractly, yet with trembling eagerness, upon the conduct and motives of the actors; they intervene often indiscreetly and with doubly tragic consequence; they prophesy with pathetic or ludicrous incapacity of vision; above all they reflect from moment to moment, like a sensitized surface, the long, unwieldy, enormous ebb and flow of events and passions and desires of which no man can really divine the end.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

WHEN that glib proverb, 'God made the country, but man made the town,' was first put into words, towns were far less menacing and imposing than they are to-day. One could live in town and still get a sufficient, though diminished, share of blue sky and oxygen. The proverb was a prophecy rather than an affirmation. We are living in the day of its fulfillment.

That modern cities have solved vast problems of sanitation, water-supply, lighting, transportation, housing, education, with skill and with something like adequacy, cannot be imputed unto them for righteousness until they have also solved the subtler, more fundamental problems of vitality and character with which they are now struggling. They still take the strong, placid, deep-breathing, clear-eyed country boy, and turn him and his children into restless, excitable, shallow-lunged folk who have given up their peace and their vitality for increased nervous activity, and have exchanged their intuition of the divine for a profound spiritual indifference.

The rush of population to those hard-and-fast, stifling spots that are now our cities plays a large part in producing a new type of character, a new philosophy. Other elements enter into it, of course. The most conspicuous of these, perhaps, is a negative thing — the lack of a vital religion. How far the spiritual life is actively discouraged by urban conditions is too complicated a problem for offhand solution. But we may not ignore the age-long testimony of the saints and sages that one must go apart from men to find God.

Current fiction offers its own reflection of these new types of character,

this new philosophy, and it also reflects a wholesome reaction against them. The reaction is usually more or less conscious and intended, while the dessicating modern tendency itself is more frequently exhibited with great *naïveté* in the author's own attitude toward life.

The case for the country requires no proving to those of us past forty. When industry engaged fewer folk, and agriculture proportionately more, there was something in the world which is being lost out of it. To say that agriculture tends to make men, and industries tend to make animals, has a shocking sound. No doubt it is a statement quite open to attack, yet it looks toward truth.

If we say, instead, that work chiefly in the open air, close to the soil, and the association of men in small and not too homogeneous groups are the only conditions under which large numbers of human beings fit to possess and improve the earth can be bred and reared continuously over long periods of time, we shall come close to a statement impossible to deny. Undeniably, also, life under the latter conditions is more valuable to the individual as well as more hopeful for the race. Possessing, as it does, all the elements that give interest and develop personality, it is eternally worth while.

Now and again we find a work of fiction which is consciously explicit as to the country's case. Whenever such a book is thus definite, and adds grace to its conviction, the present reviewer is glad to give audible thanks for that book. *Hillsboro People*,¹ by Dorothy

¹ *Hillsboro People*. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Canfield, is such an one. Read it! Especially read that gripping of reality, *Petunias — That's for Remembrance*, and learn from it how dark realities have been well met!

Miss Canfield's tales of the Vermont country justify themselves first of all by being good stories; but they have body, unity, efficiency given them by the author's preliminary declaration of faith in country living. She quotes in well-justified derision the statement (from Pritchell's *Hand-book of Economics*) that the rush of population to the great cities is no temporary movement. 'It is roused by a final revolt against that malignant relic of the dark ages, the country village, and by a healthy craving for the deep, full life of the metropolis, for contact with the vitalizing stream of humanity.' It is doubtless well that city-dwellers should feel thus — if they can; but such statements should have small place in handbooks of economics until the professors of that inexact science have disproved what physicians have long told us, — that no family can endure steady contact with 'the vitalizing stream of humanity' for three successive generations, so hard is it on blood and brawn and brain alike.

'People thrive in country villages,' says Miss Canfield, 'because they crave human life. . . . In the phantasmagoric pantomime of the city we forget that there are so many real people in all the world, so diverse, so unfathomably human, as those who meet us in the little post-office on the night of our return to Hillsboro.' City folks cannot 'feel themselves live,' she tells us. Ceaseless activity protects them from the undesired consciousness that they are themselves. 'They cannot conceive the bitter-sweet, vital taste of that consciousness as we villagers have it; they cannot understand how arid their existence seems to us without this unhurried,

penetrating realization of their own existence and of the meaning of their acts. We do not blame city-dwellers for not having it; we ourselves lose it when we venture into their maelstrom . . . but we do not stay where we cannot feel ourselves live. We hurry back to the shadow of Hemlock Mountain, feeling that to love life one does not need to be what is usually called happy, one needs only to live.' — Here is an adequate philosophy in a nutshell, but it is not always acceptable to the intensely urban modern mind!

In the past, English novelists have acknowledged liberally the debt character owes to the soil. Some of them do so still. For instance, weight is given to the pleasant story-making of Mrs. Skrine, author of *Billie's Mother*,¹ by her avowed intention to celebrate the abiding virtues of English peasant stock. The chief of these she finds to be that mass of personality which we call force of character, showing itself in stability, honesty, justice, and limitless devotion to its own.

Eden Phillpotts has long been concerned with these able-bodied virtues and their counterbalancing defects. Always he adds power and the artist's mastery of subject to his consideration of them. In *Brunel's Tower*,² his best book since the incomparable *Widecombe Fair*, he deals as well, in the character of Harvey Porter, with the stimulus of environment and its power to modify natural tendency. The scene of the story is a West Country pottery, and the book is as refreshing to the spirit as a week in Devon. It is large, sane, able, and in spite of tragedy, amusing.

The author of *Mrs. Martin's Man*,³ St. John G. Ervine, a new British writ-

¹ *Billie's Mother*. By MARY J. H. SKRINE. New York: The Century Co.

² *Brunel's Tower*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Mrs. Martin's Man*. By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

er of power and distinction, deals with this weight of personality as shown in Scotch-Irish stock in a North-of-Ireland village. In its simplicity and humanness, this book is almost extravagantly good. Mrs. Martin is one of those slim Irishwomen who hide under a frail exterior the force to accomplish gigantic tasks. Captivated by the boisterous, masterful James Martin, she marries him against the will of her family. At his best James is an indecent brute. When he finally deserts his wife, after an intrigue with her sister under her own roof, the reader is delighted to be rid of him. Mrs. Martin picks up the pieces and makes a life. She establishes a shop, earns money, brings up her children, supervises the erring sister, all with a balance and broad-mindedness that are actually disconcerting! What she suffers she keeps to herself, in the decent, old-fashioned way. Her life is made up of corrupt, unlovely things. She endures them steadfastly, and by grace of her endurance, they lose their hideousness. To walk through slime without disgust, to suffer wrong without anger, is somewhat of a feat, even for North-of-Ireland character. She handles with equal capacity the complications arising from her husband's return as a dirty unattractive prodigal, and from her son's discovery of the father's character. Her head is level, her hand strong. It is not fitting that she should publicly disgrace her Jamesy's father, though to her he can only be 'a man in my house that does things around the shop, that's all.' Neither will she allow her son to show his resentment against his father and his aunt. 'I'd be the poor woman if I was to wander about thinkin' o' my troubles an' my pride, an' how I was hurt by this one an' that one. I'm too ould to be hatin' people, Jamesy, an' when you're my age, son, you'll not be hatin' people unless your

mind's a rotten mind. Your wee hates 'll drop off you just like an ould shawl that slips from your shoulders when you're not lookin', an' you'll be knowin' well your pleasure is to be goin' about with as good a heart as you can.'

Such big, broad-minded folk as Martha Martin and Phillpotts's George Easterbrook and Paul Pitts are fine representative specimens of what country living, the old religion, and the old philosophy wrought out of the raw stuff of human nature. Over against them in sharp contrast are the neurasthenic, light-weight heroes and heroines who swarm in some of the recent city-made novels, illustrating unintentionally but vividly the deterioration worked by modern life and theory. Some of these novels are English, some American. The neurasthenic, perhaps, belong chiefly to us. When the English get off the track of life, they are maniacal rather than neurasthenic, and apt to run amuck even in their fiction.

Angela's Business,¹ perhaps the best of these city-made stories, is a most amusing tale, written with greater dexterity and smoothness than Mr. Harrison has heretofore achieved; but it is a very one-sided presentation of that problem which confronts the young of both sexes — how, namely, to achieve a satisfactory marriage. Angela is a tremendously clinging vine; Mary Wing is a fine, up-standing, overworked schoolteacher; Donald is a young cousin whom Mary supervises and plans for with sisterly devotion; Charles King Garrott is a nice, but not over-baked, young man who tutors a little and writes a little and tries to get a line on Woman. He admires Angela until he perceives she is out for capture, when he hastily sneaks round the corner, throwing Donald in her way to pro-

¹ *Angela's Business*. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

teet himself. Mary, meanwhile, is vainly throwing another girl in Donald's way, a 'new' girl with a rich father, who would be such a satisfactory match for Donald! Angela carries off — not the prize exactly, but just Donald. Donald can't be a prize: the term is inapplicable to any man who could live for years under the ægis of a Mary Wing without developing wit enough to avoid an Angela. By this time Charles King Garrott has learned to appreciate Mary Wing, whom he once suspected of being too hard and too busy to love or be loved. Fortunately Mary can earn a living for two, as the reader sees no ground for faith that Charles King will be able to do so. As to earning a living for four —!

The reader asks himself, as he closes the book, why it is any better for a man to be a clinging vine than for a woman? This is not at all the question Mr. Harrison means to raise, but it faces us none the less. Probably the author only intended his hero to seem young and uncertain about life and women, but he actually does seem rather knock-kneed and do-nothing. The stony-hearted reader reflects as follows: Angela is weak and 'feminine'; Mary Wing, strong and womanly; Angela's man has vigor enough to conquer a place in the world; Mary's has n't; the strong, womanly women usually attract the men who need protection; the weak, 'feminine' women mate with able men. This seems to be Nature's little way of keeping the balance. But if we are to pity Donald ensnared by Angela, no less must we pity Mary Wing stooping to Charles King Garrott. His intentions are much better than Angela's, — we cheerfully grant him that, — but he is likely to prove an impediment to Mary, even as Angela to Donald. Mr. Harrison pities Donald tremendously and despises Angela quite viciously. Why, then, does he refuse to pity Mary

Wing and despise Charles King? The astute reader, too old to be caught with chaff, demands even-handed justice here!

If Charles King, girlish, sentimental, enthusiastic, clinging, is the New Man, what shall we call Waldo Strong, the "Reluctant Adam" ¹ in whom we have Shaw out-Shawed? Is he the last word of modernity in man? If so — alas for man! His romantic adventures are all due to feminine initiative. From his earliest years, the fair sex frankly hurl themselves at Waldo's head. He repulses them gently but firmly, never condescending to take a kindly interest in any of them, though he marries one and conducts a brief intrigue with another. It is not his passionless estate that worries the reader, but this inability to feel ordinary human liking. His blood-ties bore him. He seems to have no men-friends, no steady playmates; he sees even his business associates through the small end of an opera-glass. All life is as remote to him as sex-emotion is. Only music is intangible enough to interest him. Obviously a character so arid must be well described in order to hold the attention, and *A Reluctant Adam* is written with unusual delicacy, skill, and wit. It is clever, conscientious work. But if Waldo is merely a freak, he is not worth the pains, while if he is the Coming Man, the prospect is too painful to consider.

Turning momentarily from the work of young Americans to that of young Englishmen, we come upon characters and philosophy which are devastating rather than painful. Consider Gilbert Cannan's *Young Earnest*.² It is the most flagrant example current fiction has to offer of work which is off the

¹ *A Reluctant Adam*. By SIDNEY WILLIAMS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *Young Earnest*. By GILBERT CANNAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

track of life—that track to which Mrs. Martin, for instance, adheres with such marvelous balance. Mr. Cannan has now written enough to make it clear that anarchy in the individual life is his main subject. And if one may judge from editorial comment in this book, it has become his creed also. This is a surprise, for one had inferred—somewhat too hastily, no doubt—that Mr. Cannan was an artist. ‘Jump the track!’ seems to be his advice to his characters, no matter what track it is, or whether one is the engine pulling the load or only the caboose that will hardly be missed. Under any and all circumstances, follow your will and jump the track! Christian morality has ‘obscured the sun’ for the Western world. Down with it then!—Mr. Cannan is a writer of ability, but no ability can long make headway thus handicapped with an insane doctrine. René Fourmy’s life is merely a search for something that will not disgust him. Responsibility, energy, continuity—these words are not in his lexicon. But the tale is not simply an adequate picture of a talented youth yielding to one distaste after another. Our complaint is that the author does not stand outside the picture, painting it, but seems to travel hand in hand with the hero, sharing his confusion.

The book is as chaotic in incident and characterization as in philosophy. René Fourmy, who deserts first his wife and afterward the slum-girl who befriends him and is about to bear him a child, is as nebulous as a cloud. So is that Cathleen with whom he finally forms a permanent *liaison*. So is not Ann Pidduck, the slum-girl. Ann is doing the best she can according to her light, and her reward seems to be the possession of a soul. She is the only clear-cut personality in the book except René’s mother, who is also doing her best though she refuses to talk about it.

The superior clarity of these characters is the author’s involuntary tribute to the power of consistency and a definite code—things of which, one judges, he entirely disapproves.

The ethical topsy-turviness of the book produces a slight, steady nausea in the general reader, who feels as if he were in an aquarium watching the motions of lower forms of life—creatures of the sea-ooze sliding through an alien element, staring at one with glassy eyes, perpetually opening and closing ghastly mouths, yet emitting no sound. It is like a nightmare or a drug-dream. Only in occasional speeches of the artist Kilner, hopelessly pursuing a beauty he sees but cannot represent, does one come in contact with comprehensible life. It is all very curious and modern; it is interesting symptomatically, but it is horribly full of ptomaines.

Until you have read *Young Earnest*, *The Second Blooming*¹ seems a depressing, carnal, and characteristically urban product. Afterward, it appears suddenly clear that there are depths beyond depths, like the circles of the Inferno, in the work of these young Englishmen condemned to the life and outlook of towns. By comparison with Cannan, Mr. George’s new book suddenly takes on the startling and incongruous aspect of a struggle for the higher life! Undeniably the most illuminating part of *The Second Blooming* is its dedication to H. G. Wells, whom the author hails as ‘one who turned the strongest light upon the complexities of his day, showed me my fellow man struggling through endless misunderstandings and pains toward a hidden good; restored to me a trust I had thought dead in the good that will not die; shook scales from my eyes and filled those eyes with dreams; bade me harbor no illusion and yet nurse hope; showed me I might love

¹ *The Second Blooming*. By W. L. GEORGE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

that which I despised, because men must not bear the burden of my arrogance.'

This sincere and noble ascription gives us pause. If we are accustomed to think of Wells as reflective and clever but much at sea and quite without a vital doctrine, we perceive there is a Cimmerian darkness to which the gray glimmers of Wells seem light indeed. And from *Young Earnest* one may learn where that darkness lies.

Mr. George sees humanity mainly as caught in the net of the flesh, and, in general, not struggling. He looks forth upon a world of human creatures at the mercy of their leaping blood and utterly without data of conduct wherewith to judge and rectify impulse. The present novel deals with three sisters, one of whom invests the surplus vitality of the late twenties in political work for her husband; the second takes a lover, and the affair is treated at length in the Gallic manner; the third adds to an already large family. Discussing these various activities in the last chapter, they agree that everything, even mistakes and sins, makes one bigger in the end and fitter for more life. Mary, the domestic character, sums up this wisdom in talking of marriage. 'We've got to take it as it is and see what we can do. Anyhow, not to be lazy and have a good time.' — If this sounds inadequate as a principle, consider that it means that life is what we make of it and should be spent in service, not in self-indulgence. This is enough light to live by — but decent folk learned these things in their cradles! It seems no tremendous discovery; yet when you consider the absolute anarchy of Mr. Cannan's people, you perceive that Mary, Grace, and Clara have really gone some distance on an upward path. Hereafter, apparently, we must estimate character and achievement by the degree of its removal from entire personal law-

lessness and self-seeking. If Cannan's René Fourmy has no other distinction, he at least marks the absolute zero of moral perception and effort. As a type for representation, this is as legitimate as another; as an example for imitation, it is obviously anti-social. Assuredly one gets from the book, fevered and confused as it is, the notion that it is intended for propaganda. We need not be afraid that Christian morality and altruism cannot take care of themselves, but we are justified in supposing that literature may suffer if many promising talents follow this path.

What emerges from the consideration of these books is the existence of a school of young novelists who, having assumed, perhaps hastily, that there is no God in the world, are ransacking life for some kind of a substitute, conducting their investigations, still incomplete and rather crude, before our eyes. Mr. Cannan believes in following the individual will wherever it leads. May one infer from this evidence a disciple of Nietzsche? It is but a poor philosophy for any Englishman in this year 1915! Mr. George believes that life itself will teach us how to live — as indeed it will, but unhappily too late for our great profit in this world.

In *The Good Shepherd*¹ we have a much more genuine account of a young man's first encounter with life than in *Young Earnest*. Edwards, a young American surgeon, becomes involved in a scandal at home and exiles himself on account of it to Austria, where he does post-graduate work. He seeks an appointment as communal doctor in a remote Tyrolean village because he needs work as well as the healing which work brings. Restless, unhappy, tormented in body and mind, blundering along, making both medical and moral 'breaks,' he nevertheless finds the heal-

¹ *The Good Shepherd*. By JOHN ROLAND. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

ing he so sadly needs — because you can't honestly try to be of a little use to other people without getting far more than you give. This is a fact as basal as gravitation. Why should it not be as widely acknowledged? One does n't like to speak of the two youths in the same breath, but Edwards undergoes the mental fevers, the disgusts, that shake René Fourmy. He rids himself of them, not by disregarding every human tie but by the diametrically opposite method. We call Mr. Cannan's attention to that method, not because it is Christian, not because it is decent, not because it has the authority of two thousand years of experiment behind it, but because *it is the only way that works*. The book, while at one point too spectacular, is powerful, human, sane. John Roland, whose name is new to our fiction, has done a vital piece of work.

The Child at the Window,¹ by William Hewlett, seems to mark him of the same school of thought as Mr. George, and the *Fidelity*² of Miss Glaspell gives a similar impression. One regrets the vanished charm of this young writer's earliest work. The heroine, a nice girl in a pleasant town, goes away with a married man whose wife refuses to divorce him for some twelve years. When she finally does so, the overwhelming emotion which had justified the elopement in the girl's own mind has long since vanished. She refuses to marry the man and leaves him in order to remain faithful to the feeling once experienced. Her philosophy is that what she has undergone lives in her — that she is not throwing away her past, but is preserving it, by breaking with it and moving on to find whatever else life holds in store. Conceivably a great book might be written around this

theme, but to produce it would require great detachment as well as insight. Miss Glaspell's sympathies are too strictly limited to the under-dog to allow her to give a justly proportioned picture of human life.

The atmosphere of depression, of spiritual and mental squalor, that broods so thickly over these novels in which men and women no longer know blue skies, green grass, and the grace of God, is in itself enough to condemn their reasoning! Taking the matter by and large, the great novelist is one who says 'Yea!' to life unfalteringly, while lesser men say 'Nay!' or 'But —'

Of course it would be absurd to imply that the line of cleavage between those novelists who have the courage to assent to life and these others who refuse to do so, imagining vain things, is wholly a matter of country or city living — even though we find the mass of city and country dwellers lined up in the same way upon the same issue. There are other ingredients of immense importance in the situation. Still, certain facts become distinct as we contemplate the question. The problems of the city and of malignant industrialism are fatally interwoven — that is one fact. And even under most favorable urban conditions, men are indubitably shut off from a 'something' that affects their poise and well-being favorably — that is another fact. Whether this 'something' is a mere matter of more oxygen in the air, or whether life in the open also favors the inrush of that something-not-ourselves without which our spirits become stagnant and poisoned, one dares not affirm. The matter is hardly one for dogmatic assertion.

The propagandist says 'Nay!' with differing degrees of violence, according to the amount of true artist in his composition. *The Harbor*,¹ by Ernest Poole,

¹ *The Harbor*. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

¹ *The Child at the Window*. By WILLIAM HEWLETT. New York: Duffield Co.

² *Fidelity*. By SUSAN GLASPELL. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

is a propaganda very gracefully mitigated by a clear perception of the visible world, of which Mr. Poole makes very admirable pictures. Where *The Harbor* deals with the outer world it is imaginative, vivid, charming; where it deals with the soul of man it is inexpert, almost bungling; yet it is sincere always, candid and restrained. The hero is brought up on Brooklyn Heights, and New York Harbor obsesses his fancy from his earliest years. He sees it in a hundred different aspects and always with direct effect upon his inner life. All these aspects pass vividly before us. The Harbor is by turns mysterious, grim, revolting, wonderful, glorious, organized for efficiency, organized for slavery, as the years move by. The boy grows up, becomes a free-lance journalist, goes to Paris to 'learn to write'; comes home to do 'glory-stories' of the Harbor, its life, energy, and wealth; marries an unusually fine woman, daughter of the man who had taught him that efficiency will save the world if you give it time; takes part in a strike of dock-laborers. He feels the 'crowd-spirit' in the strikers and finally casts in his lot with them. He tells us that all his gods have passed: the god of religion, of art, of efficiency, each one of which in turn he believed could save the world. Last of all comes the god of the crowd-spirit. Perhaps this too may pass, he admits, but this is where we leave him. He is a convinced syndicalist because his contact with the crowd-spirit has made him feel that where men are brought together in a unity of purpose such as the strikers felt, there evolves from them an intelligence swifter than their individual intelligences, which — he trusts — will guide them safely where they wish to go.

The amount of faith involved in this belief is rather tremendous! We know no religion that demands so much. This infallibility of the crowd-spirit

upon which the hero of the Harbor leans the whole weight of his last religion does not at all accord with the investigations of those scientists who have specialized upon the psychology of crowds. They, indeed, affirm that the crowd functions upon a distinctly lower and more brutal plane than does the individual. However, the weakness of the young man's final conversion does not lie so much in this undeniable fact as in that other fact that none of the religions he professes to have had, and lost, have ever gripped his spirit. The reader sizes him up on abundant evidence as an emotionalist, — a nice fellow but rather shallow, rather neurotic, highly excitable. He will always, one sees, be converted by the thing that has the most 'thrill' in it at the moment. He seeks to be played upon by life, never to shape his own share of it in the image of his living will — yet this alone is worthy living, and to this every unit of the crowd must come before its salvation can deserve the name.

While the syndicalism of Mr. Poole's hero does not carry conviction or look like the path of salvation, it nevertheless appears a more wholesome reaction to life than the individualism of *Young Earnest*. It may be equally impossible, but it is not equally disgusting.

One may affirm that while the American novelist, no less than his English contemporary, is searching for a new morality, a new religion, he has in general greater resilience and greater hopefulness. His work may be more superficial but it is also — even when, like *The Harbor*, it is most a product of the city and its problems — more oxygenated, less oppressive.

In *The Turmoil*,¹ distrust of the city, its bigness, soot, prosperity, and their effect on modern man, again rises into articulate, forcible statement. For Mr.

¹ *The Turmoil*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Tarkington's book as for Miss Canfield's, there is first of all the justification of the tale well told. *The Turmoil* is distinctly the author's strongest and best work. If he goes on doing things as large, as romantic, as real, we shall have little more to ask. Whatever faults the book may have, it is certain that the reader will be too much absorbed in it to notice them — which is another way of saying that it exhibits the story-teller's gift in greater degree than any other novel of the year. This gift and the art built upon it often seem nowadays to be traveling rapidly toward extinction. Novels are numerous; good stories exceeding rare. You have only to compare *The Turmoil* with *The Harbor* to see the inherent and everlasting differences between a 'born' novel which sets forth certain very strong convictions, and a brilliant piece of reporting plus propaganda. The former is unified, integral; the latter is not.

Bibbs Sheridan of *The Turmoil*, born a poet, is also the son of a manufacturer who wants him to learn the business 'from the ground up.' His brothers embrace this life happily, but the first six months send Bibbs into prolonged nervous prostration, to his father's vast disgust. Old Sheridan is really a tremendous piece of characterization. The big, self-made man of thirty years ago — powerful, boasting, blustering, full of tender affection, ability, vulgarity, and vituperation — is set before us as he lived. The thing is a masterpiece. The other characters live also, but not with this robust completeness. Sheridan's native town was once a kindly place where grass grew and gardens blossomed and humanity flourished as it used to in those old-fashioned towns our fathers innocently called 'cities.' Sheridan did more than one man's share to make it huge, noisy, smoky, hideous, and he desires his sons to do as much as he for 'bigness' to blight the

town still further. The book tells of the harnessing of Bibbs to serve the city's gods. Bibbs who wants to possess his soul, Bibbs who wants the beautiful, the serene, is forced into business again, and learns that one can feed zinc to a clipping-machine crashing sixty-eight times a minute quite happily if only one is encouraged to imagine that a friend — Mary Vertrees to wit — is standing at one's side. With the death of one brother and the collapse of another, Bibbs is forced to take his place in the business, as a Sheridan indeed. He solves the problem of his individual life, but the problem of Bigness is left unanswered save by the hope that out of the turmoil will finally come better things. In the turmoil the gods are working, — that the whole world feels just now as never before, — but dare we believe they are indeed working to produce our promised land, a 'noble and joyous city, unbelievably white?'

*Red Fleece*¹ is pacifist propaganda. But for all that it is full of fire, and it comes curiously near greatness in places, by virtue of the utter sincerity of its author. He takes a young war-correspondent in the present struggle and converts him to peace doctrines through the horrors of war on the Russian frontier. So far, so good. It is what ought to happen, and probably is happening, times without number. But when the young correspondent casts in his lot with those Russian revolutionists who go to and fro among the soldiers urging them to throw down their arms, few readers follow him. For it does not take more than a grain of the saving salt of common sense to know that all soldiers will not do this. What is bound to happen is that the soldiers of the most militant nations will not heed the insidious whisper. Should the soldiers of the less militant nations listen, the result

¹ *Red Fleece*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. New York: George H. Doran Co.

would be to fasten very firmly on the bent shoulders of the world, the yoke of militarism and autocracy. Even a pacifist should be willing to die fighting to prevent this! For it would be the final thwarting of the long human hope.

'Propaganda' is, of course, a very convenient rock of a word to fling at the young writer eagerly desiring to instruct us in his creed while he tells us a story. But is it not probable that art and instruction are at variance only when the instruction is inadequate? Great art and the perfect propaganda may well join hands some far-off day. We do not know what the perfect propaganda is, nor when it will appear. We only know by reading the fiction offered by advocates of this or that panacea that it is not yet present with us. In our experience thus far, the good novel has been the novel that confined its solutions to the individual case. Thus far, the novel that attempted solutions of the general case has always failed as a novel. Yet should the day come when I read something I recognize as a great novel and find it promulgating social doctrine — in that day I expect to become a convert to that doctrine. But, clearly, its hour is not yet!

One does not feel disposed to say 'propaganda' to Mr. Winston Churchill, yet any consideration of *A Far Country*¹ must admit that it is not a novel in any strict sense of the word. And it is distinctly instructive. It is the inner history of Hugh Paret, born idealist and artist, who willingly invests his mental capital in the work of a corporation lawyer of the venal type. Yet he never loses the possibilities inherent in his real self, and after years of eating indigestible, gilded husks and consorting with particularly plutocratic swine, he reverts, with the slow, prodigious push of events, to a simpler,

worthier life. Paret, who tells his own tale in the first person, announces it as the biography of his soul. This removes it at once from the usual category of novels. We know — from *Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career* — that Mr. Churchill is amply able to write vigorous, closely woven, absorbing novels in which he handles corporate greed and kindred sins scathingly enough. This time he is not doing that kind of book. Frankly, however, that kind is more influential, because it interests more keenly the greater number of readers. But the author has obviously reached that period of middle life when he feels the need to express his philosophy more fully than the strict novel-form permits. We accept what he offers gladly — for he has earned the right to choose his own mode of expression. The book is mature, thoughtful, — perhaps too thoughtful, — hopeful. Hugh Paret's reaction against materialism is not clearly spiritual throughout, but he is played upon and moved about and converted by life — and life is definitely spiritual in all its final implications.

Hermann Krebs, the despised antagonist who does more than any other human agent to lure Paret from his husks, is less consistent than one believes such a man would be. He announces reason as man's only guide — yet he himself leans heavily, confidently, explicitly, upon the power of what he calls 'that Thing-Other-Than-Ourselves' which gave us reason and gives us momentum toward good. Does one apprehend that Thing solely by the searching of reason? the reader asks as Job asked long ago, — and the answer can never be Yes. Mr. Churchill apparently believes the doctrine of intuition too easily abused to proclaim. This does not impair the value of his thoughtful, broad-minded work, but it suggests that he himself has not yet gone to the end of that road which the thoughtful must travel.

¹ *A Far Country*. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The summer's fiction is not all serious; yet books for the tired business man, heretofore such staples in the trade, are sparsely offered this season. He who has long demanded excitement, adventure, gore, has no need to-day to seek those things in fiction, and the supply has suddenly fallen away. *The Lone Star Ranger*,¹ tale of a 'bad man' who became one of the Texas Mounted Police, is almost the only one of its kind. There are a few detective stories. *The Valley of Fear*,² by Conan Doyle, seems to be based upon the remote exploits of the Molly Maguires; and G. K. Chesterton contributes *The Wisdom of Father Brown*.³ Chesterton is always worth while, but these stories fail to develop his most characteristic and approved flavors. It is rather like putting mayonnaise on spice-cakes. Why squander such perfect mayonnaise? The truth is that there is too little Chesterton in this world for any of the precious stuff to be wasted. Let other folk do detective stories.

There are three interesting novels inspired by that great, and still inchoate, region, the Farther West. *The Rim of the Desert*,⁴ Mrs. Anderson's carefully worked out and most romantic story, centres in a dead man's dream of the redemption of a certain arid but wonderful valley in the Columbia River country. It is of such dreams that the West is made, and Mrs. Anderson's instinct for the ideal elements in her material is quick and certain. *Sundown Slim*⁵ is another lovable hobo hero from the hands of the maker of *Overland Red*.

Mr. Knibbs has had the inspiration to make Slim peaceful to cowardice and then to entrust to his hands the tangle of a feud between 'sheep-men' and 'cattle-men' in Arizona. *Still Jim*⁶ deals with the problems of the Reclamation Service in the great Southwest, as well as with those of the hero. Still Jim is a young engineer nursing the fine ambition to set the mark of the New England Puritan on the face of that wonder-country near the Mexican border, so that all men may know it in ages to come. He comes near failing in his work, and is told quite frankly and, one fears, with much truth, that the reason the New Englander has failed to stamp the America of the future indelibly as his own, is that he is out of touch with the mass of humanity and will not take pains to teach them his ideals. It is to be hoped that a good many of the old blood will ponder Mrs. Willsie's conclusion. It is worth it.

I am thinking there will be a rising demand for idyls, tales of home and peace and love, to counteract the sterner things the world is forced to read of. Some publishers have begun to prepare for that demand. *August First*⁷ is a pretty love-story which has absolutely nothing to do with the war. *A Cloistered Romance*⁸ is a truly charming tale whose action takes place in the house of The Little Sisters of the Poor, where the hero is carried after an accident. *The Seven Darlings*,⁹ by Gouverneur Morris, might have been written by Robert Chambers. The author of *Martha of the Mennonite Country*¹⁰ has

¹ *The Lone Star Ranger*. By ZANE GREY. New York: Harper & Bros.

² *The Valley of Fear*. By A. CONAN DOYLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

³ *The Wisdom of Father Brown*. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: John Lane Co.

⁴ *The Rim of the Desert*. By ADA WOODRUFF ANDERSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁵ *Sundown Slim*. By HENRY H. KNIBBS. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

⁶ *Still Jim*. By HONORÉ WILLSIE. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁷ *August First*. By M. R. S. ANDREWS and R. I. MURRAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁸ *A Cloistered Romance*. By FLORENCE OLMSTEAD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁹ *The Seven Darlings*. By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹⁰ *Martha of the Mennonite Country*. By HELEN R. MARTIN. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

the unusual gift of actually vitalizing an old-fashioned plot. The story contains a maltreated step-daughter, a millionaire disguised as a country school-teacher, a rich uncle who comes home to die and conceals his wealth to test the affection of his relatives. These are faded properties, but Mrs. Martin's people really live, and therefore can convince us of almost anything. The authors of *The Rose Garden Husband*¹ and *The Diary of a Beauty*² have something of the same dexterity, the same belief in the dear old miracles.

The quality of most of the novels that we have been considering inevitably implies that the need of the English-reading world just now is felt to be philosophy rather than art. But as the philosophy offered us in fictional form is for the most part acrid and irritating, it accomplishes little. One may say that the frivolous fiction of the season is too meagre for entertainment; the serious fiction, too inadequate for salvation. There remains a mere handful of books whose preoccupation is art. We should, doubtless, be thankful that any such are left, instead of being querulous that they are few. It is good to turn from the heat and conflict of the day to tales that aim to mirror life rather than to dogmatize about it. *The Great Tradition*³ may be classified among these. This second volume of Mrs. Gerould's admirable stories again shows us the distinction of her style as a thing to be savored at leisure. The title-story, *The Weaker Vessel*, and *Leda and the Swan* are equal to her best. If *The Miracle* seems a little tenuous, not so much in thought as in handling, and if the observation of the squalid domestic

comedy in *Wesendonck* is too faintly tempered with sympathy for the embittered participants, these are, after all, slight complaints to make of one who herself faithfully carries on in literature, as one of her heroines in morals, the great tradition of a worthier day.

Maurice Hewlett goes far afield for the material of *A Lovers' Tale*.⁴ He shows us a Sentimental Tommy born in Iceland during Viking days. He says he has merely retold the original saga of Cormac and Stangerd, interpreting a little the human nature found in it. Stangerd inspires Cormac's songs, which is Cormac's chief demand of a lady-love. When his emotions thicken and humanize, he grows less and less joyous, until he finally refuses to appear on his wedding-day. No one understands his case, least of all Cormac himself. But we have advanced in self-analysis, if in nothing else, these last fifteen hundred years. Cormac could now learn in any circulating library that poets make poor lovers, because of their overwhelming interest in the play of their own emotions. Miss May Sinclair, Barrie, and many lesser lights have described all the phenomena. The matter is, on the whole, more interesting to the poets than to any one else.

Whether one cares, or does not care, for any given tale by James Lane Allen, one must accord to all of them a virtue sadly rare. His stories have been thought about, worked upon, to such an extent that any movement made by any character has its significance, its content of emotion. This content of emotion is extracted to the last drop. The trivial, the unconsidered, is given no place. You may not be in accord with his interpretation of life — you do not have to be — but if you are an honest workman yourself, you are bound to be in accord with his workmanship.

⁴ *A Lovers' Tale*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ *The Rose Garden Husband*. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

² *The Diary of a Beauty*. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

³ *The Great Tradition*. By KATHARINE F. GEROULD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

And it is bound to impress you the more as you contrast it with the mass of novel-writing. Its clear-cut outlines, its polished surfaces, its rounded edges, take on, somehow, the dignity and loveliness of old mahogany. This circum-ambieney of thought — what Henry James calls the author's 'saturation' — gives atmosphere and mellowness, and it is the only thing which can impart these qualities. They are present to an unusual degree in *The Sword of Youth*.¹ The story is of a ruined Kentucky home whose last son leaves his mother, in anger, to enlist in the Confederate army, yet returns when she sends for him in her final illness, at the cost, as he believes, of both life and honor. Dealing with the Kentucky of which he wrote at the beginning but has somewhat neglected of late, the novel should be classified with Mr. Allen's most characteristic as well as his ripest work.

Though George Agnew Chamberlain has not the definite art, the mastery of material, possessed by Mr. Allen, *Through Stained Glass*² associates itself with the foregoing tale by virtue of an atmosphere, an aroma. It also is a book with a bouquet. The gist of it lies in the way a father educates his only son by epigrams hammered out of his own past experiences. And by education, 'a gentleman means skill in the handling of life.' The story has plenty of incident, but it is all subordinate to the philosophy of the old aristocrat. This philosophy, it is worth noting, is far more spiritual as well as more finely flavored than that of any of the young democrats and reformers whose work we have been pondering. Alcoholic comparisons have gone out in this day when nation-wide prohibition has so

nearly come in; nevertheless one is tempted to say that the utterances of Leighton père, when compared to these others, are as old Amontillado to raw spirits.

So we come at last, somewhat heavy-footed, to the finest thing that the season offers. It is Joseph Conrad's *Victory*.³ Since Henry James has ceased to write novels, Conrad is the ablest exponent of the great method in English fiction. He lays hold of any subject that pleases him — one might almost say, of any subject that happens along. In this case it is the lonely life and tragic death of a man and woman on an inconsiderable isle in the South Seas. To the ordinary observer, Axel Heyst and the girl Lena seem to matter as little in the scheme of things as two human creatures possibly can. One might consider their lives and deaths 'worth' two inches of newspaper space at the most. They are even as the two sparrows sold for a farthing, in their unimportance and obscurity. Conrad takes these negligible folk, their remote beginnings, their horror-smeared end, and soaks himself in the subject till he can give off nothing about them that is not loaded with absorbing interest, with profound significance. He makes a great drama, charged with pity and terror, of these few weeks of their hidden life moving swiftly to its end. He sees them somewhat as one may reverently hope the Creator sees us all. At least, he sees them with crystal clearness, with absolute detachment, yet with a yearning pity, a vast gentleness. To be able to project one's self thus into this or that human situation, to saturate one's self with it, to give it forth again completely, is art indeed, but art at such a marvelous pitch that it deserves some other, some yet greater name.

¹ *The Sword of Youth*. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Century Co.

² *Through Stained Glass*. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. New York: The Century Co.

³ *Victory*. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

TO ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED LONG

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

I DREAMED that you were well again.

Last midnight, in the gloom,

Suddenly through my sleep I heard

You singing in your room.

It was a little lilting song

With a quick-wrought refrain

Your heart had caught and captured long

Before it thought of pain;

A rhyme that chanted, ballad-wise,

Of light and lovely years

You knew before your blessèd eyes

Had ever dreamed of tears.

It sounded there, in that sad dark,

Like a bright river, free

From winter bondage — outward set

To the blue, living sea.

The little lightfoot gay refrain

Went singing, fresh and sweet

As a cool wind across a plain

Long sick with summer heat.

And joy, pure joy, it cried to me,

One glad, reiterant word —

The angels broke their minstrelsy

To hear the thing I heard.

My rapture waked me. Old gray light
 Was on the hills of men.
 I prayed the God of the good night
 That I might sleep again.

ADVENTURES IN PHILOSOPHY

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I

A LITTLE HOMILY ON THE TRUTH

WE sorely need a clearer conception of the truth. We need it in the business of living; especially as a means of avoiding misunderstandings. If we have an abstract idea of what the truth is, we are less likely to err in the belief that we are right before we know the truth. In adventuring upon a theory which for the past few years has seemed to me to hold, we shall hardly be charged with applying new meanings to old words if we say that facts and the truth are not the same. Facts are parts of the truth, just as wheels, rods, levers, and the like, are parts of a machine. If we say 'the whole-truth' every time we refer to the truth, it might make the idea more clear, but let us agree to consider it so, without the need of saying two words where one will do.

If you strike me, that becomes a fact as soon as you have done it. Whether you have struck me or not is a question of fact and not a question of truth. The truth may be that you struck me to call my attention to impending danger, or you may have struck me in anger, or the blow may be an unimportant episode in a long fight between us.

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The truth, as I conceive it, is all the facts in their right or correct relation; the relation which they must bear to each other when the truth is attained. Thus the truth becomes an abstract thing, because we know *what* it is, although we may not know *it*. Rarely, indeed, are we able to gather all the facts in relation to a subject, on the one hand, or to correlate them, on the other; nevertheless we must do this if we would know the truth.

If this definition is unfamiliar, if we are not accustomed to consider the truth in this sense, I think it will do us no harm to bear it in mind. In courts of law, according to current practice, it might not hold, but we are fortunately under no obligation to order our thinking according to processes of law.

If we exalt the truth and reverence it, the glib and hysterical brothers and sisters who, grasping a single fact, proceed to preach that and that only as the truth, will cause us less annoyance. We may acknowledge their facts as facts, — which is all they can ask of us. If we still remain unconvinced of the truth of their preachments we shall be contradicting no one. The truth is very great, very large, and when Lessing prayed that to him be given the priv-

ilege to seek the truth rather than to know it, because to know it he was not worthy, he spoke as one of the wisest of men. To seek it, to get nearer to it, sometimes perhaps to get a glimpse of it, is all that we may hope for; it is the best that we can do.

Suppose you and I look at a tree on a hillside. We see only the leaves, and we observe that the tree is green. The tree *is* green; that is a fact. Let us make a note of it. Then suppose we go a distance away and look at it again. The tree is blue. It is idle for us to say, 'It seems blue but it really is green,' because our very organs which gave the reaction of green a while ago now give the reaction of blue. By the same token that the tree was green when we saw it near by, it is blue when we see it from afar. So let us make a second note: the tree is blue. Here we have two contradictory statements of fact, neither false, and yet neither the whole truth. The truth about the color of the tree involves a great range of subjects, including the physics of light, the anatomy and physiology of the human eye, photo-chemistry, — in short, a vast store of learning and understanding.

Many facts which seem irreconcilable become harmonious parts of the truth when all the facts are arranged in their right order. So the truth should make us humble, and patient with one another. None of us has faculties of universal coördination, and our blind spots, instead of being little delinquencies of perception, are in reality vast areas. The most we can claim is that we have a few sighted spots. To see all the facts in their right relation is what we might call The Olympian Vision.

II

THE GREEN TREE

The first time I visited Charlotte, North Carolina, I had some business to

transact with a charming, soft-spoken old gentleman who wore a broad-brimmed felt hat. When our business was completed for the day, we walked leisurely about the town. 'Charlotte,' said the gentleman of the sombrero, 'is all to' up over a dispute which is raging amongst our people.' 'What is the cause of it?' I asked. 'Free Grace and Fo'-ordination,' he answered.

I was delighted, and wrote a long letter home about it that night. Charlotte seemed so very archaic! This was many years ago, and since then Charlotte has grown to be a great manufacturing town with a grand hotel and clubs and all the things that modern industry and wealth bring about. In those days there were the Presbyterians and Baptists on the one side and the Methodists and Lutherans on the other, and the adherents of the little Episcopal church, who were divided on the question. These included substantially the whole white population. Now, unless I am sorely mistaken, Charlotte has ceased to worry over 'Free Grace and Fo'-ordination'; she is modern and up-to-date. But if my surmise be correct, she has gone backward intellectually; she only thinks herself modern; she has become commercial and has ceased to participate in the intellectual life of the day. For the old question whereby Charlotte was 'all to' up abides in philosophy. Turn whichever way we will, we meet that same old nagging problem, teasing us on the one hand with what seems to be proof that we have no free will at all, and insisting on the other that a very good reason why we have free will is because we know we have it.

Many of us have ceased to be Presbyterians or Baptists or Methodists or Episcopalians, but as soon as we venture into biology we find ourselves urged to join either the Mechanist or the Vitalist denomination, and there

we find the same old dispute, raging again among our biological people.

This is, indeed, the comedy domain of philosophy. The Greeks used to dispute over it. St. Paul appeared to have the problem solved, and so did St. Augustine. Pelagius differed from them and so did his followers, — with some warmth. The harmony between Luther and John Calvin over the matter was not striking, Servetus had an opinion which went up in smoke, the savants of Charlotte, North Carolina, talked themselves out over it, — and now behold the biologists in battle array! If it were given to us to live to a prodigious number of years and to observe the earth from afar, we should see the philosophers in dispute over this problem throughout the ages, never agreeing and never persuading each other. It is a very enduring subject.

But is not this dispute over the question whether we have free will or not very like a dispute that we might engage in over the color of a tree: whether it be green or blue? It hardly seems worth while to boast or to grow angry in protesting that we have absolute free will, when a little surgical operation of one sort or another, or a shock, or a blow upon the head, may change our nature entirely. Why not proceed along the mechanistic way, seeking the mechanical, physical, and chemical causes of every act, and thus gather as many facts as we can? If every act seems to be a response to a stimulus, why deny it? We shall not have achieved the truth when we have learned the exact process of every act, but we shall be much wiser than we are now. We shall advance toward the truth when we learn the relation to each other of those processes of which we are now so ignorant. And if from the study of the facts at hand, we reach the conclusion that we have no free will at all, but are mere automata, with

no power of choice or selection throughout our lives, is it not time to pause and admit that we may not have all the facts, yet? Also that such as we have may not be in their right order before our vision?

There are some verses by John Godfrey Saxe, called 'The Blind Men and the Elephant,' which are very instructive. According to Saxe, six wise men of Indoostan, all of them very wise, but all of them blind, went to see the elephant. One examined its side and declared the elephant was very like a wall; another, feeling its trunk, was sure the elephant was very like a snake; another concluded from its leg that it was very like a tree; another, examining one of its tusks, knew that the elephant was very like a spear; the expert who examined its ear found it to resemble a fan; and the authority who grasped its tail was equally certain that the elephant was very like a rope. According to the legend they are still disputing over it.

Now the truth is bigger than an elephant, and our vision of it is narrower than the observations of each of the blind men. And we should bear in mind that they were right, every one of them. Each had a fact; none knew the truth. None had a theory of the truth; each knew what he knew, and that was enough for him. We can well imagine one of them saying, 'If a thing is so, it's so, and you can't get around it; my senses bear me witness; the elephant is very like a snake.'

If we have a good working method of dealing with facts, it is a good thing to hold to it, just as we do well to hold fast to the fact that the tree is green when we look at it from near by. It seems to be a part of the truth. And the mechanistic theory, which will have nothing to do with spooks or ghosts, or with vital sparks with qualities that are not material, is helpful, wholesome,

and illuminating. It makes for clean thinking. It will not countenance the Pickwickian point of view, which is very popular and current in this our day. It provides that facts be gathered by observation and the study of cause and effect. It also seems to lead to the conclusion that every act is the only one possible under conditions as they exist. Now, if this reasoning appears sound, let us, instead of frothing at the mouth and denouncing the sincere men who have reached these conclusions, admit it — as a part of the truth.

If through another chain of reasoning, or through consciousness, or by any other means, we come to a conclusion opposed to this, there is no occasion to boast that the first conclusion is disproved. If we reach both conclusions, we may know that we have not yet achieved the truth, but for aught we know both may be right. That we have free will and that we have not free will may be, both of them, parts of the truth, just as the opposed statements that the tree is green and that it is blue are parts of the truth.

We may say that the whole organization of human conduct is based upon the free will of the individual; but the organization of human conduct, like many another good thing, is based in large part upon fancy. When we consider acts from a near we might as well admit that free will seems to play very little if any part in them. Here is the human machine with its equipment, the consciousness including a part of that group of records and nerve-centres which are 'connected up,' the connecting up occurring automatically along the line of least resistance; and then, given the stimulus, the one and only reaction which can occur, does occur. There would need to be a difference in the equipment or the stimulus to bring about a different reaction. The conclusion, you observe, is precisely the

same as that reached by the late and occasionally lamented John Calvin, except that he maintained that every current through the colloidal content of every nerve was a special, volitional act of the Deity, 'for his own glory.'

This view, that every act is automatic if considered by itself, has great merit. If we consider it to be a part of the truth, we are likely to have far more abundant charity for one another. By it we enlarge our sympathy. For instance, we may say that everybody always does his best at the time he acts. If he does evil, there is a reason for it, a structural reason. His sympathetic equipment may be atrophied. Or he may be angry. In either case we are dealing with facts close at hand and our business is with his condition. The cause of it may be due to his grandfather, or to a false leading in his early childhood. We should diagnose his case and determine what part of his equipment is atrophied or what part so congested that his way was the path of crime. And if he is angry we should regard him as a nervous invalid until his attack is over and the anger bodies are eliminated from his system, or until his injured brain-cells are restored.

There is a wonderful book by Dr. Crile, lately published, on *The Origin and Nature of the Emotions*,¹ that is very illuminating about anger. He postulates that by evolution we have developed what he calls 'nociceptors,' which give the warning of pain in the presence of danger, and that these warnings are given according to the experience of the race. The equipment provides against such external injuries as the goring and tearing of an animal's teeth in far greater measure than against the more modern devices of swift-moving bullets and very sharp in-

¹ *The Origin and Nature of the Emotions*, by GEORGE N. CRILE, M.D. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Company.

struments, because the experience of the race against teeth is so much greater than with bullets and swords. It is imaginable that if a sword were sharp enough and thin enough and swung with sufficient speed, the old Chinese legend of the master headsman might almost escape fiction. In this, it may be recalled, the executioner graciously gave a pinch of snuff to each of his victims, who remained comfortably unaware that his head had been severed from his body. By the sneezes which followed the perfect swordsmanship was revealed; the heads rolled off, and the surprised offenders proceeded to die with all haste and propriety.

Another interesting warning is found in the fact that we are ticklish in our ears and nostrils and on the soles of our feet, where buzzing insects are likely to sting.

Now in danger these warnings elicit the response either of flight or of turning and facing it, and so we become either afraid or angry. Dr. Crile notes two features in connection with these emotions which are interesting in regard to what we are discussing: he finds that during the processes of anger and fear we suffer inhibitions of all other faculties than those which are of value in fighting or running away. We are useless, inefficient, incompetent, in every other respect. When we are angry we have not our normal equipment because the greater part is blocked off, and we are no more our complete selves than when, if ever, we are very drunk. The second observation is that under anger or fear there occurs a destruction of brain-cells that are but slowly repaired, and, under stress of severe and prolonged emotion, the brain is permanently injured. These notes have been vastly illuminating to me in regard to the dreadful war which now rages, and I think we may well pause to consider how difficult the recovery will be after

it is over, when so many minds that are crippled by passion must attempt the work that calls for entire men.

The Man of Wrath with a great lust to kill ceases to inspire us. We know that he is of value in hand-to-hand combats, but he is a nuisance, and even worse, in a fight where cool heads and steady hands are needed for machine guns. He is potential in instigating war but he is incompetent to end it. He is a drum-major of anarchy.

We also learn that the emotional hurrah of the man in high authority is evidence that he is unfit for his job, because under emotion his qualities of judgment are paralyzed and his sense of coördination is atrophied.

While confining ourselves to the mechanistic point of view, we may describe judgment as the operation of selecting the best thing available to do at the time, — just as the tree reaches out toward the light, — and we may regard it as mechanical. As in a Jacquard loom the woof is run through those openings that are there, so the judgment, the determining bobbin as we might call it, passes through those channels of the mind that are open to it, and determines the act which we mechanically perform.

We may regard impulse as something different from reason if we want to, but to me the difference seems to be in name rather than in fact. If judgment is automatic it may operate so rapidly that it skips consciousness, but that is no ground for calling it a thing apart. Under impulse we act rapidly, so that consciousness is often skipped in the process, and usually there is an emotional drive to it. An impulse seems to me to be a quick, emotional leading or drive to an act, and as much of an automatic response to stimulus as to eat when we are hungry or to drink when we are thirsty. In doing many things we skip consciousness after we are used

to doing them, although at first, when we are learning how, they involve great effort.

There are also automatic vanities which we have discussed elsewhere, of which a notable example is our disposition to justify ourselves, any time and all the time. We are apt to think that we thought, when we were acting so rapidly that the act skipped consciousness. And in explaining afterward, our sense of veracity is under the greatest strain. We fool ourselves into the belief that we deliberated over every possibility, when in fact we were following blindly the drive within us to do that which was the only possible thing that we could do under existing conditions.

III

THE BLUE TREE

Free will is a long way from our acts; yet we have a constructive faculty. Although often within a very narrow range, we have the ordering of our lives in our hands. This constructive faculty is in use when we are conjuring up our ideals. We can of our own volition say, 'I shall plan my life to do this thing.' We can of our own will select a picture in our minds and hold it in our consciousness as a stimulus. More likely than not we get the idea from some one else; but such ideas, as they are given to us, become our property, to do with as we will, to adopt as ideals or to reject. Many things influence us in this; we are not as free as we think we are; we generate our own energy, and some of us are equipped with very low-power dynamos; but the process of selecting those purposes and ways of life which we project into our consciousness by our own will is the occasion of our greatest freedom.

As we grow older we become either more firm of purpose or more obedient to any stimulus; what we have made of

our lives becomes more fixed; but at no time are we complete. We may change our whole nature at fifty as well as at thirty, or fifteen, — but we are less likely to. This business of combining impressions and setting them up as ideals is the substance of our free will. We may fall short of our ideals, we may be entirely different from what we meant to be, and yet be following them as nearly as we can. The question of responsibility is: With what earnestness do we select our ideals, and with what effort do we project them into our consciousness?

The difference between achieving an ideal and performing an act is rather hazy, I'll admit; but I imagine the one to be the little push we give of our own desire and choice when a picture comes into consciousness that we want to have represent us. 'That is mine!' we say, and we proceed to conform to the picture, to drive it into consciousness, to recall it, to urge it upon ourselves until in the end we act that way, and this because we want to. The picture is the stimulus, but the process of selection seems super-mechanical. Although I cannot imagine how we can think without our thinking machines, it seems that somewhere in the process freedom has entered in and we thus become, let us say, the navigating officers of our lives. On the other hand, the direct performance of an act seems an automatic response to the strongest stimulus in the mind at the time.

This may seem like arguing in a circle, because the mechanism that we employ when we are selecting our ideals is substantially the same as that which we use when we perform an act. But the stimulus comes from within. Responsibility is a quality that we recognize, and to consider it a fiction seems premature; as though we had not yet a clear vision of the truth of the matter.

In the late Christian Herter's re-

markable and, in many respects, illuminating book called *Biologic Aspects of Human Problems*¹ he develops consciousness as 'awareness of self' that arises in a certain complexity of organism under certain conditions. This awareness of self becomes more abundant as what we might call the harmonious complexity of the organism increases. Now, responsibility, or the capacity to choose of our own accord, like consciousness, is a quality that seems to be present in us. It would be futile to deny consciousness because we do not understand just how and where it begins. And it seems equally idle to deny responsibility. It seems to me to be a late accompaniment of this awareness of self which we know we have, and to my way of thinking it functions when we order our lives.

So we may conceive these two statements as being parts of the truth: that whatever any one does, it is the best that he can do at the time, and also that whatever any one does, is qualified by the manner in which he has ordered his life. This idealizing ego, then, is as much a part of ourselves as are our fingers and toes. It is selective. Now, if it seems that we have no free will when we commit an act, but have free will when we order our lives, we surely have not the whole truth in hand, but the theory may lead us nearer to it.

IV

THE GOD IN THE MACHINE

Here I respectfully ask your pardon. Despite my protestations I have already burdened you with a definition of the truth that is not in the dictionaries, and now I am about to ask you to consider religion from a point of view that does not seem to be current. I admit frankly that it is not only dis-

tressing to the reader but also that it makes for confusion, to frame new definitions for old words as one proceeds; but, '*Gott hilf mir, ich kann nicht anders!*'

It seems to me that so far as our civilization is concerned, the concept of religion *per se* is modern. There is no Germanic word for it; in English, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian, the Latin word has been imported and substituted for faith, belief, and even dogma and theology. In the sense in which I want to use the word there is no plural. Christianity, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Judaism, Mohammedanism are not so many religions (although I must admit that the Latins, who gave us the word, would have used it in this sense): they are, let us say, faiths or beliefs or confessions. At all events, if we agree to call them such, it will leave us free to use the word religion without thinking of the minister, the Sunday-school, or the choir in which we used to sing. Of course, the minister and the Sunday-school and the church choir may have functioned as parts of religion, but to think of them as the substance of it might get them out of their right relation to the idea which I am trying to express.

In the chapter called 'The Blue Tree' we considered how we may, of our own free will, select impressions or ideas, and by making ideals of them drive them into consciousness so that they shall serve as both stimuli and inhibitions to our actions. We called this the ordering of life. In the process we are open to impressions, although we determine within ourselves, subject of course to our limitations, which of these impressions we shall select. Now, the function of providing ideals and offering them, teaching them, so that we may order our lives aright and thus approach the truth, seems to me to be the great province

¹ *Biologic Aspects of Human Problems*, by CHRISTIAN HERTER. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of religion. We may practice religion either with or without dogma. The man of faith may have great religious value, and again he may have no religious value at all. There are, for example, religious Christians, and, on the other hand, Christians of great piety who are not religious. The anchorite who whips and distresses himself to save his own soul is not practicing religion; he is exercising his faith. The Samaritan, who picks up the fallen wanderer by the wayside and by his act also enlarges the vision of the man he helps so that the stimulus of sympathy enters into him, is doing a religious act. Faith may be a stimulus to religious acts, and we know that it often is; but since often it is not, we may as well address ourselves to that aspect of religion which we can understand, regarding it as having to do with the ordering of our lives, and not as related to dogma or faith save as dogma or faith may induce it. Then we find that everybody has the religious equipment, just as he has a sympathetic equipment, although both may be greatly atrophied. With this in mind, although we cannot fail to recognize a conflict between science and the Bible and science and dogma, there is no conflict between science and religion.

This view of religion takes the subject out of the domain of metaphysics and mysteries, and recognizes it as a specific department of human life. By it we reach the conclusion that it is a necessary function, in which we are all interested. The truly religious man is he who helps you and me to be of positive value to the world in which we live and, in one way or another, to approach the truth. Whether he be a Christian or a Jew or anything else, is his affair, — his faith, his profession. His religion is in his ideals and his use of them.

We must have ideals. We can do no-

thing without them. And this essay is written in the sincere belief that as we approach the truth with understanding, one human problem after another will be solved. Only, we must order our lives aright or else we cannot approach the truth. We cannot, otherwise, get the facts into focus. So all the world needs religion, — to-day, it would seem, more than ever before. Dogmas that we cannot believe will not answer the purpose. Apologetics often offend more than they aid. Religion is bigger than any church or any creed or any faith, and its business is the development of a wiser and a better humanity.

V

INTO THE UNKNOWN

We have discussed the problem of free will and found it not very free, and yet I have tried to develop the idea that we have the ordering of our lives in our own hands. Now let us adventure further, and this time into the unknown, with analogy as our guide.

We have seen how facts are parts of the truth and that we reap confusion if we consider them as substitutes for it. We might postulate a law of arrangement, a law of order, that holds good in regard to the truth and applies also to animate and inanimate things. We see this ordering of the composite parts into their right relation in the formation of a crystal. We need not question now why the molecules join according to a mathematical scale to form a symmetrical body; suffice it for the present to observe that they do. The molecules are individual, but they group themselves into something that is not a molecule: into a crystal. We may compare a crystal to the truth, and the molecules to the facts which constitute it. Until the molecules are in their right order there is no crystal. Until

the facts are in their right order there is no truth.

We, as men and women, are composed of innumerable particles of many different kinds. Their good condition and orderly arrangement are necessary to our being. Let us consider, for example, our white blood corpuscles or leucocytes. They work with what almost appears to be intelligence in overcoming disease. They are not simple little things by any means; they are marvelously complex. They respond to a stimulus and go to work, just as we do. Sometimes they are weak, inefficient, and sick; and then we languish or die because they do not do their work. They are mechanical entities, and are subject to physical and chemical laws.

Now, we are mechanical entities and we constitute something greater than ourselves. We group ourselves artificially into nations which a congress has power to change by moving a boundary line from one side of us to the other. We divide humanity into other groups, as into families, because of immediate consanguinity, and into races, based on what appears to be a remoter consanguinity. We divide ourselves again into long-headed and broad-headed classes. The facts upon which these groupings are based do not accord with each other, nor do they tell us much about what humanity means. They are desirable facts and, in a way, it is worth knowing that some of us are of one nation and some of another; some long-headed and some broad; some one thing and others something else; but a new and greater meaning might be applied to us by a master mind, the greater anthropologist who could explain the human family as it has not been explained before.

The news of battles does not tell us what is really happening to us all; and there are problems ahead even graver

and more important than who shall win. Is not victory itself a curse to the winner who lacks the character to meet his obligations? Some day, let us hope, a wiser generation will follow that will refuse to accept the wrath and hate that we cherish, and will work diligently to repair the havoc of this war. Then perhaps the greater anthropologist will come.

Collective humanity is, indeed, a strange phenomenon. Constantly destroying itself, it is at war with half of nature and cultivates as richly as it can the other half. It has a marvelous faculty for helping itself, and then, when a part of it has achieved a high order of living and gathered in those things of the earth which it desires, there is usually a great fall, and as the years roll on, the dull, stupid toiler guides his plough over the land that once was Carthage and Nineveh. What is it that makes collective humanity sick? What was the disease of Babylon and of the forgotten city that underlies it? After all the analyses, what was the sickness of Rome? Why did Europe go to sleep for a thousand years, and what was it that killed the intellect of the Saracens? Why did Persia die?

Collective humanity is a thing, a being that grows well and is strong and valiant and that becomes godlike, and then again sickens and becomes foolish, and the spirit of it fades away until slavery under a benign master would be an advantage. Collective humanity as we see it is a great jumble of parts, related, unrelated, and in dire confusion. What is it doing? Not one of us can tell.

Now let us imagine leucocytes to have consciousness and vision, and let us consider a single one of them. Its abode is in the blood of somebody, — of you, let us say; and its life is very exciting for it because it never knows what its path will be. Sometimes it is

driven into one of your fingers, again into one of your toes; it may be busy on a little scratch well covered up, or it may suddenly have to do battle with a tetanus bacillus. Ask a leucocyte what it knows of life and it might well answer that it is a continuous problem; it would tell you all sorts of interesting things about your interior — which is its whole world — but it could not tell anything about you. Even so simple a detail as that, for instance, you do not like parsnips, could not occur to this leucocyte, — because you do not eat them, and so it has no experience with parsnips. Really, the leucocytes with consciousness, which I am imagining, are very like us; they are in their world and we are in ours. And we may be very like them: parts of a Great Intelligence as much beyond us as we are beyond the leucocytes which form parts of us.

Humanity has always been speculating about this Greater Intelligence, and yet speculation has always been discouraged on the ground that the matter is all settled. This conservatism is what gives us such amazing dicta as the Westminster Shorter Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles. The usual human concept of the Greater Intelligence is as of one apart from us and appearing in all manifestations of power. It has been proposed that we may come into sight and communication with it after death; and the fear of it, described as the beginning of wisdom, has also been used to make us do strange things in accordance with traditions and myths, older than history.

Even analogy will only help us occasionally here, and otherwise we have nothing to guide us in these vaster regions but the imagination. And yet, if we can imagine some relation between human beings and a possible Greater Intelligence, a relation which does not seem false or impossible, we may be

taking steps in advance. If we imagine this and imagine that and then something else, it may be that some day somebody will imagine a working hypothesis which does not seem to offend against the truth.

Now, suppose the working hypothesis should involve the conception of human beings as minute particles of the Greater Intelligence, citing the analogy of the leucocytes or any other swarm of microscopic units. We need not then restrict ourselves to their reactions in the human body. We are different, are differently constructed, and this remarkable quality of consciousness is at all events far greater in the human being than it is, for instance, in a leucocyte. Without doubt it reaches further. Nor need we restrict the Greater Intelligence to our own limitations. We are not conscious of our blood corpuscles, but that is no reason why the Greater Intelligence may not be conscious of us. We know, as we have said, that if our white blood corpuscles are weak, inefficient, or sick, we languish, and that our welfare requires that they be in health. So, if we consider collective humanity and observe that it advances in knowledge, in understanding, in order, and in righteousness, we may then feel that it is well with the Greater Intelligence of which we are a part. But if we live in idleness and waste and hatred and cruelty and malice, and cause misery and degradation, it would seem that we are offending and injuring the Greater Intelligence, the God of all of us. This makes the Greater Intelligence in a way dependent upon us, so that it loses health and welfare and power when we undermine the health and welfare of one another.

Sometime when we know more than we do now, there may be available a working hypothesis along these lines and in accord with familiar facts. It is interesting to speculate upon what the

results may be. Hebrew poetry has given us a tradition and a conception of a deity apart from ourselves and pregnant with the greatest conceivable measure of power. The Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan peoples worship a kinetic divinity that rules the stars and the uttermost heavens, the nebulae as well as the sun and its planets, including the earth. The thought of any other Greater Intelligence is condemned. Beginning with a tribal deity

inspired by selfishness, lust, and wrath, humanity has magnified its conception of its god until it has driven him from the earth and projected him through the ether into a million other worlds. It may be that we shall be guided back again to a god of all men and women, exercising vast powers of the spirit when in health and when its particles are doing their work as they should, but losing power to lead or guide if mankind is wayward and corrupt.

NOTHING

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THIS is not going to be an easy story to write. Its theme is precisely that which I have chosen for my title; and naturally its positive significance is not obvious. But I must somehow get the thing into words. The spiritual value which I found in the experience may come home to some reader. At any rate, it is good for us all to stop now and then and challenge the conventional standards of our lives.

To begin with, I presume that there are few sympathetic students of humanity who will not agree with me that the strain of mysticism which sometimes appears in the New England character is one of the most interesting and touching of all the manifestations of our human nature. It is so unexpected! The delicate pearl in the rough oyster is not more apparently incongruous, rarer, or more priceless. Nay, it is more than that. The development is so impossible as to be always a miracle, freshly wrought by the finger of God.

There are all sorts of elements in it which do not appear in other kinds of mysticism: humor (that unfailing New England salt!), reserve, and a paradoxical mixture of independence and deference. It knows how inexplicable it must seem to its environment, how it must fret its oyster; so it effaces itself as much as possible. But it yields not one jot of its integrity. It holds a hidden, solitary place apart — like a rare orchid in the woods, like a hermit thrush. Even to those who love it, it will not lightly or often reveal itself. But when it does — well, I would take a weary, barefoot pilgrimage for the sake of the experience which I had last summer. And here I may as well begin my narrative.

I sat behind her in the little country church; and when I had studied her profile for a few moments, I was glad of a chance to rise and sing the Doxology. She was a woman of fifty-odd, a typi-

cal Vermonter, with the angular frame and features peculiar to her class. Her mouth was large, her cheek-bones were high; her thin, dark hair, streaked with gray, was drawn smoothly down behind her ears. But her expression! — that gave her away. Not flagrantly, of course. To discover her one had to be temperamentally on the watch for her. Apparently, like all the rest of us, she was looking at the flowers before the pulpit; but I was sure that her wide blue eyes were really intent on something behind and beyond. Her mouth brooded, her forehead dreamed, her whole face pondered grave and delectable matters. I am afraid that I did not hear much of the sermon that morning.

When church was over, I followed her out, and waited to see in what direction she turned her homeward steps. Then I made up my mind to devote the next week to taking walks in that same direction. The minister's wife saw me looking after her, and approached me with a smile which I understood. She was about to say, 'That is one of our native oddities, a real character. I see that she interests you. Shall I take you to see her? You will find her a curious and amusing study.' But I headed her off by letting the wind blow my handkerchief away. Nobody should tell me anything about my mystic — not even what her name was, or where she lived!

I was fully prepared not to find her for several days. I went forth in quest of her in the spirit in which I always start out to find a hermit thrush — ready to be disappointed, to wait, humbly aware that the best rewards demand and deserve patience. But she was not so securely hidden as the thrush. Her little house gave her away to my seeking, as her expression, the day before, had given her away to my sympathy.

It was just the house for her: low and white, under a big tree, on the side of a

brook-threaded hill, a little apart from the village. I recognized it the instant I saw it; and when I had read the name — 'Hesper Sherwood' — on the mailbox by the side of the road, I confidently turned in at the gate.

She was working in her garden, clad in a blue-checked gingham apron and a blue sunbonnet. When she heard my footsteps, she looked up slowly, turning in my direction; and, for the first time, I saw her full face.

It was even better than her profile. Oh! when human features can be moulded to such quietness and confidence, what an inexplicable pity it is that they ever learn the trick of fretfulness! In Hesper Sherwood, humanity for once looked like a child of God.

I was not sure at first that she saw me distinctly. Perhaps the sun dazzled her shaded eyes. Her expectant expression held itself poised a little uncertainly, as if she were doubtful of the exact requirements of the situation. But when I said something — commonplace enough and yet heartfelt — about the beauty of the view from her gate, her face lighted and she came forward.

'It's better from the house,' she said, shyly, yet eagerly. 'Won't you come up and see?'

It was indeed as fair a prospect as a threshold ever opened out upon. Close at hand was the green hillside, dropping down to the smiling summer valley; and beyond were the mountains, big and blue, with their heads in the brilliant sky and with cloud-shadows trailing slowly over them. Directly across the way, they were massive; in the distance, where the valley opened out to the south, they were hazy and tender. One of them loomed above the little house, and held it in its hand. Everywhere, they were commanding presences; and it was clear that the house had taken up its position wholly on their account.

Plain enough in itself it was, that house. Its three small rooms were meagrely furnished; and its windows were curtainless, inviting the eyes beyond themselves. It was utterly restful. It made me want to go home and burn up half the things I possess. Later, as I came to know it and its owner better, I understood what perfect counterparts they were. She, too, invited the gaze beyond herself.

It is, of course, not my intention to trace the development of our friendship. Though we trusted each other from the beginning, we took the whole summer to feel our way into each other's lives. It was a beautiful experience. I would not have hurried it. But now I want to proceed at once to the conversation in which she finally told me explicitly what had not happened to her. It was but the definite statement of what I had known all along: that here was a life which God had permitted Himself the luxury of keeping apart for his own delectation.

We were sitting out on the front steps, in the face of the mountains and valley; and we had said nothing for a long time. Our silence had brought us so close that when she began to speak, my ear ignored the uttered words and I felt as if my thoughts were reading hers.

'It's queer about folks' lives, is n't it?' she said thoughtfully — though I am not sure that she was any more aware of her lips than I was of my ears. 'How they follow one line; how the same things keep happening to them, over and over. I suppose it's what people call Fate. There's no getting away from it.

'Take my brother Silas. As a boy, he was always making the luckiest trades; could n't seem to help it. Then when he married and moved to his new farm, he began to get rich; and now he couldn't stop his money if he wanted to. He must be worth fifteen thousand dollars.

'Take my sister Persis. She's had eleven children.

'Take my uncle Rufus. He's been around the world three times, and is just starting again.

'Take —'

She paused and hesitated.

'You,' I supplied softly.

'Well, yes, take me.' She turned and flashed a sudden smile at me. 'I've always wanted everything, and I've had — nothing.'

She spoke the word as if it were the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

'It took me a long time to understand,' she went on quietly, as I made no comment. 'I suppose that was natural. I was young; and I had never happened to hear of a case like mine. At first, I thought that, just because I wanted a thing, I was bound to have it. There was my mother.'

Again she paused, and a tender, glowing light appeared in her face, like the quickening of a latent fire. It was eloquent of all sorts of passionate, youthful, eager things.

'I guess I worshiped my mother,' she submitted simply. 'Maybe you think that, anyway, I had her. But, no, I had n't. She liked me well enough. Mothers do. But we had a big family, and we lived in a big house, and she was very busy. It bothered her to have me get in her way with my huggings and kissings. Why in the world could n't I wait until bedtime? Poor mother! She never did seem to know what to make of my devotion. People don't like to be loved too well; it embarrasses them.

'She died when I was fourteen. And I thought I'd die too.'

There was no shadow on Hesper's face as she remembered her young, far-away anguish; rather, there was a strange deepening of peace. But she was silent for two or three minutes; and I noticed that she put out her hand and

caressed an old-fashioned, crocheted tidy that lay on the arm of a chair which she had brought out on the porch. When she resumed her story, she spoke somewhat more rapidly.

'I was sick a long time. If I had n't been, I think I might have gone crazy. But pain took my attention, and weakness made me sleep a good deal; and when I came to get up again, I was quieter. I spent lots of time in the fields and woods. I had always loved them, and now they seemed to help me more than anything else. There was something about them so big that it was willing to let me love it as much as I wanted to. That was comforting. When I was in the woods, I felt as if I had hold of an endless thread. You know how it is?'

She appealed to me.

'Indeed, yes!' I answered her. And I quoted William Blake, —

'Only wind it into a ball, —

It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.'

She nodded soberly, yet glowingly, and pondered the words for a moment. Then, 'That's very good,' she said. 'Please say it again.'

'Well, by and by,' she continued, touching her finger as if she were half unconsciously enumerating the points of a discourse, — there was something indescribably simple and downright in her manner of unfolding her experience, — 'by and by, somebody gave me a card to the village library, and I began to read. Of course I had always gone to school, but the pieces in the readers did n't interest me particularly, and I had n't followed them up. A reader is n't a book, anyway; it's a crazy quilt. I guess I shan't ever forget that summer. I could n't do anything but read. I read stories and poems and books about travel and history and peoples' lives. I had a hiding place up in the woods, where I used to

go and stay for hours, sometimes whole days. My older sister could n't get anything out of me in the way of housework. It was wonderful.' Her voice rose a little, and something of the old exultation came flooding back into her face. 'Is n't it silly to talk of books as if they were just print and paper, when they are really stars and seas and cities and pictures and people and everything! There was nothing my books did n't give me that summer; and yet, on the other hand, there was nothing they did n't make me want. I wanted to travel, to go everywhere, to see and hear everything; above all, by way of a beginning, I wanted to go to school.'

'I was always an impatient child; and it did seem as if I could n't wait till autumn, when the schools opened. There's a good school at Fieldsborough, over the mountain. I coaxed my father to let me go there; and, after a while, he consented. On the day he wrote to enter my name, I ran up in the woods and lay in a bed of ferns and cried for joy. I hugged every tree that came in my way. I tried to hug the brook. Dear me!' Again she broke off, and the light which had begun to burn in her eyes softened into a smile. 'That's the way I was then. I was so hot-hearted. I did n't understand.'

'But you went?' I inquired, my sympathetic eagerness suddenly breaking bounds. It seemed to me that I could not stand it if she had been disappointed. 'Oh! why not?' My voice faltered, for she shook her head.

'My eyes,' she said briefly. 'They had always bothered me; and, before he let me go to school, father had them examined by a city doctor who was boarding in the village. He said I'd surely be blind some day; and that, of course, the more books I read, the sooner the end would come.'

She spoke as if she referred to the wearing out of an umbrella or a pair of

shoes; and, fortunately for us both, my mistress kept me dumb.

'It was pretty hard at first — a real blow. But I was sixteen years old, and I had suffered once. Then, too, I thought I had to make a choice, and I needed all my wits about me. So I held on to myself, and went off to the woods to think. Should I go to school, or should I keep my eyes as long as I could? As soon as I had put my mind to it, however, I found that there was n't any real question there. Of course I'd got to keep my eyes, and the school must go. There were all sorts of reasons. I wanted to see the woods and mountains as long as possible. I didn't want to become dependent on any one. My memory was n't very good; and I knew, most likely, if I went to school and stuffed my mind full that year, I'd soon forget everything, and there I'd be — worse off than ever. So I gave over thinking about it, and just lay in the ferns all the afternoon.

'Maybe you'll hardly believe me when I tell you that I was happy that day. I don't know what it was. Something moved in the treetops and in the shadows. I watched it closely; and, by and by, when I was just on the point of seeing it, I realized that both my eyes were closed. If I had n't been so surprised by that discovery and so taken up with wondering how I had happened to shut my eyes without knowing it, I believe I'd have seen —'

Her voice trailed off into silence; and I presently found myself wondering if she had left that sentence unfinished also without knowing it.

'My father died the next year,' she continued, after a few thoughtful minutes, 'and my sister married, and I came to live in this little house. I had it fixed over to suit me, so that it was as simple and convenient as possible; and I set myself to learn it by heart. I did a lot of my housework after dark.

Inside a year, I was so independent that I knew I need never worry about having to get anybody to help me. By taking plenty of time, I managed to learn some books by heart too; and I found it was much more interesting to sit and think about one paragraph for an hour than to read twenty pages. Even a few words are enough. Take, "Be still, and know that I am God"; or, "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." There's no end to those sentences.

'Well,' — She touched her third finger, and then, for the first time, she came to a full pause, as if she were not sure about going on. Her face grew shy and reserved and reluctant. I looked away, and not for anything would I have urged her further confidence. But she went on presently. She had committed herself to the stream of this confession, and she would not refuse to be carried by it wherever it might wind. 'After a while I had a lover. He was a man from the city, and I met him in the woods. We were never introduced; and, for a long time, I did n't know anything about him — except that I loved him and he loved me. We could n't help it, for we felt the same way about the woods. I had never known any one like him before, and never expected to because I'm so different from most folks. He made me understand how lonely it is to be different. I — we —'

But, after all, she could not dwell on this experience, and I did not want her to. The poignant beauty of the relation was already sufficiently apparent to my imagination.

'One day he told me that he had a wife at home,' she concluded; 'and I never saw him again. I think it was then that I really knew and understood.'

Knew what? Understood what? She had an air of having said all that was necessary, of having come to the end of

her story; and I shrank from putting any crude questions to her. But it seemed to me that, if she did not tell me something more of her secret, I should just miss the most significant revelation I had ever glimpsed. Perhaps she read my suspense. At any rate, she said presently, —

‘It was very simple. If it had n’t been, I could n’t have understood it; for I was never a good hand at trying to reason things out. It was just that I was n’t ever to have anything I wanted. When I once knew and accepted that, I felt as if I’d slipped out into a great, wide, quiet sea.’

This was, to her own mind, so definitely the end of her narrative that, after sitting a moment in silence, she half rose as if to go into the house and attend to some domestic task. But I put out my hand and held her apron’s hem.

‘You mean —’ I stammered.

Really, she must tell me a little more!

A look of perplexity, almost of distress, came into her tranquil face, and she shook her head.

‘I told you I was no hand at working things out,’ she said. ‘It’s better just to know.’

‘Please!’ I insisted.

It was crass in me; but I felt that something as precious as life itself depended on my grasping the full significance of this story.

Gently, but very resolutely, she stooped and released her apron from my clutch.

‘I’ve some bread in the oven,’ she said, and disappeared.

She was gone so long that I had time to do what I would with the fragments of the story which she had so non-committally delivered to me. Since analysis was my way, I should have full scope for it. I sat with my head in my hands, my elbows on my knees. The sunset deepened and glowed around me, but I paid no attention to it. The

cloudy abstraction which hovered before my inner vision, and let me grasp here a fringe, there a fold, was all-absorbing to me.

Souls that want greatly, like Hesper, are doomed to failure or disappointment. No earthly having can possibly satisfy them. For what they really want is simply God, and earth represents Him very imperfectly. Hesper had not been happy with the thing she had come nearest having — her mother. Would she have been happy with her lover? Would he have let her love him ‘too well’? Books and education and travel are all finite and fragmentary means to an end which never arrives. Only adventurous spirits can escape the torment in them. And, with all her eagerness, Hesper was not adventurous. She was too earnest and humble, she was too direct. Fate had been good to her; and, in giving her nothing, had really given her everything. Everything: that was God. Well, her story had not once referred to Him, but it had been as instinct with Him as a star with light. It was He who had beckoned and lured her by lurking in her three definite interests, and then had shattered them before her in order that she might find Him. She had Him fast at last, and He had her. There was no mistaking the heavenly surrender of her face. I was awed with the apprehension of the passionate seeking and finding between a human soul and its Maker. Did she recognize and acknowledge the situation? Or, here again, did she prefer a blind certainty?

Blind! The word had dogged me for several weeks, but I had evaded it. Now, when it suddenly confronted me, I was all but staggered by it. I think I groaned slightly; I know I pressed my hand closely over my eyes. Then my own action admonished me. Here was I, deliberately shutting myself away from the sight of the outer world in or-

der that I might hold and marshal my thoughts in the presence of reality. The hills and sky are distracting; the whole flying glory of creation is a perpetual challenge and disturbance to the meditative spirit. How supremely excellent it would be if one could only look long and hard and adoringly enough at it to see through it once; and then never see it again, for the rapt contemplation of That which lies behind!

I had come to this point in my reverery when Hesper softly returned and stood in the doorway behind me. I looked up at her. She returned my smile, but I thought that her eyes did not quite fix me. Neither did she glance at the sky when I commented on the beauty of the sunset — though she assented to the comment convincingly. As she sat down beside me, her hands and feet made a deft groping. I said

nothing; and I have never known whether she or any one else knew that she was blind.

The minister's wife waylaid me, as I passed her house that evening on my way back to my room.

'You've been to see Hesper Sherwood again?' she remarked, with a righteous, tolerant air of ignoring a slight. 'I'm so glad! Her life is so empty that any little attention means riches to her.'

'Empty!'

The expostulation was a mistake, but I really could not help it.

'I have never known such a brimming life,' I added, still more foolishly.

The minister's wife stared at me.

'Why, she has nothing at all,' she said.

'Precisely!' I commented, and went on my way.

THE ENGLISH SIDE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

THE virtues and defects of the English scheme of medical education are primarily of professional importance; but, altogether apart from its peculiar value in medical instruction, its most characteristic feature is of profound general educational significance. A knowledge of the English side of medical education is therefore of general as well as special educational interest.

The English medical school is an outgrowth of the English hospital, for it began when the English medical student attached himself to a master whom

he followed through the wards. Such additional instruction as the student required — instruction, for example, in anatomy and pharmacy — he obtained in schools that grew up outside the hospital, but in close relation to it. In course of time, the separate masters, coming together, formed a 'faculty,' and their apprentices, being pooled, formed a student body. Thereupon the so-called 'anatomical schools' became part of the hospital schools. But these developments did not affect the character of medical training: in its first stage it was essentially and simply a hospital apprenticeship.

A second phase belonged to the latter part of the nineteenth century. A group of fundamental sciences had developed out of medicine or in close proximity to it, — pathology, physiology, biology, chemistry, etc.; they became parts of the hospital medical school, with such limitations as the organization, resources and spirit of the school enforced. The organization in question consisted of practicing hospital physicians; the resources were merely student fees; the spirit was intensely and immediately practical, as is necessarily the way with an apprenticeship. Under these circumstances, the so-called laboratory subjects gradually edged their way into busy hospital schools. Their teaching was in the first place entrusted to certain members of the hospital staff, — usually the younger members, who still had a certain amount of leisure time. This arrangement soon proved unsatisfactory, for it became evident that, even though the laboratory sciences in a medical school are in the first instance important because they have a bearing on clinical problems, nevertheless, so long as they are taught in a grudging instrumental spirit, they largely fail of even their practical purpose. They cannot, in a word, be effectively taught, except in so far as they are freely cultivated. For this reason, much of the teaching of the underlying sciences was in time differentiated and committed to a group of full-time teachers. Meanwhile, the clinical branches continued to be taught as before. The more intelligent clinicians absorbed and utilized the current scientific learning, assimilating it the more rapidly as its clinical value was demonstrated by successive triumphs; the apprentice in the wards thus enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing increasingly intelligent clinical methods.

From the preceding account it is ob-

vious that the English medical school is to-day in essence a hospital apprenticeship school modified by the addition of the underlying sciences, independently taught and cultivated. Legally, many of them have some sort of university relationship: in London, for example, the schools are affiliated with London University, that is, they are known as 'schools' of the university. Each of the schools, however, is practically independent in the management of its internal affairs. The university connection is a mere matter of form. In the provinces the schools appear to be departments of the developing provincial universities; but only the laboratory subjects form properly organized university departments conducted by the university authorities, as are the departments of mathematics, Greek, and Latin. Of the clinical work, the universities have only nominal control. The schools are therefore nowhere of full-fledged university character.

In a recent discussion of the German side of medical education in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*,¹ I called attention to what seemed to me its characteristic features — the high minimum level of organization and equipment of the medical schools; the admirable secondary school training exacted of every medical student; and the genuinely university quality of the entire faculty. A word as to each of these points. Despite the fact that German medical departments vary in extensiveness and completeness, all without exception possess adequate facilities — laboratory and clinical. The preliminary education of an overwhelming majority of the student body has been along classical rather than modern lines, and this without any especial adaptation to the demands of medical training; yet it has at least been a serious education, of uniformly high quality and calculated

¹ November, 1913.

to develop the student's ability to put forth severe effort and to endure hard work.

Finally, the medical faculty of every university has been assembled on the basis of scientific eminence. The Germans are not without certain prejudices which now and then lead them to pass over the most highly deserving individual in favor of one somewhat less able or distinguished. But even in these instances, the appointment when made will prove to be a creditable one, while, as a rule, the competition of universities insures appointments on the basis of sheer scientific performance and promise. The practicing profession and the teaching profession are sharply distinguished from each other; and members of the latter are called from one university to another, as vacancies occur. In these respects laboratory and clinical teachers are on the same footing. They represent precisely the same university type of activity and ideal. If the professor of physiology is a productive scientist who has fought his way up from one university to another on the basis of achievement, so has the professor of medicine, so has the professor of surgery. To the points just touched on — the excellent facilities, a trained student body, a genuine university professoriat — the German medical school owes its character and its eminence.

In all these respects, English medical education fares badly in comparison. In the first place, the English facilities are inferior. The English medical school possesses a hospital, to be sure; as we have seen, the medical school grew out of the hospital. And as a rule, the hospital and its outpatient departments contain material enough for the purposes of instruction. But in other respects the hospital is far from satisfying modern standards. The material has as yet been only crudely

differentiated. Medicine, surgery, and obstetrics are recognized as separate divisions; but there has been little intensive specialization within these broad fields. In consequence, research suffers from the lack of concentrated and specialized material.

Moreover, while the English hospital is a comfortable and attractive place in which to lodge the sick, it lacks the laboratory equipment and staff needed for the critical study of disease. Practical appliances — usually devised and tried elsewhere — are, indeed, in process of introduction: X-ray machines, electric baths, and similar contrivances are now fairly common. But research laboratories with competent assistants and regular support are well-nigh unknown.

Of the underlying sciences, — anatomy, physiology, pathology, and the like — all excellently well developed in Germany and particularly from the standpoint of research, only physiology is as a rule creditably represented in the English hospital school. The arrangements for the teaching of anatomy suffice in general only for the elementary instruction actually required. Pathology is taught from the gross and descriptive points of view; its material comes mainly from the operating room and museum; on the experimental side there has been, in the medical school, no activity. Modern pharmacology is almost unrecognized. Physiology alone has been more liberally cultivated. A vigorous, though comparatively recent development requires practical instruction in which the student actively participates, and independent activity on the part of the teaching force. With this exception, the somewhat meagre facilities and barren outlook of the medical sciences result in a mechanical, stereotyped, disciplinary type of teaching, scientifically uninspiring to both student and instructor.

II

For these unsatisfactory conditions, the brief historical sketch above given furnishes an adequate explanation. The medical school has been a hospital apprenticeship. Whatever has been added to that has had to justify itself on practical grounds. Anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and pathology have been utilized because they bear on clinical problems and just so far as they bear on clinical problems. There has been — for the most part — no time, money, or inclination for their free and more or less irresponsible cultivation. Their development — always excepting physiology — has been stunted on this account, since science does not flourish where it is compelled at every step to justify itself by an immediately instrumental utility.

Again, the English student body is at once heterogeneous and not highly trained. Secondary education is in Great Britain still in an undeveloped condition. It is only within the last decade that local authorities have been constituted for the express purpose of establishing secondary schools in England, and that a special division of the Board of Education has been created to assist in giving financial support. While the secondary school situation is therefore now fairly on the road to effective organization, medical schools have up to this time, for the most part, made on their students only a slight educational demand. The English boy is still usually admitted to a medical school if he can produce a certificate showing successful examination in four subjects, three of them being languages: English, elementary Latin, and either French, German, Italian, or Greek. The fourth subject is mathematics, including arithmetic, elementary algebra, and a small amount of plane geometry. Of the Oxford or Cambridge medical stu-

dent much more is, of course, demanded for entrance; but even he goes to London for his clinical training, entering one of the hospital schools and sharing in the instruction designed to suit the undertrained boys just characterized. In preliminary training the English students are therefore much less homogeneous and much less competent than the German.

Finally, the school and hospital staff is from the educational standpoint inferior. The historic evolution must again be considered. The hospital staff is the school staff. The conditions of hospital service have therefore limited the possibilities of scientific and educational development. Now the hospitals were in the first instance charities, to which the practicing medical profession willingly rendered such voluntary service as the current conduct of the institution required. While gifted individuals from time to time utilized their hospital opportunities in order to prosecute scientific inquiry, such inquiry was incidental and individual. It was never the purpose of the voluntary hospital to promote medical science; its sole object was to relieve distress. A tradition actually unfavorable to scientific endeavor has in the end been created. Promotion by seniority generally prevails. Young men who can afford to wait — and, therefore, as a rule those only — attach themselves to the hospital service, fairly certain that by assiduous attention to routine they will ultimately succeed to the principal posts. Step by step, as they rise in rank, their association with the prominent physicians holding the chief appointments leads to an increase in private practice which is apt to be increasingly fatal to scientific ideals. Moreover, the hospitals all inbreed. The lower posts are filled with recent graduates, who succeed almost automatically to the leading positions.

Men are rarely called from one hospital to another, even in the same town. The incentive which 'calling' offers to the German scientist is therefore almost entirely lacking. The worldly, as well as the professional and scientific, future of the German clinician depends in the first instance on his scientific productivity, for he will rise either in the service of his own university or in the service of some other university only if he has successful performance to his credit. The English medical man has no such spur. Once started on the hospital ladder, he is destined to rise if he is assiduous in following his chief and reasonably faithful in the performance of his routine duties. Scientific renown will not of course hurt him, but it is rare and therefore by no means indispensable. Do what he will, only consummate ability will ever be summoned from one hospital service to the other, and then only under highly exceptional circumstances.

Between the practicing and teaching clinical profession there is in England no distinction at all, except in so far as the men attached to English hospitals are for the most part consultants rather than general family practitioners. It follows, therefore, that the atmosphere of the English medical school is the atmosphere of English medical and surgical practice. It is not an atmosphere distinguished by the presence of ideas. A certain contempt for pure science or scientific medicine is even observable. One is told that the English are practical people; that it is the business of the doctor to prescribe for his patients; that the practical bearings of scientific inquiry are too often remote from the current needs of the busy practitioner. Demonstrated, tangible improvements are indeed taken up, but these have usually been demonstrated somewhere else. Facilities are not furnished for the purpose of scientific in-

vestigation. There is lack of cordiality in the relationship between the staff physicians and the chemists and physiologists who have latterly been added to the medical school staff. Whereas the German university clinic is alive with ideas and with the spirit of inquiry, the English hospital is on this side casual and incidental, precisely as is the practicing profession of the country.

III

Thus far the contrast is sufficiently to the disadvantage of the English system. Nevertheless, a highly important counter-consideration has now to be taken into account. The German medical faculty began in a university that had been for centuries a lecturing faculty devoted to theoretical exposition. The lecture method, the method of philosophical presentation and elaboration, prevailed in the medical faculty as in other faculties — law, for example, or theology. In consequence, during this entire period, medical thought was completely dominated by metaphysics, and medical education in the university had no contact with disease in the concrete. As recently as 1805, the medical students at Tübingen preferred theoretical instruction to interrogation in the presence of patients, and it is apologetically recommended that at least in the matter of obstetrics the young doctor should have seen one birth before undertaking a case where two lives are at stake. Almost half a century later Helmholtz, despite his inborn experimental turn, publicly expounded, upon the occasion of his graduation as military surgeon, the operation of tumors, although he had never seen a tumor operated on.

With the development of the laboratory sciences in the university, German medicine shook off the metaphysical incubus, and in the laboratories

and hospital came into close and immediately fruitful contact with disease and its manifestations in the concrete. Medicine had previously been damaged by its university character, because the university connection had meant lack of contact with reality; now it was enormously and very rapidly benefited, because that connection meant inspiring ideals, ample facilities, and the stimulus of allied sciences, many of which bore upon clinical problems. The transformation of the lecturing and expounding mediæval university into the modern critical, investigating university, with its seminars, institutes, laboratories, and clinics, is indeed an astounding phenomenon. No other faculty has profited so much by the evolution as the medical faculty. No other faculty had so far to go; no other faculty ramifies so widely and so intricately. It is hardly too much to say that almost every advance in physical, chemical, and biological science may have consequences for medicine. The complete inclusion of medicine in the university throughout the modern scientific period made certain that the ideals with which science was working and the results obtained would immediately affect medicine and the medical sciences. All this is just as true of the clinical as of the laboratory branches. The hospital is a university institute, as favorable as the laboratory branches to the inception and cultivation of new ideas; for the clinical professor in Germany is a university professor in the full sense of the term, enjoying all the dignities attached to a university professorship and subject to precisely the same standards of scientific and medical achievement.

In one crucially important respect, however, medical teaching in Germany has failed to modernize. The German undergraduate student of medicine is still taught largely by lectures, miti-

gated though they are by demonstrations and exhibits at which he gazes from his seat in the amphitheatre. Special courses more concrete and individual in character are indeed offered; but the lecture course, the traditional exercise of the mediæval university, is still the backbone, and furnishes largely the bulk of the instruction. Even in the hospital, the student is a mere onlooker. He is not freely admitted to the bedside of the patient. A few devices have been tried by way of remedying the difficulty, but they have entirely failed. Not until the graduated doctor becomes a hospital assistant does he obtain the close and constant opportunity to observe disease in its entire course which should have been his throughout his clinical education.

It is precisely here that the counter consideration to which I called attention enters; precisely at this point — and it is a point of priceless value — the comparison is all in favor of the English method. I have said that the English medical school began when staff physicians were accompanied on their hospital rounds by the few students who had personally attached themselves to them. The student, therefore, from the first, saw the patient at the bedside. He observed his master at work; he was permitted to examine the patient, to confirm or to disprove his master's observations, and, subject to his master's control, to go through all the motions involved in the practice of medicine. His training was vivid, real, and concrete from the start. Disease was not to him merely a verbal account of disordered function. He observed the disordered function as he watched and touched the patient before him. From the standpoint of training, the English medical schools have, from the start, thus been in full possession of the one absolutely and really indispensable thing.

Attendance upon a preceptor changed in time, as we have remarked, to membership in a more or less organized hospital school. Laboratories were added for teaching the underlying sciences. But these developments have in no wise altered the character of English medical education. The privileges and opportunities of the students have been in no wise abridged. The medical student has remained thoroughly at home in the wards of the hospital. His education has continued to be an apprenticeship—an apprenticeship which has lost none of its advantages even though it has been more and more systematized in recent years.

In this matter the English hospital authorities have shown the greatest wisdom and liberality. They have never displayed any inclination to meddle with educational matters, nor have they attempted, by fussy regulations, to interfere with sound educational procedure. Privileges are heartily, not grudgingly, extended. Indeed, the hospitals have largely profited by their connection with medical education. The student body, serving as clinical clerks, are utilized as important aids in the care of the sick. The hospital does not feel that it is conferring a favor, for it is getting a valuable *quid pro quo*, and thus, through a fortunate arrangement, all parties are equally benefited—the patient, the hospital administration, the medical staff, and the medical student.

The clinical clerkship, above mentioned, is worthy of more extended notice, not only because it is the backbone of English clinical education, but because it is the only effective method of clinical education ever devised. After approximately a year's preliminary training in anatomy, chemistry, and physiology, the student enters the hospital, where he is first taught to notice and interpret the ordinary phys-

ical signs, and to make case records. Even before this course in diagnosis is completed, 'clerking' begins. Small groups of students—six, for example, at the London Hospital—are assigned to a visiting physician and his assistant, who have—at this same hospital—a service of sixty beds. Cases are assigned to the students or clerks in rotation. Each clerk is required to make a complete history and description of each of his cases, including the requisite microscopical examinations. For these purposes he has free entry to the bedside. The students' notes, criticized and revised by a member of the staff, form permanent and essential parts of the case records. Ward rounds are made daily. The chief, his assistants, and his clerks, move almost noiselessly from cot to cot, conversing in low tones over the patient. At each bed the clerk in charge steps forward, reads his notes, proposes his diagnosis and suggests a line of procedure. The chief questions, criticizes, offers alternatives, and stimulates a discussion in which presently the entire group is involved. The method fulfills every requirement of sound teaching: the student is at first hand familiar with the patient; he is compelled to observe and to think; he notes and reports progress from day to day; he sees his master on trial, as the procedure followed is either vindicated or discredited by developments. Meanwhile, the clerk can do no harm, for, free as he is to suggest, only the chief or his assistant can prescribe. The student has therefore every inducement to the active and responsible exercise of his faculties under conditions which thoroughly protect the patient against amateur medication.

Educationally speaking, nothing could be better. Modern medicine is indeed on these terms an ideal educational discipline. Society seeks intellects trained to observe, to frame ten-

tative hypotheses on the basis of observed phenomena, to try procedures suggested thereby, and to persist or to modify procedure, in the light of results thus obtained. This is the very essence of the scientific attack on any situation. Men trained to pursue this method — representing a combination or interplay of deductive and inductive logic — bring to bear upon a difficulty the most powerful known intellectual solvent. And this is precisely the method of scientific medicine. The modern physician must be an accurate and cautious observer; he must on this basis construct his tentative hypothesis or diagnosis, which suggests a definite therapeutic procedure; and the results vindicate his observation and judgment or send him back to the facts for fresh observation and reflection. The English clerkship furnishes an opportunity for a prolonged training along these lines; for the clerk systematically and persistently carries on his activities in this fashion. The only limitation lies here — that if his observation is inadequate or incorrect, or his proposed line of action injudicious, the criticism of his teacher rather than the suffering of the patient shows him his error.

On general educational grounds, the English method of teaching medicine, as was intimated at the outset, is notable from still another point of view. In two important respects clerking is thus pedagogically suggestive. Professor Dewey has wisely remarked that in education 'the initiative lies' — or should lie — 'with the learner.' If training is to develop the pupil's ability to deal with situations, — if, in other words, education means not merely knowledge of, but capacity to deal with, — then the student's reactions must constitute the raw stuff out of which the teacher must develop orderly and effective mental processes.

That is, the learner must act before the teacher can react upon him. How much of education — modern as well as ancient — is discredited by this simple but significant criterion! 'Clerking' however, passes muster. In his studies of anatomy, physiology, pathology, and physical diagnosis, — themselves concretely pursued, — the student has presumably become familiar with normal conditions. Asked now to describe a patient, he takes the initiative in noting divergencies, and, again, in propounding his diagnosis and in suggesting a course of treatment. The teacher attacks; he defends. To begin by telling him, by pointing out, by interpreting, as the lecture or demonstration does, would be to deprive him of that initiative which is so highly educative. Learning is a game in which, whenever possible, the learner must move first. English medical education complies with this fundamental and general educational principle.

Again, educational processes gain enormously in their capacity to elicit and to direct energy by being real or quasi-real. Once more, if education aims to become a formative, stimulating and coördinating power in the individual's experience, — if it aims, not to communicate information or to imitate an approved model, but to provoke intelligent activities, — the genuineness of its appeal is a powerful factor. Artificial problems may leave the beginner cold, while a real difficulty may put him at once upon his mettle. Obviously, however, in the absence of acquired information or approved models, a genuine experience may be of little educational use. Hence, the other side — call it historical, theoretic, or what you will — cannot be neglected; we shall indeed in a moment see that neglect of pure and irresponsible intellectual pursuits deprives practical training of a large part of its inspirational

value. But, waiving this point, we may affirm that the reality of the means employed is of the highest educative value, and that, viewed from this standpoint, 'clerking' is an excellent example of sound method. The clinical clerk deals with genuinely sick people in real hospitals; and he deals with them in the same methodical way as the staff physician. Small wonder then that the English physician is ready, business-like, and practically master of the accepted technique of his profession.

Why then does so admirable a method produce, on the whole, unsatisfactory results? I have just intimated the answer to this question. The clinical teachers are practical men, rarely men of scientific vision or enthusiasm. They move contentedly within the area of the known; as the boundaries of knowledge are pushed further, their sphere of operations gradually widens; but they are not themselves, as a class, pioneers. The students possess certain excellent qualities; they are steady, earnest, reliable. But they lack — once more, of course, taken as a whole — intellectual discipline, maturity, and interest. When teachers of the type characterized undertake to train students of this kind, the instruction, while conscientious and thorough, is likely to be uniform, mechanical, cut and dried, uninspiring. Professor Ostwald has pointed out the educational significance of doing more than is required. Science cannot prosper on required courses; education in the higher sense lies always beyond the stipulated letter. The German university is fully impregnated with this spirit. Its pride is its appeal to voluntary activity; it has no use for men who do not seek opportunities to do what no one requires of them. The English medical school, however, offers little or no inducement or opportunity for that free, liberal, irresponsible exercise of the faculties without which neither

ideas nor faculties can sprout. Every school offers substantially the same courses; every student does substantially the same things, and spends no small amount of time and energy doing them over and over, so as to be examination-proof. Despite an excellent method the clinical atmosphere is depressing. An apprenticeship can, in a word, rise no higher than its source. Reality of environment, of appeal, of responsibility is not alone for most students educative in a high sense. The real appeal must take place in an atmosphere of ideas, of large interests, if anything more than humdrum efficiency at present levels is to result. At a time when practical coöperative training is coming into vogue, the importance of this point must not be overlooked.

IV

A scheme usually has the defects of its virtues. But in the case of German and English medical education this is not necessarily the case. The defects of both may be cured without sacrificing the peculiar virtues of either; nay more, the full value of both will be realized only when their present defects have been remedied. And, curiously enough, such remedy requires that the two methods be combined. It would be hard to find another instance in which different methods of pursuing an object really supplement each other as effectually as do German and English medical training: if the characteristic virtues of both are merged in a single method the result, as method, will be fairly beyond criticism.

Very explicit admission of the capital defect just pointed out has been made in the admirable report of the Royal Commission which, with Viscount Haldane as Chairman, has been planning a complete reorganization of university education in London. The

Commission attacked the entire problem from the standpoint that 'university teaching can be given only by men who are actively and systematically engaged in the advancement of knowledge in the subject they teach'; and it decided that, from this point of view, the clinical teaching of the London medical schools is not of university grade. It held that in a university 'the standard of the teachers in these [i.e. the clinical] subjects ought not to be different from that of university professors in other subjects, and it is therefore necessary to appoint and pay professors of the various branches of clinical medicine and surgery who will devote the greater part of their time to teaching and research.' This recommendation is frankly intended to introduce the German university conception into English medical education. But the Commission appreciates fully the value of clinical clerking and does not intend either to surrender or curtail it. 'All the evidence we have received points to the necessity of continuing the distinctly English method of clinical teaching. Under the German system this kind of instruction is not provided for, but this defect has no essential connection with the merits of that system, and could be corrected without interfering with the organization or spirit of the clinic. There is no inherent difficulty in combining the two systems of teaching.'¹

In conclusion, a word may be added in reference to American conditions. Of medical education in America, it is difficult to speak in general terms, for it lacks the homogeneity characteristic of other countries. Whatever the respective merits or defects, medical ed-

¹ This valuable report is of general educational interest. It has been published as a Blue Book entitled *Final Report of the Commissioners on University Education in London*, and can be had for two shillings through any bookdealer from T. Fisher Unwin, London W.C. — THE AUTHOR.

ucation in Germany, France, or England is at any rate always the same sort of thing. This is not true of the United States, where medical education includes something of what is best and all of what is worst to be found among civilized nations. In respect to the really essential and characteristic excellences above pointed out, the American medical school is on the whole inferior to both German and English types: it has in general not yet attained the homogeneous university constitution characteristic of the German medical faculty; it too frequently lacks the clinical opportunity characteristic of the English hospital school. Exceptions are indeed beginning to be more frequent on both counts: something approaching university homogeneity may be occasionally affirmed; the clinical clerkship is becoming more frequent under more and more favorable conditions. The one point of real superiority in American conditions is, however, their greater plasticity. The Germans can hardly be imagined as deliberately and resolutely altering their scheme to meet criticism; the English will but slowly come to love and value university ideals in medical teaching. In America, however, a few well-managed schools have already contrived to unite what is best in German with what is best in English medical education. They have taken from Germany the productive ideal; they have taken from England the clinical clerkship. And convincing proof of their compatibility is already at hand.

Despite a heterogeneous and generally unsatisfactory situation, progress in other directions, indicative of the capacity for growth, can also be recorded. A very rapid reduction in the number of schools — a process that must, however, be carried much further — shows that general conditions tend to respond to intelligent and well-

informed criticism. Interesting efforts are making in a few of the good schools to devise more efficient teaching methods and to correlate more effectively laboratory and clinical work. These efforts are bound to tell in developing a more intelligent medical pedagogy. Moreover, the question has been raised as to what sort of preliminary education most naturally leads to the study of medicine, and an interesting and helpful experience is being well utilized to economize time and effort in the medical school.

Perhaps the most interesting innovation, however, undertakes to deal with the problem of the clinical teacher. In Germany, the clinical professor has long been of precisely the same type as the laboratory professor, a man devoted to teaching and research. Latterly, however, professional prosperity in large centres has tended to make him too worldly a figure, both education and research suffering in consequence. In England, the hospital consultant has rarely been anything else; and his educational and scientific importance have accordingly been limited. America, like England, has employed practicing physicians and surgeons as professors of medicine and surgery, with results generally unsatisfactory both to science and to education.

Three university schools of medicine — the Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, Washington University at St. Louis, and Yale — have now undertaken to reorganize the main clinical departments on the full-time or university basis. It is proposed that the incumbents of the posts in question and their necessary assistants — laboratory and clinical — become salaried members of the university staff, — like the teachers of anatomy and physiology; that they devote themselves wholly to the service of the hospital, education, and research; and that they withdraw altogether

from paid private practice. In order that their experience may be in no wise restricted, it is stipulated that absolutely no limitation is to be placed upon them: they remain entirely free to see any case that interests them, be the patient a pauper or a millionaire. The well-to-do and the wealthy cease, however, to be able to command the academic clinician's time and attention. He may and will see them, not because he is to be paid, but because it is worth while in the service of science, education, and humanity. Fees paid for such service are to go, not to the university clinician personally, but to the fund which supports the new system. It is gratifying — and perhaps not surprising — to find that academic posts on this basis have been already accepted by men in the prime of life at immense pecuniary sacrifices. The reasons are not far to seek: the scientific prosecution of medicine and surgery in America — as in England — has been backward for the lack, first, of adequate facilities; secondly, of conditions favorable to single-minded devotion. Latterly, the facilities have been provided in a few places; but the men have been distracted by the routine and the entanglements inseparably connected with practice. Meanwhile, the clinical branches make a powerful appeal from both scientific and humanitarian sides; and the full-time scheme just outlined represents an endeavor to pitch their cultivation on a high plane. The schools which are undertaking to introduce the full-time principle in clinical teaching are university departments which have appropriated from Germany the productive ideal, and from England the clinical clerkship. They work therefore under the most favorable conditions, and ought to train a generation of physicians who are at once skillful practitioners, competent investigators, and devoted humanitarians.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

THERE was no more significant incident in the crowded drama of the days that preceded the war than the strange scene, described by Sir W. E. Goschen, which took place at the final interview that the British Ambassador at Berlin had with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. No one who knows the German Chancellor would regard him as nervous and excitable. He gives the impression of an amiable man, and, what is even more rare among German statesmen, of a plain and candid man. Apart from Herr Posadowsky, I do not recall any public man of first position in Germany who seemed so free from the almost universal suggestion of secrecy that pervades the diplomatic tone of the country, or whose word one would so readily accept at its face value. That he should have so frankly revealed his mind about the action of England is not surprising, but that he should have revealed it with such an undisciplined burst of anger and astonishment is as remarkable as it is unusual. It was due in part no doubt to the failure of his attempts to preserve the peace; for that he was opposed to the war party then, as he had always been, is accepted as unquestionable by the best-informed opinion in England. But its extravagance was due to the gravity of the discovery. It was due to fear.

Germany had no doubt that, if she were opposed by Russia and France alone, her task and that of Austria would be assured of swift and easy ac-

complishment, and events have largely justified the calculation. But the intervention of England gravely altered the task.

It was not that Germany feared the armies of England. For them she had little respect, and her miscalculation on this point was to cost her dear: for it was the professional army of England, the best trained and the most experienced in Europe, that very largely broke the first shock of the German invasion and changed the current of the war.

But while Germany held the British army in little esteem, she had no illusions about the British navy. She knew that at sea her inferiority was almost as indisputable as her superiority on land, and that in the event of a swift decision not being attained, her exclusion from the sea and her consequent isolation from the world would seriously prejudice her chances. The intervention of England in fact made the certainty much less certain, and the completeness of the victory much less assured.

The restraint upon her powers of offense which the British naval superiority involved had occupied the mind of Germany for twenty years. Naval supremacy had never come within the scope of Bismarck's ambitions. His purpose was to dominate the Continent, not the extra-European world, and for this purpose he relied upon the sword. He recognized the advantage which the French navy gave to the French in 1870, especially in connection with the sup-

ply of horses from England, but that advantage he dismissed with a phrase: 'I will deal with the French navy at Paris.' To the end he remained indifferent to naval aspirations.

But the Kaiser's dream of 'a German world-empire and a Hohenzolern world-ruler' led him naturally to cultivate naval ambitions. The command of the sea was the key to the achievement of his object, and in 1898 at Stettin he made the momentous declaration that 'Our future lies upon the water.' In that declaration and its implications is the seed of the antagonism between England and Germany. Up to that time the German navy had been of negligible proportions, but thenceforth its extension became the dominant new fact in the life of Germany, and with the Naval Law of 1900 there emerged definitely the challenge to Great Britain's command of the seas. The new departure was conceived and carried out with characteristic method and thoroughness, and in Admiral von Tirpitz the Kaiser found an extremely capable instrument for his great adventure.

Von Tirpitz is not an original or imaginative mind, but he has the German industry and thoroughness. He did not initiate ideas; he followed a little slavishly, but with extraordinary efficiency, in the tradition of the country which he had set out, not merely to rival but to surpass. There is no contribution of great original quality that can be ascribed to him, and on the three capital developments of the past fifteen years — the invention of the all-big-gun ship, the submarine, and the development of the big gun — he was slow to respond. But though his conservative and uninspired temper was suspicious of new ideas and too imitative for an enterprising policy, his industry and mechanical capacity, coupled with the enthusiastic support of the Kaiser and ultimately of

the country, enabled him to make his challenge a reality. Behind all the external movements of the intervening years, it was the growth of the German navy which was the ultimate consideration in the relations of the two countries.

II

For five years, however, the new cloud which was appearing in the sky of England evoked no action. The naval supremacy of the country had been so long an established fact in the national thought that it seemed almost a part of the eternal order of things. There had been, it is true, a naval sensation some twenty-five years ago, when the late Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette* had temporarily shaken the country out of its sense of comfortable security. But the fear then was of France, and it was some time before the historic antagonism could be switched, in the public mind, into a new channel. But in 1905 the reply to the developing aims of Germany came in a sensational form with the emergence of the most remarkable man that the British navy has produced since Nelson.

It has been well said that Admiral Fisher is not so much a man as a natural element. He accommodates himself to no known type of character, and cuts with a sublime unconsciousness and indifference across all the conventions of men. He is like a bomb-shell in a parlor. It is fifty years since, as a lad, he was nominated for the navy by the last of Nelson's captains, and in the intervening years he had sailed every sea and filled every position open to him in the navy. And wherever he had been and whatever post he had occupied, 'Jacky' Fisher had been the centre of a new and energizing life. There was about him a freshness of mind and an audacity of temperament that made him irresistible. You might hate him

or distrust him, but you could not despise or ignore him. He brought with him everywhere a fearless directness of vision that made him the unceasing challenger of things as they were. Nothing was sacred to him except the memory of Nelson, whom he quoted as freely as he quoted the Bible, with which he garnished his tumultuous talk almost as abundantly as a revivalist preacher. 'What I object to in you,' said King Edward—who had a great affection for the breezy sailor—on one occasion, 'is that you are so violent.' 'Yes, sir,' came the reply, 'but the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent man takes it by storm.' I do not know whether this habit of scriptural quotation or his notorious love of sermons can be assumed to predicate exceptional piety. Certainly piety is not suggested by that sardonic, half-humorous, half-ruthless manner, and it must be admitted that his quotations have usually a bearing on the business of war. The comminatory Psalms make more appeal to him than the Book of Revelation.

It was Lord Ripon who first brought 'Radical Jack' into administrative prominence by making him Director of Naval Ordnance. He had already won reputation in the navy as a revolutionary thinker, a rebel against social traditions and accepted maxims. He had had no social backing himself, and he saw in the influences of society upon the navy the greatest danger to its efficiency, and he cared for nothing except efficiency. 'Buggins's turn,' he would say, 'is the curse of the navy. Buggins is first cousin of the Duke of Blankshire and brother-in-law of the Archbishop of Timbuctoo, and therefore he must have his turn though everybody knows he is a fool.' And with his love of paradox he would declare that 'Favoritism is the secret of success'—favoritism, that is, of capacity, of the

young man 'who has the rope round his neck,' of the man on the lower deck if he has the genius for the job.

Naturally all the Bugginses of the Navy were scared by the apparition of this tornado of a man. They saw all the comfortable tranquillity of the service threatened if he were allowed his head. They naturally believed that the ruts into which they had fallen were sacred. They were the ruts of the past. They had been made by the fathers of the British navy, and any interference with them was hardly distinguishable from blasphemy. Moreover, they were comfortable ruts. They saved one the trouble of thought and the inconvenience of change. It was true that the whole material of the navy had undergone a revolution, but that did not involve any revolution in thought or method. The navy had grown and did not need a surgical operation.

But though the hostility to Admiral Fisher was backed by formidable influences it failed to check his career. Once it seemed that he was beaten. He had become Second Sea Lord, but failing to get his way, he executed a retreat which his opponents hopefully regarded as equivalent to extinction. He assumed the sinecure at Portsmouth, and to his great joy, ran his own flag up on Nelson's old flagship. But so far from having finished he had not yet really begun. His full triumph came when in 1904 Lord Selborne urged him to return to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord. He laid down fourteen essentials as the conditions of his return, and when it was agreed that they should be adopted one at a time, his reply was, 'No, all at once. If I've got to kick people's shins, I want to kick them all together. I want them all to be too busy rubbing their own shins to turn on me when I'm occupied with other things.'

His return to Whitehall, master at last of the situation, was the signal for

such an outburst of anger among the conservative elements of the service as was without parallel. For three or four years the storm continued, and the press and the nation were divided into two factions, the one supporting Sir John Fisher and his policy, the other denouncing both with savage intensity.

The principal service opponent of the First Sea Lord was Lord Charles Beresford, who represented the social side of the navy and its conservative instincts. Lord Charles Beresford had spent his career in a divided loyalty between Parliament and the navy. He had the reputation of being a gallant officer, based largely upon the phrase, 'Well done, Condor,'—a message sent him by Admiral Seymour at the bombardment of Alexandria. In Parliament he was not taken very seriously; and it is probable that his opposition helped rather than hindered his opponent, for there was a general feeling in the public mind that if 'Charlie' Beresford was on one side, wisdom was very likely to be found on the other. But, of course, Lord Charles was only one of many. Practically all the old school, with exceptions like Sir Arthur K. Wilson, the most distinguished strategist in the navy, were opposed to the reformer, and from the writing-rooms of the service clubs there issued a torrent of envenomed criticism.

But Admiral Fisher paid no heed to the attacks and with his terrible broom made an astonishingly clean sweep of the service. There was not a department which was not transformed by his furious energy. It was as though the accumulated ideas of a lifetime were brought into play in one burst of revelation. Strategy, ships, gunnery, conditions of service, warehousing, all were brought within the orbit of his reforming energy. The fleet had been scattered all over the world according

to old traditions of strategy. He concentrated it in home waters on the principle that war, if it came, would be waged in the North Sea. On the same principle, and acting on Nelson's maxim, 'Your battle-ground should be your drill-ground,' he changed the theatre of manœuvres from the Mediterranean to the North Sea. He scrapped, amid the agonies of his opponents, no fewer than one hundred and fifty obsolete warships, on the ground that they would be of no use in war, and that the men whom they employed, and whose services were largely wasted, could be more profitably used in effective ships. He invented the expedient of the 'nucleus' crew and so enlarged the expansive capacity of the navy. He abolished the old storage system, under which there was an incredible waste of supplies, and by getting rid of multitudes of useless ships, concentrated on efficiency and solved without cost the pressing problem of accommodation for the navy. It would be impossible to indicate all the phases of this extraordinary revolution; but not the least important of them was the change which he wrought in the mind of the navy. His hand came down with merciless weight upon every incompetent, no matter what social prestige he could command; his eye roved round the service in search of any ability that was discoverable; and when he had discovered it, no criticism or custom could prevent him from giving it free play.

In his campaign he had many foes, but also stalwart friends, and among the last the most distinguished was Sir Arthur Wilson. As a strategist his reputation was secure, and no one held it in higher esteem than Admiral Fisher. But Sir Arthur was no administrator, and though he filled at various times certain administrative offices, he had no enthusiasm for the work and was

content to say 'Ditto to Fisher,' for whose administrative genius he had the deepest respect.

III

But the event, of course, which made the reign of Sir John Fisher at the Admiralty memorable was the invention of the all-big-gun ship. That invention was the most sensational event in naval history. Lord Fisher himself claims nothing more for his share in it than that he was the first to put two and two together. 'Le Verrier and Adams,' he would say, 'had both arrived by mathematical demonstration at the existence of Neptune, but Le Verrier got the physical demonstration first. That was the case with me and the Dreadnought — that's all. I was Le Verrier, but Adams would have produced the same result if he had been given more time.' It was Admiral Sir Percy Scott's invention of fire-control that was the real seed of the all-big-gun ship. The advantage of the single-calibre gun had impressed itself upon Admiral Fisher, and with Sir Percy's new discovery he saw the possibility of developing his idea. With that in view he brought Captain Jellicoe to assist him as Controller of the Ordnance Department.

Captain Jellicoe was one of the young officers he had snatched out of obscurity on account of the ability he had discovered in him. Jellicoe had that modern and apprehensive type of mind that appealed to Admiral Fisher, who was sensible that the wonderful achievements of science were changing the orientation of naval thought and needed rapid, unbiassed minds to apply and coördinate them. Captain Jellicoe had won particular fame in connection with the improvement he had effected in the gunnery of the navy, and Admiral Fisher had already marked him out for the command of the navy should war

come within the period of his influence. It is well known in the service how ruthlessly he worked to clear the path of his protégé, and how success came at the last moment, when Jellicoe emerged over the bodies of many admirals to the post of Admiralissimo of the Fleet.

It was with feverish energy that the Dreadnought, once wrung from a reluctant board, was thrown together. It was constructed within a year and with the utmost secrecy, and its appearance created an unexampled storm. The service was rent in twain by the problems raised by the new ship, and Lord Charles Beresford headed the attack on the new theories involved. But the effect on the naval service in England was trifling to the effect in Germany. The launching of the Dreadnought was the launching of a bolt against the German navy. It was not merely the question of the superiority of the all-big-gun ship that was at issue. It is true that, if the type prevailed, England had got a new start of an invaluable character. But there was another point far more important. The Kiel Canal had just been finished. It was a great achievement of engineering that linked the Baltic at last with the North Sea, and gave the navy the absolute essential of free unobstructed movement in German waters. But a ship of the type of the Dreadnought could not pass through the Kiel Canal, and nearly ten years must elapse before the Canal could be so deepened as to receive it. In a word, Admiral Fisher had put the Kiel Canal out of action for a decade, and in doing so had enormously depreciated the value of the German navy as a fighting machine. For a time, Admiral von Tirpitz was nonplussed between the alternative of building ships that would not go through the Kiel Canal and not building ships of equal power with those of the British navy. When at last he took the plunge he had

to make up for lost time. It is said that he paid £40,000 for the plans of the Dreadnought; but by the time he had got them they were largely worthless, for the Dreadnought was frankly a trial ship made to discover how such a ship should be built; and it is equally generally assumed that Von Tirpitz lost as much as he gained by the purloining of the plans. The result was that, while the British navy was correcting all the deficiencies revealed by the trial ship, Germany was laying down several ships according to the uncorrected specifications.

The invention of the Dreadnought may be taken as the opening of the second phase of the naval struggle between Germany and England. It was the answer to the challenge, and upon the way that answer was received depended the course of events. But once Admiral von Tirpitz had recovered from the shock, the question was never in doubt. So far from accepting the Dreadnought as a hint that serious competition was not to be tolerated, the German Admiralty seemed to seize on the advent of the new type of ship as the opportunity to make the competition much more effective. It was assumed that the Dreadnought had rendered the pre-Dreadnought types more or less obsolescent, and that a supremacy in all-big-gun ships would be the equivalent of naval supremacy. In pre-Dreadnoughts of the Edward VII class, and still more in the smaller vessels, the superiority of England was too overwhelming to be overtaken; but with the Dreadnought class the case was different. It was true that England had got away with the start, but not to an extent that made rivalry impossible.

With the adoption of the Dreadnought idea and the modifications of the naval law, the challenge of Germany assumed a reality that could no

longer be ignored and that now began seriously to affect the public mind. There had been an eager desire on the part of the Liberal government that came to power in 1906 to move in the direction of disarmament, and for three years the pace of ship-building was checked. But there was no response from the other side of the North Sea, and in 1909 something approaching a panic seized the British public. There followed a severe struggle in the Cabinet between Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who proposed to lay down six Dreadnoughts, and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, who wanted only four laid down. In the end there was a sham compromise on the basis of four, with a conditional four which in the end became an actual four, making, in all, not the six for which Mr. McKenna had asked, but eight.

After this demonstration of the determination of the country to maintain its position, a further attempt was made three years later to induce Germany to call a halt. Admiral Fisher had in the meantime retired from the Admiralty, being succeeded by Sir Arthur Wilson, and Mr. McKenna had been succeeded as civil head by Mr. Churchill, who announced the intention of the government to maintain a sixty per cent superiority in shipbuilding over its next rival, and accompanied the announcement with a proposal to Germany mutually to agree on a 'naval holiday year.' Again there was no response from the other side, and from that moment the prospect of arriving at any accommodation vanished, and the competition proceeded without any disguise.

IV

It left England, when the war broke out, still with an overwhelming prepon-

derance of capital ships and a still greater superiority of smaller craft. But the development of events, nevertheless, was awaited with some anxiety. The public mind had just previously been disturbed by a letter from Admiral Sir Percy Scott in which he had expressed the view that the submarine was in a large measure rendering the big ship obsolete. The view was hotly controverted, but the impression it created remained and added a new speculative element to the war when it came. Moreover, there was no basis of achievement on which to build confidence in the navy. It was a century since England had been engaged in a great naval war. In the interval the whole science of naval warfare had been revolutionized. Steam had displaced wind as the motive power, wooden ships had given place to iron ships, and battles were no longer fought—as Trafalgar was fought—by vessels that were lashed to each other, but by vessels five or even ten miles apart. With the exception of the battle in the Philippines and the battle of the Sea of Japan, there had been no serious example of naval warfare under the new conditions, and the relative values of things were largely a matter of theory and speculation. On paper the superiority of the British fleet was overwhelming and in the public mind its prestige was unchallenged, but it had still to pass through the ordeal by fire.

The selection at the last moment of Admiral Jellicoe as the Admiralissimo conveyed nothing to the public, to whom he was not even a name. His choice was largely due to the insistence of Lord Fisher, but it involved much further disregard of the traditions of seniority and very nearly led to something like a strike of admirals. Mr. Churchill, however, carried through the daring adventure with what, I believe, he himself called 'the courage of

ignorance'—ignorance, that is, of the strength of the traditions on which he trampled so heavily. On merits there was no challenge. Admiral Jellicoe had proved his capacity in every sphere of naval work, and he had shown that he possessed, not merely an unsurpassed knowledge of the instrument, but a spacious understanding of the possibilities of the new and untried factors of naval warfare. He had in the previous year commanded the attacking fleet in the naval manœuvres, and his success had been, not only brilliant, but a little startling to the inner circle of naval experts. His courage and address in circumstances of danger were as remarkable as the veracity of his thought, the calmness of his judgment, and his high sense of duty. These qualities had been revealed more than once at the point of death—when he was wounded in the advance to the relief of Tientsin, and earlier in the tragedy of the ramming of the *Victoria*. He was Admiral Tryon's captain on that fatal occasion, but he was ill with fever in his cabin when the inexplicable blunder was made, and narrowly escaped with his life,—all the more narrowly because, as Admiral Sir G. Phipps Hornby has said, 'instead of going up to save himself, he went below to hurry up any who might be there.' When the ship foundered, he came to the surface necessarily in a state of exhaustion and was saved only by the help of a midshipman.

Probably the most fortunate circumstance for the Grand Fleet was the fact that it was transferred to the North Sea in the nick of time. It was on the Thursday night before the outbreak of war that the decision was taken, and it was acted on at once while the course was still clear of mines and submarines. I have reason to know that this early advantage in the great struggle for the sea was the source of much lamentation at Kiel. No less deep was the anger at

another step taken at the same time. Two Dreadnoughts for the Turkish government were at that moment approaching completion in the Tyne, and they were appropriated by the British Admiralty. The anger of Admiral von Tirpitz at this action was the more intense because, as there is good ground for thinking, the building of the ships had been financed with German money, and for all practical purposes they were a potential part of the German navy.

But these advantages, important though they were, did not touch the problem of the new and incalculable factors in naval warfare, and the early stages of the struggle were hardly reassuring. The victory of the British navy in the Heligoland Bight showed the superiority of British seamanship in the traditional operations of naval war, but the torpedoing of three British armored cruisers by one submarine gave a shock to public confidence, and seemed like a very serious confirmation of the view with which Sir Percy Scott had disturbed the public mind in the spring. Nor was this the only disquieting episode. The escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, — a very discreditable episode for which no one was punished, — the ill-advised and ill-fated action off Chile, and the long license allowed to the *Emden*, all served to qualify the fact that, broadly speaking, the British navy had established its superiority by sweeping the enemy's mercantile marine off the seas and locking the German navy up in German harbors.

There were facts, too, in connection with the control of the navy which added to the unsettled feeling of these anxious days. Prince Louis of Battenberg had been appointed First Sea Lord when Sir Arthur Wilson retired two or three years before. It was generally agreed when Mr. Churchill made the appointment that Prince Louis owed nothing to his social position and

that he was a first-rate sailor. But the selection was ill-advised, especially if Mr. Churchill realized, as he must have done, that war with Germany was at least conceivable. There was of course no doubt about the absolute loyalty of Prince Louis; but the fact remained that he was a German, born in Germany and owning property in Germany; and it was just neither to him nor to the country that the navy at a critical time should be under such equivocal control. Rumors of the wildest sort filled the public mind, and it was unavoidable that suspicion that spared no one should be particularly busy with the First Sea Lord, who was popularly reported to be in the Tower. He was of course at the Admiralty doing his duty, but the suspicion that enveloped him could not but be fatal to his efficiency, for if he acted on his own initiative with unfortunate results it was obvious that the darkest construction would be put on his motives by the ignorant.

In these circumstances, Mr. Churchill exercised a power which did not properly belong to the civil head of the Admiralty, and he exercised it with that enjoyment of action which is his chief characteristic. Mr. Churchill has astonishing energy of mind, but it is an energy that needs a strong control from without, for, more than any man in public life, he is the slave of an idea. He does not possess it, but is obsessed by it; and once he is started in its pursuit, his momentum is unchecked by consideration for any restraints however sacred or for any opinion however authoritative. He has genius, but it is genius which is feverish and fanatical; and when during his Home Secretaryship he brought artillery up to bombard the alien murderers in Sidney Street, he gave a revelation of himself which was conclusive to those who appreciated the significance of melodrama in the political sphere. There was a

feeling that he was not indisposed to leave Prince Louis at the Admiralty for the sake of the influence it gave him over the operations of the navy; but Prince Louis very properly relieved the situation by resigning his position, and the return of Lord Fisher as the professional head of the navy was universally welcomed.

Lord Fisher's influence was immediately felt. The folly of leaving ships of the Canopus type to round up Von Spee was at once corrected. 'What is the use of sending the tortoise to catch the hare?' asked Lord Fisher with his picturesque humor. 'Why did the Almighty give greyhounds long legs?' And without an hour's delay the fastest cruisers in the fleet were dispatched to give Von Spee battle. There were protests. The ships could not be spared, and if they were spared some days must elapse before the necessary repairs could be executed. 'You may take the whole dockyard with you, but you must sail at once.' They sailed at once, and they had hardly an hour to spare, for they were still coaling at the Falkland Islands when Von Spee's squadron was sighted.

v

But the collision of two such masterful men as Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill meant trouble, and it came with the proposal to make a naval attack on the Dardanelles. The political and economic importance of a successful stroke here was obvious, and to the dramatic genius of Mr. Churchill the adventure was irresistible. But Lord Fisher was opposed to creating a new theatre of naval warfare. The war was to be won and lost in the North Sea, and any weakening of power in the crucial theatre of action was a mistake. In any case, the attack must not be an unsupported naval enterprise. The Straits

were held to be invulnerable to the navy, and a necessary preliminary was to secure the command of the narrows by an effective occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula. But time was short, the stakes were high, a big success was needed, Greece at the moment seemed on the brink of joining the Allies, and the political considerations enabled Mr. Churchill to have his way, and the navy was launched against the forts of the Straits. Lord Fisher, 'swearing he would ne'er consent, consented,' and must bear his part of the responsibility for the failure that culminated in the loss of three battleships on March 18. With that disaster, the gravity of the task was fully realized, the unsupported naval attack was stopped, and preparations were made for landing an army on the Peninsula. But the possibility of a surprise had now vanished, for the Turks had had two months' warning and had converted the Peninsula into a fortress.

Meanwhile a new conflict had arisen between Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher as to the use of the fleet in the Dardanelles. Lord Fisher was indisposed to run any more risks with his capital ships in such perilous waters, and finally, convinced that coöperation with the First Lord was impossible, sent in his resignation. Then followed the Cabinet crisis, and Mr. Churchill disappeared from the Admiralty. But that was not enough to induce Lord Fisher to withdraw his resignation. He would not remain if Mr. Churchill continued in the Cabinet, for he had now come to the conclusion that nothing but the entire elimination of the ex-First Lord would prevent him from exercising his masterful influence on naval strategy. But Lord Fisher had put his back to the wall too late. He was implicated in the first failure, and that fact destroyed his power to dictate conditions which challenged the authority of the

Prime Minister as to the composition of his new Cabinet. But though he had lost personally, Lord Fisher had won on the main issue. The Queen Elizabeth was brought home and no more risks were run with capital ships.

With the passing of this storm and its tragic warnings an entirely new régime was established at the Admiralty. Mr. Balfour, who has succeeded Mr. Churchill, is not an adventurer, but a philosopher who has strayed into politics as Herbert Spencer used to stray into the billiard room for a little light amusement. But he has seriousness and wide understanding, and is free from the egoism which would lead him to override instructed and expert opinion.

Associated with him as First Sea Lord is a man far removed from the imaginative force and masterful temper of Lord Fisher. Admiral Jackson belongs to the official strain, but he has, in addition to his character as an efficient seaman, the important merit of being one of the greatest living authorities on the torpedo and submarine warfare. The government showed an appreciation of the teachings of the war by giving weight to this fact in making the new appointment. The main problems of strategy were clear; the superiority of our ships, our guns, and our seamanship was established; but in the more subtle spheres of the struggle Germany had won conspicuous successes. It will be the chief indictment against

Admiral von Tirpitz that before the war he did not realize his problem. He imitated the British navy, and did not discover until war began that his real offensive instrument was the submarine. It is from that weapon that the menace has come.

There is general agreement that, in the light of that menace, the whole problem of naval construction will have to be reconsidered. Doubtless science, which has invented the bane, will also invent the antidote; but at present there is no assurance that the submarine may not be the master of the situation, and in that case the security of the British Islands will be imperiled. It is for this reason that every resource of knowledge is being applied to the submarine problem, and Lord Fisher has himself returned to the Admiralty to take charge of the inventions department. It is the crucial sphere. We may laugh at the 'blockade' and denounce the crimes with which it is enforced. But the fact remains that the submarine has shown us that we are vulnerable. Had Germany understood that at the beginning; had she, instead of starting the war with 30 submarines, started it with 300, the outlook to-day would have been much more serious. As it is, the future is shadowed with a peril which seems ilimitable, and if we are to compass that peril and make the seas about our shores again inviolate, the answer to the submarine must be found.

THE TRUE GERMANY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

I

MUCH of the criticism of Germany in English and American war literature of the past few months is written in such a vein as to leave the impression that the Germany of to-day is not the real Germany, that it is a perversion of its former self, and that the delivery of the German people from this perverted state and the restoration of the German mind to its earlier and truer type is a demand of humanity, and the real issue of the present war. I have no doubt that most of the persons who hold this view hold it in all seriousness and candor. It therefore seems to me eminently worth while to discuss it with equal seriousness and candor, to examine the foundations on which it rests, to sift what is true and authentic in it from what is specious and sophisticated, and thus to find out what the real relation is between contemporary Germany and the Germany of a hundred years ago; to determine, in brief, to what extent the contemporary German type has preserved and embodies what by the opponents of Imperial Germany is called the true German type.

I am free to confess that I personally feel more at home in the idyllic atmosphere of the Weimar and Jena of the end of the eighteenth century than in the martial industrialism of the Berlin or Hamburg of the beginning of the twentieth. The classic age of Weimar and Jena was one of those rare epochs in the world's history when spiritual achievements outbalanced the mani-

festations of material power. Indeed, I doubt whether there ever was a time in which inner strivings so clearly overshadowed external conditions as in the decades that produced Goethe's *Iphigenie* and *Faust*, or Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Tell*. Germany was then a country of small towns and villages, a land of prevailingly agricultural pursuits. It had no centralized national government, no national parliament, no national army, no national politics of any sort. On the other hand, there was in the Germany of that time a great deal of provincial and local independence, a great variety of intellectual centres, a great deal of patriarchal dignity and simple refinement in the ordinary conduct of life. The great concern of life was the building up of a well-rounded personality, the rational cultivation of individual talent and character. And the ideal of personality was contained in the threefold message of Kant, Goethe, and Schiller: the exaltation of duty as the only true revelation of the divine, the exaltation of restless striving for completeness of existence as the way in which erring man works out his own salvation, and the exaltation of æsthetic culture as a means of reconciling the eternal conflict between the senses and the spirit and of leading man to harmony and oneness with himself.

Noble and inspiring as was this ideal of personality established by the classic epoch of German literature and philosophy, it lacked one essential element of effectiveness: it was nearly devoid of

the impulse of national self-assertion. This impulse was added to German life by the dire need of the Napoleonic wars, by the stern necessity of summoning the whole strength of the whole people against the ruin threatened by foreign oppression. It was Napoleonic tyranny which created the German nation.

It would, however, be a great mistake to believe that this new conception of German nationality, which was born out of the political wreck of the old German Empire at the beginning of the nineteenth century, discarded the high ideal of personality proclaimed by the classic writers of the eighteenth century. On the contrary, the noble triad of ideal incentives of personal conduct bequeathed by them — submission to duty, incessant striving for ever higher activity, and belief in the moral mission of æsthetic culture — was made by their successors the very cornerstone of the new national training upon which the German state of the nineteenth century was to be reared. It might indeed be said that the share taken by these ideals in shaping German public consciousness and in creating German national institutions forms the most important part of German history in the nineteenth century, and has imparted to it many of its most distinctive and characteristic traits. To trace the effect of these ideals upon some at least of the most striking phases of German national life throughout the past hundred years, is tantamount to proving the presence, in Imperial Germany of to-day, of the same spiritual forces which were the glory of cosmopolitan Germany in the time of Kant, Goethe, and Schiller.

II

It is a trite saying that the Prussian state is a living embodiment and a con-

crete application, upon a large scale, of Kantian principles of duty. Trite as this saying is, it may not be superfluous to analyze its meaning somewhat more closely. There can be no doubt that it is historically correct in so far as the founders of modern Prussia were, directly or indirectly, disciples of the Kantian philosophy. Not that Kant's views on politics and public affairs did in any specific manner shape Prussian legislation of the early nineteenth century; his views were too individualistic and too little concerned with national needs for that. Not Kant but the men who followed him — Stein, Hardenberg, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Fichte, and Hegel — have been official exponents, so to speak, of the mission of Prussia for a regenerated Germany. But it is nevertheless true that the spirit of the whole work of legislative reform which brought about the reconstruction of Prussia after the battle of Jena would not have been what it was but for the influence of Kant's thought. 'Thou canst, for thou shalt' — these words in which Kant epigrammatically summed up his view of life were indeed the fundamental creed of all those noble men who, in the years following the Prussian débâcle, tried, as Frederick William III said, to help the state 'to replace by spiritual agencies what it had lost in physical resources.'

The one thought pervading the Stein-Hardenberg legislation from 1807 to 1810 was to release from inertia and set in motion moral power. By the abolition of serfdom, the mass of the agricultural population was to be converted from a herd of dumb and lifeless subjects into active and spirited workers. By the establishment of municipal self-government throughout Prussia, the cities were to be made a training ground for intelligent and effective participation of the middle classes in public affairs. By the introduction of

universal military service, the obligation of every individual of whatever rank or station to prepare to defend with his own life the common cause, was to be made an integral part of the daily existence of the whole people. Stein himself frankly and plainly characterizes the intention of all these legislative measures when in his Reminiscences he says, 'We started from the fundamental idea of rousing a moral, religious, patriotic spirit in the nation; of inspiring it anew with courage, self-confidence, readiness for every sacrifice in the cause of independence and of national honor; and of seizing the first favorable opportunity to begin the bloody and hazardous struggle for both.' Little as Kant was given to the expression of patriotic emotions, he would surely have recognized the kinship of such utterances as these, and their practical applications, with his own fundamental conviction that man's dignity and freedom consist in the unconditional surrender to duty, and that the aim of society is, not the largest possible gratification of the individual instinct for happiness, but the highest possible expression, in individual activity, of mankind's striving for perfection.

If the political and military reconstruction of Prussia through Stein and Hardenberg may be called an outgrowth of the Kantian conception of moral discipline, the reorganization of higher Prussian education, connected with the names of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Fichte; is clearly based on similar views. In temper and in intellectual sympathies these men were diametrically opposed to each other: Fichte a radical fire-eater, Humboldt a conservative statesman; Fichte a fanatic spokesman of the Germanic craving for the infinite, Humboldt a placid devotee of Greek beauty of form; Fichte a democratic prophet of Socialism,

Humboldt an aristocratic upholder of individual culture. But they were at one in the Kantian belief that the aim of education is the training of the will; they were at one in the conviction that it was the educational mission of the Prussian state to create a new type of national character. The most striking result of the efforts of these men was the foundation of the University of Berlin in the very midst of national humiliation and distress, one of the most shining manifestations of faith in the superiority of ideal aspirations over the tyranny of facts that the world has ever seen. But the founding of the University of Berlin was only the most striking result of Humboldt's and Fichte's efforts; perhaps even further-reaching, though less conspicuous, was the reorganization of the whole system of public-school instruction throughout Prussia that proceeded from them and their associates. For it was in the first decades of the nineteenth century that Prussia, by combining the democratic ideal of making higher education financially accessible to all classes of society with the aristocratic ideal of stimulating, by careful selection of individuals, the race for intellectual leadership, came to be the foremost organized educational power in Europe. And in the Prussian *Gymnasia* of the early nineteenth century the categorical imperative of Kant's moral law assumed a particularly energetic and life-inspiring form; for here the intellectually finest of the Prussian youth of all classes, the son of the butcher or the seamstress no less than the son of the prince and the prime minister, met on the common ground of training for the university; here they were imbued, as the youth of no other nation were, with the duty of surrendering themselves to higher motives and of making themselves fit instruments of the spirit. 'Work or perish' was the motto chosen for his own

guidance by one of the successors of Humboldt in the administration of the Prussian *Gymnasia*; it might be called the motto of the whole Prussian educational policy.

In Hegel's conception of the state this line of moral regeneration that took its start from the Kantian view of duty reached its climax. To Hegel the state is 'the realization of the ethical idea; it is the ethical spirit as incarnate, self-conscious, substantial will.' The state is to him an organism uniting in itself all spiritual and moral aspirations of the people, stimulating every kind of public and private activity, straining every nerve and protecting every resource, subordinating all individual comfort to the one great aim of national achievements. It is the source of inspiration for every progress in organization, invention, industrial enterprise, scientific inquiry, philosophical speculation, artistic creation. It is 'the manifestation of the divine on earth.'

These were the ideas under whose influence generation after generation of the Prussian people, from the beginning of the nineteenth century on, grew up and did their work. These were the ideas which overthrew Napoleon; the ideas which in the thirties and forties, in spite of its overbearing bureaucracy and its reactionary statesmen, made Prussia the only German state from which the political unification of Germany could be looked for; the ideas which in the sixties, under the leadership of such extraordinary men as William I, Bismarck, Moltke, and Lassalle, brought about, on the one hand, the foundation of the new German Empire, on the other hand the organization of the most compact and the most enlightened labor party of modern history.

We have fallen into the habit of summing up this whole set of ideas under the word efficiency. And efficiency it

certainly is which all of Germany has been taught by the Prussian conception of the state. But in applying this word to the Germany of to-day we should not forget that it is efficiency inspired by high ideals, by the Kantian precept of the unconditional submission to duty. Can there be any doubt that the spirit shown by the whole German people in the present war is a wonderful exhibition of strength put into the service of moral commands? I certainly do not wish to belittle the spirit of self-sacrifice manifested by other nations in this war. Who above all could fail to have the deepest sympathy with the Belgian people in their heroic defense of their homes and hearths? But none of the nations now fighting, I believe, is filled with the same joyous, jubilant exultancy of self-surrender, the same unswerving and undoubting obedience to the inner voice, the same unshakable conviction of fighting for the best that is in them, that the Germans have shown.

Germany in this conflict has had no need of calling for volunteers: two million of them, from boys of eighteen to graybeards of sixty-five, offered themselves spontaneously without a call at the very proclamation of war. Germany has had no need of a spasmodic resort to prohibition legislation; her soldiers and her workmen are disciplined enough to keep in fit condition for the manufacture and the use of arms. Germany has had no need of scouring Asia and Africa for savage hirelings to wage her war: her own sons, thousands of business and professional men, flocked from all over China to the colors in besieged Kiao-chao, with the absolute certainty of either death or capture, impelled by no other motive than to make good the truly Kantian cablegram sent by the commandant of the fortress to the Emperor: 'Guarantee fulfillment of duty to the utmost.'

In military achievements, can any of the nations that are besetting Germany match her by such examples of trained intelligence, consummate skill, iron determination, persistent daring, unquestioning devotion,—in short such examples of personalities steeled by obedience to the categorical imperative,—as Germany has given in the captain and the crew of the Emden; in the career of the Dresden and the Eitel Friedrich; in the submarines that made their way from the North Sea, through the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Dardanelles; or in that living wall of millions of men that are steadily and relentlessly flinging back the assault upon her own frontiers by all the great powers of Europe?

I cannot forego quoting from some letters which I have received during the winter from one of these men,—letters which illustrate the spirit ingrained into all Germany by a century of Prussian tradition of character-building. The writer is at the head of one of Germany's foremost publishing houses. Although a man of over sixty, he volunteered at the outbreak of the war, together with his oldest son, a young musician of unusual promise. The son fell in one of the early engagements near Dixmude; the father is captain in a Landsturm regiment holding the trenches around Lille. These are among the things he writes:—

'A friendly fate has after all taken me and my Landsturm battalion into the enemy's country, directly behind the long war front which is gradually being pushed westward. I had already begun to fear that I would be kept all the time in guarding prisoners' camps, which, easy as the service is, would have come to be intolerably tedious in the long run. Happily, my wife has stood the double leave-taking better than I feared. The night before Heinrich's [the son's] departure, she sat all

night long at his bed, he peacefully sleeping with his hand lying in hers and only from time to time awakening for a moment to feel the comfort of being thus guarded. "As a mother comforteth"—the scripture says. When at five o'clock in the morning he had left her with the words, "You are a wonder of a mother," and she was sitting alone in the dining-room sobbing, suddenly a little angel in a nightgown [the youngest boy] came downstairs and put his hand in hers, reminding her of what was still left to her.'

' "Volunteer R. missing since November 10," is a wireless message from the 234th regiment that reached me yesterday, after my wife and I for a fortnight had been worried by the absence of all news and later had been startled by postal cards addressed to the boy being returned, with the official mark, "wounded." When or whether we shall ever hear anything definite about his fate is doubtful. What alarms me most is my poor wife. God give her trust and strength. I myself shall pull through; the constant duties of the day, the intercourse with comrades, and horseback riding will help me. And happily, my wife and I find the same well of comfort in the Word of God, which one *lives* in these days as never before, without any dogmatic doubts. And how can we ask anything special for ourselves, when each and all make such sacrifices for the Fatherland? These sacrifices will not be in vain.'

'Since yesterday I know that I shall not see Heinrich again. What this means for us, I need not tell you. I had labored and labored to make my heart firm, but that the blow would be so terrific, so crushing, I had not imagined. My wife thus far has struggled through heroically, in the clear consciousness that she must save herself for our youngest and me, so far as it is in her

power. If the same feeling did not uphold me, I would, in spite of my age and my poor hearing, apply to be transferred to the first line. We cannot understand the sufferings which now are heaped upon us and countless others. The only help is to go on with our tasks. Christmas time will give my wife plenty of opportunity to show love to others and thereby to combat the void at her own hearth.'

'The day before yesterday, since I could not get any definite news, I rode about sixty kilometres northward into Flanders. That I could do it I owe to special circumstances. What would happen, if the roads, crowded with troops as they are, and the precious motor cars were often used thus for the sake of a poor common soldier! After some searching about, I at last found Heinrich's company, shrunk from 250 to 90, quartered in a little church at West Roosebecke, the tower of which had been demolished in order not to attract the fire of the enemy near by. Soon I was surrounded by a crowd of young men who had taken part in the last battle together with Heinrich. He had been among the skirmishers in front of the storming company, they said. Close before the enemy's line, he was shot through the left arm, tried to creep back, was shot in the back, fell over, and was left dead on the ground, next to his friend and classmate K. Since the French shoot even at men burying the dead, they could not bury him. A few days before, Heinrich himself had rescued a wounded comrade who had crept into a baking-oven directly in front of the enemy's position. They said he had been more spirited and exuberant and joyous in the performance of his duties than most of his comrades. What could he have been to them in the long evenings, as they were huddled together in that little church.'

'Of war-weariness or discouragement

there is not a shadow of a trace among us. Detachments of the recruits of 1914 have just arrived here, to finish their drill in the enemy's country. They are singing, singing, singing, wherever you meet them, just like the volunteers of last August of whom so many are now sleeping underground. My heart grows tender when I talk with them or look at them while I ride past them. Our opponents have no conception of what stuff our people is made.'

III

By the side of Kant's stern doctrine of duty there must be placed, as another of the great legacies left to Germany by her classic writers, the Goethean gospel of salvation through ceaseless striving. It is Goethe who has impressed upon German life the Superman motif. As his own life was a combination of Wilhelm Meister and Faust in their undaunted striding from experience to experience and in their ever-renewed efforts to round out their own being, so it may be said that there is something Faustlike and something Meisterlike in most of the representative men of German literature in the nineteenth century, above all in Heinrich von Kleist, Hebbel, Otto Ludwig, Richard Wagner, Nietzsche. None of these men were religious formalists; to all of them life was an experiment of deepest import; all of them found the value of life in wrestling with its fundamental problems. And this whole tradition of striving has imparted even to the average German of to-day a mental strenuousness and an emotional intensity such as is absent from the average European of other stock, not to mention the average American. A strange spectacle indeed, and an inspiring one: a people naturally slow and of phlegmatic temper stirred to its depths by intellectual and spiritual forces and

thereby keyed up to an eagerness and swiftness of action which gives it easily the first place in the race for national self-improvement. What other people equals the German in the readiness to react upon stimuli from abroad, to adopt and incorporate ideas grown on foreign soil? Where have Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Calderón, Ibsen exerted as truly popular and deeply penetrating an influence as in Germany? Where have they become educational forces of equal momentum? Is there any other country where the knowledge of foreign languages is so widely spread? any other country where there is so much individual desire for solid learning? any other country where individual talent is as carefully and conscientiously cultivated? any other country where there is so much honest and serious effort to approach the great questions of existence from an individual angle, to restate them in personal terms, to find new answers and new vistas?

American students who have lived in German families of the middle classes, for instance the family of a *Gymnasiallehrer* or a government official, will bear testimony to the fact that German daily life of to-day in all these respects upholds the Goethean tradition of a hundred years ago. Indeed, the reign of the present Emperor has given particularly conspicuous evidence of this spirit of striving and effort penetrating all departments of life. For what sphere of activity is there in which the Emperor's example, his universal and impassioned impulse for achievement, has not borne fruit? Only one of these fruits, matured in the midst of the present war, may be singled out. In October, 1914, there was formally opened, with simple ceremonies, the new University of Frankfort, the first German university to be founded by an individual city. Well may the

professors and students of this latest German university be proud of the date of its birth. For it will proclaim to posterity that not even the most fearful crisis that ever befell a people has been able to crush the German striving for ideal achievements, the Faustlike determination to make every new experience a stepping-stone for a higher one, and thus to press on to completeness of existence.

Together with Kant and Goethe, Schiller stands as guardian of the best that the German people has contributed to human progress in the nineteenth century. To him more than to any other individual is it due that the German people believes as no other people believes in the moral mission of æsthetic culture. Schiller's whole activity was rooted in the conviction that beauty is the great reconciler, that not only in the creation of the beautiful but also in its enjoyment man overcomes the conflict between his sensuous and his spiritual nature, becomes at one with himself, rises to his full stature. This conviction, consciously embraced by the educated, instinctively absorbed by the masses, has come to be one of the great popular forces that have moulded German national character in the nineteenth century and distinguished it from the emotional life of most other peoples.

To the German, the drama is a sacred matter. He looks to it for inspiration, widening of sympathies, upheaval of emotions, cleansing of purpose, strengthening of the will. From Schiller on to Hauptmann and Schönherr, generation after generation of German dramatic writers has tried to live up to this ideal, not always with full artistic success, always with nobility of aim. Any one who has attended the annual performances at Weimar, arranged by the Schillerbund for the flower of German youth from all over

the empire, will know something of the effect which this view of the drama has exercised upon the German people. Even now, in the midst of the war, when in London the serious stage has given way to the noisy and sensational vaudeville show, the German theatres in all cities, large and small, maintain and emphasize the classic tradition and add their share to the ennobling of national character.

To the German, music is a sacred matter. Who could describe what Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann and Wagner have been to the German people throughout these past hundred years? Who could measure the wealth of comfort, delight, strength, elevation, which song — song giving wings to the feelings of an Uhland, Eichendorff, Heine, Lenau, Geibel — has showered upon countless German homes? And Beethoven, as well as folk-song, has accompanied the German nation into the war. Not a catchy and meaningless music-hall tune is what the German soldiers love to sing in the trenches, but 'Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,' or 'In der Heimat, in der Heimat — da giebt's ein Wiedersehn!'

To the German, the enjoyment of nature is a sacred matter. A short time before his death, in his eightieth year, Ludwig Tieck declared that the greatest event in his whole life, the event which had influenced and shaped his character more than any other, had been a sunrise which he had watched as a youth of eighteen when he was tramping in the Thuringian mountains. That is German sentiment. That is what millions of Germans feel to-day. That is what makes the flowerpots bloom behind the windowpanes — kept so scrupulously clean — of German tenement houses; what has transformed the public squares of German cities into parks and meadows; what makes Whitsuntide, with its joyful roaming through

field and forest, with its bedecking of all houses with the young foliage, the most charming of all German holidays. That is what made the 'field-gray' of the German troops marching into war last August disappear under such masses of roses as if all the German gardens had emptied themselves upon them.

No, the Germany of to-day is not a perversion of a former and better type. It is a normal and splendid outgrowth of national ideals that have been at work for more than a century, — the ideals of training the will, of stimulating energy, and of cultivating the soul. To give once more concrete illustrations of the type of personality developed under the influence of these ideals, I quote again from some letters that I received at the beginning of this year. This is from a widow living near Lake Constance, whose eldest son, a young Uhlan who volunteered fresh from the *Gymnasium*, had come home on furlough for the Christmas holidays.

'On the twenty-fourth I rode to Constance to fetch our Christmas surprise, our dear tall Uhlan who was allowed to spend three whole days with us. It was a wonderful time for us. The children dragged him about everywhere, from the cellar to the attic, from the garden into the field. It was a joy to see him playing for them gay riders' songs on the piano, whistling tunes to the guitar, etc. But he has grown very serious. A veil lies over his youthful face; and there is something touchingly protecting in the way in which he behaves toward the children. His features in repose are strangely sad; and strangely mature he seemed when he talked, so reservedly and yet so understandingly, with a neighbor who had just heard of the death of his only son. There were three steamers full of reservists when on the third day I accompanied him across the lake. Some fifty people were at the pier and waved good-bye. A

young lad next to us on the steamer, who had kept up waving back a long time, broke into despairing sobs when his aged mother vanished out of sight. But they all spoke firmly and with wonderful elevation about our beloved fatherland. It helped me to keep myself in hand. And now — as God wills.'

The next is from a young minister who studied at the Harvard Divinity School last year and who on the day of his return to Germany volunteered as a private. His three brothers were also in the field; two of them have since been killed. He was struck by a shell while carrying a wounded officer out of the firing line. The following words are from a letter written in the hospital on the day of his death.

'Depression of spirit I battle down with good weapons and good success. Anxious thought about my brothers makes me almost glad not to have any news from home. How long will it last? One must reach out for the great things.'

And this is from a young artillery officer, by profession a chemical expert in one of the great German industrial laboratories, who writes from the trenches at Ypres.

'After a magnificent sunset, we were called to the Christmas service. It was held in a barn; the walls covered with fir branches; torches and candles the only form of lighting; a curious mixture of the real stall of Bethlehem and our traditional Christmas. The chaplain spoke simply and nicely: Christmas should bring inner peace to us, even in the field, and make our whole army feel as one great family.'

'Then our captain made an inspiring and patriotic address, with cheers for the Emperor, winding up with the distribution of some iron crosses, one of them falling to my lot. And finally the opening of the packages from home. What an infinite love these numberless

presents revealed; how they made us feel that the soul of Germany is with us in the fight! During the night — it was a still, clear, frosty night — we sent our improvised band into the trench nearest the French and had it play to them Christmas songs and marches. One really must guard one's self against sentimentality in these times. But this, I think, is true — that the war has created a mutual respect between the fighting peoples; and upon the basis of this mutual respect there may perhaps arise a more solid coöperation of nations than the friends of eternal peace have thus far been able to bring about.'

IV

How is it possible that a people animated by such a spirit, a people which for a century has assiduously and devotedly labored to produce types of human personality as noble and enlightened as any people ever has brought forth — how is it possible that such a people should suddenly appear to large numbers of intelligent observers as an enemy of mankind, as a menace to the security and peace of the rest of the world? Much of the hostile criticism of Imperial Germany, of its alleged sinister craving for world-dominion, or its atrocious conduct of the war, is outright slander and willful distortion. It is indeed a grim mockery to have the tentative and circumscribed efforts made by Germany during the past twenty-five years for colonial expansion denounced by the enemies of Germany as dangerous and intolerable aggression, when one remembers that during these same years England throttled the independence of the South African republics, established a protectorate over Egypt, partitioned Persia — together with Russia — into 'spheres of influence,' encouraged

France to build up an immense colonial empire in Cochin China, Madagascar, Tunis, and Morocco, allowed Italy to conquer Tripoli, and helped Japan to tighten her grip upon China. As to the manner of the German conduct of war, here also a huge mass of extraordinary exaggerations and a vast amount of anonymous aspersions have been indulged in. For the rest, these accusations find their explanation in the fact that Germany thus far has in the main been able to ward off the enemy from her own soil and to transfer the deadly work of destruction into the enemy's country.

And yet, there is a residuum of truth in the assertion that Germany during the last generation has overreached herself. So far as this is the case, she bears her part of the guilt of having conjured up the present world calamity. In saying this, I am not thinking of Germany's consistent policy of formidable armament. For I fail to see how Germany could have afforded not to prepare for war, so long as she found herself surrounded by neighbors every one of them anxious to curb her rising power. What I am thinking of is a spirit of superciliousness which, as a very natural concomitant of a century of extraordinary achievement, has developed, especially during the last twenty-five years, in the ruling classes of Germany.

The manifestations of this spirit have been many and varied. In German domestic conditions, it has led to the growth of a capitalistic class as snobbish and overbearing as it is resourceful and intelligent, counteracting by its uncompromising *Herrenmoral* the good effect of the wise and provident social legislation inaugurated by Bismarck. It has led to excesses of military rule and to assertions of autocratic power which have embittered German party politics and have driven large numbers of Liberal voters into

the Socialist ranks, as the only party consistently and unswervingly upholding Parliamentary rights. In Germany's foreign relations, it has led to a policy which was meant to be firm but had an appearance of arrogance and aggressiveness and easily aroused suspicion. Suspicion of Germany led to her isolation. And her isolation has finally brought on the war.

It should, however, be said that these excesses of German vitality, so skillfully used by anti-German writers to discredit Germany's position in the present conflict, have not, as is asserted, been a serious danger to the rest of the world. Rather have they been an element of weakness to Germany herself. They are not essentially different from the spirit of haughty masterfulness that characterized English foreign policies and English insular self-sufficiency throughout the larger part of the nineteenth century; or from the French belief in the superiority of France in all matters of higher civilization; or even from the American assumption that the United States is the foremost standard-bearer of international justice and righteousness. They are an impressive instance of that tragic national self-overestimation which seems to be inseparable from periods of striking national ascendancy, both quickening and endangering this ascendancy itself.

Let us hope that this tragic situation — the catastrophe of greatness, induced, partly at least, through the faults of its virtues — will have a solution worthy of the noble ideals that sustained Germany's upward flight. Let us hope that it will lead to the purging, purifying, and strengthening of German greatness through this fearful trial. A letter received recently from a German judge, now fighting as lieutenant on the Russian frontier, points to such a hope. He writes: 'The conduct of our men in this war is beyond all

praise. Whatever may be the outcome of the war, the German people is bound to gain by it in inner strength. All classes have come to know what they are to each other, and we confidently trust that they will never forget it. The party strife thus far waged with venom and hatred will give way to a generous and objective discussion of honestly conflicting opinions, and the ideal of constructive social work will be more fully grasped and more devotedly pursued than ever before. To us in the field, that will be the best reward.'

Whether these hopes of the future are ever fulfilled in their totality or

not, our survey of the past and the present of Germany has, I trust, made it clear that the German people of today is not, as its enemies declare, a degenerate perversion of a former and nobler type. On the contrary, with all its defects and excrescences of temper, it is a splendid outgrowth of a century's training in the national application of those ideals which distinguished the classic period of German literature and philosophy: unconditional submission to duty, unremitting endeavor for intellectual advance, assiduous cultivation of the things that give joy to the soul. A people that believes in these ideals cannot be lost.

A YEAR OF WAR'S EMOTIONS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

IF I were to attempt anything like a formal account of the first year of the war, the subject would naturally fall apart into campaigns and 'phases,' bounded by dates of day and month more or less precise. It would be the campaign in the West and the campaign in the East, the war in Belgium, the invasion of France, the battle of the Marne, the Russians in East Prussia, the Russians in Galicia, the Germans before Warsaw, the Germans across the Vistula, and so on, in orderly textbook fashion. But when I think back upon the past months as a man and not as a war expert, the chronicle does not present itself as a succession of events and phases, but as a succession of moods and states of mind. The record I most clearly visualize is less of what

was going on in Europe than of what was going on in me, and millions like myself, in reaction to the news from the battlefields and the capitals. It is a record of what people in this neutral country thought and talked about, the fluctuation of their hopes and fears, their pities and indignations, their speculations on the world-issues at stake, and their wagers as to whether the war would end before November, 1916. For a review of this kind, maps and charts, names and dates, are of little help, though the concrete event and time underlie, of course, what may be called the psychic chronicle of the war. Such a psychic record, too, falls apart into phases and movements, but they are not always chronologically definable.

The first of the mental periods we

lived through was the period of Belgian achievement as distinguished from the period of Belgian suffering. To the extent that chronology can bound a psychological state this phase ran for something like four weeks, from the first gun at Liège to Cambrai and St. Quentin. It was a time when men's hearts glowed with the vision of righteousness apparently prevailing against night, and of the unconquerable soul of man. During the first three weeks of August, it seemed as if David and Goliath had returned and the colossus of Europe had been shattered by a pigmy. The tradition which was born around Sedan and Metz and had hovered over Europe for nearly half a century had vanished, apparently. The reputation of the German army was gone, the work of Bismarck was undone, and a great many of us were wondering just what would be done with the Hohenzollern. It was the golden age of the war. Right had shown that it was stronger than brute force, the sanctity of treaties had been vindicated, the small nations were to be definitely relieved of the nightmare of absorption by the swollen empires, Belgium was to be rewarded for her pains, Poland was to be restored, the Balkan peoples were to expand along the channels of nationality, a broad belt of neutralized nations between Germany and France was to guard Europe against the recurrence of catastrophe.

There followed a period of severe psychic reaction which I think of as the Sayville or Von Kluck period. After four weeks of isolation, Germany was in touch with her wireless towers on Long Island, and the first news she gave to the world was that force, after all, was having its own way against righteousness. Already we knew that Brussels had fallen, but that, we said, was largely for strategic reasons, or, at worst, because of a delay in the ap-

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proach of French and British reinforcements. We had some hint, too, that the French were not doing as well as they should have done, measured by Belgium's showing, but we were not yet adept in translating the official language of the dispatches, with their vague regroupings and retirements and their confused geography.

Then, in the last days of August, Germany, by way of Sayville, announces victory on every hand — victory in Alsace, in Lorraine, in Belgian Luxemburg, victory at Charleroi, and at Mons. The iron ring is drawing tight around France, and Von Kluck shoots up in the headlines. For two weeks after that the world reëchoes to the iron-shod tramp of Von Kluck. The Uhlan of the early Belgian period retires into the background and the invincible Right Wing sweeps on toward Paris.

These were days and nights when the thought of the Kaiser's regiments marching up the Champs Elysées, made everything else, even to us, three thousand miles away, of little consequence. Something more than a campaign or a war was being decided: the world as men had known it was coming to an end. I have called it the Sayville or Von Kluck period. It might as well be called the period of Greater Sedan. The question was no longer of French victory, but whether the French could escape a Greater Sedan; to avert that was victory enough. Men became superstitious and argued by the calendar. They counted from the declaration of war on July 19, 1870, to Sedan on September 2, 1870, and found it was forty-five days; and then they counted from the declaration of war on August 1, 1914, and gained solace from the thought that if the fatal forty-fifth day passed without the Germans in Paris or the French army destroyed, that too would be a victory. And at Paris they spoke

defiantly of falling back to the Pyrenees, if necessary.

I think of the period which followed as the Time-against-Germany period. By this time people were aware that the work of Von Moltke and Bismarck was not undone, that the German army was what forty-five years of preparation should have made it, that the Germans were apparently winning. Only they were not winning fast enough. Time ran against the Kaiser, and we spoke of the Russian steam-roller. The Russian steam-roller came to grief in the mud of the Masurian Lakes; and, after a painful process of extrication, started lumbering back to the Niemen. But just then came the battle of the Marne, and in a trice we were again portioning out the German Empire and exiling the Kaiser to St. Helena. The formal history of the war may yet show that at the Marne the German cause failed definitely, and that the swift rebound of spirits that followed the 'strategic withdrawal' of the German right wing was justified. At present we do not know. Nevertheless, we spoke of the Marne as the high tide of the German onset, which was not so, and we pictured the rest of the war as a steady Allied advance against the Rhine and the Oder, which was not so. But the present record is one of psychic ups and downs; and after the Marne the psychic state in this country rose to a crest of hopefulness. Would the Germans in their withdrawal from the Marne stop at the Meuse River, or would they keep on till they had reached the Rhine?

They did neither. They stopped at the Aisne River, and from the last week of September we began to think in terms of trenches and big guns. What Krupp had done at Liège and Namur in August he repeated at Maubeuge in early September, while the battle on the Marne was still in the balance, and drove home at Antwerp early in Octo-

ber. Up to the fall of Antwerp we had not lost our faith in the human quality as against the Krupp quality. Those were the days of Joffre and Sir John French and the beginning of the four weeks' race between Joffre and the Germans for Antwerp and the shores of the North Sea. Like a child stringing beads Joffre strung territorial battalions and cavalry brigades in a chain that seemed destined to reach the Belgian fortress before the heavy German guns.

But the German guns won the race, and for months after that we were under the shadow of the 42-centimetre. German generalship had been outwitted, but German brute strength was in the ascendant. Sixteen-inch guns, caterpillar wheels, motor traction, we saw little else. Just as during mobilization days the imaginative correspondents saw endless lines of troop trains pouring across Cologne bridge or shunted back to East Prussia, so now they followed the itinerary of the Krupp howitzers. Where the guns came they would conquer. How soon would the Germans have them before Verdun? It was assumed that Germany need only bring them before Verdun, and the walls of the fortress would go down like Jericho. Those were severe days of Krupp depression, but neutral spirits rose once more to a crest upon the wings of the trench. By the beginning of November the Germans were once more doomed to defeat. The heavy gun might have its way with the steel cupolas of the fortresses. It had found its match in the earthworks. By November 15 and the German failure around Ypres, the issue was decided. The water-logged ditch was the master. The Germans could not 'break through,' and we entered on the Kitchener's Millions phase of the war and the great spring drive in Belgium. We waited.

While Kitchener was gathering his

millions for the spring drive and the armies lay watchful but inert in the ditches, the deadlock gave us leisure for a campaign which I believe has impressed itself on the mind of the world more vividly than the strategy and casualties of Galicia and Flanders, and which to a great many of us will be the real war years after dates and names have sunk into obscurity. Who now can place Liao-yang and Mukden within their month or even the year? Who was Kodama? Who was Nodzu? Who, to answer instantaneously, was Kuroki? But we still remember Samurai and Bushido, Japanese loyalty and superstition, hara-kiri, Emperor worship, Elder Statesmen. So in the present war what will be longest remembered, I dare say, are not the battles and campaigns, but the passions far behind the battle-line. While Kitchener was drilling his men there raged the Battle of the Multi-colored Books, — white books, yellow books, orange books, blue books, green books, red books, — these being the Truth as revealed to the Foreign Offices of the various nations. Between covers of different hue the governments presented their case to the unbiased judgment of the nations who were fighting on one side or the other, or were at heart with the Allies. From England's White Book and France's Orange Book the press of London and Paris and Petrograd was convinced of Germany's iniquity and Austria's responsibility for the war. From these same books the truth leaped to the eyes of readers in Berlin and Vienna that a conspiracy against civilization had been fomented by Sir Edward Grey and Foreign Minister Sazonof, in spite of the most devoted exertions by the Kaiser to keep the peace of Europe.

You would have said that those many-colored books, with their highly complicated and minute chronology and nomenclature, their dozens of dip-

lomats from half a dozen capitals wiring reports, instructions, concessions, hypotheses, suggestions, temporary proposals, apparently presented a subject for months of careful study and analysis. Yet it is amazing how in the brief space of a few hours between the publication of the book and the going to press of their early editions the editors pierced right to the heart of the truth. A careful though hasty perusal convinced the London *Times* that what it had always said of the Kaiser was so. A mere glance through the pages revealed to the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* the secrets of Britain's unscrupulous diplomacy in all their hideous nakedness. These books crystallized opinion with astonishing rapidity and uniformity: pro-German opinion in Berlin, pro-Russian opinion in Petrograd, pro-Ally opinion in London and Paris.

The great mass of us who were neither diplomats nor secretaries for foreign affairs gave more time to the books than the editors did, not having their powers of rapid assimilation, but the effect was the same. A telegram of July 29 from Vienna to London or from Berlin to St. Petersburg showed what we had always suspected, that our sympathies with one side or the other were thoroughly justified. This phase of the war has continued from the first weeks to the present moment, subsiding in intensity after the publication of the first three or four books, rising again when Italy entered the list of Publishing Powers, subsiding once more when the war had gone on long enough and passions had become so deeply rooted and the expenditure of blood and treasure had become so great that it no longer mattered who was right or who was wrong. Every nation had paid a sufficiently heavy price to consider itself in the right.

Simultaneously with the battle of the books there raged the battle of the

professors and the poets. In this Kultur campaign the Germans displayed their characteristic organization, discipline, and determination, but on the whole it was a defensive fight. The assault was delivered by the Allies. It was they who began the attack on Kultur after Louvain, and Professors Ostwald, Haeckel, Wundt, and Lamprecht only counter-attacked. The Allied bombardment was first directed against Fort Bernhardt, as I have shown in a former article. When that position was in a fair way of being demolished and the paper editions of Bernhardt, as I have pointed out, were selling as low as ten cents, the Allied fire was trained against Fort Treitschke. The Germans in Fort Treitschke held out rather well, but the Allies masked that strong position and concentrated the fire of their batteries on Fort Nietzsche. That position is still under siege.

In this battle of Kultur the casualties were tremendous on both sides, in respect to mental integrity, consistency, sense of proportion. It was not merely that men of learning, writers, poets, abandoned old sympathies and old friendships, but the slaughter among ideas was terrific. With the first day of war, the internationalism of the Socialists, the pacifism of the pacifists, went down in wreck. There followed individual disasters, revolutions, surrenders, which showed that men either did not know what they talked about before the war or did not know what they were talking about during the war. The case of Mr. H. G. Wells is to me as significant and as tragic as the fall of Antwerp or the rout of the Russians in Galicia. For, as there is irony in the thought of the anarch Nietzsche becoming the symbol for militarist Germany, there is irony and pathos in the picture of Wells, the prophet of the scientific conquest of the world, of discipline, forethought, orderliness, throwing him-

self passionately into the war against disciplined and orderly Germany. This man who for twenty years has been preaching against the muddle of modern life as it is lived in England, its lack of purpose, its cowardly compromises, was among the first to raise his voice for the suppression of Germany, for ending the 'tramping, drilling foolery' with which Europe had been filled by the Prussian sergeant. In the face of the dread example of efficiency as made in Germany, Wells suddenly awoke to the consciousness that there are things worth more in life than efficiency, purposiveness, and scientific drill. He awoke to the fact that the disorder of British individualism was something worth fighting for and dying for, and if before this he had intimated anything to the contrary, he virtually cried confession. War stripped Mr. Wells of his science, and revealed him only a man with local passions.

It was sapping tactics that were chiefly brought into play by the Allies in the battle of Kultur. The entire German position was undermined. 'Let us see,' said the Allied scientists, professors, historians, scholars, 'what are the real claims of these German professors, technicians, text-editors, dictionary-makers, and coal-tar specialists, whose authority we have hitherto acknowledged without question, and whose example we have humbly tried to imitate.' And it at once appeared that German science and learning was a Kultur of mediocrity, a middleman, parasitic, sweat-and-grub Kultur, which made its profits by working over the tailings thrown up by the pioneer delvers of other nations, which rushed in its disciplined Teuton hordes only where some great alien had shown the way, which originated little and borrowed everywhere. The roll of the great discoverers and inventors was called and nearly every time it ap-

peared that it was an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or an Italian, or even a Russian, to whom we owed the basic ideas of progress. All of German progress was coal-tarred with the same brush of imitation. Bacon, Harvey, Newton, Descartes, Lavoisier, Faraday, Pasteur, Becquerel, Benedetto Croce, Mendeleef, were found to be the real foundation of German greatness.

In the field of pure science and invention the thing was easily done, because the game of 'I'm first' has always been a favorite one for the jingoes of the academy. Take the telegraph, the steamboat, germs, wireless, radioactivity, — and the truth is, of course, that into every discovery the efforts and attainments of many men of many nations have entered. It is only necessary, therefore, to say that without Branly the Hertzian rays would never have been known; that without Clerk-Maxwell the Germans would never have started, or the other way about; that without this particular German this other particular Frenchman would never have accomplished what he did. The war only popularized the game, gave it a fiercer spirit of rivalry, until Germany was deprived of credit even for Richard Wagner. For Wagner, in the first place, died in 1883, and so is not a modern German, and in the second place he was anticipated by Liszt and Berlioz, and in the third place his music will yield in the course of time to the genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, who was a Saxon, that is, a non-Prussian, if indeed the crown does not belong to Beethoven, who was of Belgian origin and Viennese environment.

On German scholarship Professor Gilbert Murray pronounced the verdict, measured but conclusive. The German classicists — text-editors, dictionary-makers, commentators — have erudition, but lack the higher quality of imagination and feeling. Where a cor-

rupt reading in a Greek author may be rectified by a knowledge of everything every other Greek author ever wrote, we go to the Germans. Where the correction calls for human insight the Germans will not do. 'For anything that can be listed and counted,' said Professor Murray, 'I go to the Germans. For feeling, no.' If you asked Professor Murray how, outside the domain of specialized learning, he could explain away the Germans who have shown capacities for dreaming, imagining, feeling — the romantics, the mystics, the metaphysicians—he would possibly reply that that was just it. Even in those departments of the human soul that allow of neither mensuration nor classification, the German is a specialist. There have been German mystics, poets, dreamers, but their influence has not leavened the great mass of the German nation so as to give imagination to the German editor of Greek texts or feeling to the German classifier of the Amazon fauna. And if you were to mention Haeckel or Ostwald, the answer might be that upon their showing since the war began these men have revealed the limitations of their national character. A professor and a gentleman, a scholar and a poet, — no, sir, they are not made in Germany.

If you sympathize with this short way with the Germans, — and for all the fearful exaggeration to which the point has been pressed, I imagine the case is fairly strong, — you can see why the business of war should have become the great specialty of the Germans. It is a business in which imagination counts for little. Here, too, I suppose there would be no difficulty in proving that the great soldiers, the men who attained the height of genius, were non-Germans. Frederick the Great is not of modern Germany, and in any case he would be overborne by Napoleon, Nelson, Marlborough, Turenne,

Suwaroff. Compared with these men Von Moltke represents just that combination of laboriousness and discipline which is the secret of the triumph of German mediocrity in so many spheres. Yet the fact remains that in war there is no room for academic discussion regarding the relative importance of originality and mediocre application.

In war, results cannot be explained away. If I wish to argue that one Pasteur has done more for science than a thousand German bacteriologists with their microscopes, I may be right or wrong; it is not a practical matter. I am at liberty to say to the Greek ex-editors, 'I don't care if you Germans have written more books on the optative mood; this Englishman has imagination with less knowledge and is my ideal of what a scholar should be. I refuse to warm to your enumerators and classifiers.' You may be right, you may be wrong; it is a matter of choice. You may say to the Germans, 'I don't care for your hundred million dollars of aniline products; an Englishman showed you how'; and you may end the debate with a glow of satisfaction. But when the Germans bring up against you a 42-centimetre gun, when they discharge hydrochloric acid against your trenches, when they spot out your batteries from their Taubes, it is little satisfaction to say, 'You learned how to make guns from the English and aeroplanes from the French, and poison fumes from the Russian chemists. You are not a people of imagination.' When the 42-centimetre gun goes off, when the German range-finders locate your battery, you are dead, and whether it is better to be dead with original imagination or alive through laborious mediocrity, is hardly a subject for debate.

As I write, phase after phase of the great conflict suggests itself, almost without end, and always they are phases of emotion, phases of mind, atti-

tudes, hopes, fears, exultation, depression. There was the period when Germany was to be starved into surrender, and the period when England's empire was on the verge of ruin. There were months when neutrality held us absorbed, the neutrality of Roumania, of the Balkans, of Italy, of the Balkans again, of Roumania once more. There were the days when we lay under the pall of the Lusitania, as dry-wrung of emotions as no event to come can conceivably leave us; it will not yet bear thinking about or writing about. There is the phase which is dominant at this moment of writing, — the munition phase, of which I have already spoken, when everything is forgotten, Kaisers, Kultur, generalship, German persistence, French *élan*, British doggedness, and the war has resolved itself into a question of shells. And once more as I set down the word munitions, it occurs to me how the history of the human mind in this war may be divided and subdivided. For even under the head of munitions I might go back to the beginning and point out how we lived through a 42-centimetre period, a 75-millimetre period, a shrapnel period, a hand-grenade period, an asphyxiating-gas period.

But there is one psychic phase of the war which rose to consciousness after the first weeks, which maintained its poignancy throughout the vicissitudes of months, and which, though not so often talked about now or written about, needs only be mentioned to reassert its grip on our hearts. This is the sorrow of Belgium. Though the end of the war may bring about the reconstruction of Europe, though empires may fall and nations lose their existence, the great chapter in the chronicle as it will present itself to the men of the future will be the story of how Belgium suffered. After a year of war, and ten million men in the casualty

lists, and dramatic swayings of the battle line across ruined countrysides, — Flanders, Galicia, the blood-soaked plains of Champagne; after Zeppelin and submarine, yes, even after the Lusitania, which to so many of us came as a lurid precipitant of doubts and opinions, one need only mention Louvain to find the emotional centre of this dreadful year. The treaty of peace may perhaps bring about a clearing of judgment on all other questions, an agreement of minds, a dissipation of misunderstandings. Peace will come presumably on the basis of give and take. But there is one clause on which there can be no compromise between the German mind and the mind of the world, and that is Belgium.

What many of us have said about the limitations of German imagination may be wrong. But the behavior of the German mind with regard to Belgium is something which can never be disposed of in any reconciliation. We may put aside and forget the one mad act in a clean life, the one puerile weakness in a great mind. The invasion of Belgium might be such an act of aberration if it were not for the persistent German apology for the treatment of Belgium. Only it is not apology: it is a sort of puzzled wonder on the part of Germany why the world should feel as it did, as it does, about the sufferings of a

nation. The invasion of Belgium and the violated scrap of paper might have been forgotten and forgiven, but Germany's persistent plaint that she has been misunderstood about Louvain, misunderstood about *francs-tireurs*, about ransoms of cities, cannot be forgotten. If by this time the German mind cannot understand the world's feeling about Belgium, it never will.

And yet the German diplomats at Washington, the consuls-general and consuls and vice-consuls might have let the Foreign Office at Berlin know. I cannot forget Thanksgiving of 1914. If Germany's diplomats had been on Franklin Field when Cornell and Pennsylvania were fighting a minor battle of Kultur last Thanksgiving Day, they might have understood. Between halves of a football game where passions ran high, they would have seen a battalion of boy scouts with large tin basins invading the benches. They were collecting money for the Belgians. There were months when in these United States at church festivals, commercial banquets, football games, class reunions, and strawberry festivals, there was always an intermission — for Belgium. It had become a solemn rite, a religion. If Von Bernstorff had been on Franklin Field last November he would have understood — and perhaps Germany would have understood.

THE SECRETARYSHIP OF STATE AND MR. LANSING

BY JAMES BROWN SCOTT

LAWYERS are accustomed to look to the first opinion of a newly appointed justice of the Supreme Court upon a question of constitutional law as the test of his fitness for the Supreme bench. It is presumed that the new Justice is familiar with the ordinary questions of law which have arisen in his practice; but the law administered by the Supreme Court is the law regulating, not merely the rights and duties of men and women in their individual capacities, but the rights and duties of states as members of the Union, as measured by the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, binding the conscience of the nation, the state, and the citizen. The qualities required by this position are much greater and more exacting than the qualities which confer leadership at the bar and which predicate success upon the bench of the highest court of any state of the Union.

In like manner the people await the action of the President in foreign affairs, in the belief that the qualities, however great, required to handle domestic questions, are not necessarily the qualities which he should possess to handle the delicate, intricate, and embarrassing questions which arise between this country and foreign nations. The President has grown up in an atmosphere of domestic affairs, even if he has not had practical experience in their conduct, and he can secure as members of his cabinet men who have had experience in such affairs and who can therefore advise him as to the wise course

to follow or the policy to devise in domestic matters. But the presidents are few who have grown up in an atmosphere of foreign affairs. The capacity of the President is therefore fairly tested by the understanding he shows of foreign situations, the skill and ability with which he handles them, and his choice of a Secretary of State to conduct the relations of the United States with foreign countries; for, although the Secretary can be said to be in charge of foreign affairs, which in ordinary cases he handles, nevertheless the Secretary of State is subject to the supervision and direction of the President, by whom he is selected and of whose cabinet he is a member; and the President is, in fact as well as in theory, responsible to the country for the policy which the United States pursues in foreign affairs, whether devised in the first instance by the Secretary of State and concurred in by the President, or framed by the President and executed by the Secretary of State.

The President cannot be said always to be a free agent in the choice of his Secretary of State. It has been the unwritten law for the President to appoint as such, at the beginning of his administration, the 'uncrowned leader' of the party or a competitor for the presidency. From this point of view, the secretaryship, always a great and worthy office, is looked upon as a consolation prize to the politician or statesman who, for one reason or another, has not reached the presidency. In the case of a vacancy, as distinguished from

an original appointment, the choice is not regarded as so restricted, and the President is, as a result of experience, so desirous of a capable and competent official that questions of political availability and of political geography are given less weight, and greater stress is laid upon the fitness of the official for the duties which, under the President, he is to perform. A single example from recent history may be cited. President McKinley began his first administration with Mr. John Sherman as Secretary of State, who resigned after serving little more than a year. Following a brief tenure of the office by the Honorable William R. Day, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. John Hay was appointed Secretary of State.

On June 8 the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet from March 5, 1913, resigned, and on the day following the Honorable Robert Lansing, Counselor for the Department of State, was appointed Secretary *ad interim*, and on June 23 Secretary of State. Mr. Lansing, although a Democrat in politics, was not a leader of his party. He was admittedly competent in matters of international law, although he had not, before assuming his duties as counselor on April 1, 1914, had an opportunity to show it in such a way as to attract the attention of the country. The delicate and critical situation of the foreign relations of the United States evidently led Mr. Wilson to disregard precedent — if he would have been fettered by precedent — and to select the man, all things considered, best qualified to work in harmony with him and to coöperate in the execution of their joint policy, so that the legitimate interests of the United States would not suffer, and the prestige of the country would be neither dimmed nor abated.

A mere outline of Mr. Lansing's career before he assumed the counselorship, on April 1, 1914, shows the opportunities which he had had to fit himself for this position. Mr. Lansing was born at Watertown, New York, October 17, 1864. He graduated from Amherst College in 1886. Three years later he was admitted to the bar, and practiced law with his father, as a member of the firm of Lansing and Lansing. Since 1892, when he was first called upon to serve the government, he has represented the United States in a long series of arbitrations and has appeared as associate counsel, counsel, or agent, oftener than any man now living, before arbitral tribunals or mixed commissions, among which may be mentioned the Bering Sea Tribunal (1892), the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal (1903), the Hague Tribunal for the arbitration of the North Atlantic Fisheries (1910), and the Anglo-American Commission (1911) formed under the agreement of 1910 to settle outstanding claims between Great Britain and the United States. He also acted as technical delegate in conferences with British, Canadian, and Newfoundland representatives regarding a modification of the fisheries award, held in Washington in January, 1911, and April, 1912, and was technical delegate in the fur-seal conference at Washington between representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan (1911). From time to time, he has acted as counsel for the Mexican Legation, later for the Mexican Embassy and the Chinese Legation, and he has also appeared as counsel for private parties in the prosecution of international claims.

Actions speak louder than words, and facts are sometimes more eloquent than either. It is apparent that positions such as Mr. Lansing had held at the hands of Republican and Demo-

cratic administrations alike, required, and developed as well, three qualities: skill as an advocate, knowledge of international law, and a thorough understanding of diplomacy and diplomatic procedure.

It would seem that this experience and training were calculated to qualify him for the position of counselor; and Mr. Lansing's success in this position during a period when as counselor he was intimately associated with the Secretary of State and bore a conspicuous part in the conduct of the department relieves us from the necessity of conjecture. He not only met the duties of the office and performed them with tact and loyalty to his chief, but he caused the position of counselor to be known, honored, and respected throughout the length and breadth of the United States, to such a degree that his appointment as Secretary of State appeared rather as the continuance of duties already incumbent upon him and successfully performed, than as the assumption of other and more responsible duties, imposed upon him by the newer and the greater office.

The fitness of a person for the secretaryship of state results from a combination of various elements. That he should be able to handle the business of the department need only be mentioned, as this requirement is so clear that, to use the happy phrase of Lord Mansfield, it can only be obscured by argument. He should be versed in international law and in the practice and procedure of diplomacy, and should have a firm grasp of the foreign policy of the United States. These are the obvious requirements of the office, but others there are, not less necessary, although more subtle and less tangible, and more easily felt than stated and defined. The Secretary should be both easy and dignified in bearing; easy, so as to put the visiting diplomat at ease;

dignified, so as to prevent an undue liberty. He should be sympathetic, so as to court a free expression of views on the part of the diplomat, yet sufficiently reserved, so that a failure to reciprocate may not be regarded either as an unfriendly act or as a mark of opposition. He should know men and men should know him; and he should be able to cooperate with men, just as men should be able to work in harmony with him. It is well that he be familiar with other peoples, that he should have visited the foreign countries where they reside, and that he should know them from personal contact. The attainment of justice should be his aim, whether the principles of justice commend or condemn the proposed policy of the government.

It may be admitted that these are severe requirements. But the circumstances of 1915 — the world at war and in a welter of blood — are indeed extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Wilson was not embarrassed by precedent and was free to appoint as secretary the person who, in his opinion, best met the requirements of the position. He did so, and the approval with which Mr. Lansing's appointment was received by the press of the country and by the public at large was at least a present justification of the President's choice. It is not, however, the approval of the moment but that of the future that counts; and the approval so generously given in advance must be based upon Mr. Lansing's training for the position and upon his experience in the office of counselor, which justified, if it did not dictate, his appointment as Mr. Bryan's successor.

Diplomats have keen eyes and, when not engaged in the performance of their official duties, they not infrequently have sharp tongues. Their unofficial comment is often more enlightening — as it is generally more entertaining —

than their formal and official statements. A distinguished English judge once said that a little truth leaks out even in the most carefully prepared affidavit. This is especially true of the Diplomatic Corps at parade rest. The unofficial views of diplomats are often their real ones, and it is common knowledge in Washington that the diplomats as a whole were genuinely pleased with Mr. Lansing's appointment; for they saw that he possessed the qualities which are considered to be those of an ideal secretary.

As one accustomed to meet men and to find pleasure in their society, the Secretary should meet the Diplomatic Corps, not as one above them or beyond them, but as one of them, a colleague, a fellow worker in the field of international relations, and as eager as they are supposed to be to introduce into the conduct of nations those principles of justice and of fair play which have approved themselves between man and man. In such a country as ours the government is subordinated to law; and it is natural that an official trained in this atmosphere of law and subordination to it should desire to see the relations of nations conform to international law, which, as the law of the society of nations, should and must in the long run control their conduct. It is to be expected that an American Secretary of State should endeavor so to develop the law of nations as to make it responsive to the needs of nations. 'Justice,' said Mr. Webster, one of Mr. Lansing's most eminent predecessors, 'is the great interest of man on earth'; and Mr. Root laid it down as a rule, when Secretary of State, that we should not only observe justice in our relations with foreign nations, but that we should be just; that is to say, that we should never ask of them what we would not readily grant if the circumstances were reversed, — which is but

another way of stating the golden rule, which Mr. Hay regarded as the foundation of diplomacy.

The lawyer is the servant of the law; the Secretary of State should be the servant of justice. His mind should be well stored, but it should be an open mind. But no charm or grace of manner, no gift of telling speech, no amount of sympathetic consideration for the views of others can, singly or collectively, take the place of character. The word of the Secretary should be, not as good as his bond, it should be his bond; and his character should be so above suspicion that his mere statement should refute an accusation, just as when Lord Althorp in the House of Commons replied to an able and bitter charge of an opponent by saying that he had collected some figures which entirely refuted it, but that he had lost them. Mr. Lansing is an essentially just man. His character is stainless and above reproach, and in his official intercourse, as in private life, he gives the impression of high-mindedness, because he is in fact, and is known to be, a high-minded man and a Christian gentleman.

If it be asked why did this reserved and modest, kindly, and courtly gentleman give up the practice of law at Watertown, where his father was in good practice and where his own success was assured, the answer is that his marriage in 1890 to Miss Eleanor Foster, the daughter of Mr. John W. Foster, a distinguished diplomat and within two years thereafter a no less distinguished Secretary of State, brought him into the atmosphere of foreign relations and determined his career; and it is only fair to say that Mrs. Lansing has helped him to make the career which their marriage determined.

That Mr. Lansing will, as Secretary of State, be successful in handling the questions of law and of fact which are

likely to arise during his tenure of office is manifest by the success with which he has handled such questions as Counselor for the Department; that he possesses the qualities which create and sustain confidence, that he has the tact which marks the diplomat and the loyalty which should — but does not always — characterize the diplomat, is evidenced by his relations both with the President and with Mr. Bryan when Secretary of State. Consulted by the President, he was careful to ascertain the views of the Secretary and to represent him in his interviews with the press, which often attacked the Secretary over the Counselor's shoulders, Mr. Lansing's loyalty was so transparent as never to be questioned. That he possessed and possesses the confidence of his predecessor, Mr. Bryan, we know on the authority of Mr. Bryan himself, who on June 24 wrote the following letter to Mr. Lansing and printed it in *The Commoner* for July: —

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: —

Allow me to extend to you my cordial congratulations and to let you know how much gratified I am that you have been selected as my successor. The year during which we have been

associated together in the State Department has given me an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with you, and confidence and affection have followed acquaintance.

May every success attend you, personally and officially.

Mrs. Bryan joins me in kindest regards to Mrs. Lansing and in good wishes for you both.

With assurances of respect, I am, my dear Mr. Secretary,

Very truly yours,

W. J. BRYAN.

Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated upon securing the services of a colleague with whom he can work in perfect harmony, as the experience of the past year and more has shown. The country is likewise to be congratulated, because it also knows from the experience of the past year and more that Mr. Lansing is competent to handle the gravest and most delicate questions arising out of the great war, because he has handled these questions since its outbreak. The rare combination of character and loyalty, of ability and tact, suggests that both the President and the country will find in Mr. Lansing a competent public servant and an ideal Secretary of State.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE IRRESPONSIBLE

WOODROW WILSON has been dubbed, in some quarters, 'the psychological President.' This is in ironical reference to his belief that the subtle agency called confidence, which is needed to set the wheels of productive industry a-whirl after their long rest, is more a matter of the state of the public mind than a fabric built on visible and palpable facts. Nearly every critic seems to have forgotten that the same belief was entertained by the late John Pierpont Morgan, who certainly would not be classified as an unpractical idealist. A modified phase of it came out in his testimony at a Congressional hearing several months before his death, where he stated his conception of the real basis of credit. It surprised a multitude of people to learn, for instance, that a man of his business experience and acumen was ready to set his judgment of human nature far ahead of any mere inventory of negotiable securities, in determining the question whether an applicant for a large loan ought to be accommodated.

Yet not a few of those to whom this conceit appeared so novel are showing every day, by their own conduct, how little they regard the purely material standards of responsibility. The chief difference between them and Mr. Morgan, indeed, is that he put his esteem for the character of a specific individual here and there above any accounting of that individual's resources, whereas they walk through life with a sort of blind faith that, because a majority of the men and women with whom they

come into frequent contact appear to be honestly trying to do right, the presumption of good motives and a sense of duty should extend to all mankind.

If it were not for some such notion lying in the back of his mind, what a terrifying thing would a railway trip or a sea-voyage be to the average traveler. Not once in a thousand times, it is safe to say, does he know personally the man who runs the engine that is drawing him hither and yon. The dispatcher who starts a train, the signal-man in a tower where tracks cross, the captain who commands his vessel, the light-keeper on a dangerous reef, are strangers to him. He does not know their names, or ages, or antecedents. Any dereliction on the part of one of them would imperil, not only immense values in property, but human lives by the hundred. They receive wages out of which they cannot hope to save even a modest fortune; yet if one were open to a bribe, he could make himself rich in a night. Let a capitalist cause damage to your purse or your person, and you can reach him through the courts and compel him to make good to you as much of the injury as can be estimated in dollars and cents; but from the wage-earner who has no assets subject to levy you are unprotected, except by his realization of his duty and his desire to do it.

Even where there is no moral question immediately involved, but bare carelessness might work incalculable harm, we are daily entrusting 'our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor' to the keeping of what, in the familiar parlance of the streets, would be described as the irresponsible class.

Letters which will do as well if they reach their destination next week as tomorrow, we leave in charge of a postman who has at least been subjected to certain civil-service tests as to his good repute and general intelligence; but if time-saving is of great importance, we make use of the special-delivery device or we telegraph. In either event, our communication makes the last stage of its journey in the custody of a boy who follows the calling of a messenger only because, through immaturity, poverty, lack of education, or some kindred handicap, he has been unable to prove his fitness for a better one; while a telegram runs also the initial risk of inaccurate transmission, possibly a complete reversal of its meaning. True, we can hold a telegraph company accountable in damages for a pecuniary loss suffered through such fault of an operator, whether due to his defective skill, or to his being worn out by overwork, or to any other cause, however innocent morally; but a misleading business report, or a garbled item of family news at a critical moment, may inflict a mortal shock on the recipient or dethrone his reason, and no satisfaction for an injury of that magnitude could be obtained from mulcting the offender's employer.

Taken acutely ill in the midst of a long journey, we accept the ministrations of a fellow traveler whom we have never seen before but who says that he is a physician. Even the prescription given us by our family doctor is liable to be filled by an unknown compounding-clerk, yet we swallow unquestioningly whatever he hands us in bottle or box. We hail a passing cab to take us to our destination in the middle of the night, feeling no alarm lest the driver be in league with a gang of foot-pads. We send our cash deposit to the bank by the hand of a messenger concerning whose virtues we have no

guaranty beyond the fact that thus far we have not found him light-fingered. We add our names to this and that petition, on the say-so of some one who may or may not, for all we are aware, have an ulterior and illegitimate interest in swelling his list; and we sign letters and other documents which we have only hurriedly skimmed over in their final draft, and in which our tired copyist may have embalmed an error fatal to our purpose.

Worse yet, we take strangers into our homes as servants, fully conscious that a recommendation by which we lay great store may have been wrung unfairly from a former master who is habitually too easy-going to note or too soft-hearted to disclose the shortcomings of his working people. No matter how well-meaning, the cook may be ignorant enough to poison us twenty times a week without suspecting it; the housemaid may be too scatter-brained to reflect that she must not leave loose papers in front of an open fire which is bombarding the floor with sparks; the children's nurse, though amiable of disposition, may have no more conception of what a baby's spine is like than she has of the differential calculus. Yet the years come and go, and we live on in smug content with ourselves and everything under our roof, as if, because yesterday's sun set in no cloud-bank of disaster, to-morrow's will take its course through a firmament quite as clear of troubles due to over-trustfulness.

Is n't there a lot of 'psychology' in all these commonplace confidences of ours?

AN' HIM WENT HOME TO HIM'S
MUVVER

I AM the happy possessor of a small goddaughter, a little person of some three years, who is insatiably fond of

stories. She prefers to have them told to her, but failing that, she will tell them herself. One of her favorite stories begins, 'Once 'ere was a lil' boy, an' him went out on a bee's tail.' I suppose what the little boy really went out on was a bee's trail; but to go out on its tail would certainly lead one to expect a much more unusual, not to say poignant, adventure.

I am not now concerned, however, with the beginnings of her stories, but rather with their invariable ending, which is always, 'An' him went home to him's muvver.' Bears, lions, tigers, even elephants and crocodiles, pass through the most agitating and unusual adventures, — adventures which, as a German acquaintance phrases it, 'make to stand up the hair,' — but in the end they all go home to their mothers. Is not this a far more satisfactory conclusion than the old impossible fairy-tale one — 'And so they married and lived happily ever after'?

'An' him went home to him's muvver.' What a port, after stormy seas! How restful — how soul-restoring — how human!

An astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a little person of three! And does it not embody a deep truth which has come down to us from the gray dawn of Time, preserved in many an old myth? One remembers Antæus, for instance, whose strength was always renewed every time he touched his mother Terra, the earth. But my goddaughter's formula is matched by a far more wonderful story. One of the most often recounted adventures of her heroes is, 'An' him ate a lot of can'y an' got very sick, an' *ven* him went home to him's muvver.' — 'I will arise and go to my Father —' Is not hers an exquisite baby version of the Prodigal Son? And has not her little tongue expressed a deep need felt by us all?

Just what I mean by a going-home

to one's mother in this larger sense, is perhaps a little difficult to define. Yet, surely, it must be a very universal experience. Have we not all at some time — often following a period of confusion and stress of circumstances — suddenly experienced that deep sense of finding ourselves where we belonged? A sense of restfulness, of home-coming, of general rightness, and well-being? It is a sloughing off of the non-essential and the trivial, and a shifting of the spirit into deeper and simpler channels; a pause, when in the midst of all this mad dance of time and circumstance one gets a sudden, enlarging glimpse of Truth and of Eternity.

I have been home to my mother very many times, and by very many different paths. Sometimes by way of books, when I have stumbled upon a revelation of thought which presses open spiritual doors; sometimes by way of familiar music; again, and perhaps most often of all, led home by Dame Nature, my hand in hers.

Every spring there is a going-home to my mother for me, when as May swings into her perfumed place among the months she finds me returned to a well-loved little corner of the world. There I am faced by the wide sweep of mountains which I have known always. I wander up and down long, familiar paths, dig in old flower-borders, and greet old friends. The trivial and ephemeral accumulations of the city winter melt away in this genial atmosphere of out-of-doors, but what has been gathered of permanence, the spirit takes up and knits into its being. All the spinning confusion of life is tranquilized and for a little while the soul kneels down in obedience to that world-old command, 'Be still and know that I am God, the spirit of Truth within thee.'

Ah! these Heaven-sent periods, when the littlenesses of Time are swept away

in a great in-rushing realization of Eternity!

Out of the past I recall one such glorified moment. It comes back to me only in fragmentary memories, and yet the essentials are all there. I remember first a confused, hot, somewhat disorganized kitchen. Unexpected visitors had arrived just at supper-time, and there was bustle and haste and some apprehension lest the larder should fall short. I remember hurrying out across the back yard to the store-room, and then, all at once, out there in the wide, soft darkness, I remember I stood still. The heat and confusion of the kitchen were almost in touch of me, and yet were infinitely far away. For an instant, I was removed into an overwhelming peace. I remember whispering through the dark and stillness, childishly enough, no doubt, 'Are you there, little soul?' Afterwards I went swiftly on my errand, and presently was gathered back into the kitchen's confused bustle. But now all was changed. For that glorified instant out there in the dark I had touched bottom. I had been 'home to my mother.' A sordid way of return, the reader may think; and yet, does not much of the best in life flower out of its small, apparently sordid, necessities?

But what was this return? Nothing was apparently changed by it, and yet

everything was really changed. It was a spiritual revaluation; a showing up of temporal things in the light of things eternal.

There comes a time for all of us when we are met by the need of such revaluation. Surely the world is faced now by as crucial a need as it ever knew. Very terrible situations are starting up before us. In fourteen breathless, poignant months the old comfortable ways of half the world have been trampled into blood and destruction. We stand still, appalled, asking ourselves how we may meet these overwhelming catastrophes. I answer in all seriousness and with a deep conviction that it can be done only by going home to our mother. Only those of us can withstand the awful present who have the ability to enter into spiritual sanctuaries. Only the things of the spirit can shelter us; only our souls the big guns cannot blow to atoms. Health and wealth, ease, prosperity, security, where are they now? Ask Belgium. Ask Poland. Nay, ask half mankind.

'Be still and know that I am God, the spirit of Truth within thee.' Oh, little goddaughter, this is the real going home to one's mother. I can ask no more golden talisman for you to hold fast, through all the years to come and on into eternity, than this magic gift of the spiritual return.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1915

AN INDICTMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER

I

INTERCOLLEGIATE athletics provide a costly, injurious, and excessive régime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least, instead of inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most.

Athletics are conducted either for education or for business. The old distinction between amateur and professional athletics is of little use. The real problems of college athletics loom large beside the considerations that define our use of the terms 'professional' and 'amateur.' The aims of athletics reveal the fact that the important distinctions are between athletics conducted for educational purposes and athletics conducted for business purposes.

When athletics are conducted for education the aims are (1) to develop all the students and faculty physically and to maintain health; (2) to promote moderate recreation, in the spirit of joy, as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study; and (3) to form habits and inculcate ideals of right living. When athletics are conducted for business, the aims are (1) to win games — to defeat another person or group being the chief end; (2) to

make money — as it is impossible otherwise to carry on athletics as business; (3) to attain individual or group fame and notoriety. These three — which are the controlling aims of intercollegiate athletics — are also the aims of horse-racing, prize-fighting, and professional baseball.

These two sets of aims are in sharp and almost complete conflict. Roughly speaking, success in attaining the aims of athletics as education is inversely proportional to success in attaining the aims of athletics as business. Intercollegiate athletics to-day are for business. The question is pertinent whether schools and colleges should promote athletics as business.

Nearly all that may be said on this subject about colleges applies to secondary schools. The lower schools as a rule tend to imitate the worst features of intercollegiate athletics, much as the young people of fraternities, in their 'social functions,' tend to imitate the empty lives of their elders that fill the weary society columns of the newspapers.

If the objection arises that intercollegiate athletics have educational value, there is no one to deny it. 'Athletics for education' and 'athletics for business' are general terms, used throughout this discussion as already

defined. Exceptions there may be: only the main tendencies are here set forth. The whole discussion is based on my personal observations at no less than one hundred universities and colleges in thirty-eight states during the past five years.

The most obvious fact is that our system of intercollegiate athletics, after unbounded opportunity to show what it can do for the health, recreation, and character of *all* our students, has proved a failure. The ideal of the coach is excessive training of the few: he best attains the business ends for which he is hired by the neglect of those students in greatest need of physical training. Our present system encourages most students to take their athletics by proxy. When we quote with approval the remark of the Duke of Wellington that Waterloo was won on the playing grounds of Eton, we should observe that he did not maintain that Waterloo was won on the grandstands of Eton.

What athletics may achieve without the hindrance of intercollegiate games and business motives is suggested by the experience of Reed College. There the policy of athletics for everybody was adopted five years ago before there were any teachers, students, alumni, or traditions. Last year all but six of the students took part in athletics in the spirit of sport for the sake of health, recreation, and development. Sixty per cent of the men of the college, including the faculty, took part in a schedule of sixteen baseball games. Nearly all the students, men and women alike, played games at least twice a week. There were series of contests in football, baseball, track, tennis, volley-ball, basket-ball, and other out-of-door sports. All of this, according to the report of the athletic association, cost the students an average of sixteen cents apiece. No money for coaches

and trainers; no money for badges, banners, cups, and other trinkets; no money for training-tables and railroad fares; no money for grandstands, rallies, brass bands, and advertising. Fortunately, it is the unnecessary expenses that heap up the burdens — the cost of athletics as business. The economical policy is athletics for everybody — athletics for education.

II

Opposed to the three educational aims are the aims of athletics as business — winning games, making money, and getting advertised.

Almost invariably the arguments of students in favor of intercollegiate games stress the business aims and ignore all others. Win games! Increase the gate-receipts! Advertise the college! These are the usual slogans. Thus the editors of one college paper reprimand the faculty for even hesitating to approve a trip of fifteen hundred miles for a single game of football: —

‘Contrary to the expectations of the students, the matter of the Occidental football game for next fall has not been acted upon as yet. That such an important matter as this has not received attention so far from the Faculty is unfortunate. While it is generally believed that the Faculty will act favorably in regard to letting the game be scheduled, it is understood that some opposition has developed on the ground that such a long trip would keep the football men away from their classes too long a time.

‘From every point of view, there seems no reason why the game should not be played. To state any of the arguments in favor of the offer is unnecessary. Every one knows what it would mean to football next fall, the greater interest it would mean to the game, the incentive it would prove to every foot-

ball man to work to become one of the seventeen men to take the trip, the advertising it would give to the college, and, perhaps most important, the drawing card it would be to bring new athletes to the college in the fall. These points and others are too well known to need pointing out and too evident to need proof.'

This is a typical football argument. It attempts to prove the necessity of the proposed trip by showing that it would tend to perpetuate the thing the value of which is under dispute.

In like vein the students of Cornell complain because the faculty did not grant an additional holiday in connection with the Pennsylvania football game. It is the familiar cry, 'Support the team! Win games! Advertise the college!'

'Our friends, the professors, will perforce hold forth in their accustomed cells from eight till one of that fair morning. The benches, no doubt, will derive great benefit therefrom. . . .

'We want the football team to have as much support as possible. The faculty should want the football team to have as much support as possible. The faculty should foster true Cornell spirit whenever it can honestly do so, and intercollegiate athletics is the greatest single thing that unites the different colleges into Cornell University. A victory over Penn would mean a lot for Cornell.'

After all, how important is this end for which such sacrifices are made? To hear the yelling of twenty thousand spectators, one might suppose this aim to be the only one of great importance in the life of the university. Yet who wins, who loses, is a matter of but momentary concern to any except a score or two of participants; whereas, if there is one thing that should characterize a university, it is its cheerful sacrifice of temporary for permanent gains, — in

Dr. Eliot's fine phrase, its devotion to the durable satisfactions of life.

The making of money, through intercollegiate athletics, continues a curse, not only to institutions, but as well to individual players. Only childlike innocence or willful blindness need prevent American colleges from seeing that the rules which aim to maintain athletics on what is called an 'amateur' basis, by forbidding players to receive pay in money, are worse than useless because, while failing to prevent men from playing for pay, they breed deceit and hypocrisy. There are many ways of paying players for their services. Only one of these, and that the most honorable, is condemned.

There are many subterranean passages leading to every preparatory school notable for its athletes. By such routes, coaches, over-zealous alumni, and other 'friends' of a college, reach the schoolboy athlete with offers beyond the scope of eligibility rules. Sometimes payments are made expressly for services as half-back, or short-stop, or hurdler, and no receipts taken, the pay continuing as long as the player helps to win games. Sometimes payments take a more insidious and more demoralizing form. The star athlete is appointed steward of a college clubhouse on ample pay, his duties being to sign checks once a month. Or his college expenses are paid in return for the labor of opening the chapel door, or ringing the bell, or turning out the lights.

Athletes may be paid for their services in other ways that escape the notice of the most conscientious faculties and athletic associations. But there are hundreds of boys who know that they are paid to win games and keep silent; they are hired both as athletes and as hypocrites.

The sporting editor of one of the leading daily papers said recently, 'It is

well known that the Northwest colleges are at present simply outbidding one another in their desire to get the best athletes. Money is used like water. It is a mystery where they get it, but they do.'

So common is the practice of paying athletes that they sometimes apply to various colleges for bids. While I was acting as Registrar of Bowdoin College, I received a letter from a man asking how much we would guarantee to pay him for pitching on the college nine. I found out later that he had registered at one college, pitched a game for his class team, left his trunk at a second college awaiting their terms, and finally accepted the offer of a third college, where he played 'amateur' baseball for four years before joining one of the big league professional teams.

At the athletic rallies of a New England college, a loyal alumnus is often cheered for bringing so many star athletes to the college. Officially, the college does not know that he hires men to play on the college teams. And what is to prevent a graduate of the college or any other person from hiring athletes? All but futile are the rules governing professionalism. Is it not a worthy act to enable a boy to go to college? And shall he be denied such aid because he happens to be an athlete? No eligibility committee knows of all these benefactors or even has the right to question their motives. But the objectionable motives themselves can be eliminated by one act — the abolition of intercollegiate athletics. With the subordination of winning games as the chief end in athletics, falls also the money-making aim and its attendant evils.

All the serious evils of college athletics centre about the gate-receipts, the grandstand, and the paid coach. Yet the aim of nearly every college appears to be to fasten these evils upon the in-

stitution by means of a costly concrete stadium or bowl, and by means of more and more money for coaches. When the alumni come forward to 'support their team,' they usually make matters worse. Typical of their attitude is a letter signed in Philadelphia last fall by some thirty graduates of a small college: —

'The team has just closed the most disastrous season in its history. . . . The alumni will coöperate cheerfully with the undergraduates in increasing the football levy. It only remains, then, to initiate a campaign for procuring the money. . . . We must depart from our time-worn precedents and give *more money for the coaches!* Alumni are tired of reading the accounts of useless defeats!'

The extent to which interest in athletics is deadened by paid coaches was shown last spring, when a track team from one university, after traveling over two hundred and fifty miles — at the expense of the student body — to compete with the team of another institution, took off their running shoes and went home because the *coaches* could not agree on the number of men who should participate in the games. Could there be a more abject sacrifice of the educational purposes of athletics? Consider the spectacle. A glorious afternoon in spring, a perfect playground, complete equipment in readiness, two score of eager youth in need of the health and recreation that come from sport pursued in the fine spirit of sport. Could anything keep them from playing? Nothing but the spirit of modern American intercollegiate athletics and the embodiment of that spirit, the paid coach, who knows that there is but one crime that he can commit — that of losing a contest.

The athletic policy of many an institution is determined by a commercial aim, the supposed needs of advertising,

much as the utterances of many a newspaper are dictated by the business manager. But does the advertising gained through intercollegiate athletics injure or aid a college? At one railroad station I was greeted by a real-estate agent who offered to sell me 'on easy terms a lot in the most beautiful and rapidly growing city in America.' (Thus do I safely cover its identity.) Among the attractions, he mentioned the local college. He was proud of it; he said it had the best baseball team in the state. Apart from that he had not an intelligent idea about the institution, or any desire for ideas. The only building he had visited was the grandstand. He could not name a member of the faculty or a course of instruction. College advertising which gets no further than this is paid for at exorbitant rates.

The people of Tacoma discovered recently that college athletics conducted as a business are too costly. They brought college students 1400 miles to play a football game at Tacoma on Thanksgiving Day for the benefit of the Belgian refugees. The charitable object of the game was widely advertised and there was a large attendance. After they had paid the expenses of the 'amateur' teams, the coaches, and the advertising, they announced that there was nothing left for the Belgians.

A writer in the *North American Review* tries to justify the time spent by college boys in managing athletic teams on the plea that it is good training for business. He gives testimony to this effect from a graduate of two years' standing 'engaged in the wholesale coal business in one of the large New York towns.' Following the usual custom, this young graduate returns to his college and gives the admiring undergraduates the benefit of his wisdom, lest they be corrupted by the quaint notions of impractical professors. He has them guess

what part of his college work has proved of greatest use; then he assures them that his best training came as manager of the baseball team. Such is the mature judgment of the coal-dealer. And such is the advice of alumni that makes undergraduates resolve anew not to allow their studies to interfere with their college education. But some people raise the question why a boy should be maintained in college for four years, at a great cost to society and to his parents, in order that he may gain a little business experience when he could gain so much more by earning his living.

The conflicts frequently arising between faculties and students over questions of intercollegiate athletics are the natural outcome of the independent control of a powerful agency with three chief aims — winning games, making money, and getting advertised — which are antagonistic to the chief legitimate ambitions of a university faculty. No self-respecting head of a department of psychology would tolerate the presence in the university of persons working in his field, in no way subject to him and with aims subversive of those of the department. No professor of physical education should tolerate a similar condition in his department. It is one of the hopeful signs in America that several of the men best qualified to conduct athletics as education have declined to consider university positions, unless they could have control of students, teams, coaches, alumni committees, grandstands, fields, finances, and everything else necessary to rescue athletics from the clutches of commercialism.

I have read a letter from one of the ablest teachers in America, declining to accept a certain university position under the usual conditions, but outlining a plan whereby, as the real head of the department of physical education,

he might begin a new chapter in the history of American athletics. His plan was rejected, not because it had any defects as a system of education, but solely because it would cause a probable decline in victories, gate-receipts, and newspaper space. That university continued the traditional dual contest of coaches and physical directors with their conflicting ideals. Recently I received a letter from the professor of physical education who *did* accept the position, himself one of the ablest athletes among its graduates, declaring that he would no longer attempt the impossible, in an institution that deliberately prostituted athletics for commercial ends.

We hear much about the value of intercollegiate games for the 'tired business man' who needs to get out of doors and watch a sport that will make him forget his troubles. It is true that for him a game of baseball may be a therapeutic spectacle. The question is whether institutions of learning should conduct their athletics — or any other department — for the benefit of spectators. Doubtless university courses in history could provide recreation for the general public and make money, if instruction were given wholly by means of motion-pictures. But such courses would hardly satisfy the needs of all students. Is it less important that departments of physical education should be conducted primarily for all students rather than for spectators? We do not insist that banks, railroads, factories, department stores, and legislatures jeopardize their main functions in order to provide recreation for the tired business man. Universities are institutions of equal importance to society, in so far as they attend to their main purposes. Athletics for the benefit of the grandstand must be conducted as business; athletics for the benefit of students must be conducted as education.

III

It is when we rightly estimate the possibilities of athletics as education that the present tyranny of athletics as business becomes intolerable. Is it not an anomaly that those in charge of higher institutions of learning should leave athletic activities, which are of such great potential educational value for *all* students, chiefly under the control of students, alumni, coaches, newspapers, and spectators? Usually the coach is engaged by the students, paid for by the students, and responsible only to them. He is not a member of the faculty or responsible to the faculty. The faculty have charge of the college as an educational institution; athletics is for business and therefore separately controlled. Why not abandon faculty direction of Latin? Students, alumni, and newspapers are as well qualified to elect a professor of Latin and administer the department in the interests of education, as they are to elect coaches and administer athletics in the interests of education.

A few of the more notable coaches of the country are aware of the possibilities of athletics controlled by the faculty for educational purposes. Mr. Courtney, the Cornell coach, spoke to the point when he said, —

'If athletics are not a good thing, they ought to be abolished. If they are a good thing for the boys, it would seem to me wise for the university to take over and control absolutely every branch of sport; do away with this boy management; stop this foolish squandering of money, and see that the athletics of the University are run in a rational way.'

Next to the physical development and the maintenance of the health of all the students and teachers of an institution, the main purpose of athletics as education is to provide recrea-

tion as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study. But, intercollegiate athletics having won and retained unquestioned supremacy in our colleges, students do not tolerate the idea of a conflicting interest.

Even the nights preceding the great contests must be free from the interference of intellectual concerns. An editorial in one of our college weeklies makes this point clear. If a member of the faculty ventured to put the matter so extremely, he would be charged with exaggeration. But in this paper the students naively present their conviction that even the most signal opportunities for enjoying literature must be sacrificed by the entire student body in order that they may get together and yell in preparation for their function of sitting in the grandstand. In this case the conflicting interest appeared in no less a person than Alfred Noyes. For a geographically isolated community to hear the poet was an opportunity of a college lifetime. Yet the students wrote as follows:—

‘THE RALLY *vs.* NOYES.

‘Returning alumni this year were somewhat surprised to find the Hall used for a lecture on the eve of our great gridiron struggle, and some were very much disappointed. The student body was only partially reconciled to the situation and was represented in great part by Freshmen [who were required to attend].’

The relative importance of intercollegiate athletics and other college affairs, in the minds of students, is indicated by student publications. There is no more tangible scale for measuring the interests of college youth than the papers they edit for their own satisfaction, unrestrained by the faculty.

Let us take two of the worthiest colleges as examples. The Bowdoin Col-

lege *Orient*, a weekly publication, is typical. For the first nine weeks of the academic year 1914–15, the *Orient* gave 450 inches to intercollegiate athletics. For the same period, it devoted six inches to art, ten inches to social service, thirteen inches to music, and twelve inches to debating. Judging from this free expression, the students rate the interests of intercollegiate athletics nearly three times as high as the combined interests of art, music, religion, philosophy, social service, literature, debating, the curriculum and the faculty. Second in importance to intercollegiate athletics, valued at 450 inches, are dances and fraternities, valued at 78 inches.

Another possible measure of the student's interest is found in *Harvard of Today from an Undergraduate Point of View*, published in 1913 by the Harvard Federation of Territorial Clubs. The book gives to athletics ten pages; to the clubs, six pages; to debating, five lines,—and that student activity requires sustained thinking and is most closely correlated with the curriculum. The faculty escapes without mention. ‘From an undergraduate point of view’ the faculty appears to be an incumbrance upon the joys of college life.

These publications appear to be fair representatives of their class. It is probable, furthermore, that the relative attention given by the student papers to intellectual interests is a criterion of the conversation of students.

Not long ago, I spent some time with the graduate students at an Eastern university. Their conversation at dinner gave no evidence of common intellectual interests. They appeared to talk of little but football games.

On a visit to a Southern state university, I found the women's dormitory in confusion. The matron excused the noise and disorder on the ground

that a big football game was pending and it seemed impossible for the girls to think of anything else.

'The big game comes to-morrow?' I asked.

'Oh, no, next week,' she said.

Last spring, at a large university on the Pacific Coast, I met one young woman of the freshman class who had already been to thirty-one dances that year. At a state university of the Middle West, I found that the students had decided to have their big football game on Friday instead of Saturday, in order to wrench one more day from the loose grip of the curriculum. When the faculty protested, the students painted on the walks, 'Friday is a holiday' — and it was.

Intellectual enthusiasm is rare in American colleges, and likely to be rarer still if social and athletic affairs continue to overshadow all other interests. Their dominance has given many a college faculty its characteristic attitude in matters of government. They assume that boys and girls will come to college for anything but studies. They tell new students just how many lectures in each course they may escape. A penalty of unsatisfactory work is the obligation to attend all the meetings on their schedule, and the usual reward for faithful conduct is the privilege of 'cutting' more lectures without a summons from the dean. Always the aim of students appears to be to escape as much as possible of the college life provided by the faculty, in order to indulge in more of the college life provided by themselves. Their inventive powers are marvelous; they bring forth an endless procession of devices for evading the opportunities for the sake of which (according to old-fashioned notions) students seek admission to college. The complacent acceptance of this condition by college faculties — the pervasive assumption that students have

no genuine intellectual enthusiasm — tends to stagnation. In the realm of thought some appear to have discovered the secret of petrified motion.

The pronounced tendencies in higher education aggravate the disease. Feeble palliatives are used from time to time, — the baseball schedule in one college, after six hours of debate by the faculty, was cut down from twenty-four games to twenty-two, — but the bold and necessary surgeon seldom gets in his good work. When he does operate, he is hung in effigy or elected President of the United States.

Concerning the policy of no intercollegiate games at Clark College, President Sanford says: 'Our experience with this plan has been absolutely satisfactory and no change of policy would be considered. Doubtless some of the less intellectually serious among the students might like to see intercollegiate sports introduced. It is generally understood that in a three-year college there is not time for such extras.' The faculty appear to be unanimously in favor of no intercollegiate games, since the course at Clark College takes only three years. Intercollegiate contests appear to be ruled out chiefly on the ground that, in a three-year course, students cannot afford to waste time. But why is it worse for a young man to waste parts of three years of his student life than to waste parts of four years of it?

The educational effect of our exaggerated emphasis on intercollegiate athletics is shown in the attitude of alumni. It is difficult to arouse the interest of a large proportion of graduates in anything else. At one of the best of our small colleges, in the Mississippi valley, I saw a massive concrete grandstand. This valiant emulation of the Harvard stadium seemed to me to typify the indifference of alumni to the crying needs of their alma mater. For

these graduates who contributed costly concrete seats, to be used by the student body in lieu of exercise, showed no concern over the fact that the college was worrying along with scientific laboratories inferior to those of the majority of modern high schools. 'What could I do?' the president asked. 'They would give the stadium, and they would not give the laboratories.'

IV

There have been numerous attempts to prove that intercollegiate athletics are not detrimental to scholarship by showing that athletes receive higher marks than other students. Such arguments are beside the point. Though we take no account of the weak-kneed indulgence to athletes in institutions where winning games is the dominant interest, and of the special coaching in their studies provided them because they are on the teams, we must take account of the fact that wherever the student body regards playing on intercollegiate teams as the supreme expression of loyalty, the men of greatest physical and mental strength are more likely than the others to go out for the teams, and these are the very men of whom we rightly expect greatest proficiency in scholarship. That they do not as a group show notable leadership in intellectual activities seems due to the excessive physical training which, at certain seasons, they substitute for study.

But this is not the main point. A large college might be willing to sacrifice the scholarship of a score of students, if that were all. The chief charge against intercollegiate athletics is their demoralizing effect on the scholarship of the entire institution. The weaklings who have not grit enough to stand up on the gridiron and be tackled talk interminably about the latest game and

the chances of winning the next one. They spend their hours in cheering the football hero, and their money in betting on him. The man of highest achievement in scholarship they either ignore or condemn with unpleasant epithets.

Further hindrances to scholarship are the periodic absences of the teams. It is said that athletes are required to make up the work they miss during their trips, but is not this one of the naïve ways wherein faculties deceive themselves? They are faced with this dilemma. Either the work of a given week in their courses is so substantial, and their own contribution to the work so great, that students cannot possibly miss it, and 'make it up' while meeting the equally great demands of the following week, or else the work of all the students is so easy that the athletes on a week's absence do not miss much. What actually happens, year in and year out, is that the standards of scholarship of the entire institution are lowered to meet the exigencies of intercollegiate athletics.

To what an illogical position we are driven by our fetish worship of college 'amateur athletics'! We especially provide the summer vacation as a period for play and recreation, and as a time when a majority of students must earn a part of the expenses of the college year. For these purposes we suspend all classes. Yet the student who uses this vacation to play ball and thereby earn some money must either lie about it or be condemned to outer darkness. There are no intercollegiate athletics for him; he has become a 'professional.' It matters not how fine his ideals of sport may be, how strong his character, or how high his scholarship. These considerations are ignored. The honors all go to the athlete who neglects his studies in order to make games his supreme interest during that part of the twelve

months which is specifically set apart for studies.

Far more sensible would be an arrangement whereby, if we must have intercollegiate athletics at all, the games could be scheduled in vacation periods, and a part of the gate-receipts, if we must have them at all, could be used for the necessary living expenses of worthy students instead of being squandered, as much of that money is squandered to-day. That this will seem a preposterous plan to those who are caught in the maelstrom of the present collegiate system need not surprise us. An accurate record of the history of intercollegiate athletics shows that, year in and year out, the arrangements desired by students are those that interfere most seriously with study during the days especially intended for study.

The maelstrom of college athletics! That would not seem too strong a term if we could view the age in which we live in right perspective, an age so unbalanced nervously that it demands perpetual excitement. We have fallen into a vicious circle: the excesses of excitement create a pathological nervous condition which craves greater excesses. The advertisement of a head-on collision of two locomotives is said to have drawn the largest crowd in the history of modern 'sport'; next in attractiveness is an intercollegiate football game. It is unfortunate that our universities, which should serve as balancing forces, — which should inculcate the ideal of sport as a counterpoise to an overwrought civilization, — are actually making conditions worse through cultivating, by means of athletics as a business, that passion for excitement which makes sustained thinking impossible and which is elsewhere kept at fever heat by prize-fights, bull-fights, and blood-curdling motion pictures.

V

But even if intercollegiate games are detrimental to the interests of scholarship, is not the college spirit they create worth all they cost? Perhaps so. A university is more than a curriculum and a campus. It is more than the most elaborate student annual can depict. Even in Carlyle's day, it was more than he called it: a true university was never a mere 'collection of books.' It is the spirit that giveth life, and 'college spirit' is certainly a name to conjure with. The first question is what we mean by college spirit. A student may throw his hat in the air, grab a megaphone, give 'three long rahs,' go through the gymnastics of a cheerleader, — putting the most ingenious mechanical toys to shame, — and yet leave some doubt whether he has adequately defined college spirit.

What is this college spirit that hovers over the paid coach and his grandstand — this 'indefinable something,' as one writer calls it, 'which is fanned into a bright flame by intercollegiate athletics'? Shall we judge the spirit by its manifestations in an institution famed above all else for its winning teams and its college spirit? In such an institution, not long ago, every student was cudgeled or cajoled into 'supporting the team,' and many a callow youth acted as though he thought he had reached the heights of self-sacrifice when he sat for hours on the grandstand, watching practice, puffing innumerable cigarettes, and laying up a stock of canned enthusiasm for the big game. A student who would not support his team by betting on it was regarded as deficient in spirit. Every intercollegiate game was the occasion of general neglect of college courses. If the game was at a neighboring city, the classrooms were half empty for two days; but the bar-rooms of that city were not empty,

and worse places regularly doubled their rates on the night of a big game. Some of the most enthusiastic supporters of the team went to jail for disturbing the peace. If the contest took place at home, returning alumni filled the fraternity houses and celebrated with general drunkenness. 'An indefinable something' — consisting of college property and that of private citizens — was 'fanned into a bright flame' in celebration of the victory. Following this came the spectacle of young men parading the streets in nightshirts. For residents of the town who did not enjoy this particular kind of spirit, the night was made hideous by the noises of revelry. All this and much more was tolerated for years on the assumption that students, imbued with college spirit, should not be subjected to the laws of decent living that govern those members of civilized communities who have not had the advantages of a higher education. The most serious difficulties between faculties and students and between students and the police, the country over, for the past twenty years, have arisen in connection with displays of 'college spirit' after the 'big game.' Any college and any community might cheerfully sacrifice this kind of college spirit.

But some men mean by college spirit something finer than lawlessness, dissipation, and rowdiness. They mean the loyalty to an institution which makes a student guard its good name by being manly and courteous in conduct at all times and in all places. They mean the sense of responsibility which aids a student in forming habits of temperance and industry. They mean that eagerness to make a grateful use of his opportunities which leads a student to keep his own body fit, through moderate athletics, and a physical training that knows no season — is never broken. By college spirit some men mean

this and far more: they mean that loyalty to a college which rivets a man to the severest tasks of scholarship, through which he gains intellectual power and enthusiasm, without which no graduate is an entire credit to any college; and finally they mean that vision of an ideal life beyond commencement which shows a man that only through the rigid subordination of transient and trivial pleasures can he hope to become the only great victory a university ever wins — a trained, devoted, and inspired alumnus, working for the welfare of mankind. There is no evidence that the intercollegiate athletics of to-day inculcate in many men this kind of college spirit.

Have I exaggerated the evils of intercollegiate athletics? Possibly I have. Exceptions should be cited here and there. But I am convinced that college faculties agree with me in my main contentions. My impression is that at least three fourths of the teachers I have met the country over believe that the American college would better serve its highest purposes, if intercollegiate athletics were no more. At a recent dinner of ten deans and presidents, they declared, one by one, in confidence that they would abolish intercollegiate athletics if they could withstand the pressure of students and alumni.

Is it therefore necessary for all institutions to give up intercollegiate athletics permanently? Probably not. Let our colleges first take whatever measures are necessary to make athletics yield their educational values to all students and teachers. If intercollegiate athletics can then be conducted as incidental and contributory to the main purposes of athletics, well and good. But first of all the question must be decisively settled, which aims are to dominate — those of business or those of education. And it will be difficult for a college already in the clutches

of commercialism to retain the system and at the same time cultivate a spirit antagonistic to it. Probably the quicker and surer way would be to suspend all intercollegiate athletics for a college generation by agreement of groups of colleges, — during which period every effort should be made to establish the tradition of athletics for education. If an institution could not survive such a period of transition, it is a fair question whether the institution has any reason for survival.

Typically American though our frantic devotion to intercollegiate athletics may be, we shall not long tolerate a system which provides only a costly, injurious, and excessive régime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least. The call today is for inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most. Colleges must sooner or later heed that call: their athletics must be for education, not for business.

DRINK REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JOHN KOREN

I

ARE we about to become an alcohol-free nation? Or must the long struggle against intemperance continue until mankind has reached a state of development in which its present weaknesses have been turned into strength? There is no lack of loud trumpeting in anticipation of an early and final victory over the alcohol enemy. The confident predictions impress the uninformed to a point of belief. More cautious observers are perplexed, while others rush into the fight for their own ends. The attitude of a very large portion of the public toward the present stage of drink reform in this country is one of drift, more or less marked by uneasy forebodings. Too many lack the bearings to be gained from the history of the temperance movement in its various stages, without which the present trend of things cannot be understood

nor can any reasonable forecast be made for the future.

Moral suasion was the sole reliance of the temperance reform in its earliest manifestations. To create and sustain a desire for personal abstinence was the great aim. About a century ago enthusiasm for this virtue surged like a wave over much of the land. But when its force seemed about to wane, there crept into the minds of some men the belief that to pillory the drinker was not enough so long as the purveyor of drink remained unscathed. Then arose a demand for force where suasion appeared to fail, and the idea took root of compelling temperance by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants, which found its first full-fledged expression in the State of Maine about 1850. Many advocates of abstinence deprecated this recourse to the 'strong arm of the law'; but they were given a scant and hardly courteous hearing.

And there was need of law, for the saloon, supplanting the old-time tavern, had in many places become a menacing institution. Gradually the battle for temperance shifted from the drinker to the drink-seller and those behind him. Old-style temperance revivals continued for many a year, to be sure, but the suppression of the saloon as the ultimate source of the drink evil became the vital issue. Within the decade of 1850-1860 twelve states followed the example of Maine and enacted prohibition,¹ and in the next twenty years (1860-1880) Kansas and Rhode Island, and by 1890 the Dakotas, were added to those twelve. Thus in the space of forty years no less than seventeen commonwealths embraced the prohibition faith.

During the prohibition campaigns of the earlier periods, as now, the anti-saloon feeling was the mainspring of the agitation. In this detached students of the history of the prohibition movement concur without dissent. The saloon as we know it is distinctly the offspring of rough pioneer conditions, and whether one looked to the large urban centres or to the sparsely settled new states, it had not merely become a centre of inebriety and affiliated vices, but had reached corruptingly into political life. The legal measures for controlling the drink traffic were of the crudest sort — poor makeshifts, the results of political compromise rather than of statesmanship. But in training the heaviest fire so exclusively at the drink-seller, the appeal for personal abstinence became dangerously subordinated in the temperance campaigns. Earnest men and women bewailed this trend but were powerless to stop it. Yet to this blind reliance upon mere law to

effect a moral change in the individual, we may trace the undoing of many a seemingly promising prohibition victory, won at great cost.

Of the seventeen states which between 1850 and 1890 had given their allegiance to prohibition, only three (Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota) have clung to it steadfastly until this day. We need not concern ourselves here with the history of the various enactments and repeals. The short life permitted prohibition in a number of states and their failure to renew the experiment after a test are, however, sufficient evidence that the majorities behind the law were more or less of a fictitious character, or that the benefits promised did not materialize. Two of the states under consideration compromised with their consciences. Iowa grew content to 'mulet' liquor-dealers and Ohio to 'tax' them, — a distinction in terms but not in fact, both methods being in contravention of constitutional law. Meanwhile, the states that continued to uphold prohibition did so largely in name. Spasms of enforcement alternated with periods of open violations of the law.

Yet the struggle of these twenty years had by no means been barren. In spite of obvious failures of prohibition exemplified by repeals of the law, laxity of enforcement, and other troubles, the temperance movement up to this period, aside from any influence on individual lives, had one great achievement to its credit: men began to realize as never before the political as well as social perils of an uncurbed liquor traffic. A return to ante-prohibition conditions was unthinkable. One result of the search for some constructive remedy was the high-license law of Nebraska, enacted in 1881, which automatically reduced the number of licensed places and thus was expected to secure better control. This device was

¹ Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, and New York.

eagerly adopted by a certain class of reformers, and, variously expanded, for instance by the statutory limitation of the number of saloons and a host of minor restrictive measures, it has remained the foundation stone of those laborious structures, the modern license laws.

But a far more important and valuable heritage of the earlier temperance movement was the status secured for the principle of local option. While local prohibition was applied both in Europe and the United States prior to the state-wide experiment of Maine, the distinction of legally recognizing the principle that the local community has the right to license or veto the drink traffic belongs to this country.

For more than a decade subsequent to 1890 the usually troubled waters of temperance reform remained comparatively unruffled. The prohibition propaganda had perceptibly weakened, notwithstanding the advent of the prohibitionists as a political party. Meanwhile, a mass of new liquor legislation crept into the statute books, though for the greater part of a trivial nature except as it afforded the local-option principle freer play. There was, however, one notable departure from the routine temperance propaganda. The State of South Carolina established its dispensary system, whereby the state assumed supreme control of drink-selling for public account. In time this experiment, now practically abandoned, became the entering wedge which eventually rent the solidarity of the liquor traffic in the Southern states. The dispensary system was copied locally by Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, bidding fair to spread widely. Meanwhile the seemingly dormant prohibition forces had slowly gathered new strength. In the Northern and Western states the responses to their pleas had become fitful and of less promise.

But the South was now ready to lend a willing ear. Several circumstances combined to make it so. The saloons, purveyors of distilled spirits almost exclusively, had grown notoriously lawless; drunkenness was rampant, and behind all loomed the spectre, partly imagined, partly real, of danger from the uncontrolled elements among the Negroes. The dominant religious forces of the South, peculiarly fitted to be a vehicle for temperance propaganda, lent their full strength to the movement against the saloon. Perhaps more important still, there had come into being an organized force, manned by professional temperance reformers, who took command of the fighting line, — namely, the so-called Anti-Saloon League. Victories soon came apace. In the space of a few years Oklahoma, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Mississippi outlawed the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Alabama later recanted her faith for a time, but has once more turned to prohibition.

The wash of the rising prohibition wave soon reached beyond the South. There the ground for prohibition had been sedulously prepared by a liberal application of the local-option principle. The *modus operandi* was uncease and simple: first, to lay 'dry' as much territory as possible by local veto and then to follow up with state-wide prohibition. This method of working toward state-wide prohibition by means of county-option laws has been pushed vigorously and in some places with notable success.

Long ago national prohibition could be discerned as the ultimate aim of the extreme and commanding element of the temperance forces. But now it has become the issue; it has indeed entered into all the campaigns of the last few years. Still, it would be hasty to declare that this issue was the decisive

factor in the most recent victories for prohibition, which have brought to its ranks the states of Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Virginia, and West Virginia.

II

Such, in broad outline, is the history of the temperance movement in the United States so far as it is reflected in legislation. Of its minor manifestations — the campaign for compulsory temperance teaching, the innumerable restrictive enactments whereby it has been sought to curb excesses of the licensed traffic or to enforce prohibition — there is not space to write. When it is asked what has been the actual gain for temperance from the ceaseless agitation, exhortation, and forced legislation, an adequate answer is far from being simple. On turning to the Year Books of the Anti-Saloon League or of the Prohibitionists, we find the case blandly set forth thus: 'So many states brought under prohibition rule; so many square miles of "dry" territory in license states; and so many million inhabitants living in areas from which the saloon has been banished,' and so forth. Such superficial if pretentious evidence is unsatisfactory and hardly merits analysis. One need not rehearse the oft-told sordid tale of persistent, gross violations of prohibition law enduring in some states from one generation to another; nor point to the vast populations nominally living in 'dry' territory but having abundant facilities for obtaining intoxicants when they desire. Over against the extravagant claims that more than half of the population of the United States has for several years experienced the blessings of prohibition in some form, stand the irrefutable official figures of the production of alcoholic liquors. By successive stages the output of spirits, beer, and

wine has risen almost without a halt, and more than kept pace with the growth of population, as shown in the following statement in round numbers:

Years	Spirits withdrawn for consumption (million gallons)	Production of beer (million barrels)
1900	93	39
1905	115	49
1910	126	59
1914	136	66

What the actual *per capita* consumption is in this country no one can tell. To measure it by the total number of inhabitants, with no allowance for non-drinkers, — abstainers, children, rural communities, and so forth, — is not only ignorant but absurd as a test of the status of temperance. There is, however, one undeniable inference which must be drawn from the official statistics: the steady upward movement in the production of intoxicants could not have taken place during these years had both state and local prohibition been truly effective. With more than one half of the people alleged to live in dry territory, one would logically expect consumption to be reduced, or at least to fall behind the growth in population; but the contrary has happened, leaving entirely aside the increase in illicit distillation and the growing use of alcoholic home brews. Common sense, no less than experience, discards the explanation that the unquestioned increase in consumption is attributable to the license states alone. It is even less creditable to blame the influx of immigrants, especially when one recalls that those of recent years belong largely to the abstemious races of Europe.

Fortunately the claims for temperance reform rest on a solidier basis than the one commonly vaunted. In the face of the larger and more widely distributed use of alcoholic beverages, particularly of beer, one may confidently assert of our country as a whole: —

(1) That there is a growing tendency toward personal moderation and practical abstinence, partly as a result of a keener appreciation of the evils of alcoholism and partly through the amelioration of social standards and habits.

(2) That the public attitude toward intemperance has undergone profound changes which are reflected in social intercourse, in the demands of transportation and commerce and industries, and more and more in legislation against inebriety.

(3) That the temper of our people as a whole does not support the saloon of to-day as a desirable institution; many who vote against prohibition contend that the saloon must be removed from the country villages and crossroads, and they find support even within the 'trade' itself.

Contrasting these conditions with those of two or three decades ago, we note a measurable progress toward sobriety and cleaner living.

To whom belongs the credit? Doubtless much, very much, is due the general temperance propaganda, which, however, is by no means synonymous with the battle for prohibition. To lay dry so much territory legally is not necessarily to be counted as an achievement for temperance reform when intemperance remains as rampant as under license, and the illicit traffic gains a hold on the community quite as dangerous as that of legalized traffic. To attribute the advance made wholly to a movement which finds its chief expression in denouncing the iniquities of the purveyor of intoxicants and in preaching an ideal nowhere obtained, — an ideal to be gained by force where persuasion fails, — is to deny the potency of other forces making for betterment: religion, education, the demands of industry and commerce, better conditions of living, and so on. And surely these forces are quite as markedly active in

license as in no-license communities. If it be given no man to apportion accurately the effect of the manifold factors that contribute to more sober living, one can at least point out the grievous error of ascribing it entirely to a single factor.

However gratefully improvements must be acknowledged, contentment with the present state of temperance reform were but gross indifference. Usually high planes of living are reached by many a faltering step; but we are told now that temperance will become an inevitable virtue by the simple means of national prohibition. The vociferous clamor for it is a logical outgrowth of the temperance movement under its present generalship, yet it compels the admission openly made by a few of its candid adherents that state-wide prohibition has not fulfilled the rosy expectations of its sponsors. The superficial reasons for this lie at hand. In defiance of 'ironclad' statutes, federal regulations concerning interstate shipments, the limitation of quantities that may be imported for private use, the fidelity in policing, and so forth, intoxicants have always found their way into forbidden territories in sufficient bulk to frustrate the object of prohibition completely, or in greater part, through illicit sales. For confirmation one need but turn to the sinister figures published annually by the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the persons who pay the federal tax as liquor-dealers in prohibition states — let alone the numbers who avoid such risk — and of the immense growth of illicit distillation which the Federal government seems unable to check.

At times and in places a periodic degree of success attends enforcement. Kansas has recently demonstrated this after failures extending over thirty years. West Virginia just now is mak-

ing its first effort to the same end. One lesson has come home from the bitter warfare, — namely, that liquor-selling can be effectually suppressed in rural districts and small urban communities — and this quite independently of the state-wide law — by means of local option. But even in the happier instances of prohibition the willingness to exclude the saloon is largely conditioned by the opportunity to secure liquor for private use. In truth, nowhere and at no time has absolute prohibition been exemplified in this country. In forecasting the possibilities of absolute prohibition, the committee of the Swedish Medical Society officially deputed to study the question (1912) simply dismisses the American prohibition experiments as wholly inconclusive and therefore valueless as a guidance to other countries. Indeed, impartial and authoritative observers from abroad, like Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, Professor Axel Holst, and many others, have been impressed throughout their personal investigations chiefly by the extent to which prohibition is being violated and circumvented.

III

Habitually, the venders and makers of intoxicants are blamed for such unwholesome conditions. They are guilty in a degree; and we justly pour out upon them a full measure of wrath. No condemnation too severe can be visited upon men who for the sake of filthy profit defy constitutional and statutory law, spreading corruption and misery wherever they go. Yet that they usually find open markets beckoning them, that otherwise decent citizens become their partners in law-breaking by purchase, argues not so much an irrepressible demand for drink as indifference to the enforcement of prohibition.

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Here is the festering sore spot which prohibition so far has failed to heal. It is caused by the presence of large hostile minorities (sometimes turning into majorities), some of whose members may believe in prohibition to the extent that they frown upon the legalized saloon while demanding a supply of liquor for private use. Unfortunately, prohibition rarely, if ever, as enacted nowadays, is the expression of an untrammelled public conviction. The methods of the ordinary prohibition campaign do not require this. The paid propagandists who have assumed leadership are content to cajole where they do not persuade, through threat of social and trade boycott, or of political extinction, and by a hundred other devices not necessarily calculated to instill conviction but effective in gathering votes. They seldom fail to recruit strength from self-seeking politicians who would ride to preferment and office on the 'water wagon,' although they secretly despise it. This blunt but truthful speech by no means ignores the very many men and women who vote and work for the extinction of the liquor traffic with perfect single-mindedness. We are merely seeking adequately to explain why prohibition victories are usually such short-lived triumphs for temperance.

Everywhere stands out the ugly fact of substantial minorities opposed to prohibition, exclusive of persons whose creed permits them to vote for it without any intention of helping to secure enforcement of the law. Instances of states repealing prohibition after a trial are numerous; but its complete vindication by the voters after a satisfactory trial is still wanting. The State of Maine furnishes an illuminating example. When a few years ago its citizens were called upon to declare for or against the resubmission of the constitutional prohibition amendment, only

a bare majority could be mustered against it; and had not the issue been clouded by political considerations, — above all, had not the illicit traffic, aided by wholesale liquor-dealers outside of the state, rallied to the support of prohibition, — Maine would certainly have shown a popular vote in favor of a license law.

The mere desire to extirpate the saloon, although professed by a majority of voters, does not suffice to uphold prohibition; for it is a question fundamentally involving the attitude of the individual toward the use of intoxicants. Until the mass of men in any state have become convinced (of which there is no evidence) that so far as they are personally concerned the temperate use of liquor is wrong, or are impelled to personal abstinence through solicitude for weaker brethren, prohibition must continue to suffer from what for the present appears to be an insuperable limitation. Human nature will not take seriously a ban upon an indulgence regarded as personally permissible. The drink question is not a plain moral issue; therefore we submit it to popular vote, a thing never done with matters involving inherent rights and wrongs. We do not debate whether various forms of crime and vice shall be suppressed, but only the methods of doing so. No one, for instance, challenges the wisdom of forbidding by legislation the sale of habit-forming drugs except for medical use. But prohibition against drink is in no sense analogous, for it denies the liberty to indulge in things which, if used moderately, are not necessarily open to condemnation.

Were the line of cleavage what absolutists contend, the numberless evasions and violations of the law which otherwise straight-walking persons permit themselves, would be unthinkable. The writer well remembers witnessing a justice of the Supreme Court of the

United States persuading a black railway porter to break a state prohibitory law because he felt, or imagined, the need of something stronger than water, while passing through 'dry' territory. The much perplexed Negro offered this defense: 'What could ah say wen de co't compel me to?' The elevated personage in question is but a type of untold numbers in humbler walks who without compunction break the one law against drink while they implicitly obey others. Patrons of kitchen bars or the more pretentious saloon drug-stores in forbidden places are not guilty alone in this attitude. It is shared commonly by men whose standing no one would challenge. Even the great institutions of learning have been known to make exceptions (perhaps for the sake of obviating a greater evil) when confronted with the question of strictly enforcing liquor legislation within their own domain. This compounding with wrong is facilitated by the law itself, which visits its whole strength upon the vender of the forbidden goods, although he be in fact but their hired custodian, while the purchaser goes scot free.

The common lack of whole-hearted acceptance of the very essence of the principle of prohibition is not merely a firm obstacle to rigid enforcement, but proof that men habitually distinguish between the obligations imposed by prohibition and other laws which the community conscience insists shall be respected. Men who speak and vote for prohibition in Congress or in state legislatures do not lose caste in society because they violate the very statute to which they have subscribed as soon as it happens to inconvenience them. Yet the same persons would be condemned for ordinary criminal acts. The strict moralist cannot justify this attitude. We are here purely concerned with the fact that it exists and that it

accounts for the inherent weakness of the efforts to change habits and points of view by statutory enactment. Perhaps no more disquieting illustration of the point to be driven home can be found than the frequent political contests in prohibition states centring in the question whether the law against drink-selling shall be enforced or not. Governors, state legislatures, and numerous local officials are frequently elected on a platform of non-enforcement. It would be shallow-minded to blame such exhibitions of callousness to the dictates of law solely to the machinations of those pecuniarily interested in drink-selling, or to the degradation of this or that political party. No, it is rooted in the fact that so many differentiate between violation of prohibition and ordinary transgressions. In passing, it may be said that we touch here upon one of the fundamental ills engendered by unenforced prohibition, namely that it focuses political thought and activity of the community, not upon policies for civic advancement, but, *mirabile dictu*, upon the question whether constitutional and statutory enactments shall be respected!¹

There is, then, no real analogy between the violation of prohibition and that of other laws which by common consent have become dead letters. In the course of time we slough off considerable legislation without formal repeal, because we have outgrown it, but the fact does not necessarily argue disrespect for law. On the other hand, there is at least a constant pretense of enforcing prohibition, and it cannot be openly flaunted without the connivance of officials.

To some extent conspicuous evils

accompanying unenforced prohibition, such as the corruption of the police and other officials, the schooling of entire generations in obtaining a livelihood through violation of law, and the constant presence of alcoholism, are admitted even by the sponsors of this method of temperance reform. Naturally, the blame for such lamentable conditions is laid upon the liquor traffic in other states, as ultimately responsible; and there follows the argument: 'Forbid by national law the manufacture and importation for purposes of sale of all intoxicants, break up the legalized liquor traffic, and these ills will disappear; the Federal government has stamped out slavery and polygamy, and will soon put an end to the drug traffic; it can do the same with liquor.' Thus runs the speech, and hardly a day passes without its repetition in some form from the pulpit and platform.

IV

Let us examine a bit closer this ultimate panacea for the drink evil, not in the spirit of belittling its honest advocates, but as those who would sound for possible shoals upon which temperance reform may yet be stranded. The procedure by which national prohibition might become a reality is pretty well known. The Congress must by a two-thirds vote in both its houses submit an amendment to the Constitution forbidding for all time the manufacture and importation for sale of intoxicants of every kind; then the amendment must be accepted by three fourths of the states. Already sixteen states are counted in the prohibition column, and that the twenty others necessary for the required majority can be won over is of course possible.

But let us note that the sixteen prohibition states are mainly agricultural communities, only twenty-seven per

¹ A valuable discussion of this problem may be found in the *Atlantic* for July last. It was written by Mayor Baker of Cleveland, who has had large practical experience with the problem.

— THE EDITORS.

cent of their populations being urban, and that they have outlawed the drink traffic through the rural vote; that is, the areas which under normal conditions would not be encumbered by saloons have held the balance of power. The large cities invariably reject prohibition; thus in recent elections otherwise successful, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, and Denver voted against prohibition. The likelihood of winning over the greater centres of population elsewhere is far less. In short, the more urban a state is, the greater the probability that it will oppose in particular national prohibition. Now comparatively few states contain an overwhelming or preponderating urban population and one somewhat generally distributed. Among them must be counted Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and California; also the District of Columbia. These states, sixty-eight per cent of whose population is urban, with the District of Columbia, contain more than forty-five million inhabitants, or very nearly one half of the total number in the United States, as against twenty-six million in the avowed prohibition states. Yet, under the rule governing the acceptance of a constitutional amendment dealing with a matter of public morals, these twelve 'sovereign' commonwealths might be coerced to accept prohibition, and that principally by a more or less remote rural vote!

Moreover, it may conservatively be assumed that even in the prohibition states one third of the population is opposed to forced abstinence, and that the same proportion holds good in the twenty states which it is necessary to win over to secure national prohibition. These thirds, added to the number in the states one must antici-

pate as opposed to prohibition, would equal sixty-three millions of the total population. Thus a constitutional amendment might be secured against the expressed will of a large majority of the citizens of the United States. This is by no means a fanciful speculation, but a condition confronting the intelligent voter which should lead him to ask whether such temperance reform by compulsion does not carry the germ of its own destruction.

There are, however, more obvious barriers to the success of national prohibition. Under it the now legal manufacture of liquor for sale would automatically cease. The seal placed upon the distilleries and breweries of to-day by the Federal government would not be broken. Customs inspectors would guard against the illicit importation of liquors through the usual channels. Yet should we thereby overcome the evils for which the legalized liquor traffic is cursed—corruption and political graft, and above all else the scourge of alcoholism?

Other tremendous factors are to be reckoned with in every community that is hostile or even lukewarm to national prohibition. In the first instance there is the ease with which alcohol is produced and the consequent extraordinary temptation to make 'easy money' through its sale. The material for the production of alcohol is well-nigh universal. At the cost of a few cents a gallon of alcohol can be obtained from peat. Nothing is simpler than to make and operate home apparatus for distilling spirits from potatoes or grain. The fruits of the orchard and the inexhaustible supplies of berries of the woods and fields, plus sugar, will yield alcoholic beverages of deadly strength. And let us bear in mind that the home manufacture of alcohol would be legal under the proposed amendment to the Constitution so long as the product is

not placed on sale. The Federal government has already proved its inability to suppress 'moonshining,' especially in the prohibition states; and to assume that, at a time when even fiscal interest in preventing illegal distillation would be lacking, it could close the million avenues through which alcohol in its most noxious forms might find the way to the consumer, requires an optimism born of sheer ignorance. The era of home distillation was the period of the greatest intemperance Sweden ever knew. It was in part to prevent the ever-growing home manufacture of vodka and the consequent appalling drunkenness that Russia undertook the monopoly of the manufacture of this drink, which it has lately abandoned only to find that the illegal production is once more becoming a menace.

The great issue is to prevent alcoholism; and this is not to be accomplished simply by allowing consumption under a different form. The present acquiescence in so-called prohibition in certain states is largely conditioned by the fact that alcohol has always been accessible through private importation, state liquor agencies, patent medicines, and so forth, not to mention illicit selling. Imagine the now legally accessible sources of supply cut off, but with every facility for home production of intoxicants left, and one can easily forecast a disaster to actual temperance reform which could hardly be repaired.

Under national prohibition the illicit sale of alcoholic drinks would be proportioned to the ease with which they are produced. The lure of gain is stronger than fear of an unpopular law. Certainly the Federal government could not employ an army vast enough to prevent illegal selling, even if it had authority to usurp the police power of the local community or state. The local police would prove a vain dependence

in the hundreds of municipalities opposed to the law. They, too, would be set upon by temptation or cease activity in the face of juries hostile to conviction. This is not a fantastic picture of probable conditions, but one drawn from long experience of prohibition under circumstances much more conducive to fair success.

The demand for stimulants is not amenable to a fiat of the law; and whenever demand lags, one can trust the illicit vendor artificially to stimulate it. He will not depend solely upon the cravings of the alcoholic, which — contrary to the popular conception — quickly cease in the absence of what they feed upon. The young and the weak would be found as ready victims to the seductions of alcohol as they are now; and these seductions would reach them under forms far more tempting and dangerous than at present.

Were the habitual or occasional demand of millions for alcoholic stimulants merely fictitious, it could be made to disappear by legal magic and the battle would have been won long ago. But the affair is not so desperately simple. Physiologically as well as psychologically, it is unthinkable that the transition of millions from the habitual consumption of alcohol to sudden abstinence, can be effected without revolutionizing not only social customs but the very mode of life. This is a condition that defies law. There lies in this consideration no plea for the continuance of bad habits, but simply a question as to the means by which they can be abated without inviting greater evils.

Still another uncontrovertible item in the catalogue of 'outs' about national prohibition must be mentioned. The real warfare over it would begin with the efforts at enforcement. We should then witness, on a nation-wide scale, the spectacle that we have al-

ready observed in miniature locally,—the blighting power of avowed disobedience to law dominating political battles. The paralyzing influence that overtakes a community when it condones the violation of fundamental laws, the utter demoralization of public officials, and the corroding of the social conscience, are inevitable evils under prohibition not enforced; and it is for the conscientious voter to weigh how far they offset any measurable gains for temperance.

The contrast to be kept in mind is not between possible shortcomings of prohibition and the outrages of the existing drink traffic, but between unchecked intemperance plus the evils of non-enforcement and the employment of new effective principles of restriction. One can join heartily in the anathemas against the saloon and decry alcoholism as a world-disease, while conscientiously rejecting the proposed cure-all. For this reasonable state of mind the extremists show pitying contempt or even suspicion. And now that the question has become a firebrand in national politics, its consideration upon its actual merits grows increasingly difficult. Daily we observe political fortune-hunters, whose belated conversion to temperance advocacy is not altogether convincing, befogging the real issues at stake. They trade upon the pleasing fiction that the demand for national prohibition springs from the people as a whole because it no longer thirsts; they misconstrue the very real outburst of indignation against the saloon, as if that alone provided a suitable foundation for absolutism.

It is not easy, of course, to differentiate the genuine from the spurious or manufactured sentiment underlying the agitation, since all its motive power is not clean from self-seeking and since its methods in large part have become coercive.

This much is certain: any sudden enthusiasm for reform is apt to lack depth. The alleged ripeness of the country for national prohibition is not the fruition of physiological-statistical teachings about the effects of alcohol. The masses are not moved by scientific conceptions. Happily, sound instruction in principles of hygiene has become a powerful weapon in fighting intemperance; but this fact does not reduce the drink problem to a physiological basis, much less excuse the palpable exaggerations and the confusion of values put out in the name of science. It is a social, not a physiological, question, and to be solved not by sifting the conflicting dicta of scientists, not as a matter of abstract morals, but by a gradual progress backed at each forward step by an enlightened public sentiment. To insist that in a space of years a hostile attitude will become reconciled to national prohibition is to beg the question, for then the mischief to be averted will already have been done—a too frequent experience when legislation outstrips public conviction.

These elementary observations are naturally repudiated by the type of reformer who regards the mere act of supplying intoxicants as immoral, and therefore refuses it legal sanction under any condition. And yet he would permit others to drink; for one sees that the proposed constitutional amendment aims to preserve this 'personal liberty,' as well as the manufacture and importing for private use of the most noxious beverages. Or is this merely a 'joker' intended to make the amendment more palatable, and to be got rid of by subsequent perfecting amendments? The distinctions made in the case are curious. Since at bottom the question is of stopping the sources of intemperance, how can those who brand as immoral the manufacture for sale of all alcoholic drinks consent to

their uncontrolled and unlimited production for home use? The professional temperance agitator must perforce take an extreme stand. Fulminations against the inherent sinfulness of making and selling drink are part of his stock in trade, and for him to admit the possible morality of supplying liquor of any kind under any legal auspices would for self-evident reasons be a disastrous face-about.

There are, of course, other significant aspects of national prohibition which, however, must be passed by as they are not essentially basic, — such as its economic bearings, the eventual compensation to a dispossessed trade which in some lands is accepted as an obligation, and the like.

V

It has been necessary to dwell thus at length upon the prohibition issue because it is the present storm-centre of temperance reform and held by many to be its beginning as well as its consummation. Perhaps, in a far-away future, society will outgrow the menace of alcoholism. Practically universal prohibition may be in store for the world. Meanwhile it behooves us to inquire for a safer, shorter road to the hoped-for millennium than that which cross-

es the pitfalls of national prohibition, and along which men are to be driven when they refuse to go willingly.

It is not true that we have exhausted the means for an effective control of drink-selling and the suppression of alcoholism, and that, therefore, national prohibition is the only alternative. We have merely woven into our statutes a fabric after the crazy-quilt pattern which does not hold together because it lacks a body of sound principles. The need is not for more law, but for a radically different law, the controlling motive of which must not be solely to end the present unholy alliances of the drink traffic and sweep away all the rottenness of the saloon, but gradually to dry up the real sources of intemperance — a law that recognizes an inexorable demand and meets it under conditions leading away from, not to, excesses. We need not become pathfinders in the wilderness of temperance reform in order to establish this; but it is necessary that we should see things as they are, divested of prejudice, and clearly, as in a glass without a wrinkle.

The next article in this series will be on "Drink Reform in Europe." Subsequent papers will deal with principles and methods of effective legislation in the United States.

WAITING

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IN the most esteemed of his advisory poems, Mr. Longfellow recommends his readers to be 'up and doing,' and at the same time to learn 'to labor and to wait.' Having, all of us, imbibed these sentiments in their harmonious setting when we were at school, we have, all of us, for the past six months, been endeavoring to put such conflicting precepts into practice. Mr. Longfellow, it will be remembered, gave precedence to his 'up and doing' line; but this may have been due to the exigencies of verse. We began by waiting, and we waited long. Our deliberation seemed to border on paralysis. But back of this superhuman patience — rewarded by repeated insult and repeated injury — was a toughening resolution which snatched from insult and injury something akin to triumph. We have emerged from the long, troubled summer a sadder and a wiser people, keenly aware of dangers which, in the spring, seemed negligible, fully determined to front such dangers with courage and with understanding.

When Germany struck her first blow at Belgium, the neutral nations silently acquiesced in this breach of good faith. The burning of Louvain, the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims, were but the first fruits of this sinister silence. The sinking of the *Lusitania* followed in the orderly sequence of events. It was a deliberate expression of defiance and contempt, a gauntlet thrown to the world. The lives it cost, the innocence and helplessness of the drowned passengers, their number and their

nationalities, all combined to make this novelty in warfare exactly what Germany meant it to be.

We Americans had tried (and it had been hard work) to bear tranquilly the misfortunes of others. Now let us apply our philosophy to ourselves. Herr Erich von Salzmänn voiced the sentiments of his countrymen when he said in the *Berlin Lokal Anzeiger*: —

'The *Lusitania* is no more. Only those who have traveled by sea can appreciate the extraordinary impression which this news will make all over the world. . . . The fact that it was we Germans who destroyed this ship must make us proud of ourselves. The *Lusitania* case will obtain for us more respect than a hundred battles won on land.'

The severing of fear from respect is a subtlety which has not penetrated the mind of the Prussian. He recognizes no such distinction, because his doctrine of efficiency embraces the doctrine of frightfulness. His *Kultur* is free from any ethical bias. The fact that we may greatly fear lust, cruelty, and other forms of violence, without in the least respecting these qualities, has no significance for him. He frankly does not care. If he can teach the French, the English, or the Americans to fear him in 1915, as he taught the Chinese to fear him in 1900, and by the same methods, he will be well content.

But was it fear which paralyzed us when we heard that American women and children had been sacrificed as ruthlessly as were the Chinese women

and children fifteen years ago? The fashion in which American gentlemen died on the *Lusitania*, as on the *Titanic*, may well acquit us of any charge of cowardice. Whatever 'respect' ensued from that pitiless massacre was won by the victims, not by the perpetrators thereof. Why then, when the news was brought, did we feverishly urge one another to 'keep calm'? Why did we chatter day after day about 'rocking the boat,' as though unaware that the blow which sent us reeling and quivering was struck by a foreign hand? Why did we let pass the supreme moment of action, and settle down to months of controversy? And what have we gained by delay?

All these questions can be, and have been, well answered. If we had severed diplomatic and commercial relations with Germany, she might have declared war, and we did not want to fight, — not, at least, on such provocation as she had given us. There was a well-founded conviction that no step involving the safety of the nation should be taken impetuously, or under the influence of resentment. There was also a rational hope that Germany might be induced to disavow such slaughter, and promise redress. Much confidence was placed in the unquestioned ability of Mr. Wilson, who, in this great emergency, controlled both himself and the nation; whose silence was as eloquent as his speech; and who had the rare good fortune to be rid of Congress when the blow fell. And always in the background of our minds was a lurking hope that the pen would prove mightier than the sword. The copy-books say that it is mightier, and where shall we look for wisdom, if not to the counsels of the copy-book!

The correspondence which ensued between the Administration in Washington and the Imperial Government in Berlin was so remarkable that it may

well serve as a model for generations yet unborn. If the *Polite Letter-Writer* ever broadens its sphere to embrace diplomatic relations, it could not do better than reprint these admirable specimens of what was thought to be a lost art. The urbanity and firmness of each American note filled us with justifiable pride. Also with a less justifiable elation, which was always dissipated by the arrival of a German note, equally urbane and equally firm. Germany was more than willing to state at length and at leisure her reasons for sinking unarmed, unwarned merchant ships, provided she could safely and uninterruptedly continue the practice. Such warfare, she defined in her note of July 9 as a 'sacred duty.' 'If the Imperial Government were derelict in these duties, it would be guilty before God and history of the violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundation of every national existence.'

The German is certainly at home in Zion. If his god be a trifle exacting in the matter of human sacrifices, he is otherwise the most pliant and accommodating of deities. It is one of our many disadvantages that we have no American god. Only the Divinity, whose awful name is, by common consent, omitted from diplomatic correspondence.

When our hopes sank lowest, and our hearts burned hottest, the note of September 1 brought its welcome message of concession. Nothing is less worth while than to analyze the motives which prompted this change of front. The comparative futility of German submarine warfare had in no wise impaired its popularity. Why it should have so endeared itself to the Teuton heart is a problem for psychologists to solve. There is little about it to evoke a generous enthusiasm. It lacks heroic qualities. The singularly loathsome

song which celebrated the sinking of the *Lusitania* is as remote in spirit from such brave verse as 'Admirals All' as those old sea-dogs were remote in spirit from the foul work of Von Tirpitz. No flight of fancy can conceive of Nelson counting up the women and children he had drowned. And because the whole wretched business sickened as well as affronted us, we hailed with unutterable relief any modification of its violence. For the first time in many months our souls were lightened of their load. We felt calm enough to review the summer of suspense, and to ask ourselves sincerely and soberly what were the lessons that it had taught us.

The agitation produced in this country by a terrible — and to us unexpected — European war was intensified last May by the discovery that we were not so immune as we thought ourselves. It dawned slowly on men's minds that the sacrifice of the nation's honor might not after all secure the nation's safety; and this disagreeable doubt impelled us to the still more disagreeable consideration of our inadequate coast defenses. Then and then only were we made aware of the chaotic confusion which reigned in the minds of our vast and unassimilated population. Then and then only did we understand that perils from without — remote and ascertainable — were brought close, and rendered hideously obscure, by shameful coöperation from within.

Ten years ago, two years ago, we should have laughed to scorn the suggestion that any body of American citizens — no matter what their lineage — would be disloyal to the State. A belief in the integrity of citizenship was the first article of our faith. To-day, the German-American openly disavows all pretense of loyalty, and says as plainly and as publicly as he can that he will be betrayed into no con-

flict with his 'mother country,' unless the United States be actually invaded, — by which time the rest of us would feel ourselves a trifle insecure. It is strange that the men who, had they remained in their mother country (a choice which was always open to them), would never have ventured a protest against Germany's aggressive warfare, should here be so stoutly contumacious. What would have happened to Mr. Henry Weismann, president of the New York State German-American Alliance, had he lived in Berlin instead of in Brooklyn, and had he spoken of the Kaiser as he dared to speak of Mr. Wilson! The license which the German (muzzled tightly in Germany) permits himself in the United States is not unlike the license which the newly emancipated slaves in the South mistook for liberty when the Civil War was ended. It takes as many generations to make a freeman as it does to make a gentleman.

The inevitable result of this outspoken disloyalty at home was a determined and very hurtful pressure from abroad. A big, careless, self-confident nation is an easy prey; and while we waited, not very watchfully, Germany seized many chances to hit us below the belt, and hit us hard. The fomenting of strikes and labor agitation; the threatening of German workmen employed in American factories; the misuse of the radio service at Sayville, and the continued sending of code messages; the affidavits of Gustav Stahl before the Federal Grand Jury, and his assisted flight from the authorities; the forged American passports with which German spies wander over England and the continent; the diplomatic indiscretion — to put it mildly — of German and Austrian ambassadors; the mysterious activities of German officials, which we were too inexperienced to understand, — all these things filled

us with anger and alarm. We could not resort to the simple measures of Italians, who in Philadelphia stoned the agents whom they found trying to hold back reservists about to sail for Italy. We bore each fresh affront as though injured to provocation; but we bore it understandingly, and with deep resentment. If ever our temper snaps beneath the strain, the anger so slow to ignite will be equally hard to extinguish.

Playing consciously or unconsciously into the hands of Germany are the pacifists, — a compact body of men and women, visibly strengthened by months of indecision. Their methods may at times be laughable, but we cannot afford to laugh. I do not class under this head any of the so-called 'Neutrality Leagues,' and 'National Peace Councils,' which aim at securing a German victory by withholding munitions from the Allies. Such 'neutrals' are all partisans parading under a borrowed name, which they have rendered meaningless. They have a great deal of money to spend on advertisements, and posters, and mass-meetings. They can any day, in any town, fill a hall with German sympathizers who are all of one mind concerning the duty of non-combatants. Their leaders are well aware that law and usage permit, and have long permitted, to neutral nations the sale of munitions to belligerents. Their followers for the most part know this too. But it seems worth while to profess ignorance. Something can always be accomplished by agitation, were it only a murderous attack on a financier, or the smuggling of dynamite into the hold of a cargo boat.

But in reckoning up our perils, it is the fanatic, not the hypocrite, who must be taken into account. Sincerity is a terrible weapon in the hands of the ill-advised. There can be no contagion of folly, unless that folly be sincere.

And what gives the uncompromising, because uncomprehending, pacifist his dangerous force is the fact that he is psychologically as inevitable as were the Iconoclasts, or the Thebaid anchorites, or any other historic instance of recoil. He is the abnormal product of abnormal conditions. The fury of war has bred this child of peace. The fumes of battle have stupefied him. Aggression and defense, brutality and heroism, the might of conquest and the right of resistance, have for him no separate significance. He is one who cannot master — as every sane man must learn to master — the deadly sickness of his soul.

To call the pacifist a coward is simple, but not enlightening. Cowardice is a natural and pervasive attribute of humanity. Few of us can flatly disavow it. There are women opposed to all war because their sons might be shot. A popular song — now employed to raise the spirits of school-children — expresses this sentiment. There are men opposed to all war, because they might themselves be shot. So far, no music-hall ditty has appealed for them. But this normal human cowardice is not infectious, save in the heat of battle, where, happily, it is seldom displayed. Infectious pacificism is a revolt from war, irrespective of abstract considerations, like justice or injustice, and of personal considerations, like loss or gain.

History is full of similar revolts, and they have always overstepped the limits of sanity. Because the Pagan sensualist tended his body with loathsome solicitude, the Christian ascetic subjected his to loathsome indignities. The excesses of the Roman baths sanctified the uncleanness of the early monasteries. Just as inevitable is the reaction from a ravenous war to non-resistance. Because Germany's armaments are powerful enough to terrorize

Europe, we are bidden to weaken our defenses. Because France and Belgium have been attacked and devastated, we are implored to take no steps for self-protection. The appeal sent out by Quaker citizens of Philadelphia — good men, ready no doubt to die as honorably as they have lived — was at once a confession of faith, and a denial of duty. They asked that the money of the tax-payer should be spent in making 'more homes happy,' and they were content to leave the security of these happy homes to the unassisted care of Providence. To keep our powder dry implied mistrust of God.

That the authorities of Iowa should strip the American flag of a white border neatly stitched around it by the pacifists of Fort Dodge, was perhaps to be expected. The action seems peremptory; but if every society was permitted to trim and patch our national emblem, we should soon have as many flags as we have disputants in the field. The same desire for novelty is at work in Passaic, where the superintendent of schools has composed a new air for our national hymn, 'America,' and a member of the school-board (who is also a member of the German-American Alliance) has strongly recommended that it should be sung by the Passaic school-children, — thus freeing them from any musical obligation to England. If this example be followed, we are likely to have as many hymns as we have aspiring composers and energetic school-boards. The patient post-office officials pass on without a murmur envelopes ornamented with huge stamps, bearing pictures of a cannon partly metamorphosed into a ploughshare, a bloated child, and a pouncing dove; and inscribed with these soul-subduing lines: —

I am in favor of world-wide peace,
Spread this idea, and war will cease.

The decoration of envelopes with strange devices has long afforded a

vent for pent-up feelings. It is to be hoped that the 'peace-stamp' will prove sweetly calming to Prussian militarism (the one insurmountable barrier to 'world-wide' harmony), especially when seconded by the 'peace-pin,' a white enamel dove, carrying the motto, 'World Peace,' and destined, so we are told, to represent 'international morality,' and to prove itself 'one of the greatest factors in eliminating prejudices and division lines.'

Are these puerilities unworthy of consideration and comment? They are not so preposterous as was Mr. Wanamaker's suggestion that we should recompense Germany for the trouble and expense she incurred in seizing Belgium by paying her \$100,000,000,000 for her spoils. They are not so demoralizing as the teaching of American school-children to calculate how many bicycles they could buy for the money spent on the battleship Oregon, or how many tickets to a ball-game could be provided for the cost of the American navy. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is to be congratulated on having devised a scheme by which boys and girls can be taught arithmetically to place pleasure above patriotism. If Germans teach their children to deny themselves some portion of their mid-day meal for the needs of Germany, and Americans teach their children to hold ball-games and bicycles more sacred than the needs of America, what chance have the men we rear against men reared to discipline and self-sacrifice!

When an anti-enlistment league can be formed in a country which may possibly be called to war, and anti-enlistment pledges can be signed by young men who promise never to enroll themselves for their nation's defense, we have cause for apprehension. When college students can be found petitioning for peace at any price, we have

cause for wonder. When women who have suffered nothing fling mud at men who have suffered all things, we have cause in plenty for resentment.

Cause, too, for sorrow that such evil words should be so lightly spoken. It was but a dreary laugh that was provoked by Miss Addams's picture of intoxicated regiments bayoneting one another under the stimulating influence of drink. Laughter is hard to come by in these dark days; but Heaven knows we should gladly have foregone the mirth to have been spared a slander so unworthy. The snatching of honor from the soldier in the hour of his utmost trial is possible only to the pacifist, who, sick with pity for pain, has lost all understanding of the things which ennoble pain: of fidelity, and courage, and the love of one's country, which, next to the love of God, is the purest of all emotions which winnow the souls of men.

The mad turmoil of folly and disaffection was temporarily assuaged by the promise of the Imperial Government to sink no more liners without warning, and to consider our just claims for compensation. It was annoying for German-Americans, who had loudly vindicated the destruction of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, to find that in their zeal for disloyalty they had out-Heroded Herod, and that Berlin was inclined to disavow the deeds they so ardently justified. When the 'Friends of Peace' in Chicago cheered the sinking of the *Hesperian*, — an exploit naturally gratifying to peaceful souls, — they were silenced by more acute members of the convention, who bethought themselves that this illustration of good faith might in turn be 'disavowed' and 'regretted.' All that the enthusiasts could do was to praise Germany's 'magnanimity,' to brag of her 'historic friendship' for America (apparently under the impression that

Lafayette was a Prussian officer), to regret the 'hysteria' of Americans over the drowning of their countrymen, and to ascribe the whole war to the machinations of 'Grey, and Asquith, and Delcassé and Poincaré,' — 'demons whom we should hiss and howl into the abysses of hell.'

Throughout this trying period of suspense and agitation Mr. Wilson has retained the confidence of the country. It was hardly worth while for Mr. Wanamaker (whose mind is fertile in suggestions) to propose that a million of American men and women should pledge themselves to support the President in his final decision, — should he ever finally decide. The people who delight in signing such pledges are seldom the people for whose assent a ruler anxiously waits. The state governors, the leading newspapers, and the law-makers have, for the most part, declared themselves in favor of increased armaments and strengthened defenses. The training camps afford agreeable proof that men who fought in the Civil War have left traditions as well as descendants. The naïve demand of various German-American societies, that Mr. Lansing should 'surrender his high post,' failed to flutter the administration. If these months of 'waiting' have given ample opportunity for mischief, they have also inspired some very sober thinking, and some resolutions likely to bear fruit. Only an American can understand the cumulative anger in his countryman's heart, as the slow lapse of time left the *Lusitania's* dead a matter of scornful unconcern to German statesmen, and of indecent mirth in German music-halls.

There was plenty of disaffection in 1776, plenty in 1861; but we fought our two great wars without dishonor. If the Germans, well aware of our unpreparedness and of our internal dissensions, have flouted us unsparingly, it is

because they are, as they have always been, densely incapable of reading the souls of men. Let us not add to our own peril by misreading the soul of Germany. We lack her discipline, we lack her unity, we lack her efficiency, the splendid result of thirty years' devotion to a single purpose. It avails us very little to analyze the 'falling sickness' which has made her so mighty. Dr. Lightner Witmer, in a profoundly thoughtful and dispassionate paper on *The Relation of Intelligence to Efficiency*, diagnoses her disease as 'primitivism,' — 'meaning thereby a reversion in manners, customs, and principles to what is characteristic of a lower level of civilization.' Mr. Owen Wister, who is as poignantly eloquent as Dr. Witmer is chill, reaches in *The Pentecost of Calamity* a somewhat similar conclusion. 'The case of Germany is a hospital case, a case for the alienist; the mania of grandeur complemented by the mania of persecution.' Even Mr. Bryan (always a past-master of infelicitous argument) tells us that a war with Germany is impossible, because it would be like 'challenging an insane asylum,' — as if an insane asylum which failed to restrain its inmates could be left unchallenged by the world.

It is unwise to minimize our danger on the score of our saner judgment or higher morality. These qualities may win out in the future, but we are living now. Germany is none the less terrible because she is obsessed, and we are not a whit safer because we recognize her obsession. When the first Zeppelin attack was made on the town of Hull, eighteen 'sympathetic' fires were started by German spies. And this on English soil! The German war-maps of Paris, cut into sections and directing which sections were to be burned, are grim warnings to the world. It is disturbing to think how insensitive Paris

was to her peril when those maps were prepared. It is disturbing to think that a fool's paradise is always the most popular playground of humanity. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, an Englishman explained lucidly to American readers (the only audience patient enough to hear him) that non-resistance is the road to security. Mr. Russell, 'a mathematician and a philosopher,' is confident that if England would submit passively to invasion, and refuse passively to obey the invader, she would suffer no great wrong. Had he read *Sandford and Merton* when he was a little boy, it might possibly occur to him that Germany would treat the non-resisting strikers as Mr. Barlow treated Tommy, when that misguided child refused to dig and hoe. Had he read the Bryce Report last May, he might feel less sure that English homes and English women would be safe from assault because they lacked protectors.

The same happy confidence in our receptivity and in our limitless good nature is shown by Professor Kraus, who, in the September *Atlantic*, has conveyed to us in the plainest possible language his unfavorable opinion of the Monroe Doctrine and its supporters. No German could be less 'nice' in concealing his contempt than is this ingenuous contributor; and nothing can be better for us than to hear such words spoken at such a time. The threat of a 'general accounting' is not even presented suavely to our ears, but it leaves us no room for doubt.

That two such arguments from two such sources should have enlivened our term of waiting is worthy of note. The Englishman, seeing us beset by irrationalities, added one more fantasy to our load. The German, seeing us beset by alarms, added one more menace to affright us. Our patience is impervious to folly and to intimidation. We have

plenty of both at home. If a summer of painful suspense has wrought no other good, it has shown us where our danger lies. It has bared disloyalty, and has put good citizens on their guard.

Somewhere in the mind of the na-

tion is a saving sanity. Somewhere in the heart of the nation is a saving courage. And these two harmonious qualities may well find expression in the simple words of Cardinal Newman: 'The best prudence is to have no fear.'

NON OMNIS MORIAR

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER

INTO the fabric of my life

Thy life is twined;

Within my heart's most secret place

Thy heart enshrined;

The thought that strikes along my brain

Is from thy mind.

So shall it be when thou art gone

Into the dark.

Amid the embers of my life

Thy spirit's spark

Shall glow, and I shall hear thy thought,

Listen, and mark.

PROTECTIVE COLORING IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

NATURALISTS have long noted the way in which various animals merge themselves into the landscape of which they form a part. It takes sharp eyes to distinguish the living thing from its environment. There are butterflies that look like the leaves on which they alight, caterpillars that resemble the bark of the tree they infest. The polar bear is a part of the snow-fields. Even the stripes of the zebra, which make him conspicuous in the circus, are said to be inconspicuous when seen against the arid landscape of South Africa.

All these concealments are useful in the struggle for existence. They form part of the grand strategy of nature. The creature unable to stand in the open against its enemies seeks to escape their prying eyes. It tries to look like something else.

These natural hypocrisies throw light on human conduct. When we call a man a hypocrite we usually assume that he is trying to imitate a higher order of being than that to which he has attained. In this we perhaps do too much credit to his spiritual ambition.

The hypocrisies in nature are not of this kind. The creature does not imitate its betters but its inferiors. The vegetable imitates the mineral; the animal imitates the vegetable. It does not parade its peculiar talents, but modestly slips back in the scale of being. It likes to hide in the already existing.

The naturalists distinguish between protective coloring of animals — that which they call cryptic coloring — and mimicry. The cryptic coloring aims purely at concealment. In mimicry the hunted creature finds safety in its resemblance to some other creature which is either feared or disliked or despised. Thus a worm that is really good to eat escapes the predatory bird by looking like a worm that is not good to eat. It willingly sacrifices its reputation for gastronomic excellence in order to prolong its existence.

Harmless, good-natured reptiles wriggle along in peace because they superficially resemble venomous snakes with whom interiorly they have nothing in common. Any one who has made the acquaintance of a garden toad knows that he is not nearly so ugly as he looks. After thousands of years of precarious living, these wise amphibians have learned to divest themselves of the fatal gift of beauty. Doubtless the less unprepossessing attracted the attention of envious rivals and were slain, while those whom none could envy survived.

One who takes a sympathetic view of the evolutionary process will make allowance for the many worthy creatures who conceal their virtues for prudential reasons. They are like a richly freighted ship trying to avoid capture. It receives a coat of paint to match the fog, puts out its lights, and makes a run to avoid the enemies' cruisers.

An appreciation of the ways of the hunted would save the ambitious educator from many disappointments. He is engaged in the imparting of knowledge, the holding up of ideals, the development of the higher faculties. Being human, he longs to see the results of his labors. What becomes of the embryo scholars and philosophers and social reformers when they begin to shift for themselves?

Ah, there comes the bitter disappointment. These objects of tremulous care, the moment they are released from tutelage, seem to lose their painfully acquired superiority. Instead of proudly carrying their educational advantages as an oriflamme of progress, they carefully conceal them, and take the color of their present world.

The enthusiastic kindergartner one day visits the primary school to see how her little graduates are following the ideals she has imparted with such loving care. Little George Augustus was the paragon of the kindergarten. With wide-open eyes and eager ears he received the sweet parables of Nature, and with nimble fingers practiced what he had been taught. None in the kindergarten so docile as he. To him education would be no task. With his heart so early attuned to its harmonies he would joyfully play upon it as on an instrument of ten strings.

But alas! in the public school little George Augustus does not stand out as one of the elect infants. The multiplication table has for him no spiritual meaning, and against its literal meaning he hardens his heart. His realistic mind does not in the least mistake work for play. He perceives instantly and resentfully where one begins and the other leaves off. His attitude is that of his fellow conspirators. He will learn his lesson if he has to, but he will not encourage teacher by performing any work of supererogation.

Has the kindergarten failed? Not ultimately. The effects will doubtless reappear; but they are now in hiding. George Augustus is wise in his generation. Through several weeks of hard experience in his new environment he has learned to appear as one of the unkindergartened. His newly acquired manners are the protective coloring which enables him to go about unmolested.

A distinguished physiologist has shown by a number of experiments that terror and hate produce the same physiological reactions. In the one case the instinct is to get away from the foe; in the other it is to get at him. In either case there is a demand made on the adrenal glands, which, as a war measure, pour adrenaline into the blood. In the case of little George Augustus, the sudden increase of adrenaline which makes him appear so truculent is produced, not by hate of sound learning, but by a well-founded fear. He is panic-stricken over the possibility of being called 'Teacher's Pet.'

I have in mind a boy who was early taught to love to go to Sunday School and hear the Sabbath bell. At the age of ten he suddenly informed his parents, with the air of a hardened offender, that he intended to cut Sunday School regularly once a month. On inquiry it appeared that the superintendent had arranged an honor list on which were to be inscribed the names of those whose attendance for a month had been faultless.

'Dickey says he got caught that way once.' There was something not to be endured in the thought of standing before his companions as a horrible example of the degrading virtue of punctuality.

The youth who passes from an excellent preparatory school into the university has the same experience. He has an uneasy feeling that he has been

over-educated. The whole of the freshman year is sometimes spent in the successful attempt to conceal the too careful training he has received. Only when he is convinced by the college office that his attainments do not make him conspicuous, does he feel that he may safely continue his education.

The educator who would keep a cheerful courage up must be something of a detective. He must be able to penetrate the disguises which his pupils put on to conceal from him the result of his labors among them. He must remember that these youthful pilgrims are traveling through an unfriendly world. To some of them, the intellectual life is an uncanny thing of which they have heard in the classroom, but of which they are suspicious. It appears to them as the field of psychical research does to the partially convinced. When the conditions are right the phenomena appear. But when they go on the street and talk with the uninitiated, they mention these matters with a tone of indifference. They do not like to appear too credulous.

Moreover, these young people are conscious that their stay in the seats of learning is but temporary. They are aware that the subjects in which the university seeks to interest them are not mentioned in the good society which they aspire to enter. Were they to acquire any unusual ideas, they fear that on their return to their native Philistia they might be interned as alien enemies.

Education depends not only on the consent of those who are being educated but on the consent of those who are paying the bills. The proud father is willing to pay roundly for an education which will make his son like himself. It is hard to make him appreciate an education which aims to produce a salutary unlikeness.

The only institutions which can

openly avow their real ambitions for betterment are those which are endowed and supported for the benefit of confessedly backward races. Carlisle Institute for the Indians does not profess to make its students like their fathers. It boldly admits to the paternal relatives that it sees room for improvement. The student is not to go back to take up the accustomed life in the wigwam. He is to tear down the wigwam and make a civilized home.

But this would not be so easy if the school had to depend for its support on the Indian tribes from which the pupils come. Some self-made savage of the old school would declare that he would have no flummery fit only for mollycoddles. In the interest of efficiency he would endow a chair of practical scalpings.

The Indian School is like a system of waterworks fed from a remote and elevated reservoir. All one has to do is to turn the water on and let it flow through the pipes. But the institution of higher education for the more favored classes has no such advantage. It is like the hydraulic ram placed in the bed of the running stream. Most of the water that runs through it escapes downhill, but in doing so sends a very slender stream far above its natural level.

It is the function of the institution of higher learning to educate the public that supports it up to the point of appreciating its real purpose. But while it is being educated up to this point, will the public support it? That is a matter that causes anxious thought.

Athens supported a numerous body of sophists who taught what the Athenians wanted to know. Socrates had a different educational ideal. He endeavored to teach the Athenians that they did n't know a good many things they thought they knew. This method was not so readily appreciated.

II

Have you ever heard a successful business man who is also a real philanthropist address his fellow business man in regard to his pet projects? Does he confess himself as of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem? Not at all. He gloats over the fact that, whatever else he may be, he is not a philanthropist. He has but one thought in his hard head, and that is, Business is Business. He refers admiringly to brass tacks, and declares that whatsoever is not brass tacks is vanity. He is a confirmed money-getter, and despises anything that does n't pay.

After having thus allayed suspicion, he unfolds his plans. He has shrewdly outwitted his employees and doubled their salaries, by which means he expects to treble their efficiency. He intends to invest this unearned increment in various schemes for public health and recreation. By investments of this kind he will make the community so prosperous and optimistic that they just can't help buying his goods. Yes, sir, it pays in dollars and cents to enlarge one's business in this way.

All this is protective coloring. In his heart the public-spirited hypocrite knows that he would do these things whether they paid or not.

The phenomena of protective coloring are seen not only in the way in which the educational world takes on the color of the business or social world that surrounds it; they are seen in the way in which any new interest hides behind some interest or discipline that has already been established. The new idea seldom appears in its true colors. It adopts some prudential disguise. Its motto seems to be Safety First.

One thing which prevents the full realization of the ideal of liberal culture is the difficulty of keeping one branch of study from interfering with

another. Nowhere is it more true that one good custom will corrupt the world. With all the bewildering variety of courses the student is often taught only one way of using his mind. Usually there is one method or discipline that exercises an autocratic power. Everything must take color from that.

There was a time when Theology was the recognized Queen of the Sciences. Education was in the hands of the clergy. Woe unto the teacher of youth who did not theologize — or seem to do so.

The physical sciences had to walk warily and conceal their identity from the prying eyes of the ecclesiastical police. In the gardens of learning, brute facts were not admitted unless held in leash by some sound doctrine. Science pure and simple did not come out in the open and display its miscellaneous assortment of undogmatic actualities. A man could hardly be a professor of such things. But by professing to be something else, he might dispense useful knowledge of selected physical facts.

Paley's *Natural Theology* contained a considerable amount of information about anatomy and physiology. Its initial reference to the watch might furnish a text for one interested in mechanics. Priestley, as a preacher and theologian, — though heterodox, — made valuable discoveries in chemistry. It was to his credit that he discovered oxygen, an element not easily discoverable in meeting-houses.

But the contributions to science were incidental. The approach was furtive. By indirections they found direction out. We are reminded of the text in the Book of Judges: 'In the days of Shamgar the son of Anoth, the highways were deserted and the people walked in byways.' The timid folk who walked in these scientific byways made no display of intellectual wealth. All that they hoped for was to escape notice.

They were fortunate if they could make their favorite studies look like something else. In the days of Hugh Miller, geology disguised itself as a useful commentary on the first chapters of Genesis. It was a branch of hermeneutics, the science of the interpretation of texts. If the testimony of the rocks confirmed the texts — so much the better for the rocks.

Tennyson preserves the memory of the situation: —

Half awake I heard

The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the Church Commission,
Now hawking at Geology and Schism.

The scientific man had not only to suffer many things from dogmatic theologians, but he was also in bondage to literary taskmasters.

When the educational world was ruled by those whose interests were primarily literary and classical, he had a hard time of it. For literary values and scientific values do not coincide. Literature is concerned with certain proprieties and congruities and dramatic unities. A story need not be literally true, but it must be well told. An idea, to be received in good society, must be clothed and in its right mind.

In the Dame School of Literature, facts are not received simply as facts. They must mind their manners. They must wipe their feet on the mat, and learn how to come into the room. If they do not come in properly, the Dame sends them out to try it again.

There was something pathetic in the way in which the scientifically minded tried to conform to these requirements of polite learning. In the darkest recesses of old bookstores you will find shelves full of semi-scientific, semi-sentimental volumes published in the early nineteenth century. They are intended to insinuate knowledge of the physical world under all sorts of literary disguises. The theory is that the reader

will not mind fact if it is presented as if it were not a fact.

Here is a novel of *Alonzo and Melissa* by a long-forgotten Connecticut writer, who in the preface ventures a timid hope that the story may serve to increase our knowledge of nature while at the same time pointing a useful moral to the young.

Alonzo and Melissa are making love as they sit on the shores of Long Island Sound. As Alonzo is proposing to Melissa, they are aware that they should pay attention to natural phenomena. So they endeavor to cultivate observation and improve their minds in this fashion.

Melissa. See that ship. How she plows through the white foam, while the breeze flutters the sails, varying the beams of the sun.

Alonzo. Yes, it is almost down.

Melissa. What is almost down?

Alonzo. The sun. Was not you speaking of the sun, madam?

Melissa. Your mind is absent, Alonzo. I was speaking of yonder ship.

Alonzo. I beg pardon, madam. Oh, yes, the ship. See how it bounds with rapid motion over the waves.

In some such absent-minded fashion did the Melissas and Alonzos study what was called natural philosophy. It allowed plenty of time in which to think of something else.

It is interesting to remember that Charles Darwin was the grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who was also a man of scientific attainments. But when, in 1789, Dr. Darwin sought to express his ideas on botany, he did it in such a way as not to alarm the Melissas and Alonzos. He sought to introduce botany into the most select circles of the world of polite learning in an elaborate poem called 'The Loves of the Plants.' He sought to insinuate the Linnæan system through the romantic adventures of gnomes and sylphs and nereids and

other well-known classical characters. More detailed botanical information was given in the notes.

Miss Anna Seward, known as the Swan of Litchfield, and a very great literary lady of her day, says of Dr. Darwin's poem, —

'The genuine charm of his muse must endure as long as the English language shall exist. Should that perish, translation would preserve the Botanic Garden as one of its gems. . . . Can anything be finer than the description of the signs of the zodiac? Or that passage describing the calcining of the phlogistic ores which is termed the marriage of Ether with the mine. The passage is most poetic though purely chemical.'

Miss Seward followed with unabated admiration the wooing of the various flowers, under which pleasant disguise the most abstruse botanical information was conveyed. 'The pictures of the various flowers arise in the page in botanic discrimination and all the hues of poetry.' In the description of the love-making of the flax, Miss Seward says, 'We are presented with the exactest description, not only of the growth of flax, but the weaving of linen. Sir Richard Arkwright's apparatus at Matlock is described.' Other machinery is described.

'We have in sweet versification the whole process of this admirable invention. It is an encouragement to science that this bard throws over them all the splendid robe of descriptive poetry.' In treating the transformation of the vine into a bacchanalian female, Dr. Darwin introduces the subject of temperance. Says Miss Seward, 'The many disorders of the liver caused by ebriety are nobly allegorized.'

Not only the more romantic flowers, but vegetable growths of lowlier order are allegorized nobly. Miss Seward is enraptured by a delightful pas-

sage concerning truffles. 'The Truffle, a well-known fungus, now meets our attention as a fine lady. She is married to a gnome in a grand subterranean palace, soothed by the music of æolian strings, which make love to the tender echoes in the circumjacent caves, while cupids hover around and shake celestial day from their bright lamps.'

In such disguises did the grandfather of Charles Darwin introduce natural science to the polite world of his generation.

III

All this belongs to the past. The physical sciences have won their place in the sun. Having won their independence, they now aspire to imperial rule. The scientific method is everywhere being rigidly enforced.

Our sympathies with the under-dog lead us to inquire into the state of the older forms of culture which are now passing under a foreign yoke.

Literature, philosophy, ethics, and the fine arts existed in prescientific days, and flourished mightily. Each had a discipline and method of its own. Each gathered about itself a band of votaries who loved it for its own sake, and were satisfied with its own rewards.

Time was when the philosopher walked in a grove with a group of eager youths who shared his curiosity about the universe. He liked to talk with them about the whence and the whither and the why of everything. They were frankly speculative. They asked questions which they were well aware admitted of no definite and final answer. They disputed with one another for the sheer joy of intellectual conflict. The disputations sharpened their wits, but they 'got no results.' In fact they were not seeking any results that an efficiency expert could recognize. The free use of their minds was joy enough.

Now it is evident that a modern uni-

versity is too serious a place for much of this sort of thing. Life is too short, and business is business, and time is money. Youth must be up and doing, and not lose its opportunities by meditating overmuch on the ultimate reason of things.

Still, it seems to me that in the most efficient university there ought to be room for at least one philosopher, and he should not be compelled to teach philosophy by the 'scientific method.' He should be allowed to practice the philosophic method, which is really an excellent one for its own purpose.

As it is, he, poor man, is in the condition of the Israelites by the rivers of Babylon, when 'they that carried us away captive required of us a song. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

There is something a little pathetic in seeing a real philosopher trying to teach a company of busy undergraduates, who have never learned to meditate. 'May we not say of the philosopher,' asks Plato, 'that he is a lover, not of a part of wisdom, but of the whole?'

The philosopher, finding himself in an intellectual community where the interests are highly specialized, becomes a little uneasy and self-conscious. In order to be in the fashion he must appear to be a specialist also. And so he frequently disguises his real aim by a critical apparatus which imposes on the undiscerning. It is all the more refreshing when we come across a philosopher who is interested in the incomprehensible universe, and who does not care who knows it.

The case of history is complicated by the fact that the historian is greatly indebted to the scientific method, in the arrangement of his materials and in the testing of his sources. There is a sense in which history may be said to be a science. But there is another sense in which it is not and cannot be a science.

Mr. Trevelyan has pointed out the distinctive difference. The man of science is interested in that which can be reduced to a law. He is not interested in an isolated fact, but in facts that are repeated.

Narrative history, on the other hand, deals with facts which are not repeated, at least not in the same order and with the same results. The born historian is interested in things that happened once but will never happen again. He begins his tale with 'Once upon a time.' At another time something else will happen, to another set of people; but that is another story.

Yet when he is about to tell his tale of what happened once, a sudden fear falls upon him lest he be not sufficiently scientific. He must not tell what came to pass, and how the people felt to whom strange things happened. He must expound the general law. So all things that are personal, local, exceptional, dramatic are hustled out of the way. The historic facts are put in uniform and all their individuality is drilled out of them. One age is made to look very much like another. Human history is treated as a part of natural history. We have a number of huge experiments which come out just as every one who understands natural law knows they would come out. Now all this may have an educational value of its own, but it is not the peculiar value of history.

The plight of the teacher of literature is somewhat different. He is not so much afraid of his colleagues in the faculty, as of the undue popularity of his courses among the less industrious undergraduates.

There is a secret which is the source of personal joy but at the same time full of danger to the uninitiated. It must be carefully guarded. The reading of good books, especially if they are written in one's native language, is not

hard work. It is in reality a pleasant pastime. The masterpieces of literature are not difficult reading to any one who approaches them in the right spirit. They are often thrilling, they are sometimes amusing, and they are usually written in such a style that their meaning is easily grasped. First-rate books are written in a more understandable style than third-rate books. All this the teacher of literature well knows, and his secret desire is to lead appreciative youth in the paths of pleasantness which he has discovered.

But alas, if the secret were known his classrooms would be invaded by a host of young Philistines in search of easy courses. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!'

The pleasant paths must needs be obstructed by barbed-wire entanglements borrowed from the scientific machine shops. Instead of an invitation to read together the few books that are a joy forever, the 'required reading' leads over many a long and rocky road, chosen because it furnishes a good endurance test. It is hoped that the idle fellows will fall by the wayside, and the grapes of Canaan be reserved for those who have crossed the forbidding desert.

Sometimes the teacher of literature wonders whether it is worth while to keep up the stern pretense. Why not

let the cat out of the bag? Reading is a recreation, rather than an enforced discipline. Why should not leisure be left for such recreation even in the strenuous days of youth? The habit will be a great solace in later life.

We are beginning to see that the ideal of a liberal education is too large to be put into four years of a college course. It is the growth of a lifetime spent in contact with the actual world. But it is not too much to ask that in a university the student should be brought in contact with different types of the intellectual life, and that each type should be kept distinct. He should learn that the human mind is a marvelous instrument and that it may be used in more than one way.

Variety in courses of study is less important than variety and individuality of mental action. How does a man of science use his mind? How does an artist feel? What makes a man a jurist, a man of business, a politician, a teacher? How does ethical passion manifest itself? What is the historical sense?

These are not questions to be answered on examination papers. But it is a reasonable hope that a young man in the formative period of his life may learn the answers through personal contacts.

THE REINCARNATION OF MAUNG HKIN

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

WHO would have thought there was a woman in the case?

'Who is he, Babu?'

The old man was squatting on the ground behind his tile, looking up at us with a glint of fire in his eyes. He was not like the rest of our tame Bengali jail-birds. Not only was his face different, — wide cheekbones, olive skin, eyes a bit oblique, — but there was a vigorous, breezy air about him: big mountains and forests and precipices in the background. Not one of our flat-footed Delta folk.

'This fellow, sir?' responded the fat-bellied jail superintendent, Babu Hari Kishto Mozumdar, in his fluttering white garments. 'Yes, sir! He is a Burmese! — a prisoner from Burma, sir!' and the Babu gave a wave of his plump brown hand, indicating far-off barbarian strands: 'he is a *dagheel*!'

'What is a *daghee*, Babu?'

The Babu colored with pride and pleasure under his brown skin. He loves to instruct the white person.

'A convict, sir! A life-convict! — It comes, I believe, sir, from the Perzyan' — that is how Hari Kishto Babu pronounces *Persian* — 'the Perzyan, *dagh*, a wound. Our predecessors used to brand them, sir!'

'Our predecessors'! — The Babu meant the Moguls.

The old Burman's eyes leaped from my face to the Babu's. He was getting a bit restive, though he sat very still, rather like a frog on a water-lily pad.

'What is his name, Babu?'

'We call him Manmathan, sir!' —

Again the patronizing wave of the hand. Instantly the old fellow was on his feet, with a vigor that made the Babu jump back and turn gray.

'Sahib! My name is Maung Hkin!'

The old chap spoke surprisingly good Bengali.

'The foreign name is difficult for us,' the Babu palliated. 'Therefore we have adapted it, speaking of him as Manmathan.'

'Maung Hkin! My name is Maung Hkin!'

The old man was getting angry.

'Maun Kin!' the Babu attempted, cowed.

'Maung Hkin!'

I tried to follow the sounds exactly. The old man was mollified and smiled.

'They would take even my name, these Bengali —'

I hastened to interrupt. 'A good name! A very good name! What is its significance, Maung Hkin?' And I laid my hand on the old man's shoulder.

He seemed rather to like it and smiled again.

'I was born,' he said, 'at Magwe, on the Great River, on the day of the moon! Therefore I am called Maung Hkin — "he who awakens love"!''

I looked at the old man, — sallow, white-haired, wrinkled, withered, a mat of grizzled hair on his breast. 'He who awakens love'! Then an etymology flashed into my mind.

'Babu! What is the meaning of Manmathan?'

'It is an epithet, sir, of the God of Love!' and the Babu rolled his eyes; 'of Kandarpa, "whose bow is of flowers, with honey-bees composing the string." The name signifies "the one who pounds the heart."' He laid his plump paw just above his stomach, as if he too had suffered wounds.

'There!' I said to the old man. He was by this time considerably pacified. Perhaps the Babu's poetry did it. 'Manmathan is exactly the same as Maung Hkin! One is Sanskrit; the other is Burmese!'

'Sanskrit, Sahib? Not Bengali?' he asked a bit querulously.

'Pure Sanskrit! Kalidasa, is n't it, Babu?'

The Babu beamed and showed his white teeth. Every one likes his quotations recognized.

'Well,' the old fellow accepted it; 'if Manmathan is the God of Love—'

And with that he sat down on his heels again behind the square tile.

'A fiery old person!' Hari Kishto Babu commented; 'a highly irascible old person!'

We left the old Burman and went on down the line. We had a hundred of them, in four rows, squatting in the shadow of two immense peepul trees, a flat tile nine inches square topping a little mound of earth in front of each of them. That is our jail provision for dinner-tables. On each tile, two large flat leaves were laid, by way of dishes.

Presently the two cooks emerged from the cook-house, and came toward us, blinking, through the glare of sunshine. To each man the cooks, who also were prisoners, doled out, from big earthen pans, first a little hill of well-cooked rice, then a heap of curried vegetables and fish.

'Who are your cooks, Babu?'

'They are Khotriys, sir,—men of the Warrior-caste—in jail for felonious assault, sir! Before them, we had

Brahman cooks—much higher caste—but they were released last month.'

Yes! In this heathen land dinner is a rite, even in jail, which only a high-caste man is fitted to administer. I rather fancy the notion.

Behind us, a stir and raised voices. Two or three of the men rose to their feet. Others simply revolved their gleaming dark eyes toward the noise.

I turned quickly on my heel. Our rugged old friend Maung Hkin was the centre of it, drawn to his full gaunt height, wildly brandishing his fist in the face of one of the cooks, who, for a man of the Warrior-caste, looked rather abashed. The Superintendent Babu and I hurried over to them and, I am convinced, just saved the Warrior-cook from getting his head punched.

To the Babu's evident displeasure, I laid my hand on the old man's shoulder. He started and wheeled quick round on his bare heels. His fiery eye met mine; when I smiled, he suddenly quieted down and looked deeply ashamed, blushing a kind of olive brown.

'What is the matter, Maung Hkin?' I asked.

'This Bengali—' he began, flaring up again.

I cut him off. 'Yes, I know! What has the Bengali done?'

'He has stolen my mutton!'

The old man's face was dark with indignation. Hard put to it not to burst out laughing, I turned to the Babu.

'This man is a Buddhist, your honor,' he explained, with a slight Brahmanical sneer, 'and he eats sheep. It is prepared for him each day.—Where is his sheep?' He turned haughtily upon the brow-beaten cook.

'His sheep is in the kitchen. I cannot serve it! It is against my caste!' the Warrior-cook explained.

'Who usually serves it?' I asked.

'We had a Mohammedan boy, Khoda Baksh!' the Babu explained.

'But he is in hospital. He is sick, your honor.'

'Come, Maung Hkin! Come, Babu!' I found a solution. 'We shall get it from the kitchen ourselves!'

We crossed the glaring sunlight, plunged into the redolent darkness of the brick cook-house, and found the mutton stewing in a little earthen pot over charcoal. Maung Hkin stooped to lift it, burned his fingers on the rim of the pot, and laughed happily — until he saw the Babu laughing. Then he laid the little pot down and rushed at the Babu, who precipitately fled.

I grabbed the Burman by the arm; his withered body swung against me. He was trembling with wrath.

'Bengali pig! Bengali pig!' he panted, his eyes on fire.

I held him tight, remonstrating. 'Maung Hkin! Maung Hkin! You would hit a *Bengali*?'

It was as if I had accused him of maltreating a child.

He was quieting down, when Hari Kishto Babu came striding back with two up-country warders armed with batons. At the door, he stepped behind them, pushing them in first. Had I not been there, unpleasantness would have supervened. There was one quick way out of it.

'Babu!' I said, magisterially, 'I have ordered Maung Hkin to solitary confinement, for insubordination! Get the keys of the cells! Maung Hkin, bring your mutton and come!'

The old Burmese followed trustingly, while the Babu bustled off for the keys, his white garb fluttering, in heart exultant over his enemy, — of whom, to tell the truth, he was horribly afraid.

I took the bunch of big, well-oiled keys, opened the cell-door myself, to soften it to the old man, signed to him to go in — and then had an idea.

'Babu,' I said, 'I shall see to this man! Go to the office and get the ac-

counts ready for me! I shall go over them minutely!'

The Babu went off haltingly, with an uneasy mind. He is quite honest, is Hari Kishto Babu, but he has a haunting fear of what might happen if some day the accounts should not come out.

There was a low bench at the back of the cell, which was a quiet, cool little chamber, like a garden-house, well fitted for meditation. I bade Maung Hkin sit down on the bench, followed him into the cell, and pulled the door to, leaving a space of six inches. I watched him eat his mutton, daintily, with his lean finger-tips, which he then carefully polished on his one garment — rather like blue bathing-trunks, with white stripes. Then I sat down beside him on the bench, and pulled out a cigarette case. Maung Hkin's eyes sparkled as he watched me, but he said nothing. In cells, smoking is strictly forbidden. I lit a cigarette, drew in the scented smoke, and puffed it out in a blue cloud in his direction. He sniffed it up gleefully with his big round nostrils, murmuring, 'Ah!'

I met his eyes, — fine, honest old eyes they were, — smiled, laid a hand on his bony knee, and handed him the cigarette, saying, 'It is permitted!'

He smoked it long and lovingly, inhaling and holding the smoke in his lungs, then letting it filter out through his nostrils.

Finally I said, 'Maung Hkin, tell me the story of your coming here!'

At first he hesitated, looking down, his cheeks dull brown. I laid my hand on his.

'That is why,' I said, 'I have brought you here — away from the Bengalis!'

'Yes, Sahib! A light people, like the fluff of the silk-cotton tree! — or like the Bunder monkeys in the jungle.'

'Or like the peacock that cries before the rain?' I suggested.

The old man chuckled, delighted, as

he puffed at my cigarette. Then he fell into a reverie, seeing things far off and long ago. I was careful to keep silent. At last he began to speak, and his voice came over the spaces of the years.

II

'It was on account of her, my beloved, that I was brought here! — Ma San Nyun, her name was; born like me on the day of the moon; therefore the moon-god drew our hearts together! She was very fair and small and merry, very lovely to the eyes. And I think that, in the beginning, her heart was mine. For I was a fine young fellow in those days, Sahib, worth any girl's eye, and I had boats upon the great river, in the grain-trade, and all things prospered with me! And I loved her and had it in my heart, when the young moon that drew us should come again, to persuade her, and carry her off with me to the forest. But one of your own people, Sahib, a masterful man and cunning, came between us. He was hunting elephants in our mountains, and he stayed three days at Ma San Nyun's village. When he departed, she was gone also; and never since then have I set eyes on her or heard of her.

'My heart was full of thorns and fire. I left my boats there on the river, with the grain in them, to rot, and took to the jungle. We were fifty men, well armed, with good flint guns, and we made the villages along the Great River and through the hills pay tribute to us, or, if they would not, we fought them for it! And, Sahib, in the rush of the fight, when bullets were singing about our ears and men were shouting to each other through the smoke of burning huts, I forgot the face and name of Ma San Nyun, and my heart had peace. But in the evening, as we lay about the camp-fires in our hill fortress, reckoning up our spoils, her

face would come back to me, small and merry and lovely, her eyes like stars, and then the fire broke out again in my heart, and gnawed me like a leopard. Then I wandered out into the night, moaning to myself, and all the time her face was before me, beckoning to me.

'Just before the red of the dawn she led me to her village; and it came to me, as I lay there looking through the undergrowth, that, if I burned the village, her face would leave me, and I would have rest in my heart. It was the dry season then, at the end of the month of flowers. So I made fire — I had my gun with me — and ran from house to house in the gray of the dawn, setting the red torch to the thatch and the palm-leaf matting of the walls; and as the smoke surged up into the sky, the dogs began to bark, and the whole village broke forth in an uproar, with shrieking and cries, and it brought great quietude to my heart. I could have fled then to the river, and escaped, going back to our band, but the fire held me, for it was burning the pain out of my heart! So I crouched there behind a tree, watching the red tongues licking along the eaves of the thatch, when the dogs found me, and came howling about me. The watchmen ran to the sound. One I shot, and wounded another, hitting him with the butt of my gun — I was a good man, in those days, Sahib! — and would have done for more of them, but a stray bullet caught me, and I fell. But my heart was cooled and solaced by the flames. As the houses burned down to ashes and blackness, so did my pain burn out; and as the village was gone, leaving bare jungle, so her face was burned from my heart, leaving peace. Then I knew I had done well.

'These Bengalis would not know how killing solaces a man; but, Sahib,

you understand! And then they carried me away in chains, and I was sent hither, but there was laughter in my heart! And here they love me, as one who has fought well, for many times I have told the tale. But of her, of Ma San Nyun, I have not spoken, — never until to-day! Now the Sahib must go, for it is not seemly for the Sahib to remain here with an old *daghee* like Maung Hkin. Do not fear, Sahib! I will do no violence to the Babu! I will sleep and dream.'

'Very well, Maung Hkin,' I replied, as I rose and patted him on the shoulder. 'When the sun sets, I return and open the door. In the meantime, farewell! It was a good tale, such a tale as warms the heart!'

As I left him, the old man was happily chewing what was left of the cigarette.

At sunset I came back and unlocked his cell, having in the meantime harassed the blameless Babu concerning his accounts, which, though irregular in shape, with some vouchers missing, were in substance accurate. Wherefore the Babu was properly subdued when he came with me for the old man, and hung a little behind me, lest the 'irascible old person' might flare up again. But Maung Hkin had had a good nap, and went off quite quietly for his supper.

It must have been about nine that same evening when, after a comfortable dinner, I was sipping my coffee and turning over the pages of a month-old *Graphic*, in the cool stillness of my veranda. The crickets in the trees along the square had ceased their vespers concert, and the mosquitoes, happily, seemed to have gone elsewhere.

Something moved out under the flame-flowered acacia across the grass, and then came toward me through the gloom, emerging into the circle of lamplight as an extraordinary pillar of

vivid green. It was old Maung Hkin, draped in a heavy piece of green baize, that looked as if it had come straight off a billiard table. I admit I was somewhat taken aback.

'But, Maung Hkin!' I expostulated, rising. 'You have no business to be here! You ought to be in jail!'

'It is well known, Sahib. But — I had need to talk with you,' he answered with innocent earnestness.

'That's all very well, Maung Hkin! But how did you get out? And where did you get this?' I twitched the end of his baize shawl. It is not of the kind we furnish to our — guests.

'The Babu was going home, Sahib,' he answered gravely. 'He stood at the gate!' Then a glint of humor lit his honest old eyes. 'He would have delayed me. Therefore I — butted him in the stomach, and — borrowed this! After we have talked, Sahib, I shall return, taking this back to the Babu!'

'Maung Hkin, this is highly irregular. I am afraid I shall have to put you back in cells to-morrow!'

'It is well, Sahib!' The old gentleman grinned. 'I have other stories, of the old days! There was the raid on Bwe, and the fight for the river boats, and the meeting with the elephant herd; many stories, Sahib! But that is for to-morrow, in cells! I have other matter to-night; it cannot be said to a Bengali!'

'All right, Maung Hkin! Go ahead! I am listening!' And I made the old man sit down beside me, where I could watch the play of his fine wrinkled old face in the lamplight.

Maung Hkin's face, sallow, wrinkled, rough-hewn, grew pensive, almost melancholy. No; that does not express it: an unworldly light glowed in the fine old eyes, and he seemed infinitely remote from the earth.

'Sahib!' his deep voice began, after a long pause which I was careful not

to break, 'Sahib, the time has come for me to die! It was revealed to me this afternoon, while I slept!'

I was a bit startled. There was nothing weak or sepulchral in his tones as he brought it out in well-rounded Bengali:—

'*Amar morite hoibe! Shomoy achhe!*'

He spoke it well, but with an outland tang.

'Nonsense, Maung Hkin!' I finally broke out; 'why on earth should you die?'

'Because my time has come, Sahib. None lives beyond his appointed hour! Karma! — The Sahib knows the law.'

I saw that it was no use protesting. The old man had made up his mind, — and might die of that alone. However he had come to his conviction, he was palpably convinced.

'Your time has come, then, Maung Hkin?'

'Even so, Sahib! The time has come! Therefore my petition is this: — let me not die here among strangers, among these Bengali —'

'Never mind the Bengalis, Maung Hkin! Your petition is —?'

'That I may return to my own land, Sahib. My heart is hungry for the hills. Let me see again the big forests, and the Great River, slipping through the heart of the forests! Let me go back to the village of Ma San Nyun, that I may see it once more, and die in peace!'

The tears gleamed in the old man's eyes, as the bright lamp-light fell on his face. He was too proud, or too unconscious, to wipe them away; but when he laid his hand on mine, it was trembling.

Well, a Deputy Magistrate of the Second Class cannot say to a life-convict, 'Go home to your own village, and die in peace!' however much he might like to say it. I tried to explain that to Maung Hkin, with the reasons

of it; but he persisted in his prayer and his belief. He was so firmly convinced that I finally gave him a half-promise to see what could be done. He was so happy over this that in his gratitude he told me a vigorous tale of his old band, and how, on a raid, they had spitted a fat headman with boarspears; then, after we had sat a while in the darkness, lit only by the circle of the lamp, I bade him good-night and escorted him back under the stars to the gate of the prison. We made up a story to mollify the Babu, who was really very offended about being butted in the stomach, and we gave him back his green baize shawl, of which he is prouder than if it were the finest Cashmere. Only, I think he wishes it was scarlet. Both are fashionable now.

On the next day, with some natural hesitation, I took Maung Hkin's matter up with the Collector Sahib. At first the Collector Sahib was astonished. Then he began to laugh. Finally he said, —

'Oh, I remember the old chap! Nice old person! So he thinks he is going to die? Looked hale and hearty when I saw him!'

I pressed my plea. The old man was perfectly harmless. He had done twenty or thirty years. Perhaps there was really something in premonitions. And this Delta country *was* appallingly flat for a hillman!

Well, the upshot was that the Collector Sahib allowed himself to be talked over, and we made up a most persuasive memorandum to the Lieutenant-Governor, in fact urging him to let a murderous old person loose on society.

In a week or two we received an answer. 'In consideration' and so forth and so forth, Maung Hkin might go free. It being understood, though not baldly expressed, that he must go home to his village and die.

That was just what he wished to do. There was a moving scene of leave-taking in the jail-yard, for he was called 'the father of the prisoners,' and he had spoken the truth when he said they all loved him — in part, I think, because he kept Hari Kishto Babu in bodily fear. But the Babu parted from him without regret.

I drove him over to the junction and bought him an intermediate ticket to Calcutta, — which was extravagant, — also giving him directions to take the steamer thence to Rangoon, and up the Great River among the hills. Poor old chap, I thought, as I drove back through the dust and the sunshine from the junction, there was no 'Burma girl a-waiting' in his case!

The old man haunted my thoughts a while. Then, with the stress of small criminal cases and excise matters, and with the hot weather coming on, I am afraid he dropped into the background and got forgotten.

III

On yet another evening, I sat reading in the cool of the gloaming on my veranda, in the fortunate absence of mosquitoes, — though big moths insisted on battering themselves like wan ghosts against my lamp. A dark apparition flitted across the grass and — my old friend Maung Hkin stood before me, his hands folded, his eyes fixed pathetically on mine. A faint aroma of bazaar tobacco suggested that this was not his ghost.

I looked at him in wonder.

'Why, Maung Hkin! I thought —' I began.

'It is true, Sahib!' the old man said, very apologetically, and with a quaver in his deep, strong voice. 'I tried! I tried hard, for a month, for two! Lying, every evening, on clean straw. But—I am healthier than

ever! Therefore, Sahib, I have returned! I must go back to jail, to Hari Kishto Babu!'

There was the sting! His voice showed that.

'Oh, but, my good old friend, that is impossible! You know we got you pardoned! You have no more business in jail now than I have! Less, indeed, for just at present I am Acting Governor!'

The old man stared. I went over it again and again. It was in his heart that he had been let out to die. He had not succeeded in dying. Obviously, he must go back again! Finally I got him to grasp the idea. He was distressed.

'But, Sahib,' he asked tremulously, 'where shall I go? I cannot die in my village! I cannot go back to the jail. What is to become of me? I must go somewhere, Sahib! You would not have shame put on my head before the Bengalis?'

I interrupted, in the flash of a sudden inspiration.

'Maung Hkin, you are a follower of the Good Law?'

The old man bowed reverently.

'Even so, Sahib! And of the noble Eightfold Path!'

'Good! Then you know what Pun-arjanma is? — Reincarnation — He who dies, shall be born again?'

'Yes, Sahib! In a new body. . . .'

'Not always in a new body, Maung Hkin! — There was Vishvamitra, of the Warrior-caste, who was reborn a Brahman — in the same body! And the sons of Nabhagarishta, who, being of the Merchant-caste, were reborn as Brahmans, and the children of Dhrishta —'

The old man was impressed by my authorities.

'Is it so written in the Scriptures, Sahib?'

'It is so written, Maung Hkin!'

'What, then, is the Sahib's order?'

'This, Maung Hkin! It was revealed to you that your time was up; that you should go to your village and die?'

'Even so, Sahib! It seemed to me that it was so revealed.'

'And the Law of Karma is sure?'

'The Law is sure!'

'Very well, Maung Hkin! This is the order! You must die, and be reborn — in the same body, like Vishvamitra and the rest! And then you must remain with me as my servant!'

The old man blinked. Then he ruminated on it. It gradually began to tickle his fancy. And it suited my book exactly, as our own Punaswami wanted to go home to Madras. Then an idea came to me, suggested by the classic name of the departing butler.

'Your new name is ready for you, Maung Hkin! It is Punaragami — He who comes again. A very auspicious name!'

At first the old man was suspicious.

'Not a Bengali name, Sahib?'

'No! Pure Sanskrit. The tongue the Lord Buddha knew.'

With bowed head, the old man thought it out.

'It shall be even as the Sahib orders. The new name again, Sahib?'

'Punaragami — He who comes again.'

'It is well, Sahib! I, who was Maung Hkin, am now Punaragami, reborn in the same body!' He did not try to quote my precedents, but I could see he had them impressively in mind, feeling that he was one of a highly distinguished gathering.

Presently, he began to laugh softly to himself, evidently greatly relieved. He had not really wanted to go back to jail and Hari Kishto Babu, but, honest old chap that he was, he thought he was in duty bound, since he had not made a success of dying.

So I let him sit awhile, and smoke one of my cigarettes, and gossip of his journey, and then I had him snugly installed in the servants' quarters. The departing Punaswami had been to Mandalay and spoke a little Burmese, which delighted the old man, and they became fast friends. He did not reflect that that tongue now belonged to his past incarnation. I did not remind him.

A week later, the Waldrons were to pass through the station, on their way up to the Hills.

'Colonel Waldron married a native, you know!' gossiped dear old Gilber Sahib; '*very* pretty woman! Took her home, and taught her English!'

We were knocking the billiard balls about at the Club.

'Any kiddies?' I asked.

'No kiddies! and ever so much better though it's hard on her! That sort of thing often works out all right for the parents. But it's likely to hit the kiddies hard!'

We gave the Waldrons a dinner at the Club. Everybody liked them both. Colonel Waldron, tanned and iron-gray, was fit as a youngster, and told us stories of old-time hunting in the Arakan Hills. Mrs. Waldron had the prettiest manners, and spoke the prettiest English — a little thing, merry, graceful, with just a touch of gray on the temples. Rather becoming, I thought. Not so dark as a Sicilian, and with a touch of Japan in her face, but perfect in all our Western ways.

Old Maung Hkin came with me to the Club dinner, with my knives and forks stuck in his belt, as the custom is, and stood behind my chair.

After the soup, when he should have been supplying me with deliciously flavored, but abominably bony, Gangetic *hilsa*, I noticed that the old man was absent from my elbow, and looked round the room for him. There he

was, in the corner, his eyes riveted on Colonel Waldron's face. His glance flitted to Mrs. Waldron, then back to the Colonel. With sudden misgiving I saw his face darken, and his fingers played restlessly on the ivory handle of the dinner-knife in his belt. Was the old homicidal fury coming on him again? Then the truth flashed into my mind. We were in the very midst of a tragedy!

I called him sharply. The first time, he hardly heard me. I called him again, imperatively. He winced, rubbed his hand across his eyes, and came slowly over to me, dragging one foot after the other.

'That is forgotten!' I said, speaking in his ear. 'It was in a former birth!'

The old man shivered, gave himself a spiritual wrench, and answered in a rather shaken voice, —

'Even so, Sahib! It is of a former birth! It is forgotten!'

Then he went quietly to the kitchen to get me some fish.

He served me sedately, with his wonderful docility, for the rest of the meal. But his eyes were perpetually wandering to Mrs. Waldron's face.

When dinner was over, the old man did a beautiful thing. We were gathered on the Club veranda. Mrs. Waldron was sitting in a low wicker chair, in a bower of young palm trees. I was talking to her about the Alps. Maung Hkin came over and gave me a light for my cigarette. Then, very quietly, he knelt before Mrs. Waldron, took her hand — she had beautiful hands — and brought it to his forehead. It was his forgiveness of Ma San Nyun. And the full grace of it lay in his silence.

ART AND THE WAR

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

MONSIEUR RODIN — probably the greatest living artist — has lately defined art as the pursuit of beauty, and beauty as 'the expression of what there is best in man.' 'Man,' he says, 'needs to express in a perfect form of art all his intuitive longings toward the Unknowable.' His words may serve as warning to those who imagine that the war will loosen one root of the tree of art — a tree which has been growing slowly since first soul came into men's eyes.

This world (as all will admit) is one of the innumerable expressions of an Unknowable Creative Purpose, which

colloquially we call God; that which not every one will admit is that this Creative Purpose works in its fashioning, not only of matter but of what we call spirit, through friction, through the rubbing together of the thoughts and the hearts of men. While the material condition of our planet, the heat or friction within it, remains favorable to human life, there will be, there must needs be, a continual crescendo in the stature of humanity, through the ever-increasing friction of human spirits one with the other; friction supplied by life itself, and next after life, by those transcripts of life, those expressions of hu-

man longing, which we know as art. Art for art's sake — if it meant what it said, which is doubtful — was always a vain and silly cry. As well contend that an artist is not a man. Art was ever the servant as well as the mistress of men, and ever will be. Civilization, which is but the gradual conversion of animal man into human man, has come about through art even more than through religion, law, and science. For the achieved, 'expression of man's intuitive longing toward the Unknowable, in more or less perfect . . . forms of art' has ever been the chief influence in broadening men's hearts.

The aim of human life, no doubt, is happiness. But after all, what is happiness? Efficiency, wealth, material comfort? Many by their lives do so affirm; few are cynical enough to say so; and on their deathbeds none will feel so. Not even freedom in itself brings happiness. Happiness lies in breadth of heart. And breadth of heart is that inward freedom which has the power to understand, feel with, and, if need be, help others. In breadth of heart are founded justice, love, sacrifice; without it there would be no special meaning to any of our efforts, and the tale of all human life would be still no more than that of supremely gifted animals, many of whose communities are highly efficient, and have instinctive unity founded on experience of its utility, but none of that conscious altruism which is without perception of future benefit to self, and works from sheer recognition of its own beauty. In sum, human civilization is the outgrowth of conscious altruism; and the directive Moral Purpose in the world nothing but our dim perception, ever growing through spiritual friction, that we are all bound more and more toward the understanding of ourselves and each other, and all that this carries with it. To imagine, then, that an incidental conflagration

like this war, however vast, will do aught but momentarily retard the crescendo of that understanding, is to miss perception of the whole slow process by which man has become less and less an animal throughout the ages; and to fear that the war will scorch and wither art, that chief agent of understanding, is either to identify one's self with the petty and eclectic views which merely produce æsthetic excrescences, or to be frankly ignorant of what art means.

Recognition of the relativity of art is constantly neglected by those who talk and write about it. For one school the audience does not exist; for another nothing but the audience. Obviously neither view is right. Art may be very naïve and still be art — still be the expression of a childish vision appealing to childish visions, making childish hearts beat. Thus —

Mary had a little lamb,
Its wool was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,

is art to the child of five, whose heart and fancy it affects. And —

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Through the forests of the night —
What immortal hand and eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

is art to the writer and the reader of these words.

On the other hand, Tolstoï, in limiting art to such of it as might be understood of simple folk, served his purpose of attacking the extravagant dandyisms of æstheticism, but fell lugubriously short of the wide truth. The essence of art is the power of communication between heart and heart — good! But since no one shall say to human nature, 'Be of this or that pattern,' or to the waves of human understanding, 'Thus far and no further,' so no man shall say these things to art.

Anybody can draw a tree, but few

can draw a tree that others can see is like a tree, and not one in a million can convey the essential spirit of Tree. The power of getting over the footlights to some audience or other is clearly necessary before a man can be called an artist by any but himself. But as soon as he has established genuine connection between his creation and the gratified perception of others, he is making art, though it may be, and usually is, very childish art. The point to grasp is this, and again this: Art is rooted in life for its inspiration, and dependent for its existence as art on affecting other human beings, sooner or later. The statue, the picture, or the book which, having been given a proper chance, has failed to move any but one's self, is certainly not art. It does not follow that the artist should consider his public, or try to please others than his own best self; but if, in pleasing his best self, he does not succeed in pleasing others, in the past, the present, or the future, he will certainly not have produced art. Not that the size of his public is proof of an artist's merit. The public of all time is generally but a small public at any given moment. Tolstoi seems to have forgotten that — did he not refuse greatness to the Greek tragedies? — and to have neglected the significance attaching to the quality of a public. For, if the essence of art be its power of bridging between heart and heart (as he admitted), its value may well be greater if it reaches and fertilizes the hearts of other artists rather than those of the generality, for through these other artists it sweeps out again in further circles and ripples of expression. Art is the universal traveler, essentially international in influence. Revealing the spirit of things lying behind parochial surfaces and circumstance, delving down into the common stuff of nature and human nature, and re-creating therefrom, it passes ten thousand miles

of space, ten thousand years of time, and yet appeals to the men it finds on those far shores. It is the one possession of a country which that country's enemies usually still respect and take delight in. War, outcome of the side of man's nature which denies breadth of heart, can for the moment paralyze the outward activities of art, but can it ever chain its spirit, or arrest the inner ferment of the creative instinct? For thousands of generations war has been the normal state of man's existence, yet alongside war has flourished this art, reflecting man's myriad aspirations and longings, and by innumerable expressions of individual vision and sentiment, ever unifying human life, through the common factor of impersonal emotion passing from heart to heart by ways more invisible than the winds travel, carrying the seeds and pollen of herb life. If one could only see those countless tenuous bridges spun by art, a dewy web over the whole lawn of life! If for a moment we could see them, discouragement would cease its uneasy buzzing. What can this war do that a million wars have not? It is bigger, and more bloody — the reaction from it will but be the greater. If every work of art existing in the Western world were obliterated, and every artist killed, would human nature return to the animalism from which art has in a measure raised it? Not so. Art makes good in the human soul all the positions that it conquers.

When the war is over, the world will find that the thing which has changed least is art. Certain withered leaves, warts, dead branches will have sloughed off from the tree; the sap will run at first a little faster for the temporary check, and — that is all. The wind of war reeking with death will neither have warped nor poisoned it. The utility of art, which in these days of blood and agony is mocked at, will be rising again into the view even of the mock-

ers, almost before the thunder of the last shell has died away. 'Beauty is useful,' says Monsieur Rodin. Aye! it is useful!

Even now — in the full whirlwind of this most gigantic struggle — art work is very likely being produced which, in the sum of its ultimate effect on mankind, will outlive and outweigh the total net result of that struggle, just as surely as the work of Euripides, Shakespeare, Leonardo, Beethoven, and Tolstoi outweighed the net result of the Peloponnesian, sixteenth-century, Napoleonic, and Crimean wars. War is so unutterably tragic, because — without it — Nature, given time, would have attained the same ends in other ways. A war is the spasmodic uprising of old savage instincts against the slow and gradual humanizing of the animal called man. It emanates from restless and so-called virile natures fundamentally intolerant of men's progress toward the understanding of each other, — natures that often profess a blasphemous belief in art, a blasphemous alliance with God. It still apparently suffices for a knot of such natures to get together, and play on mass fears and loyalties, to set a continent on fire. And at the end? Those of us — at the rate we are going we may not be many — who are able to look back from thirty years hence on this tornado of death, will conclude with a dreadful laugh that, if it had never come, the state of the world would be very much the same.

It is not the intention of these words to deny the desperate importance of this conflict *now that it has been joined*. Humanism and democracy have been forced into a sudden and spasmodic death-grapple with the mailed hand from above; and the end of that struggle must be brought into conformity with the slow, sure, general progress of mankind. But if, by better fortune, this fearful conflict had not been forced

upon the nations, the same victory would have made good in course of time, by other processes. That is the irony. For, of a surety, wars or no wars, the future is to humanism.

But art has no cause to drop its head, nor artists to be discolored. They are the servants of the culture every bit as much as, and more than, they have been the servants of the past; they are even still the servants of the present, for they must keep their powers in training, and their vision keen against the time when they are once more accounted of. A true picture is a joy that will move hearts some day, for all that it may not sell now; beauty none the less 'the expression of what there is best in man,' because the earth is being soaked with blood.

Monsieur Sologub, the Russian poet, speaking recently on the future of art, has indicated his view that after the war art will move away from the paths of naturalism; and he defines the naturalists as 'people who describe life from the standpoint of material satisfaction.' It is never good to argue about words; but confusion in regard to the meaning of terms describing art activity is such that it is well to sweep them all out of our minds, and, in considering what forms art ought to take, to go deep down to the criterion of communication between heart and heart. The only essential thing is that vision, fancy, feeling, should be given the concrete clothing that shall best make them perceptible by the hearts of others; the simpler, the more direct and clear and elemental the form, the better; and that is all you can say about it. To seek remote, intricate, and 'precious' clothings for the imagination is but to handicap vision, and imperil communication and appeal; the artists who seek them are not usually of much account. The greatness of Blake is the greatness of his simpler work. And in this connec-

tion, it is as much affectation to pretend that men are more childish than they are, as to pretend that they all have the subtlety of a Robert Browning. If the range of an artist's vision, the essential truth of his fancy, and the heat of his feeling be great, then the simpler, not the more mathematical, the more accessible but not the more childish, the form he takes, the wider will be his reach; the deeper the emotion he stirs, the greater the value of his art.

'What is wanted,' says Monsieur Sologub, 'is true art.' Quite so! What is wanted in a work of art is an unforced, natural, adequate correspondence between fancy and form, matter and spirit, so that one shall not be distracted by its naturalism, mysticism, cubism, whatnotism, but shall simply be moved in a deep impersonal way by perception of another's vision. Two instances come into the mind. The first is a picture of Spring by Jean François Millet, in the Louvre, wherein, by simple selection, without any departure whatever from the normal representation of life, the very essence of spring; the brooding and the white flash of it, the suspense and stir, the sense of gathered torrents — in a word that peculiar emotion which, in each spring of the year, is sooner or later felt by every heart — has been stored by the vision and feeling moving the painter's brush, and projected in an undying reminder to other eyes and hearts of a universal human emotion. The second instance is the chapters in that novel of Monsieur Sologub's compatriot, Turgenieff, *Fathers and Children*, which describe with the simplest naturalism the death of Bazarov. There, too, is the heartbeat of emotion as universal as it well can be, rendered so vividly that one is not conscious at all of *how it is rendered*. These are two cases of that complete welding of form

and spirit which is all we need or should ask of art; the rest is a question of the artist's emotional quality and stature.

Art will take all paths after the war just as before; and now and then the artist will fashion that true blend of form and fancy which is the achievement of beauty.

For Monsieur Rodin, beauty is 'the adoration of all that man perceives with his spiritual senses.' Yes. And the task of artists is to kneel before life till they rive the heart from it and with that heart twine their own; out of such marriages come precious offspring, winged messengers.

There is a picture of Francesca's in the Louvre, — some say it is not a Francesca, but if not, then neither are the Francescas in the English National Gallery, and those are not disputed, — a picture of the Virgin, with hands pressed together, before her naked babe, in a landscape of hills and waters. Her kneeling figure has in it I cannot tell what of devotion and beauty, which makes the heart turn over within one. With his spiritual senses the painter has perceived, and in adoration set down what he has seen, mingling with it the longings of his own heart. And they who look on that picture know for evermore what devotion and beauty are. And if they be artists, they go away fortified again to the taking up of a long quest.

This is the utility of art. It plays between men like light, showing the heights and depths of nature, beckoning on, or warning of destruction, and ever through emotion revealing heart to heart. It is the priestess of humanism, confirming to us our future, reassuring our faltering faith in our own approach to the Unknowable; till the tides of the Creative Purpose turn, and our world gets cold; and man, having lived his day to the uttermost, finds gradual sleep.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S MARGIN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

I

'MARRIED women, you know, — there is a sad story against them, in general. They are but too apt to give up music . . . really, when I look round among my acquaintance, I tremble. Selina has entirely given up music — never touches the instrument, though she played sweetly. . . . Upon my word, it is enough to put one in a fright. I used to be quite angry with Selina; but really, I begin now to comprehend that a married woman has many things to call her attention. I believe I was half an hour this morning shut up with my housekeeper.'

When Jane Austen put these words into the mouth of the incomparable Mrs. Elton, she was undoubtedly only using what she had many times heard, with the usual difference, that whereas in her books these opinions are diverting, in real life they are less so.

Mrs. Elton's answer to the married woman's problem has not been the only one. Other temperaments have made other responses, such, for example, as is implied in the obituary tribute to a certain Mistress Abigail, who died here in New England a hundred years ago: —

'Books were to her a never-failing source of delight, and she was an example of the possibility of combining a fondness for elegant literature, for which she never lost her taste, with a faithful discharge of all the relative and domestic duties of a female; and so mingling, without interference or in-

jury, that they heightened and reflected lustre on each other.'

Now in considering the attitude toward life of these two women, one cannot fail to be struck by one thing which they have in common: they both assumed that the leisure of a married woman, after the duties necessarily devolving upon her had been met, was a very narrow margin. Mrs. Elton, indeed, assumed that it was so narrow as to be negligible, and she neglected it accordingly. Mistress Abigail assumed that, though narrow, it was of priceless value, and she valued it accordingly. One is tempted to linger in meditation over the two temperaments and the two points of view, — one leading toward parasitism, as Olive Schreiner has arrestingly pointed out, the other leading toward self-development and service. If some of the women of our own day derive rather obviously from Mrs. Elton, most of them derive from Mistress Abigail.

But what I want to call attention to now is that, with regard to this one point, the theory of women's married life, both for the parasite and the worker, was the same: it allowed a narrow margin and no more.

It was, of course, not theory merely. It grew out of fact, being based on conditions that had existed, almost without interruption, for many centuries.

Several thousand years ago, an enthusiast regarding the possibilities of women took pains to write out a description of his ideal woman. She was, of course, married. She had children.

She ruled a large and complicated household. She controlled it, not only as a home, but as a factory, — a centre for import, manufacture, and export. She was endowed, not merely with the conservative virtues of thrift and discipline, but with the liberal virtues of administration and enterprise. She was an untiring and effective worker, not self-effacing, but dominating, as effective workers must always dominate.

Ever since the last chapter of Proverbs was written, with here and there curious exceptions which are for my present purpose negligible, the conditions and ideals which it sets forth have held good. That is to say, the situation of married women, as such, has laid upon them such requirements that when these were met there was little or no margin left. By the mere fact of being married the lines of their life were laid down for them. Anything done outside these lines was like a flower snatched and cherished by the runner as he runs. That many flowers were so snatched and cherished is but a proof of the unquenchable enterprise of the human spirit.

But at the present time conditions have changed. At least, this is true of what, for lack of a better name, may be called the middle and upper classes, — of the women who do not 'do their own work,' — to use a phrase more full of ironical implications than most of us realize. There may be plenty of work for women to do, but the mere fact of being married does not necessarily lay it upon them with any great degree of urgency; often, indeed, not with any urgency at all. This may have happened before. Our own period is doubtless not unique in the world's history. It may have been paralleled, as some suggest, in Rome, possibly in Babylon, or in Egypt, or in civilizations that faded and crumbled before these arose. But that does not help us much. What

may help us is to look at the present situation squarely and see what it is. In doing this, it will make a good beginning if we stop trying to fit to it the formula of a different situation.

The chapter of Proverbs assumed that for the married woman her tasks were assigned and her ideal set before her. She might do well or badly, but there it was. For our New England housewife, as for the Hebrew, it held good. They did really know what were 'the relative and domestic duties of a female.' This seems very restful, by contrast with the women of to-day, who feel no such certitude. For the women of an earlier time, their duties were not only well-defined, they were unescapable. For us, they are not only rather readily escapable, they are not even defined. This is, indeed, broadly true of all ethics, whose entire emphasis seems to have changed. The older moralists occupied themselves with the difficulty of doing one's duty. The modern ones, if they want to hold our attention, must rather consider the preliminary difficulty of finding out what one's duty is.

And so there are few men, however enthusiastic over women they may be, who could now sit down, serene in their admirations, to rewrite that chapter of Proverbs up to date. Now and then some one, bolder or less well-advised than the rest, makes an attempt, but it is a poor thing. One feels him hesitating, getting nervous, hedging a little here, broadening a little there, that he may, perchance, escape criticism or challenge from this side or that. If a conservative, he flings a sop to progressive opinion; if progressive, he trims a little to avoid rousing the conservatives. The fact is, the demands made by her situation upon the married woman as such, are not necessarily absorbing, nor are they sufficiently uniform to create a type. As the unmar-

ried woman may at any moment become the married woman, this affects her too. Hence there really is a woman problem.

II

There are those who will deny this. They maintain that if the married woman does not encounter absorbing demands, it is her own fault for failing to recognize them. They persist in regarding marriage as a profession, a vocation, which, if it is not absorbing, ought to be.

This particular comparison, of marriage to a profession, will not bear examination. In the first place, all the professions and business callings have this in common: the candidate can at least count on 'making' his profession. The student in the law school, in the hospital, in the school of architecture or of engineering, feels this confidence. He may not become a good lawyer, but he is practically sure to become a lawyer. The minister cannot tell whether he will have a parish of fifty 'souls' or five thousand, but he is certain he can be a minister and preach the Gospel to somebody. But a woman has no such security. If marriage is her profession, she is in the curious situation of preparing herself for a position she may never fill. And even if she fills it for a time, she may, as it were, lose her position through widowhood. Even the most finished civilizations have found it hard to know what to do with widows, and none of their solutions — burning, or immuring, or marrying to the next of kin — has been wholly successful.

But, it may be objected, this uncertainty with regard to the 'making' of one's profession is a situation created by the woman herself. Any woman can marry if she wishes. True. But the difficulty here is that, whereas the man's choice of his profession is revocable, the woman's is not. And this

brings us to the second point of difference. For not only is marriage unlike a profession because it cannot be deliberately chosen: it is unlike a profession also because it cannot be relinquished. A man may leave the law and become a clergyman, he may leave the ministry and go on the stage, without rousing more criticism than is readily bearable; but a woman cannot do this with marriage. A clergyman unsuccessful in one parish may be called to another, but a woman, even though she is quite obviously making a bad muddle of her job with her present husband and children, cannot be 'called' to another more congenial parish, and thus leave the way clear for some one else to take up her work and better it. At least, though such things are done, and there are theories, and even laws, to cover them, they have not yet received the hearty sanction of society. They are contrary to the 'folk-ways.'

The third point of difference is the uncertain element of children. It was largely on account of the children that the institution of marriage grew up at all; and if these are eliminated its character is radically changed. The childless woman is another factor which no earlier civilization has known what to do with. It is clear that, even if marriage followed by children is in some ways comparable to a profession, marriage without them is not. The task of making a home for one man may be all sorts of things — it may range all the varied way from many kinds of heaven to many kinds of hell — but there is nothing of the profession about it. Even in former days it would not, and did not, fill a woman's time. Under present conditions, it does not offer enough to be called anything more than a respectable piece of fancywork.

But even where there are children, this fact does not necessarily make a woman's activity comparable to a

man's professional life. Under some conditions it does keep her very much occupied for a few years; in these cases it might be compared to a rather long period of army service for a man; under other conditions it does not even do this, but engages her emotions and her thoughts rather than her time. In any event, after a period of ten to fifteen years — to make a liberal estimate — the needs of her children are increasingly merged in those of the community, and such service as she gives she gives, not primarily as a mother of her own children, but rather as a woman interested in all children — as a citizen and a member of her society.

This statement will be challenged. It is often said that children take more time when they are big than when they are little. More thought, perhaps, but not more time. Little children's needs are, indeed, simple, but they are exigent. The needs of our older children become less and less physical. They need companionship, advice, sympathy — above all, love. Their problems of education, of life-equipment, have to be met; questions of social taste and social ethics arise, and the complications of friendship and love. All these are of the utmost importance and often of the utmost difficulty; but they are matters in whose solution the father ought to have and often does have as large a share as the mother, and in which the child's own share grows rapidly greater. The 'chaperoning' of the young, their social shepherding, is indeed done by some gifted women so skillfully, so efficiently, that it is put for them into the professional class. It is more than a profession, it is an art. But this is by virtue, not of their motherhood, but of their temperament. For the rest, not so endowed, these more formal duties must be judged as part of the social fabric of our present conventional life, which will be taken up later.

There is one more consideration. If marriage is a woman's profession, in a sense in which it is not a man's, — admitting for the sake of the argument that all women who wish to marry can do so and have children, — then there should be some adequate preparation for it. This is being strongly urged, and it might be a very good plan if we could feel sure of two things, — first, that all married women are enough alike to be treated as a class; and second, that their needs as married women are sufficiently uniform and predictable to be met by preliminary training.

But it is beginning to be recognized that women, even married women, are not a bit alike. Generalizations about them are falling into disrepute, though still made by men in moments of relaxation. Such easy statements as —

The queen upon her throne
And the maiden in her dairy,
They're all alike in this,
They are contra'ry, —

are admitted as pleasantries but not as arguments. It would appear, then, that if women are not all alike it is economically wasteful to force them all into the same groove.

It might, perhaps, be expected that, even though women are not all alike, the choice of a profession would in itself sort them out a little. If it were a real profession it would have this effect. Take any gathering of lawyers, of brokers, of ministers, of doctors, of engineers, of musicians, — there is a certain broad homogeneity about it. But when, as sometimes happens, these men are joined by their wives, only the broadest and tenderest Christian charity can discern even the common humanity that unites them.

The real truth is that, whereas a man chooses his profession because of a certain rough temperamental fitness that he is more or less aware of in himself, a woman does not do this. She does not

choose, as such, the life of a diplomat's wife, or a minister's wife, or an engineer's wife. In fact, the girl who vows that she will never, never marry a minister or a doctor, or whatever she may choose for anathema, is as apt as not to do that very abhorred thing, for reasons which seem to her at the time satisfactory. As a result, we find women bored and wearied in the diplomat's circle, in the doctor's home, in the village parish, in the forester's camp, bungling their duties and missing their opportunities, when a little puss-in-the-corner shifting would better things immensely. Such shifting is, of course, not practicable, but if marriage is to be regarded as a profession it ought to be made practicable.

For these reasons, the much-urged preparation for marriage is not quite what it purports to be, since what constitutes excellent preparation for one kind of marriage, does not constitute even fair preparation for some other kind, and no woman knows beforehand just what kind she is going to need. In the European countries, it is true, where society maintains a different attitude toward the individual, it is much more possible to prepare a girl adequately for her married position, because it is more possible to predict what this will be. The European plan has its advantages as well as its weaknesses, but it is not the American plan.

That these maladjustments in marriage are not more conspicuous than they are must be laid to the elasticity of human nature. Although each woman is naturally fitted to do some one kind of work better than any other, she may be able to do tolerably well a number of other quite different kinds of work, so that often neither she nor any one else is ever aware of the waste that has occurred, in the forcing of the powers she uses and the atrophy of the powers she does not use.

Let us, then, give up this notion that marriage is in itself a profession. Something is always lost when one muddles one's categories. Marriage may once have been comparable to a profession. It is not now. It may once, for a woman, have been comparable to slavery. It is not now. Marriage, in fact, cannot be classed with anything but itself. It is marriage and nothing else, — a wonderful mixture of experiences and duties on many different planes. So far as its spiritual demands go, it may ask of a woman, as of a man, all she has in her, or it may not. So far as its material demands go, it may require everything or nothing. It may of necessity fill her life or leave it empty. To call it a profession is to blur its meaning, for it is much more than this and much less. To say of the home, which marriage ought to create, that it is 'a man's kingdom, a child's paradise, and a woman's world,' is again to blur its meaning. The home is no one's kingdom, no one's paradise, and no one's world. The only kingdom it resembles is the kingdom of heaven, because it is within you. Home is dependent for its reality — and its reality is as deep as anything we know — upon a condition of spirit. It is indeed embodied, or at least shadowed forth, in this or that physical symbol, — the sheltering roof, the fireplace, the common table, — but it is dependent on no one of these. For Omar, the symbol was the loaf, the jug, and the book; for Deirdre and Naisi it was the tent 'as tidy as a beehive or a linnet's nest,' or the open sky 'among the snipe and plover.' Home means love and companionship and mutual dependence, the spirit of common service and of a common loyalty. It may be achieved by a husband and wife, or by a family, or by two friends, or even by a single person who has the home feeling toward the world without. To say it is the woman's task to make the

home, is to miss its most exquisite meaning. No one of the group can make it, though any one can mar it. It must be made by all, for the uses of all. What the physical share of each shall be will depend upon circumstance.

Doubtless, since for us physical circumstance is the vehicle of the spirit, spirit is dependent to some extent upon physical circumstance. Marcus Aurelius admitted, by implication, that living in a palace made it hard to keep a grip on spiritual things. So also, the spiritual thing which is at the heart of the home probably makes itself felt more readily in some circumstances than in others. The extremes of poverty and riches, some think, tend to clog its utterance. It is helped by the companionship of tasks shared; it is made articulate by a common misfortune; it is served by leisure that is not too much leisure; it responds vividly to outside pressure if this is not too great; it is stimulated by the forms of hospitality, though it may also be wearied by them. Sometimes we have an idea, though it may be a wrong idea, that the conditions of to-day, and yet more the conditions that are promised for to-morrow, are not quite so stimulating to the spirit of home as were the conditions of yesterday. Even if this is true, however, we cannot go back to those conditions. For that very reason, we ought, perhaps, to hold ourselves more than ever attentive to their spirit.

III

Now because the physical forms of the home arose in the first place through the needs of children, and because women were more concerned than men in meeting these needs, a woman's physical share in the home came to be very great, — so great that it crowded out everything else; and it was right that it should be so. Her

physical share will probably always be greater than a man's, but it will never again be so great as it has been. For better or worse the physical circumstances of the home have been completely transformed, and women (especially of the class I am speaking of, but to some extent of all classes) find themselves in a new position. With the same devotion to their homes that they have had in the past, with the same ideals and the same loyalty, their material problems are very different from those that confronted their great-grandmothers. In particular, they are possessed of a margin of time and energy so large that the name margin is no longer suitable, and the manner of its employment constitutes a very different issue from any which met the Mrs. Eltons and the Mistress Abigails of the past. Allowing for the more absorbing demands in the early years of marriage, with the gradual release from these in the later years, and insisting that these later years are among the richest, and ought to be among the most productive, in a woman's life, we may say that she has at least half a life — half her mature life — to dispose of in other ways than those directly opened to her through marriage itself. As yet few women realize this. The tradition of Mrs. Elton and Mistress Abigail is still strong; it is still taken for granted that the married woman's margin is a real margin, narrow and precarious, not to be counted upon. And because it is not to be counted upon, it is not really used.

The situation is rather curious. We are caught between an old tradition of married life, which insists that our time is fully occupied, and the new facts of married life, which bely the tradition. If we could forget the tradition and look at the facts, our whole attitude would change. As it is, this large margin of time, continually and increasingly ours, is, as it were, theo-

retically non-existent. It has not yet received official recognition. Therefore, being treated as something contingent and accidental instead of something expected and calculable, it has no dignity, no coherence in its uses. It is like the reading done in a doctor's office while we wait. We are like children who receive frequent but unpredictable gifts of pocket-money, yet are given no stated allowance. The money is spent as it comes—casually, without special plan. It is the rare child who will make such accidental fortune serve any large ends. So it has been with women's time. Having no theoretic leisure and much actual leisure, they have filled it with whatever chances to importune most insistently.

What the things may be which appear most importunate depends upon a woman's environment. In the early 80's, when the stern pressure of war-time conditions was yielding to the growing luxury attendant on 'good business,' and the flood of immigration was transforming domestic conditions, women branched out in many lines. There was a great increase of women's organizations for charitable and social or semi-social ends. There was a keen interest in athletics and in education. In the leisure time still remaining, women did 'artistic' work. The need of making useful and necessary things having abated, women occupied themselves in making useless and unnecessary things, and there followed a flood of 'knickknacks for the home' such as the home, let us hope, will never see again. On this period, the 'Bad Taste Exhibit' held last year in New York was an illuminating comment.

Since the 80's there have been various changes. The eagerness for organization has increased and is showing its results in a thousand ways. Fancywork has drooped; athletics have held their own among the young women and

grown in favor among the older ones. They have been fostered by schools and colleges, and these have also tended to create a keen, if often vague, desire to share in the larger movements of the community.

The result is that the married woman of to-day has plenty to do. She has, in fact, a good deal too much to do. When I say that she has half a life to dispose of, I mean that she could have this if she only believed she had it. She does not really have it now. She is dragged hither and yon, by a multitude of demands posing as duties, until it sometimes seems to her that there will be nothing left of her but shreds and ravelings. Often there actually is nothing left of her but these. The fair garment of her life has been, little by little, covered with trimmings until it is concealed by them, and has quite lost the large and restful lines which should at once express and clothe the body within. The trimmings have become the garment itself. But if she could once rid herself of them, she would never wish them back.

If we look more closely at these trimmings of a woman's life, we shall see that they group themselves mainly as society or as charity. I am tempted to make a third group and say 'shopping'; but shopping, if we consider its genesis, is really not a part of a woman's marginal occupations; it grows out of her share in the home-making. Some of it is necessary and legitimate. And if it has at present acquired such dimensions and such importance that it may properly be classed with the major sports, this is the result of a combination of influences too complex to be discussed here. It does, however, bear upon the problem of a woman's margin, because it is one of the things that threaten to swallow up that margin.

Women's charitable work is often disparaged, and with some reason. It

must be admitted that, partly because it is done in the incidental, casual, uncalculated way that women's theoretic circumstances seem to enforce, some of it reminds one of the little home-made trousers in Beatrice Herford's monologue: 'It's a beautiful spirit — but, really, when you look at 'em, you can't tell which way the child's walking.' Nevertheless, let us insist that it is a beautiful spirit, that it does represent really hard work, that it does do some good. Those of us who are optimistic believe that, with the progressive enlargement of women's civic opportunities, all these disconnected efforts are finding their relation to a larger whole.

Of the other side of women's activity it is harder to judge. With this theoretically narrow margin of their lives, women have somehow created what is called 'society.' Every one knows what it is, although to any one who did not it would be difficult to explain. Men laugh at it, but it is not to be laughed at. With a power as strong as the church, or stronger, it lies about us, impalpable, whimsical, almost irresistible. It may take all a woman has to give, and give little back; or it may give everything it has to give, and demand little. Whether it is woman's highest duty, or her toy, has apparently not been decided. Whether those who give themselves to it most entirely do so in an abandonment of self-indulgence or in a spirit of high sacrifice, one cannot say. The inveterate habit, common to all people, of dressing up whatever they are doing in a cloak of morality, has in this case so confused all the phraseology of social rites that it is impossible to tell what is pleasure and what is crucifixion. Women dress, not because they like to look pretty, but because they 'owe it' to their husbands, or their children, or to society. They make calls and give dinners, not because they like it but because they feel them-

selves obliged to, and they are glad when it is over. They go to parties, not because they expect to have a good time — they profess to be bored by them — but because for various reasons it seems necessary to. For the same reasons they give teas and go to them, give receptions, luncheons, house-parties, and every other form of social function. When closely pressed, the fundamental justification for the whole complicated structure is usually said to be the children. 'We are not in this for ourselves but for our children.' 'If I considered only myself, I should cut the whole thing, but I must think of the young people.' And so we are apparently handing on to the next generation an institution from whose tyranny we should ourselves like to escape. We do not seem to realize that if a thing is not good in itself — good for us — it will probably not be good for our children. If our lives have no justification except that they are forming bridges for the next generation, then we have really nothing to give the next generation, and the bridges are useless because they lead nowhere. We are like a badly built card-house, — each card leaning on the one next it, and the last leaning on nothing but the builder's finger: take the finger away and the whole line falls flat.

Now it may be that society is worth all it costs. It may be that women are right when they speak of it in the language of duty. But it sometimes seems rather the result of this anomalous condition which has overtaken some classes of women, where, met by the fact of leisure without the name of leisure, they have, as it were, with their left hand built up an engine which now it requires both hands to run. In many women's lives society and not marriage occupies the place that a profession occupies in a man's life, and its claims often conflict with those of the home

more than do the claims of many professional callings. This may be a desirable condition, but I doubt if its desirability has been weighed, because I doubt whether the condition itself has been squarely faced. It is indeed true that some women carry out their social activity in a fine spirit of constructive sympathy that makes of it something very wonderful and very helpful, and perhaps in them the whole social fabric can claim its justification. Certainly for them it is justification enough. But there is no human institution that has not its times of flowering, and to point to the single achievements gained under any institution proves only that human life attains greatness under the most diverse conditions. What women have to consider is, whether this particular institution is worth quite all they are giving it; or, perhaps, whether they are not, through this bit of traditionalism in their theorizing, giving it a good deal more than they think they are.

This is no plea for the professionalizing of married women. It is merely a plea that the married woman shall realize what she is doing, and shall decide whether it is what she is obliged to do, and if not, whether it is what she wants to do. It is a plea for the simplification of life. This can be achieved negatively, by elimination; positively, by a more deliberate choice of interests according to our best endowments, and a persistent effort to mass our activities in accordance with this choice. Hard work, as such, is never to be avoided, but scattering work, work that never assembles itself either into a whole, or into definite relation with some larger whole, — such work is always disintegrating in its reaction upon the worker. For this reason, many semi-professional occupations would prove restful and healthfully stimulating, compared with the hodge-podge of

tasks with which most women are now filling their life-margin.

The professionalizing, or semi-professionalizing, of married women is, however, coming. It is coming more slowly to them than it has come to unmarried women, because they have, in general, only half-time to offer, and the community is only beginning to wake up to the value of the half-time worker and the advantages of the half-time job, so that as yet it has very few such jobs to give. If it does come, it will, I believe, not threaten the home nearly so much as 'society' threatens it now.

The change is, however, not going to settle all difficulties. Like every change, it will settle some and create new ones. There is no escaping the fact that for the married woman of the future there is a grave difficulty facing her, in the reconciling of her interests with those of her husband. The growing individualism of women, their insistence on planning their own lives as men plan theirs, necessary and inevitable as this is, is not going to be an altogether comfortable element in married life, — not nearly so comfortable as the old way, though just as interesting. For its effect on the children there is little to fear. Anything which adds to the strength and interest of the mother's life is in the long run good for the children. As for the idea that a woman exerts an influence on a child by hovering over him — there is as nearly nothing in it as there ever can be in any idea. But between the man and the woman, each of whom has an independent life calling for real adjustment and sacrifice, as all work does call, — between them the mutual adjustment and sacrifice that become necessary may seem to present difficulties very grave and very complicated. Upon the way in which these difficulties are met will depend the future of our social structure.

SERVANTS AND SUPER-SERVANTS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was in the Far East that Aladdin, Gift of God, appeared and asked for a job. I was nailing up a box of specimens — pheasants which I had found in the North — when he walked in, bowed with gentle, melancholy dignity, and informed me that he was A. Deen, best of servants.

I was not inclined to believe this; but his personality defeated every objection. Not that he was prepossessing in appearance. He was small, though young and straight, with brown eyes, a chocolate skin, and an extraordinary moustache, — ragged, with a decided droop at the corners of his mouth. His personality, however, was an independent possession. It was impressive, persuasive. He had an almost theatrical appreciation of this fact. He used no other argument, offered no further evidence.

I needed a good servant. I wanted time in which to estimate him. I asked his name.

He told me, but I did not know then and I do not know now. It might have been Háladdin, yet it was not unlike Jamaldeen. 'Gentlemen call me A. Deen,' he added.

I qualified at once, and no doubt acquired caste in his eyes by saying, 'A. Deen, get me a hammer and nails.'

'Going, master,' he said, and bowed so that I was enormously impressed with the seriousness of the service I had demanded.

Such was Aladdin's personality.

When he returned in a few minutes from some Chinese junk-shop, he brought with him a spike six inches long and a hammerlet which would hardly have driven home the smallest tack. I thanked him. I was well pleased. I was so well pleased that I packed them at once with my pheasants and shipped them home.

A. Deen stood by and assured me that he was indispensable to my trip, or to any trip for that matter. He was quiet about it, but he was firm. He mentioned the salary which he would consider, with assurances that he was a competent person. He insisted on this. So I gave him a pheasant and kept a discreet watch to see how he would deal with it. He made a perfect skin.

'You are engaged, Deen,' I said. But I had been saddled with bad servants and I knew what it meant, so I said to myself, 'A. Deen for politeness — but this is Aladdin, Gift of God.'

And this proved to be far more than an etymological truth. For Aladdin was not only trustworthy, capable, loyal — a super-servant in the fullest sense: he was the living incarnation of all the best points in his people. It was through him that I saw them and learned to know something of the significant things in their lives. One cannot in a short time, or in any length of time, discover the habits, the motives, and the thousands of emotions which govern a community or a tribe of people, but one can gather unlimited information about the particular thoughts,

motives, hatreds, good and evil tendencies, which govern one individual. The chip from the diamond is always a diamond no matter how small the facets or what specialized combination of colors it may chance to throw off in the sunlight.

So Aladdin was worth in many ways the price he had put on his head: a modest enough price for the West, but a somewhat pretentious one for the East.

It was from Aladdin that I learned some of those subtleties and niceties which exist between master and servant. This is a complex relation wherein each person is for a long time on probation. In civilization the difficulties are minimized, but in camp and on long mountain and jungle trips it is a test which involves strength, good temper, tact — all the elements of real diplomacy. It is a bond as intimate as friendship, with strange inequalities and reservations. It has laws, conventions, and mysterious boundaries. These are absolute.

It was Aladdin who showed me the gulf between servants and super-servants. This is a chasm as deep as the racial chasm between two tribes who live side by side, but with two codes of conduct, two sacred standards of government, of morality, of individual faith.

In civilized countries, there are good and bad servants, and this is the end of the matter. But in savage or semi-barbarous countries, there are servants and super-servants, and this is but the beginning of many things. Aladdin, himself, was the exceptional individual who was filled with a desire to separate himself from the laziness and sloth of his people, to break away from them, to see and to learn at any cost. He was moved by that inexplicable leaven which operates in any tribe or community to save one individual from the

monotonous, careless existence which holds so many others chained to one faith, to one narrow, insignificant daily routine. It requires courage for him to put aside his caste, to overthrow his traditions, and humbly and modestly to make himself useful to the first white traveler who will give him something more than money for his service. It is not a brave, adventurous moment when John Perkins, butler at large in London, tenders his recommendations at the servant's door of some plutocratic mansion — he is true to his caste, his training, and his instincts. But it is an eventful hour when Aladdin, Singhalese Malay boy, Mohammedan, presents himself with proper obeisance to a white man from over the seas and asks for a passport to the world.

So Aladdin, servant, was the superior Singhalese of his village. I found there no other person of his clan whose ideals and visions and desires were not well within the circle of his caste. Ancestry had set a high wall around every Singhalese child and man and woman who passed me in the streets. Each one walked as his father and his father's father had walked before him; talked, idled, worked, and played with the mannerisms and mentality of his great grandfather.

They were forever set apart. They were under the heel of some fixed unwritten law. Yet on their very doorstep a goodly share of the Eastern world parades up and down each day at dusk — it is a human tide that rises every time the sun sets along the seafront of the Galle Face Hotel. The flotsam and jetsam of the East is swept along before it. Beyond, the tropical colors in the western sky are inlaid with bands of gold — and out of the heart of the glow the cool salty breeze sweeps inward from the sea. Big breakers roll in unceasingly, and patient

little bullocks tug forever at big, two-wheeled carts. The drive overflows with rickshaws, carriages, and motors filled with all the peoples of the East. They touch in the crowd, but the barriers of religion and of caste move on invisible feet beside them. Mohammedan women in latticed gharrys peer out discreetly at the chocolate and burnt-umber Tamil and Singhalese girls, at Bengali, Burmese, Javanese, and Chinese folk. A stray Ghurka makes a path for himself at one side. And everywhere, in doorways and on the turf, the Afghan money-lenders keep watch over the tide of life as it rises and falls. No face escapes them; their patience is endless. The costliest rickshaw may come to them on the morrow, the dirtiest Malay vender may return to them within the hour. For money is the axle of the wheel wherever there is a mint; and it is a profitable axle for the Afghans. The interest they charge is eighteen per cent.

It was from such a human ferment that Aladdin saved himself and went asking for a job. It was from this that he gained the courage to cut himself off from his people, to set aside their laws and make himself an outcast in his own land. For the Singhalese do not change, therefore they do not forget and cannot forgive. New blood has poured in from the outside, new laws and new faiths have claimed the driveway by the sea, but the Singhalese give no ground and do not stand aside. They watch and they wait, but they watch with peaceful, untroubled faces, and the tall, circular tortoise-shell comb that frames their head is the comb of their ancestors and is cherished accordingly.

II

It is only when I look back that I realize Aladdin's rightful place among the many servants who worked with

me on my trip. He stands so far in the foreground that I lose sight of those who are in line behind him. This is an unconscious injustice. But it was Aladdin who brought me to a fuller understanding of the men with whom I worked. My conscious mind was with my pheasants; I had little time to search out the individual and racial differences which separated those around me. It was Aladdin's theatrical personality which was the necessary stimulant to set in order the long chain of contrasts which were placed before me daily. I thought of the servants and super-servants who had been with me before, watched those around me, speculated upon the character and kind of those who would go with me to the countries which lay at the last of my trip. I saw them all in the new perspective which Aladdin had supplied.

There was Cookie, whose rightful name was Mutt. He appeared at Kuching, Borneo. It was one evening at dusk when I was sitting on the veranda of the rest-house. The tropical night was cool, and behind me in the bungalow the eccentric China boy was pattering about softly from room to room, while I was circumspectly smiling over the news that a cable had come in from Singapore asking accommodations for seven hundred tourists. If I moved out, Kuching could furnish two rooms for this Caucasian horde — no more.

The air was heavy with the scent of nocturnal flowers, and the sounds that traveled with the light wind were the sounds of the East. The clang of gongs from a Chinese joss-house saluted the twilight; beyond, a noisy and colorful hubbub proclaimed a Malay wedding. A Sikh policeman called at intervals to another in the service and was answered in kind — a deep and resonant exchange of mysterious commonplaces. And far away, from the shadows, sub-

duced, inevitable, minor, came the hollow rhythm of a Dyak tom-tom.

A dark figure moved in the pathway against the darker trees. It was Cookie hastening to salaam at the bungalow steps, to offer himself for faithful service. He said that he was a good cook, and he did not lie. But although he made a free comment on his character and his personal wares, he did not offer a full explanation. It was several days after his enrollment that an important fact appeared in a casual conversation. It seemed that Cookie had a habit of going mad at every full moon. At certain times he had been uncommonly violent and had been put in irons. Cookie's gentle manner and epicurean sauces weighed against this tardy information; also, it was a late hour to find another cook more sane and equally competent. The lunar powers, too, favored him, for nightly no more than a slender crescent of silver showed through the dark branches. So the matter was put by with little comment. Although, as a matter of fact, as the moon waxed full, Cookie began to ail, and on the last few days of the return trip he was hardly able to sit up.

A more faithful servant I have never had; he possessed a kindly, gentlemanly disposition which interfered in no way with his cooking. His chief physical distinction was his carriage. On the platform which served in camp for a table and chairs, he hopped about for all the world like a great awkward hornbill, while his gaudy *sarong* twisted and flapped and fell in folds about him like a striped flag. Mentally, he was forever taken up with two great worries. First, there was my incurable foolishness in paying good money for such useless possessions as dead pheasants, civet-cats, and snakes; second, there was that ever-present task of finding proper eggs. The Dyaks from their love of high game have a habit of sav-

ing, of treasuring, every egg within reach until it becomes a decidedly improper food for a more civilized taste. This troubled Cookie sorely. I believe that he mourned in secrecy over this tremendous tribal degeneration.

Perhaps he felt some of that helpless resignation which assails every alien when he comes unexpectedly upon the demoralizing customs that prevail in a community which is undergoing a moral and spiritual disintegration. It was just before my inland trip that I experienced this. I made a brief sojourn with the Malanos, a nondescript Malay-Dyak tribe, and saw there what corruption untimely contact with civilization may bring about. Their moral unfitness was manifest in the very atmosphere; it was proclaimed loudly in their dress. Bare legs were evidence of the savage Dyak influence; but everywhere the misunderstood canons of European fashion struggled for expression. There was something pitiful, pathetic, unbelievably naïve, in those emerald-green ties, those isolated celluloid collars, and those sleeveless cuffs which made the widest and most fantastic of bracelets: unique links in the first chain forged by a distant civilization. But one must learn tolerance in such matters of morals and apparel, must learn to readjust quickly every standard to meet the new conditions of every new land. This it is not always easy to do.

With the Malanos, as with others, whatever was evil went hand in hand with all that was good. They were generous, hospitable, and my arrival was the signal for them to invent elaborate entertainment to insure my pleasure. The foremost of these events was their remarkable wrestling dance. In this, the partners, or rather opponents, sidle one about the other with the curious, lithe, serpentine glidings of the Malayan dance, until with a sudden

movement they clinch, exerting all their strength in this hold for a fraction of time. The moment one dancer falls the two of them remain absolutely posed, no matter how strained the position, how false the balance. Then, gradually, they move softly, sinuously into the figures which are the prelude to this climax. Such a dance contains the one great dramatic element — surprise. There can be no formula for the tableau which marks the high point of emotion; each time it is a new grouping, a new portrayal of that fighting instinct which underlies every phase of existence. It gives a quality of spontaneity and of truth which a logical sequence of steps and posturings could never achieve. This indicates a keen, natural dramatic sense, but little touched by those laws and conventions which override civilized art.

When the dance was done there was the cock-fight, or rather a century of cock-fights, to be reckoned with. For two hundred of these luckless creatures 'gladiatored' bravely, while an appreciative audience held matting up to its chin to keep from being bespattered with blood. Which goes to prove that hospitality is a hydra-headed creature whose spirit is sometimes finer than the faces it wears.

III

It was some time later — at Fort Kapiti — that Cookie, but recently departed from such festivities, was fated to encounter a noteworthy rival in his particular art. This usurper was a Chinaman serving a life sentence for poisoning six people. He found no favor in Cookie's eyes; he was too good a cook. Cookie would have preferred to have the emphasis laid on his intrinsic criminality; but we ate his meals and approved his service notwithstanding. It was not necessarily logical that, hav-

ing poisoned six, he should harbor further ambitions.

But it was from this moment that Cookie's superior position suffered. He was submitted to all manner of petty contrasts: new servants came in and obscured him, lessened his influence. Foremost were two Malays, Matélly and Umar. Matélly was chief of one part of the crew, and he carried many minor responsibilities on his shoulders. He made quick decisions, and was unfailingly resourceful. He knew the treacherousness of the rapids and understood the recklessness of the spirit who watched over the river. He was, also, an indispensable member of my interpreting quartette. I spoke English to Hodgart — super-assistant in this early part of the inland trip — who repeated the sentence in Hindustani to Matélly, who in turn notified the Dyak in his own language. After due consideration, the Dyak would, presumably, start his reply in my direction, but when it would reach home *via* Matélly and Hodgart it would usually be so far off key that I would give up in despair and resort to signs and sketches. This was slow work to find out the price of eggs, or the haunt of a pheasant, but the natural intuitions and active imaginations of these savages were admirable substitutes for the common language which was lacking.

Umar, who shared Matélly's prestige, was but one of the thirteen paddlers of the canoe. He differed in no essential from the twelve with whom he worked except that he wore a sarong and the other dozen Dyaks did not. But one day he became a personality of note, achieved a career in one hour. He became a money-lender, a money-lender of magnitude who diminished the glory of the great Afghans in Ceylon. It was all a matter of good Straits dollars, which I had found were as useful as mirrors and scissors for trading. I had

determined to send back to the last post for an extra supply. It was decided that Umar should return for this purpose. He did not want to go, and pointed to the river, which was swollen and running high between the muddy banks. When I insisted, he asked how much money was needed. I thought his curiosity impertinent, and was on the point of using other measures for the situation, when he said quietly, in the vernacular, that he could lend me one hundred silver dollars. And straightway he spread out the small folds of his sarong and poured on the ground a flood of silver. It was his entire worldly wealth. I gave him a signed note, duly technical, legal and binding, which he hid in one of those magical and bottomless folds.

This was the only outward sign of my indebtedness to Umar. But the Straits dollars were the least of the matter. Umar, in suddenly becoming an individual, made each and every paddler a separate personality. Before, I had sometimes been at a loss to tell one from another; they had not been long with me, and it is easier to consider many people as a crowd and to estimate them accordingly, than to set apart each unit and judge it alone. However, through the indirect grace of Umar, it was not long before we became friends. These Dyaks, unlike the Singhalese, showed interest in the work at hand and lent themselves readily to whatever task called for their help. They had no idea what I wanted with pheasants, but they loved the hunt and were eager to put all their knowledge and skill at the service of *Burong-orang*, the bird-man. Science was an abstraction far beyond their experience and imagination, but they speculated among themselves on my motives and the underlying purpose of the trip. They saw the bodies thrown away — plainly food was not the ob-

ject. Some were certain that the feathers and bones were to be used as medicine, or at any rate were to be sold, in time, for some indefinite purpose. Others held, and these were in the majority, that the feathers were to be used for head-dresses. I was tracking head-dresses through the marshes and the jungle, and some day, at some auspicious hour, I would take them back to the white man's land, — for the men to wear. For it goes without saying that such things are not for women.

These Dyaks could build a camp or break it with great speed and thoroughness. When the river bank was muddy, causeways were built in an hour. They were superior woodsmen, and knew the secrets of the jungle. They would follow or they would wait at the signal, and they asked no questions. But they would look wistfully at my gun when game came within sight, and their faces would be troubled and overcast when I elected to watch and not to shoot. At night, about the campfires, they talked about this, rehearsed all that had taken place, expressing a gentle indignation and a profound wonder. A bush would represent the *ruoi* or argus, the *sempidan* or fire-backed pheasant which I had hunted; a blow-pipe, my gun. I would see them sometimes absorbed in this drama. Once, I asked Matély about it. He told me that it had been decided that I was an unaccountable hunter, but that they respected whatever I chose to do, since it was evident that I, too, was governed by signs and by omens. Doubtless, the shooting of my pheasants was no light matter, and if a white butterfly crossed the sun at the moment the *burong* appeared, then *Tuan* was more than justified in saving his fire. In this tolerance, in this withholding of judgment, I saw what was finest in the Dyak character. What they did not understand they did not therefore condemn.

As for Cookie, he could not conceal his contempt for these foolish superstitions. Eking out his very scanty English with Malay words, he would hold forth at length on the colossal absurdity of an entire village tearing up its houses and moving elsewhere because a certain sunbird alighted on a certain spot at a certain time. Very, very bad, was Cookie's verdict, when all the world knows that the success of house-building depends wholly on the moon — that fatal moon of madness — and that there are, at best, but three proper days in the calendar for moving.

But there was one Dyak in the crew about whom Cookie had little to say. This was Drojak, the gentlest and kindest of all the great savages in Borneo, who worked for the success of the trip with patience, loyalty, and eternal vigilance. It happened one morning that Drojak was attacked by twelve men from a neighboring tribe. When he returned from this encounter, eight heads were hanging from his girdle. He said little about the matter, but from that hour he was no longer Drojak, paddler, but Drojak-no-spear-can-touch-him. He was a quiet, slow-thinking man who liked to sit in silence watching the campfire, where the light played over his dark skin and turned it to bronze, and made two little bright spots of flame when it touched the heavy brass earrings which hung almost to his shoulders. But, at rare intervals, he could be persuaded to reenact the fight which had brought him his new native name. Then, his quickness was marvelous, his hands and his arms moved faster than the eye, every lunge and thrust was the very essence of savagery, until at the last he would give a final whoop and burst into a hearty laugh. At such times, Cookie sat by in silence; the laws and customs and superstitions of the headhunters were no concern of his.

IV

At last, when the pheasant work in Borneo was done, the time had come for the men to go back to their tribes and for Cookie to return to his cock-fights and the ways of his clan. This is one of the big tragedies of a trip. In civilization, friends may come and go and still the thread is not broken, but when the jungle reaches out and reclaims its people, the whole delicate fabric is unraveled and cannot be woven again.

But work does not stop for such personal affairs. So, at Myitkyina, I assembled new servants for the months in Burma that lay ahead. And straightway Aladdin and a usurping Cookie he had discovered by the roadside rose up and claimed the high place of power. Cookie the Second hailed from nowhere. He wore a fez and Aladdin mentioned Mohammedanism for reference; but these were small clues. His face had a murderous expression which did not change by day or night. He would tramp along a muddy road for a half day with a bundle of crossbow loot, and he would squat for hours before his cooking-pots in the heart of camp, but he scowled villainously through it all. However, his waffles were perfect, and neither he nor Aladdin had claimed anything for his character.

But when the Irrawaddy was crossed, Cookie was but one among hundreds and hundreds of strange and baffling personalities. In this territory, every step showed the Caucasian influence yielding ground to the Mongolian. And wherever there is Mongolian control, there is also mystery and secrecy. Hidden motives lie behind the smallest trivialities of the day. Men pass by on the road like shadows, and their faces tell nothing of what is in their hearts.

The whole country was in a state of upheaval and unrest; along the border,

marauding Chinese and bands of hybrid robbers were having things pretty much their own way. Therefore, the English government added a guard of six Ghurkas, or Nepalese, to the small caravan of servants and super-servants which I had gathered together for Burma. These formed an imposing right flank for the expedition; they were well-trained men, natural fighters, and the only mercenaries allowed to wear their native side-arms or kokries — a subtle compliment to their courageous little independent state.

They were keenly interested in one phase of the pheasant work, and on every occasion would ask the loan of my shot-gun, that they might hunt with it. The pheasants they brought in were few, but the excuses they offered were many. Monkeys and various creatures of goodly size were shot down by mistake, or so I was told when each new assignment was duly brought to camp. And every day my guard would mourn over the stolid natives who would not fight. They would have liked a modest battle on the doorstep of each tribe. When my shot-gun would disappear into the underbrush, there was always a gambling chance that a luckless native would be suddenly and surreptitiously adjudged a pheasant. Therefore, I welcomed the monkeys and other such attendant victims.

In many countries there is a sharp line drawn between the master and the servant. Superiority and a corresponding inferiority are automatically established by the relationship itself. In Burma this was not true. Every man in my camp was at my service at any hour of the day or night, but these men were of good caste. They were governed in all that they did by their own subtle, complex laws which no artificial conditions could destroy or overthrow.

The Ghurkas, of course, ate by themselves and from their own dishes. One day I thoughtlessly reached over their pot of rice for a crossbow which my *syce* held. Aladdin, close beside me, whispered, 'Careful of rice, master.' Then I remembered and drew back quickly. All of us laughed together and I went away; but I watched from my tent and saw them throw out the rice, which was polluted by my touch. The pot, itself, was thoroughly cleansed. They would have to wait hours for the new rice to cook, and they were hungry and tired from a long march. But this mattered little when placed side by side with a spiritual scruple.

In this neither offense nor resentment played a part. It was simply the law and the law is sacred. Next day I brought in a sheep and summoned the corporal to kill it in his own way that he and his men might share it. He saluted, smiled, and we became better friends. If superiority and inferiority entered into this, we divided them equally between us.

It was in this camp that I again formed my interpreting quartette. The members were Aladdin, a Burmese, myself, and a native Kachin, or whoever the fourth might chance to be. The results were weird and wonderful.

'Are there pheasants here?' I would ask.

'Snow come sometime,' would be the answer.

With the natives as a whole, there was no such mental quickness as had characterized the Dyaks. Signs, gestures, sketches were nothing to them. It was only by dwelling on the names of animals and pheasants, by repeating them over and over and showing a handful of money, that we could coerce the less stupid into some meagre understanding of what was afoot. I had no help from them as guides and little as collectors.

Mongrel Kachin and Chinese tribes were the worst with whom I had dealings. They were moving inland to escape the punishment which was to be meted out to them for the borderline disturbances, and we were encamped directly in the line of flight. Their appearance was the signal for a minor skirmish. Twice they rolled down rocks on the trail as we were passing, and more than once they hid themselves on the upper hillside and took pot-shots at the camp with poisoned arrows. Some of the arrows would strike the tent and set jangling the native swords which hung at the back. These missiles were long, slender, feathered with a bit of folded frond tissue. The heads were barbed and the necks channeled so that they would break off easily. The poison was aconite or tetanus germs. This is evidence of an uncouth and evil scientific knowledge; the men depend upon cultivated gardens of tetanus and in some way have the infected earth at hand, or already spread upon the arrows, so that their victim not only faces inevitable death, but dies slowly and in terrible agony.

While the Ghurkas kept faith delicately but surely with their secret codes and remembered their caste at all times, the natives showed no such fineness. They did not openly resent our presence and were at times friendly, yet they made no effort to conceal the fact that they placed no trust in the influence we might exert over the spirit world of their region. They openly propitiated their Nats, or evil gods, wherever we unfolded our tents. They would steal up at night and build bamboo rests, that the evil spirits might repose in comfort and be lulled into forgetting their witchcraft. This manoeuvring did not escape the vigilant eyes of our Nepalese sentry, but while he despised these tribes of no-man's land, yet he respected their customs

and discreetly looked the other way. At dawn, I would see these elevated bamboo baskets and awkward racks which had mushroomed in the darkness. But I said nothing. The Nats' rests made good towel-racks, the natives were spiritually at peace, and presumably the Nats themselves reclined nightly to their satisfaction. It was harmony without harmony, but on the surface all was well.

A frowsy-headed boy of Kachin extraction sometimes went with me after pheasants. In fair Burmese he talked freely of his people and their customs. He believed devoutly in the Nats, which I gathered were nature spirits — fairies, goblins, elves, pixies — but all malevolent. The native worshiped them only that he might be let alone. At night, he would empty food and drink on the ground, that the Nats might be well fed and strong to fight out their quarrels among themselves and have no time to go meddling in the affairs of those who would sleep in peace. However, when the sun shone, when no thorn-sores wrought havoc with bare feet, and food fell abundantly from the *sahib's* table, a used bowl was sufficient sacrifice at the shrine, since it symbolized the rice which was both expensive and lacking, and a few feathers implied the flesh of the chicken itself. So worked the native mind. A low order of faith at best.

But at the village of Sin-ma-how whatever was good rose up to take the place of the bad which ran riot through the land. The headman of this village was an old Chinaman, a fine, gentle, dignified old chief who should have worn diplomatic robes in his own country. His wife was no less remarkable than he. She lived in the midst of squalor and filth, surrounded by beast-like people, but she was gracious, tactful, and possessed that rare imagination which is the great gift and is not to be won,

courted, or in any way acquired. It was an honor to have known her, and after her grave farewell which extended to me the courtesy of her gods, I hope that she thought well of me.

When the Burma trip was done and the Ghurkas had returned to their post, I was talking with Aladdin, and spoke of her.

'She was fine woman,' he said.

In the midst of all the confusion, the hurried packing, the tumult that concludes any trip, he, too, had remembered her.

I looked at him bending over a box of specimens with a hammer in one hand and nails in the other, and I was

carried back to the day when he had come asking for work, which meant a passport to the world. And I thought that in spirit he was not unlike the hill-woman whom we could not forget. He, too, revealed the best in his people. I thought of all the servants and super-servants who had worked with me, and I knew that Aladdin had given me the vision to see them in this new perspective. But I mentioned nothing of this.

Instead, I looked up from my packing and said, 'A. Deen, get me a hammer and nails.'

And Aladdin, Gift of God, smiled, and went quickly to do as he was told.

NAMESAKES

BY MARION PUGH READ

I

MARY ANN had never seen her except as a dear old lady lying in bed, her hair almost as white as the snowy folds of her cap, the expression of her face so sweet, especially when she was looking down into Mary Ann's own little upturned face, that sometimes, familiar with it as she was, she would cry out admiringly, 'Grandmother, in thy fresh cap thee's lovely!' Or, stroking her withered cheek softly to prove it, 'Grandmother, thy hands are hard, but thy cheeks are as soft as a gray pussy-willow.'

It was not only because she was born on her grandmother's birthday and had her name, that there was such a depth of affection between them, but that

helped. 'I'm glad we're namesakes!' she would exclaim every now and then; and often when she did not say it, her eyes said it for her. How well she remembered that very first morning of all!

'Cousin Pamela took me in to thee. "What's thee think of thy namesake?" she said. Thee was so surprised! Thee did n't see how it could be. Thee'd heard no commotion in the night, and yet there I was. It must be *me*! "Well, well! Mary Ann, does thee say it's to be? Why did n't she find a pretty name?" Thee pretended thee did n't like it, and then thee was the very first one to call me that. "Dear little Mary Ann!" thee said, just as thee says it now.'

Their love for each other was so

great that though one Mary Ann belonged to her father and mother, and the other to all the valley, they belonged to each other first of all. When Mary Ann was there in the room her grandmother's eyes followed her with delight, and involuntarily, while the little girl was gone, she kept listening for the crescendo of her little step coming up the steep wooden stairs. How often the grandmother's mind went back to one autumn day when Mary Ann came in with a lapful of gay leaves that her mother had been teaching her to name.

'Here, grandmother,' she said, holding one up, 'here's a leaf that fell from a maple tree, and here is one from an oak. And here,' she said softly, holding up a tiny feather, 'here's a leaf that fell from a little bird.'

When she opened her eyes from one of her little 'cat-naps,' it was upon that little figure that she loved to focus her wakening thoughts. And if, as in these latter years, her dreams had taken her back to other days, and had waked up voices long since silent, the little girl was a dear welcome back into a world that without her would have been too lonely. Was it because her grandmother's last conscious thoughts had been of Mary Ann that in these dreams she was so often a little girl herself again, — living over again the forgotten happenings of her childhood, helping her mother in the familiar old kitchen of the house where she was born, listening to the noisy splash of her father's mill-wheel, or taking her happy way through fields and woods that only in her dreams would ever again be as they were?

II

To Mary Ann there was the rest of the house and her grandmother's room. Even the world outside was different as she looked down upon it from there;

the changing seasons told her their story better than they did when she was down in the gardens below, and there was no tree in the world like the great maple tree outside the window. To sit curled up on the window-sill and look out into its green swaying branches was to live for a while in a world of tree-top and sky. When she looked back into the room again, how much of intimate snugness its four walls held!

Mary Ann loved everything in that room, from the great white-curtained bed where her grandmother lay, to her own little stool by the fire. It was a soft coal fire, glowing red behind the black bars of the grate. Long hours at a time, while her grandmother slept, Mary Ann sat before it, forgetting the patchwork pinned to her knee, forgetting everything but the song the fire sang; for it sang, oh, of everything that ever was or would be. It sang of the Valley in the old days, when everything was green still. It sang of the Little Girl in Homespun that her grandmother used to be — that ridiculous little girl who cried because she was *lost* once, right where this house stood now. It sang of funny things and pretty things. Of apple trees all pink with blossom, of bluebirds and bees; of ferns in the shady woods, and mint by the streams; of pebble-bordered paths that led through gardens rich with bloom; of morning-glories in the sun, and roses wet with dew; of butterflies, of rainbows, of cobwebs in the grass, of frost on the window-panes, and icicles from the roof.

Sometimes the ticking of the old clock in the corner would break in upon the song, and Mary Ann would step over softly to open the door and peep down at the swaying weights, and wonder again how it ever came to be, for it seemed like something alive, especially when she looked up at the ruddy face of the Man in the Moon jovially peep-

ing down at her over the edge of the dial.

Often it was the Robin on the Vase who interrupted the song. He was sitting up on the mantelpiece beside the Shell. The Shell was lovely, with its pearly spirals rising to the dome, and the funny thing about it was that she could look up and listen and listen, and not hear a thing, but when she climbed on a chair and held it up against her ear she could hear the waves break, and see the white foam spreading on the shore. But the Robin sang to her clear across the room. He was sitting on a twig of cherry-blossoms, his red breast as plump as a robin's could be, his head cocked on one side, looking at her.

'When thee watches his bright little eyes can't thee just hear his chirp?' her grandmother would say sometimes. Of all the birds that gladdened her life, the robin was her favorite. But the Robin on the Vase was the best of all, for he did not go when the other robins did, but stayed on to cheer them through the snow and the cold, and the long winter days. 'And no matter when it is he sings,' she would say, as Mary Ann stood by the bed looking over to him with her, 'there is something in his cheery song that reminds thee of soft spring evenings, when the grass is turning green again, and the apple trees are pink.'

'Oh, grandmother! he's realer than a *real* robin!' Mary Ann would cry.

But Mary Ann had other things to do in that room than listen to the Robin and the Clock and the Fire. Of all the household she knew she was the only one her grandmother liked to have wait on her. To every one else it was, 'Now what did thee bother with that for?' But to Mary Ann herself it was, 'Thy little feet must be my feet. Run to the window and tell me what thee sees.' Or, 'Thy two eyes must be my

glass. Tell me, does my cap set straight?'

'Mother comes in handy for some things,' Mary Ann admitted generously. 'But there is n't much we can't manage, is there?'

All without being told she would pull down the blind to shut out the ray of light that shone in her grandmother's eyes; would find the little shawl and put it about her shoulders; would slip the little pillow under her back, or take it out and warm it by the fire; or, if it had no 'life,' take it and shake it till it all fluffed out again.

'Now has it?' she would ask, her cheeks red with the effort.

Best of all she liked to go to the cupboard for things. The very idea of the cupboard pleased her, with its door that was just like any other door, and yet led to so much. 'Everything thee wants, but does n't want *around*,' she would say sometimes, stopping for another look before she shut the door again upon its riches. Last of all, she would find her soft little cloth and dust the daguerreotype of her grandfather on the little cherry stand by the bed.

'I never saw him,' she would muse sometimes regretfully. 'But thee was well acquainted with him, was n't thee?'

If her grandmother seemed restless she would get up from her little stool with a worried look. 'Grandmother,' she would say, 'does thee feel a draught?' She was always trying to think up things that would help. One day when a dose of 'pepper-tea' had brought relief, she turned, half-way down the stairs with the empty cup, to fly back.

'Grandmother,' she cried, 'if thee just *lived* on pepper-tea would n't thee soon be well?'

On the opposite wall, looking over to her grandmother as she lay in bed, was the Good Shepherd leading his flock.

His face was kind, as kind as her grandmother's, and his heart was kind too, for one little lamb, too weak to follow, He carried all the way in his arms. It was her grandmother's greatest treasure. Oftener than she looked at the Robin or the Shell her eyes sought the face of the Good Shepherd, and rested there. Mary Ann liked to look at Him too. Standing by the bedside, her hand in her grandmother's, she learned to repeat with her the words of her favorite Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.' And the words of the Psalm so blended themselves with the picture before her that all her life long the sight of nibbling sheep had a biblical savor to her eyes.

Often, when her grandmother was asleep, and no one else was in the room, she would go over and talk to Him.

'I'm glad thee does n't go to sleep,' she would say. 'Does n't thee care about anything but just lambs? Does n't thee love little calves and chickens?' 'Perhaps the little calves were all having a drink from their mother when thee started off,' she decided. 'And the little colts were all tagging the buggy, and the little chickens were having fun scratching up worms, but the little lambs did n't have anything to do *but* come. I'm glad *they* came!'

Mary Ann loved the Good Shepherd, but better still she loved that little lamb He carried in his arms, that little lamb too young to follow. Sometimes she would put her hand up softly to stroke it. Then she would look up till her eyes met those of the Good Shepherd.

'Thee's like me,' she would whisper. 'Thee loves that littlest sheep best.'

One day her grandmother said, 'Look at the picture of the Good Shepherd for me. I cannot see it well across the room, but thee can see it for me. And when the time comes that thee does n't need to see it for me any longer, then it

shall be thine, and when thy eyes rest on it thee'll always think of thy old grandmother who could n't stay with thee any longer, because the Good Shepherd had called her to Him.'

Mary Ann came over to the bedside. 'Is thee going away?' she asked in startled surprise. 'Won't thee always be here in bed?'

'Not always. Some day I must leave thee.'

'No, no,' Mary Ann reassured her. 'When thee goes I'll go with thee. Was I ever there?'

'Sometimes I think thee came from there. But thee can't come now. Thee's not ready yet.'

'If old Hannah came to help in the kitchen could n't mother get me ready?'

'Thee can't come yet because the Good Shepherd has n't called thee. Thee does n't see yet — thee does n't need to; but some day thee will.'

'Won't He call us together?'

'No; 't is not often He calls two at once. Sometimes when He calls a young mother He lets the little one come too, that it may not cry for her in vain. Sometimes when He calls a little baby he bids the mother follow where her heart is, but only those two does He often call together. Some day when I fall asleep He will come to me in a dream and bid me follow Him, and when I awake I shall be with Him. Sometimes,' she murmured to herself, 'I almost long to be at rest.'

'Thee longs sometimes to be at rest!' Mary Ann echoed, with a humorous little twinkle. 'Well, grandmother! What's thee doing but *resting* now?'

Her grandmother never spoke any more of going away, and the idea became remote with Mary Ann, but it did n't quite leave her mind. Sometimes when she was looking up at the Good Shepherd's face she remembered that some day He was to call her, and then a vision would rise in her mind of

her grandmother's starting off on a long, long journey. One day toward the end of summer, she happened to think of it.

'I must finish the quilt before she goes,' she thought.

Ever since she had first learned to hold a needle in her hand she had been sewing patches for a quilt for her grandmother, and now what a great space they would cover! She waited till her grandmother had fallen asleep, then she brought them from the cupboard and spread them out to see; but they only made two little rows up and down the hearthrug. When she looked over to the great expanse of the big four-poster, two big tears gathered in her eyes. What she had done was nothing! But by the time her grandmother had waked she had had a happy thought.

'Grandmother,' she said, 'if that quilt covered *thee* all up, would thee mind if it did n't cover the rest of the bed?'

With her grandmother's answer she was content, though something in the voice arrested her.

'Grandmother,' she said, 'thy voice shakes to-day, just like thy hands. Is it because thee's cold, like the little birds in the snow? When thee has my quilt over thee, thee'll never be cold any more, will thee?'

Her grandmother only bent over and kissed her. Her lips were shaking too. 'Would thee like a bit of sugar with lavender on it?' she said.

III

Every one knew that Mary Ann's grandmother was failing, every one but Mary Ann. Nowadays it wearied her when her old friends came in to see her; she only half followed their tales of neighborhood doings, and forgot them when told. Sometimes she even forgot to ask for those who were sick. Other

children tired her. She loved to see the babies they brought in, but it was evident that it wearied her to watch them. Sometimes when the others had all gone out she would look over at Mary Ann, so happy and so busy, and gradually the rested look would come back to her face. 'Mary Ann,' she would say, calling her nearer, 'I'm glad thee's just as thee is.'

Only on her worst days she had them keep Mary Ann outside. When she said, 'Thee can tell Mary Ann to play outside a little while,' it was an admission of suffering that nothing else could have wrung from her. And when, after a while, she would look around, half querulously, half forgetfully, to ask, 'What's thee done with Mary Ann?' then they knew that the worst was over.

Summer was just giving place to autumn when Mary Ann was ready for the quilting. The grapes were purple on the vine, and one branch of the great maple tree outside the window was red like a scarlet plume. It was a perfect autumn, of abundant harvests and warm bright days, just such a season as her grandmother had always loved. Something of its warm sunny peace seemed to come in through the open windows, clear to the bedside. All through the room there was a quiet like that of the still woods, or the harvested fields lying warm in the sun.

To one another they all spoke softly, but to her grandmother they raised their voices. Even Mary Ann by her side would have to speak twice. 'Hear that cricket!' she would exclaim; but her grandmother had not even heard her voice. Often when Mary Ann looked in she was sleeping. When she opened her eyes and caught sight of Mary Ann with her question all ready, she smiled as though she had heard, but 'Dear little Mary Ann!' was all her answer.

On the morning of her eightieth birthday, not at crack of dawn, as Mary Ann had begged, but later on, when the sun was high in the sky, they called the little girl to come in, for her grandmother had wakened from a long stupor. Her eyes seemed unconsciously to search the room for something that was not there, nor was anything they offered what she meant. After a while she became conscious herself what it was, and then with great difficulty, in words they had to bend over to catch, she gave voice to the old plaint, 'What's-thee-done-with-Mary-Ann?'

Mary Ann was too excited to notice that every one else was sad, or to remember that she was to be very quiet. Proud and happy, she came running in with the quilt in her arms, and spread it out on the bed in all its variegated length.

'Look, grandmother!' she cried.

But her grandmother did n't seem to understand at once. When she spoke, her voice was thick and strange, like a voice from far away.

'Why, it's little Mary Ann! Can't thee come nearer? What's that thee's got?'

'It's thy quilt!' Mary Ann cried delightedly. 'This is thy birthday. Did thee forget?'

'Well, well! And so thee made it for me with thy two little hands! Dear-little-Mary-Ann!'

'Thee was n't skimped on the cotton, either! Feel! Thee'd never guess how many pennies' worth.'

'No, warm and thick. Cover me up with it, so. Now I'll sleep. Thank thee, dear little Mary Ann!'

Once again, after her eyes were closed, she whispered, smiling to herself, 'Dear-little-Mary-Ann,' and fell asleep with the smile still on her lips, and Mary Ann's hand in hers.

Only once again did she open her

eyes. It was long after Mary Ann had been taken away to play out of doors. They thought she was still asleep when she looked up and seemed to be about to speak; but when Mary Ann's mother bent over to listen, the words refused to come. She could only touch the quilt with her hand, and make her desire known with her eyes.

That night Mary Ann's mother was still watching by the bedside, but Mary Ann was not lonely, for two or three relatives who had been there all day had decided to stay on over the night too. Mary Ann was to leave her own little bed and sleep in the spare room with Cousin Pamela Walton, whom she loved most of all.

'Long as I've lived in this house,' she confided, hurrying out of her clothes, 'I've never once slept in this bed!'

When Mary Ann woke up in the morning she was all alone in the bed. She had a dim consciousness of having been roused once, not at midnight by the flash of a candle in the dark, but by the closing of a door behind some one in the gray light of dawn. Quickly she jumped up out of bed. She wanted to be the very first one to wish all the relatives good morning, but most of all she wanted to run in and see how her grandmother had slept with the new quilt over her. But just as she was about to open her grandmother's door, Cousin Pamela took her hand.

'Thee must n't go in there,' she said, and led her into the room across the hall.

The other relatives were there, and some of the neighbors too; but they were not talking as usual, and at the sight of Mary Ann the tears came into their eyes. Mary Ann forgot the happy greetings she had ready for them. Something she read in their faces filled her with a strange foreboding, so that she was afraid without knowing just

what it was she was afraid of. She only knew where it was she wanted to take refuge.

'I want to go to grandmother,' she said. 'Can't I just sit in there quiet till she wakes?'

Cousin Pamela took her in her lap. She did n't answer for a moment. Then, 'Thy grandmother's gone to take her last sleep,' she said. 'Does thee know what that means? She'll never wake up any more.'

She would have held her up close in her arms, but Mary Ann drew away from her in forlorn distrust.

'Thee does n't know about things here,' she said. 'Thee's only an outsider. *Where's mother?*'

It was the third day since her grandmother had fallen asleep, and still Mary Ann was waiting for her to wake up. All through the still house everyone else was waiting. The fire on the hearth was waiting, and the clock, and the chairs, and all the inanimate things her eye lighted on.

'Mother,' she said that first night, before she would go to bed, 'if she wakes in the night, will thee call me?'

'She won't wake, dear.'

'But will thee if she does?'

She could n't believe it. She knew there was such a thing as death, but she did n't know that it was inevitable. She never thought of it as happening to any one in the family. Every now and then she would look in at the door. If any one else was there she would slip away again, but if her grandmother was lying all alone, she would go in.

'Grandmother,' she would say softly, after a bit, 'I'm here. Does n't thee see me? Grandmother, if thee's not able to talk, won't thee turn over and listen? Won't thee just open thy eyes and look?'

It always seemed as though in another moment the eyes would open and the old smile come back to her face,

while she said, 'Dear little Mary Ann! What's thee brought me now?'

But after a while something in the silence frightened her, and she did not go back any more. She watched the faces of those coming out from the room, but no one said, 'Thy grandmother's asking for thee.'

'T is the old Mary Ann!' they all said softly. The Mary Ann who used to come to their houses, the Mary Ann they all looked for when any one was sick or in trouble; for she was clad again in the old gray silk they all remembered, with a fichu of blond around the neck, and there was no weariness on her face now to change its sweet expression. The lines of pain were gone, and in her smile there was all the old benevolence.

There was a smile with their tears, as though something precious had come back to them; but what wakened the dearest recollections for them made the only strange note for little Mary Ann. She had never seen her with a dress on before, but always as an invalid lying in bed.

After the others had all set off on foot for the little graveyard by the meeting-house, Mary Ann went up with her mother to take a last look at her grandmother's face. Why was it that now she was not waiting any more? How was it that she knew as she stood there that the eyes would never open again, or the lips move in speech? Her mother's gentle face was almost as calm as the sleeping one.

'See how sweetly she sleeps. Thee would n't wake her if thee could, would thee?'

Mary Ann knew she would never be cold, for together they spread the little quilt over her, and in that narrow bed it was big enough to wrap her all around.

After they had been home a little while they missed Mary Ann. She did

not come when they called. At last they found her, crying away by herself.

'What did thee do it for? What did thee do it for?' she sobbed. 'What did thee put her down in the ground for, even if she won't wake up? Why can't she have her own bed to lie on and be dead?'

IV

In the lonely days that followed no one could comfort Mary Ann. Perplexity was mingled with her sadness, for she knew not whether to believe that her grandmother was deep down in the earth under the old oak trees by the meeting-house, where she had seen her laid; or up in the sky, whither they told her she had gone; or whether she had started off at last on that long journey where Mary Ann in fancy had seen her vanish, down the blue canal, through the locks, and past the dam, and on into a dim distance too far off for Mary Ann's thoughts to follow.

One thing only she knew: her grandmother was no longer in her room. Sometimes, half expecting to find her there in spite of all, she would slip into the darkened room; but she had not come back, not even when Mary Ann had gone to the woods and brought in bittersweet, or great bunches of her favorite life everlasting. The empty bed looked big and gaunt, and she would steal out again with an ache in her heart that no one could cure.

But one day, when she had been there longer than usual, she sat down on the floor by the bed, where she used to stand and talk to her grandmother. Nothing in the room had been changed; then why was it all so different? Away in the depths of one of the dim corners the Clock still ticked, not sociably as it used to, but slowly, hesitatingly, breaking the silence with an odd little echo after each tick that was never there before. One of the shutters had

blown open and a shaft of bright sunshine struck into the room. It shone on the worn back of the old leather Testament on the stand by the bed, and brought out the faded gilt lettering of the title. It made a blur on the face in the daguerreotype, but it caught the ruddy cheek of the Man in the Moon. It struck the peak of the spiraled Shell, and changed it to a dome of live pearl, as though it were back beside the sea with the wet sands sparkling around it. But it was on the Robin on the Vase that the light shone brightest. He cocked his head and chirped away so cheerily that Mary Ann forgot for just a minute. 'Listen, grandmother!' she was going to say, and then she remembered.

'I wish she had the Robin on the Vase along!' she sobbed. Of all the things she loved she had n't taken one. And the Good Shepherd, — wherever she was she must be missing Him. As Mary Ann lifted her eyes to Him dim memories came back that He was to have called her grandmother to Him. Oh, if He only had called while she was there to hear! It would n't be any use if He did call now, for how could she ever hear, down in the ground, or up in the sky, or away off on the lonely road?

'Why didn't thee call her?' she cried. But the Good Shepherd looked so kind, so reassuring — and she had the quilt along — perhaps, perhaps, she hardly knew what, but through her tears she kept seeing the kind face of the Good Shepherd.

Presently, without her seeing just how it happened, the picture grew bigger. The fields stretched out to meet some little low hills in the distance that closed them round to make a valley, a valley all green, as in the old days. The Good Shepherd and all the lambs had turned around and were watching for some one who was coming away off over

the fields. Mary Ann watched with them, and as the figure drew nearer she saw that it was her grandmother! She was walking along briskly, well and strong, as she said she would be. She carried a great bundle in her arms. All the little lambs ran up to meet her, and the Good Shepherd held out his hand.

'How's thee resting to-day, Mary Ann?' He said, just like the neighbors who used to come in.

But almost before she waited to answer his greeting, she unrolled the bundle to show Him. It was Mary Ann's quilt! He could hardly believe his eyes.

'Is this what she was doing all those days when she sat on the little stool and sewed? How tired she must have grown!'

'It is n't tired thee gets when thee sits and sews — it's too much *rested*,' she said. 'That's worse.'

'Was it as much for her to do as for thee to stand on a stool that time in the old kitchen, and make bread for thy mother?'

'Oh, more, far more! That did n't prick my fingers.'

The Good Shepherd felt it approvingly. 'Thee was n't skimmed on the cotton,' He assured her.

'No! A whole bale, all bought by the penny's worth at Benny Tucker's, away down at the very *end* of the street.'

'So far to carry it!' He exclaimed appreciatively; but her grandmother shook her head.

'Past all the shops,' she explained. 'Thirteen barley kisses she could have had, or six sticks of peppermint, and six of clove, and one of the white with the red and yellow stripe.'

The Good Shepherd marveled. 'And

the licorice-root man on the corner, did she pass him by too?'

Every time they ceased to speak there was such a joyous chirping of robins you would have said there must be twenty around, but it all came from one plump robin redbreast, hopping along over the grass. Mary Ann soon saw it was the Robin on the Vase, for whenever he stopped to rest he was perched as of old on a twig of cherry-blossoms, watching them as pertly as ever with his black, beady eyes.

'I've seen bigger quilts,' the Good Shepherd was saying tentatively.

'They were made to cover the bed, I guess. This was made to cover *me* —'

'Dear little Mary Ann!' He murmured.

After a while, when Mary Ann could no longer hear them talking, she got up and went over to the picture, but her grandmother had already gone on, perhaps to show the quilt to the neighbors. The Robin had gone too. The lambs were in their place again, and the Good Shepherd stood facing her, just as He used to, but it seemed to her that He had never looked down upon her so kindly before.

'Dear little Mary Ann!' He seemed to say, over and over again. 'Is thee any less *rested* now?'

Mary Ann was comforted. Her loneliness was gone, and all her bewilderment, for her grandmother was here safe and happy, in the green fields with the Good Shepherd and his flock. He had called, and she had heard, and Mary Ann was glad. And if some time that littlest lamb of all should be cold, like the one that was lost on the hills, Mary Ann knew what it was they would wrap it up in to make it all warm once more.

BLACK SHEEP

II. THE MAIL FROM THE NEW CLEARING

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA,
October 2.

LOLODORF STATION is to move four miles to the west; this will bring us nearer home, but there are other primary objects to be served by the move. The present site is unwholesome and too small. It is impossible either to feed or to employ our schoolboys on our limited ground.

We have bought two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprising three villages, some gardens, and a tract of forest. The villages show a handful of huts, the gardens are clusters of plantains shaking out their banners in little clearings, but we own a world of forest.

On Saturday of last week the headmen came to be paid. They had served us to all sorts of African dalliance, and we thought that the payment, in trade goods, was to be of a piece with the bargaining; but not so. When the three headmen arrived, followed by their henchmen and women, they played an unexpected part. In less than an hour, and with no more palaver than you might hear over the purchase of a basket of food, they were paid.

We think that they were dazed by their opportunity, as small boys might be who were invited — Oh, I know how fantastic my simile! — to eat their way out of a candy shop. Certainly they had a tranced air. When I came

out to see the play, thinking it to have just begun, they were making ready to leave in a kind of cautious silence, — a comparative silence, be it understood, — and in very much the spirit of a missionary who is dreaming of home, and fears to wake.

The headmen were in full dress. Two wore hats that were uncommonly grand, still being cased in those cylinders of pasteboard in which they had been packed; two wore green broadcloth coats, by the epaulets the uniform of some regiment and not originally intended for our friends, one of whom was too small for his coat, the other not small enough. They listened abstractedly to Dr. Lehman's caution that they were not to buy rum with their gains. They were in a hurry to be off, and presently they started, they and their wives and their friends, all laden with their goods. As a spectacle it was imposing, and of a kind to draw a head out of the door of every hut by the way. There were nests of zinc buckets, of iron pots, piles of hats, — perfect towers of hats, — sheaves of umbrellas and of cutlasses; there were tin trunks of a splendor unknown to you provincials but familiar to us of the West Coast, — very gay, preferably green with a lavish belt of red and no scrimping of gilt. In the trunks were yards and yards of trade cloth, bars of soap, pocket knives, padlocks, matches, and many other cherishable

articles that will change hands in numberless marriage palavers. With some such glitter of spoil must Tamerlane have returned from conquest.

Sometimes on a Friday I go to a town twelve miles from here. Half the way is by open road and the last happy half through the forest. It is lovely to go to Ipose; they do so much want a Minisi there. I am espied climbing the hill afar off, for this cluster of villages lies in a beautiful hill country. They rejoice at my coming. An ivory horn announces me, quite as Elsa is announced in the first act of *Lohengrin*. The hut where I put up is opened, and before I can make a cup of tea there are delegations from the country all about.

This will be four o'clock in the afternoon. At five we have a service, and again at half-past seven the next morning. There will be an audience of say fifty people, minded to know of the high things of God. Every other week Benzuli, the young elder, preaches to the people of Ipose; they say that his audiences are very large.

A year ago Africa as a spectacle was tremendously interesting: I saw continually the forests and the rivers, the interminable, melancholy file of carriers, the curiously tempered light, the curiously modified color. But more and more a missionary comes to have to do with individuals. His labor and his problems are with these. Mr. Nevins, in the August *Harper's*, very truly says that the African is not known to the white man. He is not. I have hardly a fixed conviction or an inference as fruit of this year's observation, but the missionary comes to feel that the African is known to God. He feels himself to be, he knows himself to be, one in an affair of three, and God is the third. And he knows himself to be necessary to that union. He is the friend of the Bridegroom.

LOLODORF, KAMERUN,
December 3.

We have been down at our new site nearly a month, and begin of late to develop windows and doors, just as we begin to realize that these are effete luxuries. We live in tenement fashion, all in one house; but this is the result of necessity, not of a perverted taste, and we mean — as I suppose all tenement dwellers do — to reform when our circumstances improve. We are all very polite to one another, and that is a great help.

This is Saturday morning, when the schoolteacher does her odd jobs. To escape the sound of other odd jobs I have come down to the schoolhouse, which should be, on this day of the seven, neither schoolhouse nor church, but just a roof over a clearing in the forest.

From the dwelling-house to the schoolhouse is some eight hundred feet, and this is about the diameter of our present clearing. The forest stands charmed about this breach. Here the fallen trees measure their amazing barren stretch of fallen trunk, and the scant and withering crown of foliage that makes so small a display on the ground. Everywhere the logs burn. In these gray days of the rainy season the clearing is filled with a perpetual thin blue smoke. Here and there among the debris of the forest appears the corn in ragged companies of invasion, — the advance guard of that old army that served the Pilgrim Fathers. Everywhere in the incomplete clearing is activity: men rolling logs and chanting as they labor; men in single file carrying on their shoulders the house-posts and the long straight length of a roof-tree; chanting as they come, men bringing in rolls of the yellow bark which serves us for walls and which they spread out to dry, a bright pool of color under the sky; companies of lads

coming in at noon and at evening with loads of broad leaves, and singing the song of the roof-thatch.

From this island cast up, you would say, by the sea of forest and seized upon by man, the earth under its cover of green falls away. To the north between the thinning trees we see the blue of ranging hills, to the south we see a hill. There are hills, I am told, all about us, which will presently appear. Through our property, and a few hundred yards from our door, runs the government road to the interior.

Here in the schoolhouse where it was to have been quiet Mr. Hummel is making benches with desk attachments. He is most complacent about this furniture, which is indeed very grand. Here too are fires lit to dry out our mud floor. Of a week day there will be two hundred pupils, men, women, and children, under this roof. When you consider that we could not at the old station, with the best will in the world, accommodate more than fifty boarders and that we could not, under the most inventive system imaginable, provide on our twelve acres work to pay for the food of this number, you will realize how truly a new era has opened for us.

We do not yet have the boys properly housed; they sleep like forest creatures where they find shelter. Indeed they have in the mass, at work in the open, a uniform forest aspect. But under the school-roof, ranged on their rows of logs and to the eyes of their teachers, what thrilling individual differentiations! There is a little boy whom I shall remember always as he stood in line for registration, though he will, it is to be hoped, make some more brilliant showing in the future. He was a very small boy, with a fixed expression of panic and rather more than the average allotment of clothing. When his turn came, he was asked his name,

but he could not bring his mouth to answer.

'Have you paid your tuition?' asked Mr. Hummel,—for this was a day scholar who must pay the equivalent of one mark for the term of ten weeks.

Still not a ripple of response on that little frozen face; only a flicker of fear in the eyes.

'If you have not paid you must go to your town and find something, some food or a cutlass, something you must find.'

Still no answer.

'Move on,' said Mr. Hummel.

Then, coming to life, the little boy thrust his hand into the bosom of his upper garment, and brought out from where it had lodged over his stomach a little fat-bodied bottle of green fluid, —lavender water by superscription, and doubtless very potent to anoint the person. He was enrolled, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be.

Sometimes little boys go far in a short time. Yesterday, in that half hour before school opens and when the advanced pupils gather to study, I took note of a little boy who sat on the front bench of the senior division. He is, I suppose, eleven years old, an eager little chap, very careless and heedless, but clever, and quite able to teach the beginners in German. Mr. Hummel has put him in charge of the first German chart. Now as he sat dangling his feet, he covered his eyes with his mottled German primer and was still. I knew that he was praying about his lessons and his chart class and all his little difficult concerns.

Presently school begins. Mr. Hummel reads, and asks a Bulu boy to pray, which he does standing, calling down blessings in his sweet staccato voice on 'Mamma Foot and Miss Hummel and Mr. Matchenda.' Then these three worthies, girded for the task and doubtless blessed in spite of certain in-

discretions of address, set about clearing the forest of the African mind.

You can't think how sweet the women of this country are. We have just come out from a nine weeks' quarantine from smallpox, and in all those weeks I had no other occupation than to go about in the villages and acquire affable Ngumba manners. The time was happy for me because the women began to love me, to be very sweet and maternal toward me. It is beautiful to see their gentle ways with me, whom they take, in spite of every protestation, to be a little girl. They think that I am ashamed of my extreme youth and they have a little sly smiling way of agreeing to any age I may suggest. They begin now to tell me of their poor struggles to be good; their Waterloo is inevitably the seventh commandment. They are very pitiful about this. The more one cares for them, — and you must see that one comes to care very much, — the more one is grateful to Christ that He saw such things in the flesh.

LOLODORF, *February 19.*

I live in such a continual clamor, my dears. I make it my business not to mind the noise, except when it comes from the girls' quarters, when everybody objects to it. But it does make some sort of impression, as I discovered to-day. I went to hold a meeting in a village upon the crown of a hill, and when I got there the cupboard was bare, — all the inhabitants had gone into the bush to escape the soldiers, who are after carriers. Up and down the street I walked, peering into the empty houses. Only three women were to be found, and as few schoolboys. We went into the little palaver house on the brink of the hill. We sang a few songs, and then I asked, did any one have a question which he would like to ask, — for of course I can answer any question that can be evolved. So I sat

still while they thought, and they sat still too, embarrassed by their unusual occupation. Then, my dear, into that little palaver house, open every way to the afternoon, there flowed the quiet of the deserted town, of the green forest, of the blue hills, — the kind quiet of the unpopulated earth. I could have wept for gratitude. This may seem a little thing to you, just as leisure may seem a mild form of excitement, but it was as good as gold or spring water to me.

Many things are changing here. There is, first, the road, very unlike the road as I first knew it, and now the government hill. For days the long cry of a live tree as it falls, until now the hill is as bare as your hand. Almost no bush towns are left, for all have been called out to build upon the road, so there is an end of afternoons in the little ways of the forest. Soon the telephone will be established between here and Kribi — then, automobiles. This is bad, as the fish thinks when he is pulled out of the essential element. But there are always the people, living their mysterious lives under one's eye. There is life with its unstaled, infinite variety. Courtesy is a wonderful screen, is n't it? These people sit continually behind it. There is hardly a town within a mile but I have a friend there, who is glad of my coming; ready to lie to me, of course, and afraid of me, but glad and friendly. The names they call me, my dears, because I don't allow them to call me Mamma, which is the common form of address — Matchenzie, Tchensie, and Mr. Matchenzie!

LOLODORF, *February 22.*

There was a dwarf in my girls' school for a few days, and for all she was no more than forty-eight inches high, she was a woman. All morning she sat learning her letters and making little marks on her slate, which she thought

was writing. And in the afternoon she worked with the little girls to earn her food. She was just about as big as the rest of them, but she could do more work, — cut more firewood and mow more grass. Because she is a dwarf they think in her town that she must work harder than anybody else. That is the way they think about dwarfs. Her husband bought her long ago from her people, in the close leafy places of the forest, where her mother still lives, — a little, little old woman, I suppose, with a bit of a cloth about her middle, always cooking food in a kettle over a fire on the floor of her leaf shelter. Well, now here was her bit of a daughter learning her letters like any other lucky African, and learning other things besides. She was learning about God, which was a good deal. At least we could hope that if she were to stay a year, she would be quite another sort of a little dwarf. But to-day one of her husband's other wives came to take her away and she had to go. I put a needle through a card and wrapped some thread around it; then I gave her an aluminum thimble; and she was so pleased with so many possessions of so many kinds that she was not too sad when she went away. But I was.

LOLODORF, April 1.

The other day I was sitting in a hut on a bed, my elbows on my knees and my chin on my hands. A woman lay on the bed behind me; she was sick because her husband had beaten her. Suddenly she sat up and began to feel up and down my back with her hand, making out to her satisfaction that my anatomy resembled her own; dear knows how long she had wondered, and all her townspeople too. Presently I felt her hand on my head — stroking my hair, which I wear now tied at my neck, that the little bunch of it and the ribbon may cover the nape from the

sun. Then said she, in a voice very tender and caressing, 'Why won't you wear your hair as we do?' 'Because I should have to cut some of it off.' 'And why do you hate to do that?' — still stroking my head. 'Because my father would ask, "What did they do to my child in the country beyond the sea — that they cut off her hair?"' She laughed at this.

But I was touched by this wish of hers that I should be like herself, and I knew by the feel of her hand on my head that she loved me. All the time of late I am hunting a way to tell you that things have changed for me, in a kind and degree which matter a great deal, but which cannot be handed out in order. I have at last, in measure, the passion of what I am doing. I never expected this. I feel like the mother of all these poor women.

April 7.

To-day I was in Manjuer Bian's house. Manjuer is a little woman, a Christian, who dresses like a man, — wears a man's jacket on dress occasions, — and who is comfortably rank of the soil. Often I meet her coming from her garden, her basket on her back full of roots and herbs, herself like some little brown root dug out of the ground. All her fingers are worn down; one forefinger is quite gone. This is not repulsive as it sounds, only perplexing sometimes when I am in duty bound — in following a narrative of her recounting — to call off the number indicated by her fingers. 'I have borne children — ugh!' says Manjuer Bian, holding up some fingers; and I must of course call the number, and not waste time either. The question is whether or not to count in the missing forefinger. You know how one wonders about a cross-eyed person, — as to whether one is addressed or another. Well, I was in her house to-day and there were other people, —

the old blind woman and a headman (in a small way) who has lost one eye, but who looked at me with humor and kindness out of the other.

'Is it a real word,' said he, 'that you are unmarried?' 'A real word,' said I. Whereat he laughed — irrepressibly and indulgently. 'I can arrange a marriage for you,' said he. 'That's exactly where you are mistaken,' said I; 'you cannot!'

'Don't bother the child,' said Manjuer Bian, who was securing her cloth about her waist and did not look up; more said she in Ngumba, of which I understood the word 'little.'

'She says,' said the headman, when I asked him, 'that you are just a little girl.'

'Manjuer Bian,' said I seriously, 'don't you know that I am a real woman, as old as Mamma Lehman? I am grown a long time, Manjuer Bian!'

Manjuer smiled very kindly, very discreetly; she sat on a little stool and fell to grinding seed on a large flat stone, her legs spread out on either side. Presently she looked up, still smiling. 'Yes, Matchenda, of course you are a grown woman!' said she, exactly as one answers a little girl.

April 12.

I wish you might just once see a caravan of young girls — Bene or Yaunde. You never saw the poignant charm of youth more perfectly expressed. I suppose that pang which is associated with our appreciation of the charm of youth — and which is not all pleasure — is a sort of nostalgia. And then, one has, about little carrier girls, other pangs of a more obvious nature. They are so timid, such pitiful little timidities. Yesterday I passed one who had turned aside to give me way. I stopped very close to her and said something friendly; but at my stopping and at sound of my voice she froze into a perfectly immobile terror; not a muscle moved

under her smooth skin; she did not so much as wink; all her bones melted within her, I suppose; and like a little forest creature that has no apparatus of defense, she trusted desperately and without reason to passivity. I have seen this extreme terror before and no compassion avails with it. So I did the only kind thing, which was to pass on. There was another little girl in the caravan. I walked a while behind her, and it was sweet to see that little buoyant body tread the earth. Her little bustle of leaves was fresh and green, gathered from a sweet-scented plant; it beat about her pretty thighs as she walked. Presently she turned her little merry face, and I made some kind of sign that I was an amiable, quite human person; at which she laughed and exclaimed in her adorable treble — chattering to her friends ahead — that the white woman had done thus and so. This caravan came from no very great distance with roof-mats for the governor; they were, I judged, all the available people from one neighborhood, and they had more than commonly the innocent aspect of country folk.

April 26.

I certainly must tell you that several new members have been admitted to the Nsamba — which is the class of instruction preparatory to church membership. Only earnest Christians are taken on this list. There were some fine lads, some men, Vunga (Benzhuli's wife), and some other women. The Nsamba must have thirty members now. Well, it is awfully hard for the old Ngumba women to learn the Commandments in Bulu, but that is a condition of membership and it is pitiful and funny to hear their examination. One old woman, Mpashima, fixed Mr. Fraser with a most earnest gaze and said, 'Thou shalt not kill another's — woman!' About then I wished I had as big a hat to cover my

mouth as Motefi held over his face — he spent most of this hour behind his hat and I was glad he had it.

It was fine to hear Nzonbui rehearse without a break and with calm intelligence. Poor, sweet little Vunga nearly fainted, though she knew them perfectly. You should have seen her when they stood in a row to agree to certain doctrines before admittance. One of these reads, 'Do you acknowledge that God made man and woman equal?' Very slowly went up the young Vunga's arm, and her eyes sought her husband, who sat behind her, with the prettiest air of deprecation. She certainly is a charmer. I was called in consultation when she had a misunderstanding with Benzhuli once. 'Don't let yourselves get angry with Benzhuli about your garden work,' said I sagely, 'for you know that he is very ignorant.' 'Ignorant!' says Vunga, in a passionate, scornful calm, 'very ignorant he certainly is!'

LOLODORF, *July 3.*

On Sunday Bekalli preached. It was great. The house was packed, which it has not been since our coming down here. Little boys hung about the platform and sat upon the ground. Manjuer Bian sat upon a chromo of the Kaiser which was waiting to be hung; she broke the glass and we led her gently off. Everywhere there was a pleasant happy stir.

Bekalli is a little man; he wears a white singlet and a dark cloth with a red border. I noticed when he stood up that he was immaculate. He stood for half a minute with his customary expression of quiet happiness; suddenly he smiled — and then he went off like a sky rocket. The house hummed in answer to him, and his images passed in procession. I am sure that I could n't tell you what it was all about, — he spoke in Ngumba, — but he held me for thirty minutes. Scotch blood is

so tyrannical; I thought — poor Scotch spinster thing — that I was his mother, the mother of the dear little minister. And I had this very same obsession on a gray Sunday three weeks ago, when Ngoi, long and dark in his overalls, preached to a rainy-day audience, his teeth clenched on his natural shyness and his poor sermon balking all the way.

July 27.

On Monday I went to Ipose. I took a hammock for as much of the way as was open road; in the forest I walked. It rained, and where the path ran through clear growths of cane or high grasses I enjoyed all the benefits of a box shower. I rather thought I would go to bed and so escape rheumatism and other ills. The people of Ipose, seeing me while I was yet afar off, blew the horn which calls to service and summons the people from their gardens and the neighboring villages. The costume of the preacher deserves to be described in detail: a dry dress over a night-dress, stockings made of a blue polka-dot handkerchief, and shoes made of bits of oilcloth. I promise never, never to dress so again, especially at home. I promise to take a complete wardrobe and a clothes-wringer when next I go to Ipose. But really, I was thought to be rather presentable there, and was not without honor. I spoke in the morning and evening to more people than I have yet spoken to — I'm sorry, but I have n't an idea as to how many, for I am always too much interested in what I am doing to count. But I had the nice cozy feeling which comes with a full house.

In the evening, after I have eaten, the women and children crowd into my hut and we talk, but not necessarily on serious subjects. I think that I shall manage to get out there every two or three weeks after things get under way.

August 10.

I did not tell you about the drinking at Ipose because I thought it would worry you. It was so much simpler than it sounds. I was sleeping there one night and had got to bed when I realized that the men in the palaver house were noisy — we have drinking enough in our forest for me to recognize the note. I got up, lit my lantern, and went to the palaver house. I agree that I was afraid. By the light of the fire they were laughing and chatting — perhaps ten of them. And sure enough they were drinking. They looked at me in their customary friendly way; no one was tipsy. I told them that it was taboo for the white woman to sleep in a town where the men were drinking; and that the white men would certainly have opposed my visit to Ipose had they supposed that the men of Ipose would drink while I was their guest, and that I must move on if they did not stop.

They said, why, so they were drinking; Mabiama had just returned from a journey and they were recounting adventures, but because of my word they would stop. And they stopped. It was as simple as that. I went back to my hut; and I could hear the talk thin out and die away as the men parted or fell asleep. Soon only the sheep stirred in the town of Ipose.

September 20.

Here is news for you and me and light upon the future. Mrs. Lehman and I, walking along the Mfaka, the government road, at dusk, met a woman with whom we stopped to talk. She had a huge fresh flourish of tattoo between her shoulder-blades, and Mrs. Lehman asked her why she submitted her body to such pain. 'Because,' said the woman, 'these marks will buy me food after death.'

Mrs. Lehman expounded the future to the confounding of such commerce.

The woman listened with growing wonder, until her emotions went beyond her discretion and she flung her arms about me, laughing. The African, you must know, is very social, and wants a friend against whom to lean in every moment of interest. We were very deeply interested. We had never heard this use of tattooing so much as whispered; but when we came to ask, all the boys, laughing and shamefaced, said it is commonly believed.

September 21.

It is pleased entirely father would have been these nights if he could have seen his daughter sitting in her room with her friends as close as herrings all over the floor — big lads and little ones, and women and girls, all come in

For to admire, for to see, for to behold this world so wide

that I let them into. Never a newcomer but said, 'I want to see your father,' when I always owned up to him on the wall, and to mother too. Expressions of admiration and astonishment were unfailingly offered before the shrines; after which and other introductory matter we would get down to business, which was of no less a matter than the accounting for and the justifying of all given conditions under heaven and beyond. No one who was not on the spot and in the heart of it can guess how busy and excited people are who engage in creating a universe. For myself, I have come to the end of a most vivid experience. I seem to have been so necessary to the process and so popular, and so successful, that I am really embarrassed in speaking of it, lest I loom too large.

The boys went home this noon for ten days, and it can hardly ever be the same again. I think back to its beginning, a small matter of a question or two, of an evening, and then suddenly, the Bible to be explained and the solar

system,—but most urgently, man to be explained! I was pretty weak on the solar system, I must say; but I made a fair showing on the Bible, and when it came to man I shone, and every one shone, and there was a perfect conflagration. We had about four nights of such joyous deliberations, and to-night I feel rather lonely.

The boys felt so happy to go home that I felt cravings on my own account, and wished that I might make up a little bundle of some odd things in a plantain leaf, and walk all day and all night till I saw the fires of home twinkling through the cracks of the hut on 78th Street. Then I would cry out, 'Me soya!' and mother would rise up and cook for me — something special of course, no matter what the time of night.

September 30.

I never have any time now except in the afternoon, when my energies run rather low from the exertions of the morning. In the evenings my room will be full of people — women and the school-boys — who come to talk with me or to sit quietly in the pleasant lighted room. I sit and sew in my steamer chair, and all the time, my dears, there is the effort to pass the barriers of kind. We were talking so last night — about the common uses of life — when a certain young fellow who had been listening with a sad attention, leaned his head on his hand with a kind of sad weariness and said directly to me, across the heads of the others and the current of our talk, — across my effort and his effort, — 'How we differ!' I cannot tell you how much there was of balked endeavor and of relinquishment in his eyes; because, you see, — and he saw better than you can, — the difference is so much to his disadvantage.

But such a look is a challenge. How can you understand the necessity of

rousing the courage of self in such as these? Though maybe you do, my dears, — you seem to understand so much. I think you must understand why I am willing to give up my evenings to whoever comes. One comes to have such different methods and such different hopes as one comes to know — and such different illusions too, I suppose. Thank goodness the time has passed when — after a passionate appeal to a higher nature, as conceived by the appellant — the sordid answer broke the heart. I declare that I can pass from the subject of integrity to the subject of salt fish without any sense of eloquence gone to waste. And one comes to have trust in time, an optimistic attitude toward its processes. There is no little boy or big blunderer so unpromising but I can call up Time and turn over the case. 'Take care of him for a year.' There is a certain expression, common and very moving, a veil of softening over the passions of an African face, and that is the habit of self-control and of subjection to the spirit of God. There is not a member of the church but has this expression — which is quite a mystical blending of suffering and joy; and I never see the shade of it settle on a boy's face but I have to care for him.

LOLODORF, October 3.

Do you remember when Ze and Malinga had their little son, Simon? A year ago last February, and they were so happy. Last week the little boy died from eating poison mushrooms. This morning the word came from Elat, where Ze is studying for the ministry; and there was poor old Bunga, Ze's mother, who must know. Bunga loved the little boy so much, with that human passion of the old for the young of their blood. When I went into her hut this morning she lay with her face in the dust of the ground. Presently she

looked at me and raised herself ever so little. She shook her head, with her eyes on mine. It may sound simple, that she shook her head, but it was too much for me. She put her face in the dust again, and I cried. After a while she rose and brought a toy wringer which Mrs. Lehman had given Simon. This she contemplated with a kind of wonder, turning the silly little crank of it, and wiping the dust from it. Suddenly, out of this dry silence, she burst into the heart-racking wail of this country, and fell to gesturing with movements terribly tense and singularly angular, angular like the movements on an Egyptian inscription, and tense with tragic human protest. All the life of that little child was rehearsed in this new light of terror and pity: its birth, and its little career. People came and went in the hut, conjured up by the passion of that old woman. I saw myself stoop in at the door and heard myself say, 'It is a fine child.' And many other scenes I saw, until the past crowded in and filled the hut. Then it was gone; she dismissed it; all that play of gesture was put aside, and the old woman drooped on the ground.

Now she began to call ever so softly to her little grandson and to peer out of the door. Presently she was wiping the dust from the toy. On the wall there was a picture of Christ, out of a Sunday-school chart. Poor old Bunga got up and went to it, not like a grown woman, but like a child. With her fingers she touched the face of it, followed the lines of it, and turning to me she said, in a whisper, 'It is the Lord.' And she wept.

When I went back in the afternoon she was sitting quietly in the ashes. She said that she felt very ill, poor old woman, but she was calmer and more susceptible to the comfort of human contact. Her neighbors are making it pretty hard for her, especially since

Benzhuli's child died. It is quite clear that the children of Christians are doomed. But the old woman knows whom she has believed, and God looks after his own. Poor old woman!

October 10.

After supper I go to the quarters where the wives of the workmen sit at leisure in the short dusk. It will be dark when I get back to my room and the people begin to drift in. I never really want them to come; before they come I am always hoping that they won't come to-night; but by eight o'clock it is so interesting that I am glad; and when I go to bed I lie and wonder at the strange unformed world of which I have had glimpses. Little by little their fear of ridicule is slipping from them, and I come nearer and nearer to the place where they live. The African is exceedingly secret; his thoughts move under cover. There is an obscure sense of mental excitement in any vital intercourse with a people so secret. There is besides a mental excitement in ministering to such a passion for knowledge. I cannot hope to give you any complete sense of how they inarticulately clamor about me of an evening. Their very silences, when they wait with shining eyes, are clamorous. I realize this, of course: that I both pipe and pay the piper. I pay a certain steep price for their — well, their diversion, if diversion it can be called which is at once so intense and so utilitarian. I pay the price of never — under the most harassing of circumstances — turning a deaf ear. This is a price. I also never laugh, but that is a trick, and no trick at all. If I did laugh who would laugh with me? So it is easy not to laugh, but to lend the glad ear, when the grasshopper is a burden!

I enlarge so much upon this period of my life (as Santa Teresa says) because

it offers certain very interesting aspects and I can't seem to present them; I can't feel that I am making you feel them. Probably you must wonder sometimes, as I do often enough (but never with any sense of personal stake), as to the future of the African peoples. I don't know, my dears. I have not an idea. They wonder themselves; they have misgivings that haunt and shake them. They beg me to explain their low estate on any other ground, if I can, than their intrinsic inferiority. They see as clearly as you do that the normal man does not sleep away the thousand years, or all the ages. At least some of them see this and are weighed upon by heavy racial misgivings. Their ignorance is hateful to them; they suffer. They ask questions sometimes with all

the air of confessing sins. I am speaking of the men, the young lads. The women are not so mentally conscious; they proclaim their stupidity, but attribute it to their sex. They are very much less mentally active. The men and boys acquire very quickly the rudiments of such knowledge as we offer; they develop really wonderfully; their present is full of promise, but the shadow on their past lies over all their days.

I can't work it out. But this is perfectly evident: God does indeed accept them and befriend them. They seem capable of deep spiritual experience that is like a flame to refine them. You must take my word for this, who will never see the strange and subtle change that I see.

(To be continued.)

THE ROAD TO MOUNT TOM

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE blue hills loom through morning mist.
The wet road gleams like amethyst.

What color is the road to-day?
Thin amethyst with a silver soul,
Or lavender in a veil of gray,
Or crystal in a cloud's control?
From goldenrod to meadow-sweet
It takes the brief hill, running fleet
Between the morning-glory vines
And past the primrose hedge that shines

With clusters pale of gilded dew.
Where flowers of chicory bold and blue
Repeat the sky along the ground,
And black-eyed Susans golden-gowned
Lean shrewdly for the gossips' view.
It shrugs and nods with kindly smile,
And with the morning on its face
Slips down another silvery mile
Through bramble blossoms and queen's-lace.
It leaps to follow the clear river
And laughs to see the ripples shiver,
But there is depth in its gray eyes
Within the shade where birches quiver.
Now with wild roses in its hair
It springs along the mountain stair,
And climbs in sensitive surprise
Closer and closer to the skies.
The cool green tunnels of the wood,
The graybeard rocks in solitude,
Wonder to see the road go by
Like a swift spirit wild and shy.
For it has traveled fast and far
With the steep azure for a goal;
And yonder where great spaces are
Even a road may claim a soul
Wherein remembered flowers gleam,
Lest all its journey fade to dream.

PRICES ACCORDING TO LAW

BY ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE

I

'The king shall set the price for the purchase and sale of all commodities according to the place of origin and destination, the profit of the seller and the needs of the purchaser. Once in five days or a fortnight, the king shall publish the price of commodities in the market.'

THIS quotation is not from the laws of Utopia, but from the code of Manu, which appeared among the Hindus perhaps two hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was Thoreau who remarked that it is a strange result of civilization that we never find a man engaged in such a simple and natural occupation as building his own house. At first glance, it seems almost equally strange that we do not find the government of the United States engaged in the primitive practice of fixing prices. In courts and police the average citizen has only a remote and secondary interest, but in his household bills his interest is keen and constant. He would take real satisfaction in paying taxes to a government that spent some of the money in keeping down the daily levy by his butcher and his grocer. And if the weight, the quality, and now even the advertising of commodities is regulated, why not the price? To most buyers the price is the main point.

The idea of government regulation of prices has been gaining increasing support. Former President Roosevelt is advocating it, apparently as a disciple of President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, who in his book *Concentration and Control* takes the

position that such regulation might be a salutary check upon the power of monopolies. The suggestion does not seem to terrify the managers of great concerns, for Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation expressed himself before the Stanley Committee as not averse to it. A natural repository of power over prices would be the Interstate Trade Commission, although the act creating this very important new commission does not grant such authority.

What accounts for the absence of statutory law about prices is, of course, faith in economic law. Historically speaking, this widespread and deeply rooted belief in the efficacy of the law of supply and demand is of recent origin. In 1777 the legislature of Massachusetts, acting at the suggestion of the Federal Congress, passed a law fixing maximum prices for many commodities and authorizing the boards of selectmen to fix prices for other articles. Similar provisions were enacted in New York in 1778. These laws represented an attempt to continue a long-established policy of Parliament. When modern trade and industry began to develop, it was supposed that state or institutional control was necessary to direct the economic efforts of the individual to socially beneficial ends. Throughout the Middle Ages business was everywhere regulated in one way or another in minute detail. In England, when, owing to some sudden change of conditions, prices rose noticeably, statutes were likely to be passed to keep

them down. Thus in the middle of the fourteenth century, after the Black Death had decimated the population, the attempt was made to restrict wages to such rates as had formerly been customary; and perhaps in the hope of enabling laborers to live for their former wages, prices also were regulated. The first provisions in regard to prices were rather vague, but in 1363 a statute was enacted which provided among other things that the price of a young capon should not pass three pence, or of an old hen or a goose, four pence. Under a law of 1533 the price of cheese, of butter and fowl and other necessary victuals, was to be fixed from time to time by certain justices and other officers. As late as 1758 Parliament reenacted the Assize of Bread, regulating the price and make-up of loaves — the law occupying some seventeen pages of the statute book.

The attainment of the economic freedom of the individual is doubtless one phase of the movement toward individual liberty which began with the Reformation. Religious liberty and political liberty were, however, sought before economic liberty. The principles of such liberty, while earlier proclaimed in France, had their first broadly effective exposition in England in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which was not published until 1776. The underlying and justifying idea of the economics of individualism therein expressed is that the individual, left free to direct his own activities, will conduct the economic process far more wisely and effectively than could any governmental or other controlling agency. He will produce the commodities which are most needed, because he can get the best prices for such commodities. He will always try to get the highest price for his wares; but his profit cannot for any considerable period be large, because large profits will attract other

self-directing producers into the field. This will result in a larger output of the commodity, and in order to create a demand for the whole of this output, the producers must make a lower price. This increase in the amount of the product will continue until prices are forced down so as to yield only a fair average return upon the investment required for production, such a return being a necessary element in the cost of production. Thus, when individuals are left industrially free, the play of the forces of demand and supply in the long run fixes the price at the cost of production, and that is the fair or 'natural' price.

No view could be more comforting to hold than this now classical view of spontaneous or automatic regulation of production and prices. But most of the comfortable views of our forbears have been abandoned. Must we not also discard their faith in competition?

The offhand answer is almost sure to be 'Yes.' And the reasoning of the advocate of the regulation of prices runs somewhat as follows. Fifty or a hundred years ago, when production was on a small scale, there may have been effective regulation of prices through competition. But the improvement of means of communication and transportation, and of methods of production, has ended that idyllic state. Instead of local markets supplied by small local firms, we have nation-wide markets supplied by colossal corporations. Competition between or with such industrial giants proved disastrous, and in order to turn losses into gains, producers inevitably combined. A combination of all producers could raise the price of the product without much regard for the cost of production. To prevent extortion through price-inflation, legislative bodies declared that there should not be combination or monopoly, or in other words, that com-

petition must continue. In spite of the anti-trust laws, combination went on, in obedience to the more imperative mandate of economic law. It would be far wiser now to recognize combination or monopoly than to attempt to restrain it or root it out. Competition, as the regulator of prices, having broken down, fair and just prices should be fixed by the government. This seemed to be the theory and policy of the Progressive party — this bit of progress dating back, as the introductory quotation shows, to early Hindu civilization.

If we are to-day quick to doubt the faith of the fathers, let us also be slow to embrace any new faith; otherwise we may simply substitute new error for old. Before giving ear to the benefits of regulation, is it not well to press an inquiry as to the terms and conditions under which it would be possible, — to be clear as to the price of this plausibly commended remedy? The price of commission regulation is monopoly — not partial monopoly, not monopoly in certain industries only, but complete and permanent monopoly in any field in which producers care to combine. Advocates of regulation seem inclined to emphasize only the restraints which they would impose upon monopoly. It is the primary purpose of this article to set forth the restraints which they would have to remove. A further purpose is to point out the difficulties of dealing with the organization of industry which would follow upon the removal of those restraints.

II

It is obvious that the regulation of monopoly in respect to price, or in any other respect, implies and involves the existence of monopoly. Regulation is totally different from prohibition; the regulation, for instance, of the sale of

intoxicating liquor involves the permitting of the traffic. What is not obvious at first glance, however, is that for economic reasons, the successful application of any principles of price-regulation would be impossible unless all producers of each commodity or class of commodities were brought into a single organization or group. The fact is that any commission-fixed price would operate upon some producers with ruinous injustice unless a system of production were adopted under which all producers operated at substantially the same cost of production, or under which each was assured of a proper share of the business. This condition would be possible only under a system of monopoly.

Mark Twain tells us that Adam, when he came to name the different animals in the Garden of Eden, hit upon the right names by a very simple process: 'That creature looks like a toad. It hops like a toad. By George, I am going to call it a toad!' It might be supposed that a commission could determine fair prices in the same straightforward fashion. 'Five cents a pound sounds like a fair price for sugar. It is what we used to pay; it is all that we ought to pay. Let us decree that sugar shall sell for five cents a pound!' Now, this is apparently what Parliament attempted to do in the fourteenth century with prices in England — to establish as the lawful maximum price the price that had been customary. There was no attempt to determine whether the customary price was just, or whether, even if it had formerly been just, conditions had not so changed that it had ceased to be adequate.

Under normal circumstances, there is but one test or measure of the justice of the price of a commodity, — namely, the cost of producing that commodity, — including in the term 'cost' all elements which have to be provided for

in order to continue the process of production, — such as reward for business management, and return upon the investment, as well as labor, operating, and maintenance costs. Market price is a mere ratio of exchange: it is an expression, put for convenience in terms of money, of the amount of other commodities which will be exchanged for any one commodity. Actual prices may be just or they may be entirely unjust. A great merit of the competitive process is that it tends to make the market, or actual, price, at least of articles whose value does not depend primarily on their rarity or style, conform in the long run to the cost of production. A regulating commission could not do otherwise than try to secure by its decrees correspondence between the cost of producing commodities and the price of the commodities. It would have in each case to ascertain this cost of production and to fix a price sufficient, and only sufficient, to repay that cost to the producer.

The cost of production is the only basis that public utility commissions have worked out for fixing the rates for the services of railroad, lighting, and other companies. It was at first supposed that the value of the service to the consumer ('the needs of the purchaser') would form a test for rate-fixing, but there is no way of standardizing needs and making them a definite basis for rates. In the great body of decisions as to rates, there is conflict upon many points, — conflict astonishing to those not familiar with the difficulties of the problems, — but as to the great object to be attained in fixing rates, all commissions now seem to agree. That object is to fix rates sufficient and only sufficient to pay the legitimate costs of rendering the service. In other words, they are fixed according to what the Hindu sage referred to as 'the profit of the seller.' And they

have to be so fixed if the service is to be continued.

For commissions dealing with railway and lighting properties, the task of adjusting rates to cost, while exceedingly difficult, is not ordinarily impossible. What makes it possible is the fact that as a rule each public service company has a monopoly of a certain kind of service in a particular territory, or upon some particular route. This enables the commission to consider all the circumstances of each company and so to adjust a schedule of rates for each company as to yield to the company a fair return and only a fair return for the service rendered. The commission can predict with substantial accuracy what revenue a given rate will actually yield to a company, for the reason that as most of the customers of the company are in effect forced to use its service, the total volume of business of the company from year to year is assured. In the instances in which the commission cannot consider the circumstances of a particular company, but has to fix flat rates applying to more than one company, — as in the case of the rates for competing railroads, or where the volume of business of a company fluctuates sharply, as recently in the case of some of the railroads, — rates fixed by commissions work injustice.

III

A trade commission would then have to establish rates upon the basis of the cost of producing commodities, but the conditions under which it would attempt this are in the main utterly different from the conditions under which public service commissions are acting. Indeed, a railroad commission confronted with the task of fixing the price for, say, shoes, might feel much like the driver of a well-broken team of work-horses who should be asked to move his

wagon with a herd of wild mustangs. The object to be attained is clear, — to get an even, steady, dirigible pull on the whiffletrees, — but how to get such a result from that varied assortment of undisciplined and independently operating animals is a wholly new and terrifying problem.

Perhaps the most striking difference between the manner of carrying on public utilities and the manner of producing and marketing commodities is that, while each utility company usually has a monopoly of a certain service, industrial concerns located in different places, and operating under very different circumstances, sell their wares in the same markets. The country's supply of shoes is said to be produced by some fourteen hundred establishments. This industry is, of course, highly individualized; but if we turn to the other extreme, — steel, — we find that even the vast United States Steel Corporation produces by no means all of the steel product in its own lines. It probably does not produce sixty per cent of the total product. The experience of the past two decades has not borne out the prediction that single concerns would eventually swallow up all the business. It has seemed rather that, if industrial conditions in respect of railroad-rate facilities, credit facilities, and the like, are kept fair for all producers, well-managed independent concerns can maintain and even increase their shares of the business. And every business man recognizes that different concerns in the same industry do not produce their goods at the same cost.

Under present conditions, therefore, a trade commission could not, like a public service commission, establish rates for individual companies, each rendering a distinctive service; it would have to establish flat prices for the total output of various commodities, portions of the output being produced by

a number of different companies. Obviously a rate which would yield one company or a group of companies only a fair return, might yield excessive returns to a second company or group of companies, and might mean ruin to a third company or group. Only a few companies would fit the Procrustean bed erected by the decrees of the commission. Even the company or group which might be supposed to receive the normal return under any rate, might at any moment find that owing to some change in the method of production or in the character of the trade, a large part of its business was being taken by competitors, and that under the commission prices it could not make both ends meet. If there had been no limitation of prices, its directors might properly believe that large profits might have been made when conditions were favorable, which would have served to offset the losses later sustained under adverse conditions.

It may be urged that under competition flat prices are established for all, just as they would be established by a commission, and that they operate among producers in just this unequal fashion. But the very object of resorting to commission regulation is to substitute a reasoned and just rule for the soulless grind of economic law. A commission could not limit prices upon the basis of the cost of goods to the more efficient producers without accepting responsibility for the ruin of many worthy enterprises.

No one, however, has seriously advocated the regulation of prices except for monopolies. The advocate of regulation always assumes that monopolies actually exist which would be fitting subjects for regulation. Such an assumption may suffice for popular political discussion, but only a few of the organizations which the public has come to regard as monopolies would be

found to have anything like that degree of control of an industry which would make possible the application of price-fixing principles. A concern controlling little over half the output of a commodity may be thought of as a trust or monopoly; yet if the prices of that concern alone were regulated, and its profits restricted, it might easily happen that some of its competitors not subject to regulation might cut deeply into its business. To prevent a company from making large profits and yet leave it subject to all the hazards of competition is to tie its hands and yet compel it to fight.

Mere large-scale production would by no means furnish an adequate basis for price-regulation. Actual monopolies would have to be legally assured. Concerns now merely dominant in their fields would have to be allowed to obtain, either through absorption or combination, substantially complete control. This would involve the active and continuous suppression of competition. In Massachusetts it is provided by law that when a regulated public service company is once established in a particular territory, it cannot be subjected to the competition of some new company unless the regulating commission deems the additional service of that new company necessary for the accommodation of the public. If price-regulation were undertaken, it would be necessary, not merely to bring all existing producers in every regulated industry into a unified group, but also to prohibit the entrance of new concerns into the field unless in the judgment of the commission the additional service was necessary.

Nor could the development of the monopoly be confined to the fields in which large concerns are already dominant. It is sometimes suggested that the production of some commodities can best be carried on by monopolies,

while the production of others can be at least equally well carried on by a number of concerns, no one of which controls the whole field. Even assuming that the truth of such a proposition were to-day demonstrated to the satisfaction of economists, the only self-justifying method of determining whether monopoly would for economic reasons become established in any industry, is to remove all legal obstacles to the establishment of monopoly and let the producers themselves decide the question. As a practical matter, if monopolistic combinations for the producers of some commodities are legalized, combinations of the producers of other commodities cannot be branded as criminal. Nor is it conceivable that any commission could be vested with the right to decree peace or war for an industry. To undertake at this time to legalize complete monopolies in fields in which large concerns have become dominant, would be to penalize producers in other fields for their compliance with the anti-trust laws.

Price-regulation involves the establishment of absolute monopolies in the fields in which control is already much concentrated, and also the permitting of monopolies in the fields where competition is now the rule. Let no advocate of such regulation describe himself as the foe of monopoly; he is in fact the staunchest friend and supporter of monopoly.

IV

To have industries in a form permitting the regulation of prices, it would then be necessary to permit or force the organization of industrial monopolies. The right to fix prices to be charged by these monopolies would be a stupendous power over them; yet the difficulties of successfully exercising that power would be very great. To simplify the problems and to lessen the

conflicts of interest, government ownership of the monopolies would seem an almost inevitable step.

A federal commission vested with power to fix prices would need to have jurisdiction over the entire business of the regulated corporations. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts have attempted to draw a line between interstate business and the intrastate business of the great carriers. The line, however, is not at all clear, and it is recognized that Congress may in effect regulate state commerce if it deems this necessary for the proper regulation of commerce which is interstate. To separate the interstate business from the state business of industrial concerns would be a hopeless task. At the outset, therefore, the control of the Federal government would have to be extended to cover all big business, and to cover it in all its phases. Indeed, this is what is advocated by believers in the policy of regulation.

Now the production and distribution of commodities, even by monopolies, is a far more complex process than the rendering of services in transportation or lighting. Public service companies, in the phrase of business, turn out a finished product, which is sold directly to the consumer. Many industrial concerns, however, like the steel companies, turn out products which are sold to other manufacturers, the finished product of one industry being the raw material of another. The producers of commodities are interdependent, and the fixing of rates for one would involve consideration of many others. An added complication is that price is only one term of the sale of goods, and this term could not be effectually fixed without fixing all other terms of sale. Some of these are the length of credit, discounts for purchases in quantities, method and time of delivery, and the right to return goods.

For business men themselves to determine the actual cost of past production, even for a single concern, is often most difficult. To determine in advance a cost which can be maintained over a considerable interval of time, during which many conditions may change in an unpredictable manner, they would regard as almost impossible. But the greatest difficulties in commission regulation would spring from the fact that the determination of theoretically just costs involves the fixing by the commission of all factors which enter into cost, — not merely the return upon investment, but wages and salaries, and all operating and maintenance charges.

In the earlier years of rate-regulation, the actual expenses of companies were generally accepted as constituting the necessary costs of operation. In recent years, the steadily increasing tendency has been to reject such figures and take instead theoretical figures based upon the commission's judgment of what costs ought to be. This tendency has been notably manifested in the recent decisions and opinions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In accordance with this tendency, price-regulating commissions would sooner or later have to determine wages; indeed the increase of wages by boards acting independently of rate-fixing boards is intolerable, and for any long period, impracticable. Furthermore, commissions would have to determine operating methods and business policies, for costs of production depend upon such methods and policies.

It would then be for the commission ultimately to determine the tasks, the working conditions, and rewards of all those interested in any industry, and to lay out the methods to be pursued in that industry. And most important of all, the commission would have to determine the amount of the output of goods in every regulated industry. So

long as industries are in private hands, the amount of goods which will be produced depends directly upon the price; if the price is increased, more goods are produced; if the price is decreased, less will be offered. Consumers, therefore, would have to depend for their supply of goods, not upon the quick response of independent producers, but upon the judgment and action of the commission.

The questions most vitally affecting all those interested in any industry — investors, managers, employees, and consumers of the product — would then have to be settled by the price-regulating authorities. All this involves an infinite burden of detail, infinite argument, and also infinite delay, but what is most obvious is that there is so far little ground for even hoping that these problems could be theoretically solved in a manner satisfactory to the different groups interested. The actual outcome would be likely to be political, and politics would consist largely of a struggle for the control of the all-powerful regulating body. The contest would be a contest of wills rather than a contest of ideas or theories. Inevitably, the issue would be drawn between the control of the monopolies by the government and the control of the government by the monopolies. And there is but one probable outcome of such a conflict, and that outcome is the government acquisition of the industrial monopolies. This is precisely what was predicted by Karl Marx: first monopoly, then government ownership. Many acute students of the regulation of public service companies already believe that the complications of regulation even in this limited field will result in government ownership of these companies. The regulation of public service companies is very much simpler than the regulation of industrial companies, and so long as industry remains

in private hands, it may be possible to continue this great compromise as to the control of public service companies. If the regulation of monopoly is to be attempted in the complex and ever-changing field of general industry, the experience with public service companies affords little ground for challenging the prediction of the founder of modern Socialism.

v

To hold that commission-made prices necessitate monopoly and mean ultimate government ownership, is by no means to maintain that competition is all-sufficient. We cannot believe with the classical economists that industrial freedom necessarily results in commercial and industrial justice. While progress results principally from the spontaneous and free action of individuals, it is also true that civilization rests upon restraints upon the natural and selfish actions of individuals. Restraints are as necessary in the economic field as in every field in which the interests of individuals may conflict, and as conditions become more complex, the restraints must increase in number.

The Sherman law is of course, in one sense, a restraint, and in another sense a guaranty of freedom. In the interest of producers as a whole and of the public, this law prohibits the development of any one concern into a monopoly. Just what degree of growth in size and trade-control, short of monopoly, is prohibited by the act as now supplemented, we do not know. Certainly the act does not commit the country to mere small-scale production, and there is ground to believe that it does not prohibit such developments of size and scope as are necessary or advisable for the highest degree of productive efficiency. There are those who hold that the maintenance of economic freedom,

as this law is intended to maintain it, is all that is socially necessary. Experience shows, however, that it is not sufficient to preserve and protect competition; many conditions of competition must be prescribed.

In all civilized countries of to-day, the standards of living are such that enormous quantities of commodities are demanded for daily use. The production of the supply of these depends upon the efforts of countless individuals, efforts constant and laborious. Under an industrial system based on economic freedom, the individual, instead of having a set task at a fixed return, depends for his income upon the reward which others voluntarily make for his services. These services may take the passive form of permitting others to use in some manner something that he could use wholly for his own immediate benefit, or the active form of personal effort, mental or physical. But every individual has the most compelling of reasons for steadily rendering some form of service, and it is the lure of reward which supplies the motive force which operates the vast and complicated commodity-producing machinery. Unless the scale of living is radically changed, the calling out of industrial energy is indispensable. What we now see, however, is that, to call this energy into play, it may not be necessary to permit unlimited rewards for even the most useful producers, and that those engaged in the industrial conflict must submit to rules that minimize injury to others and that insure efforts which are genuinely contributive.

One class of these restraints has long been familiar: restraints from turning either into lower prices for the consumer or profits for the producer, funds which should go to insure proper working conditions for those engaged in labor. Of such character are the factory

acts and hours-of-labor acts. A more recent development of somewhat kindred nature takes the form of the acts placing upon industries the financial burdens of industrial accidents and diseases, and also minimum-wage acts. Another and later class of legal restraints seeks to secure through publicity adherence in business to sound financial methods. One of the evils of complete industrial freedom has been that over-eager or unscrupulous business men have dissipated capital of great social value in enterprises which were unsoundly planned or conducted. The loss from this source is comparable to loss from fire: wealth which might be kept in productive use is destroyed. Acts requiring statement to public authorities of the financial operations of businesses hitherto regarded as entirely private, are intended to reduce such loss. The framers of such acts do not, or should not, attempt to prescribe any business methods to be followed: they should rely upon the probability that actions and policies which are subject to report must be such as to stand scrutiny.

No practicable method has been suggested for imposing by law direct limitations upon the rewards of successful producers, although publicity of earnings will tend against excessive profits either through the inviting of competition or through creating fear of some other form of attack. Nor has any method been suggested for the legal establishment of a fairer division between workers in industries and those who manage them or supply the capital.

For the working out of limitations of this character, we must look to those engaged in industry rather than to any other group. As a matter of self-protection, business men must limit their own profits to returns which bear an intelligible and fair relation to the

services rendered, and must establish methods of compensation for their employees which adequately and fairly recognize their great part in the process. In recent years, there has been a striking effort among far-seeing business administrators to solve these and other business problems. Indeed, business management is being gradually transformed from a mere clever striving for immediate profits into a science of production which recognizes the relations of industry to the public and the relations of the different factors within each industrial organization, and attempts to deal with those relations and factors on a broad and firm basis of principle. The establishment by universities of schools of business administration is a recognition and an expression of this movement.

To a large extent reliance for economic justice must always be placed, not upon legal restraints, but upon the self-restraint of those carrying on the industry. Maintenance of civil order depends more upon the law-abiding disposition of the people than upon the strong arm of the police. Political parties have to offer legislative panaceas for all industrial ills, but whatever legal or industrial system may be adopted, we still have to trust largely for justice

to the development of a spirit of equity and forbearance among all those engaged in industry; without this there will be loss and hardship under any system. As sound methods and policies are worked out by the more progressive and earnest men who are devoting themselves to these problems, it may be advisable from time to time to enact laws which require the adherence of all producers to the standards made and tested out by the more enlightened.

The development of industrial justice will take time, but there is no short cut. Government control or government ownership of industry does not solve the problems of the relations of producers to consumers or of the suppliers of capital and administrative skill to those engaged in simple labor. Such a change would merely restrict us to political solutions of these problems as opposed to solutions which must be worked out by those engaged in industry and giving their whole thought to the process. And it would subject us to the very real danger of so diminishing the necessity for effort and the scope for ambition as to cause greater loss through failure to call reluctant human energy and inventiveness into play, than now occurs through misdirection of part of that energy.

THE PROFESSIONAL MINISTRY

BY EDWARD LEWIS

I

THE professional ministry has its problems, — for example, the scarcity of candidates presenting themselves for the office, or the imposition of theological tests, — but it is not commonly perceived that itself also is a problem. To reflect on the great army of bishops, clergy, ministers, missionaries; upon the enormous volume of preaching which is emitted week by week; upon the innumerable sacramental celebrations, ceremonial observances, to say nothing of the multifarious subsidiary organizations of which the professional minister is supposed to be the presiding, inspiring, sustaining genius; to ask what it all amounts to; and, in part answer to the question, to be confronted with a diminishing and decaying institution from which power and authority in the world are swiftly passing, — an institution which no longer leads the thought or wins the interest or directly influences the lives of the vast majority of the men and women of even western civilization, — is to conceive a suspicion that something is wrong, or wanting.

In a previous article, the present writer suggested certain fundamental considerations which might account in large measure for the 'failure of the Church'; the purpose of this article, which must be regarded as supplementary to that, is to examine in a general way the position of the professional ministry in order to see if something is lacking here, — some quality of spirit, or some condition of its manifest-

ation and utterance, — which may act as a contributory cause of this failure.

Nothing will be said here to give any encouragement to those facile fault-finders who, in any particular instance of breakdown or non-success, lay the blame upon the paid official. Most often this is egregiously unjust and obviously untrue. It may safely be said that no institution is better served than is the Christian Church by the devotion, generosity, and enthusiasm of its salaried or beneficed leaders. The additional virtue of 'competence' might have been placed to the credit side of their account; but this is a complicated matter, for the elucidation of which this article is partly written. Competence is related to function; and before it can be said that a man is competent, it must be asked, What is he supposed to do?

The prophetic note is largely lacking in the professional ministry, — the prophetic note, not necessarily the prophetic spirit; that is to say, the latter may be present, but the right conditions for its utterance do not prevail. By the 'prophetic note' is meant, in simplest terms, the human voice as the organ of the God-consciousness. It would be absurd to say that this is altogether absent from the modern Church. It is not. It is to be heard in the Roman Catholic Communion, in which there are special preaching orders, 'schools of the prophets'; but the sacramentarian and institutional aspect of religion dominates, and he is something less than a prophet

who prophesies by sufferance under ecclesiastical license.

In the Anglican Communion the situation is similar; the importance of preaching is commonly regarded as secondary; the priest puts the prophet in the shade; the witness of the institution as such is accounted more valuable and effective than that of the living, spontaneous utterance of the God-inspired, God-saturated personality; here and there, parochial and diocesan duties are so arranged as to give opportunity to the man of prophetic gifts to concentrate upon his vocation, but these are confessedly special cases; in the Episcopal Church the prophet is sporadic, and since the institutional demand is weak, the supply is occasional, chanceful, uncertain.

It would be in accordance with expectation to find a prophetic ministry flourishing as a natural and a native growth in the nonconformist communions; for the prophet is essentially nonconformist in spirit, and the 'liberty of prophesying' was one of the resounding claims put forward by the first English Nonconformists; moreover, among these sects the pressure of institutionalism is less heavy, and consequently it would seem that there should be more scope here for the mystical, personal, spontaneous, creative elements of the religious life. As a matter of fact, however, it is here that the chief disappointment lies. Freedom from sacerdotalism, gained at considerable cost, has not been turned to advantage in the interests of the prophetic spirit; it has been made almost of none effect through sectarian rivalries, denominational propagandism, entanglement with political movements, the necessity of raising money, anxiety to attract adherents, concern for success. The exhausting effect of these centrifugal activities is felt particularly by the minister, upon whose shoulders the whole

burden and responsibility of the church organization presses. The emphasis has been withdrawn from the sacrament, the rite, the ceremony, and placed upon the preaching; but the situation as it stands does not afford the conditions of true preaching. A minister, occupied through the week in many varied labors, — most of them pleasant and useful in their way, — may go up into the pulpit on Sunday, and he may talk, expound, explain, theologize, argue, discourse, but rarely if ever will he preach. That unilluminated, uninspired, unoriginal, ineffective preaching should be common in Episcopal churches, where preaching is not looked for, does not matter much; that it should be common in Nonconformist churches, where preaching is regarded as the central and most vital part of public worship, is a defect so serious that nothing can counterbalance it.

II

It is no disrespect to those communions in which the institutional and sacramentarian elements predominate, to say that the crux of the problem lies outside their borders. The arising of a truly prophetic ministry might go far to redeem the Christian Church from the evil days that are upon her; but that arrival can be reasonably expected only where the bonds of creed, formula, dogma, sacrament, and ecclesiastical authority generally, are loose. The future of the religious institution may rest with the conformist; the future of religion as a progressive, creative, self-renewing thing rests with the nonconformist, — using the word in the broad Emersonian sense.

At this point, therefore, the examination of the situation may become more minute. The problem for the moment may be allowed to formulate itself in the question, — Is a prophetic minis-

try on any considerable scale possible?

It may be stated baldly and bluntly that it is not possible for a professional ministry to be a prophetic ministry. There are those who 'enter the Church' with precisely the same feelings and ambitions with which others enter the medical or the legal profession: they look forward, legitimately, to success, to promotion, and to occupying a higher and more useful position in society than would otherwise be possible to them; it is their chosen profession, and they prepare themselves for it studiously and at considerable expense; there are some who take Holy Orders under pressure of personal or family circumstances; some are born into benefices; some buy them. We may take for granted the good character of such men; that they are of 'clean hands and a pure heart'; and if all that is chiefly demanded of them be the administration of the sacraments, the performance of rites, the exposition of doctrine on authoritative lines, parish work, and the maintenance of the dignity of the office, it is indisputable that the Church may be as well served by them as by any other class or type of high-minded, industrious, loyal, presentable person. The duties which fall to them do not require necessarily any special quality of religious consciousness or high spiritual endowment. They make admirable priests, pastors, teachers, organizers. They belong to an exceedingly honorable profession; and are entitled to whatever emoluments and dignities such a career offers.

But here is a man (let us say) with whom — in the fine Old Testament phrase — the Spirit of God has clothed Himself. He is under immense inward pressure. It is as if vast areas of virginal power were upthrust to a breaking-point, an outcrop, in his soul. He realizes it as vision and enthusiasm. He knows both the joy and the terror of

the saints. It may be assumed that he will submit himself to a period of physical, emotional, mental discipline, that he may be a clean-lipped, finely framed, sensitive, vibrant instrument for the breath of God; but there will be no question of his choosing anything: he has been chosen. He can have no profession; he has a vocation. This man is, at least potentially, prophet and 'man of God.' He is by no means so rare a type as many may imagine. He is to be found in the churches, usually beating his wings against prison bars; more numerous he is to be found in the colleges which precede the churches; most numerous of all in that company of youthful eager souls whom the colleges and the churches, with much effort and patience, will fashion and train into professional ministers.

It is not difficult to determine, *a priori* as it were, the conditions under which the prophetic gift must be exercised and developed. They may be summed up in one word, — freedom. The Man of God must be free; and chiefly in several respects, the naming of which will go far to justify the suggestion already made, namely, that the conditions of a prophetic ministry do not prevail in the Church as at present constituted and organized.

He must be free from worldly ambitions, and from all the clinging apparel of worldly prosperity. He must have nothing to gain, and nothing to lose save his life. He must be poor. All poorly paid ministers are not prophets, but the prophet must be a poor man. He must be entirely above any chance of the suspicion of making personal profit or advantage out of his gift and the mission with which it entrusts him. He must have, of course, the necessities of decent living (physical and mental), — it is not essential to a prophet to be down-at-heels, insanitary, or an ignoramus, — but for these he should be

dependent upon the loving charity of friends, or upon the work of his own hands in the original apostolic fashion. A man with a vocation should have an avocation, and the nearer it places him to raw material and the earth the better. Luxury and affluence (within limits) may be incompatible with a professional ministry, but certainly not with the circumstance and errand of a prophet. Even if the intuition of the saints on this matter is discounted, the example of Jesus should be final. To say that 'times have changed' is not an argument, but a subterfuge.

The prophetic soul must be free, also, from domestic and social encumbrance. He must be celibate. It is not a question of a celibate community, but of a celibate man, — a man absolutely free to be at the disposal of the 'wind that bloweth where it listeth,' free even from the dear distractions and the beautiful engrossments of family life. To the argument that this is to cut him off from some of the deepest and most intimate of human experiences, it can only be answered that Jesus (and many others) did not seem to labor under this disadvantage. *A fortiori*, he must be free from engagement list and pocket-book. To think of this man's gift, his function, the solemnity of his call, the God-ferment in his soul; and then to imagine him paying rounds of visits, 'looking people up,' being dined here and entertained there, caught up in the respectable dissipation of social life, is to perceive a situation which would be ridiculous were it not treacherous. Further, he must be free to be often alone. The Man of God must live an essentially solitary, wild life. He must be 'girt about with silences.' He must be often at the upland wellsprings, which are as far removed from the commercial business, as they are from the intellectual talk, of the world. The continual supply and reinforcement of his

power requires deeply withdrawn communion, meditation, self-emptying, vacancy, divine idlesse; mirror-like stillness of soul, that he may see therein the image of the overbending God; the silencing of thought, that he may catch the veriest whisper of the Invisible Companion; passivity, so that he may feel not only the pressure, but the direction of the pressure, of the Spirit. The scene of his actual ministry may be a city, but he ought to live in the open country where a man has still the chance of natural, free companionship with God. He must be free to home himself where 'the great Visions and the great Voices' dwell. He need not always be mingling with people that he may know their private needs; his business is to mediate that Eternal Word which, when implanted in the heart, is the Grace which is sufficient and adaptable to every kind of need.

Still further, the Man of God must be free from the imposition of external authority, be it of Pope, Bishop, Synod, Conference, creed, dogma, or any such person or thing. He must be free to announce his Soul, which is God moving to manifestation and new creation in him. Who, or what, shall limit or canalize the Holy One in him? To whom shall he do obeisance? What license shall he require who is under divine necessity, and who shall license him without impiety? What institution shall dare to claim and brand as its propagandist him who is God's herald? Who shall put a hand to his mouth, or tune to another key the instrument which is already set to the lips of God? Quite clearly, the Man of God cannot put himself in such a position.

III

Do the conditions of such a ministry prevail even in the nonconforming section of the Church?

Before turning to examine the situation from the side of the Church, a parenthesis is necessary in order to avoid misunderstanding. Use has been made several times of the phrase 'Man of God.' It has been used in a specialized, narrow sense; the sense in which it could be used of John the Baptist, for example, and not of the Scribes; or of Jesus, and not of the doctors in the Temple. The phrase may be employed with a much wider reference; and since 'all service ranks the same with God,' the designation could not be refused to any faithful, sincere, pious man. Professors of theology, pastors of churches, class-leaders, parish priests, denominational secretaries, are all men of God in the broader sense. Yet none of them may be men of God in the narrower sense. Here is a professional minister who is so full of occupations, who is in such demand for lectures, speeches, articles, that it is necessary for him to use a dictaphone and employ a secretary; is he a man of God? In the broader sense, undoubtedly; in the narrower sense, no; the Man of God does not talk nearly so much as that. Here is another who to already onerous pastoral, institutional, denominational duties adds those of a member of the national legislature, and dies an untimely death from overwork; is he a man of God? In the broader sense, unquestionably; in the narrower sense, no; the Man of God never dies from overwork. Another, cultured, learned, literary, is a great teacher, and writes volumes which could not be absent from the library shelves of any self-respecting student of theology; his expository lectures are crowded; his apologetical arguments appear to be unanswerable; surely he is a man of God; and yet, as Whitman reminds us, there is another type and quality of man on whose appearance the argument about the soul stops; or, as Edward Carpenter has it in 'To-

wards Democracy,' this one comes, —

With just the whole look of himself in his eyes;
 He will not at first make any reply to the eager
 questions about death and immortality; he will
 present no stainless perfection;
 But he will do better; he will present something
 absolute, primal, — the living rock, — some-
 thing necessary and at first hand, and men will
 cling to him therefor;
 He will restore the true balance; he will not con-
 demn, but he will be absolute in himself;
 He will be the terrible judge to whom every one
 will run;
 He will be the lover and the judge in one.

Unlike the pastor, he will be aloof, strange, austere, almost unknown; unlike the minister or parish priest who is always on the spot, he will come and go, appearing out of the silence and vanishing back into it, as if he himself were the drawing-aside of the veil, — which he is; unlike the organizer, he will be a ferment, a challenge; unlike the teacher, he will announce himself; unlike the successful pulpiteer, he will be poor and without organized backing; unlike the missionary, he will come without observation, and will not be concerned about saving souls, — for it is a good thing to save souls, but not a good thing to be anxious about saving them.

The differentia of the Man of God is a certain quality of the religious consciousness, difficult to define, but immediately recognizable whenever and wherever it may be manifested; 'never man spake like this man'; 'with authority, and not as the scribes'; 'virtue is gone forth from me'; 'this is a hard saying, who can hear it?'; 'from that time many turned back and walked no more with him'; 'come, let us kill him.' He is a voice, not an echo. He is a revealer, not an interpreter. He creates, he does not reproduce. He does not hand on a gospel, himself is the gospel. He has life in himself. He is less a messenger than he is himself the message. He is so highly charged with spiritual vitalities, that his presence is electric,

his very body magnetic, his ideas are explosive, his passion is a consuming flame, his gestures are the thrusts or the caresses of the Eternal. He is filled with the Spirit to the point of saturation. There is something about him that suggests, makes palpable, that Bigger World which is the Other World, the Infinite Life, the Universal Soul, the All-embracing Harmony, the Reality of God, and the Rest which ever 'flows around our restlessness.'

This is the Man of God in the narrower sense of the phrase. To confine the title to him is not to derogate from others who are loyal servants of truth and goodness. To exalt Amos is not to despise the quiet and godly folk of the land. To praise the pioneer is not to detract from the recognized value of the road-maker or the bridge-builder. To acclaim the pathfinder is not to decry the organizer who brings civilization laboriously along in his wake, up to the discovered place. To cry aloud for a prophetic ministry is not to dismiss a professional ministry as futile. There are diversities of gifts, each of which signifies a certain differing measure and quality of the same Spirit. The complaint is, that the Church, mindful more of organization than of life, anxious to preserve itself rather than eager to create, has practically organized the prophetic gift out of existence so far as its ministry is concerned.

For let us now imagine a man with this prophetic possibility within him, an embryonic or just nascent Man of God, offering himself to the Church. He takes this course because it is the obvious one; it is natural for him to imagine that here is a ready, indeed anxiously waiting, platform for his self-announcements. Let us imagine that, under that demand for freedom which has already been indicated, he selects a nonconformist communion in which the institutional and credal bonds are

less heavy and exacting, in which therefore he thinks, — with some reason, — that he will find an ampler opportunity. Let us further imagine that he passes through the four or six years of collegiate seclusion and discipline with success, — that is to say (since any other kind of success apart from this is failure), with the inward flame still pure and bright and strong. He enters the ranks of the professional ministry, and, full of prophetic fervor, accepts the invitation of a church. His zeal, the strength of his desire, blinds him at first to the precise nature of the situation to which he has committed himself; or, if he is not altogether ignorant of the difficulties and risks, he believes in his ability to rise above them. Ultimately — not seldom too late — he discovers that he has become the paid servant of an organization. What does this involve?

Among the things which are chiefly required by an organization are an organizer and money. The latter is not the less important. Church organization centres on the treasury. It may not be true of churches which are endowed or which happen for the time being to be flourishing, but the majority of unendowed churches are not flourishing, and of these it is true that the treasury is, if not the centre of interest, the centre of concern. A minister's happy tenure of office is very largely determined by the seat-rents and collections. A minister is 'called' in the hope that he will 'fill the church'; other things are, of course, taken into consideration, but when a church committee is discussing an invitation to the pastorate the question of the possibility or otherwise of success in outward things looms very large. When the income begins to fall away, whispers soon arise as to whether 'he is quite the right man,' or, perhaps, that 'he has finished his work among us.' In deacons'

meetings finance occupies the major portion of the time. Anniversary services, and the like, are but thinly veiled methods of securing a handsome collection; the 'special preacher' is chosen almost entirely with this object in view. The subsidiary organizations of the church — and the more of these there are, and the more vigorously they are carried on, the healthier and the more prosperous is the church accounted to be — are a kind of net spread out to get as many persons as possible into attachment. Some churches go very near to touting for adherents; and that delicious bit of pungent criticism in the second chapter of the Epistle of St. James about the 'man with a gold ring' is by no means out of date. Still with a view to the treasury, advertisement in a cruder or more refined form is largely resorted to; a church has its private hoarding with its alluring posters, and the title of the preacher's sermon is frequently dangled as a bait.

If such efforts are successful, the phenomenon of a 'live church' appears. In the vast majority of cases, the largest single item on the debit side of church accounts, often itself exceeding all the rest put together, is the stipend of the minister. To the inquiry as to why this is so, the answer seems to be that he has a right to it so long as he is worth it; that is to say, so long as he can earn it, and as much more as is necessary to keep the organization going. The query is common enough, 'Will he come for what we can afford to pay?' and from this it is only a step to an illuminating question and reply made not long ago in the hearing of the writer: 'Can we afford to give him so much?' 'Oh, yes, he will soon make it up.' When church funds are low, a minister feels very uncomfortable; and he may be forgiven for feeling that he is not doing all that is expected of him, and that it is somehow up to him to improve matters, or take

less, or go. Few persons, perhaps, are so brutal or so undiscerning as to suggest that a minister's salary is a real *quid pro quo*; but any one familiar with the inside working of a 'free' church knows that the facts, stated here perhaps somewhat nakedly, are true.

Our Man of God, then, finds himself in the position of the leading responsible official of an organization which exists in a constant effort to raise money, the larger portion of which is paid to him.

He discovers a further fact, namely, that, — as is almost inevitable, — the church requires him as an organizer. This works in two directions, both of which militate against the development and expression of his prophetic gift. There is as much divergence between the peculiar gifts of a prophet and those of an organizer, as there is between a mystic and a machinist. A prophet will be much more likely to turn out a disorganizer. He represents the forward movement of the creative life rather than the *status quo*. He is the ferment, to which Jesus likened the Kingdom of Heaven 'which is among you.' The aim of an organizer is security and establishment; a prophet, on the other hand, is almost necessarily a dangerous, if not a violent, man. His objective is the kingdom of God, and conceivably that may be something other than the church as organized. All attractive preachers are not prophets, any more than all successful rhymesters are poets; but should it so happen that this Man of God draws the multitude, — as Jesus did to begin with, — all will go well; the treasurer will have nothing to do but to count the money and bank it; and the subsidiary organizations of the church will have all the workers and all the material they want. Should his preaching bring, however, not peace but a sword, should he utter hard, har-

assing, bewildering sayings, overturn tradition, shock respectability, make the foundations of moral and religious life shake so as to threaten the structure within which conventionally good people find shelter and refuge, announce new values, and so disturb, grieve, vex, alienate the people who invited him (not knowing what they did), then it will be clear whether the organization desired a prophet or no; the organization will have a possibly polite and sympathetic, but a very firm, word to say to him in its own way.

If this hazard lies in the more external circumstances of the situation, one more subtle and perilous lies within the man's own heart. There will be strain and conflict between the loyalties. He will feel the awful, austere, silent, unrelenting pressure of the Spirit; and he will recognize the natural, inevitable, understandable requirement on the part of the organization that it should be nursed and edified. He will feel the influence of the general expectation that his preaching should 'play up' to the organization. Why should he distress, shock, alienate the people whose invitation he has accepted, and who — pay him his living? Why should he announce himself in defiance of institutional tradition and authority, when he owes to the institution the platform on which he stands? Why not confine himself to the things commonly believed? Are not these people babes who want milk and not meat? How dare he be an offense to the least of the little ones? Can he not use equivocal language, placing his private interpretation on a word upon which the hearers are at liberty to place their own? Besides, if he loses this platform, what are his chances of finding another? And so Prudence hammers at the door, and Sympathy turns devil's advocate. Ideally, his choice is easy; practically, it is terribly hard.

The church's requirement that its minister shall further the interests of the organization militates in another direction against the mission of a Man of God. It embroils him in multitudinous activities which withdraw his energy from the centre and dissipate it. He must keep the people together, shepherd the flock, and originate new plans which will be likely to attract others from outside; he must visit the homes of his people and make himself pleasant; bring around the disaffected, stimulate the slack; stimulate the 'staff' by his example; attend upon the sick, comfort the dying; preside over all kinds of gatherings, from a prayer-meeting to a pipe-parliament; be able to speak out of hand on almost every subject under the sun; take several kinds of classes; initiate good works; run this and that, from a concert to a crèche; represent his congregation in denominational assemblies. He must be a preacher, a pastor, the secretary of a company, the managing director of a thriving business, and (as often as not) his own commercial traveler to boot. In addition to this, he must keep up a style consistent with his position, and suffer all the social entanglements connected therewith, whether he likes it or no. He must also be a credit to his church in local public affairs. This, which is here set down, is perhaps the minimum which is expected of the professional ministry. It is not to be wondered at that there are, in the ranks of such a profession, some in whom the prophetic spirit still pulses, — so tenacious is it, — who are beginning to feel that it is impossible to exercise the vocation of a Man of God and continue to be entangled in organization at all.

IV

'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets.' The Church is wilting,

withering, perishing for lack of a baptism of the Spirit. She herself confesses it; her ministers confess it by their periodical conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life; her congregations confess it by their call for the services of the evangelistic missionary; she confesses it by attempting to counterbalance her defect in real spiritual authority and prophetic power with a display of reforming zeal in the social order. In spite of all this, the weakening and decline continue; and will continue so long as she kills her prophets by making them subserve the organization. The baptism of the Spirit does not come out of the clouds, or the invisible heaven; it is mediated through souls God-sensitive, God-attuned, God-possessed, to a high degree; and these men, from whose uplifted hands and unbosomed hearts the waters of this baptism might copiously fall, the church keeps at committee-tables, and among the wheels of the machinery.

If it is asked, Where are such men? Are there any? — these are the questions of traitorous doubt and atheism. Did divine inspiration run into a *cul de sac* two thousand years ago? If it is asked, How can the Church discover them? — the practical reply is, by making possible the necessary conditions of their manifestation and functioning. The conclusion to be drawn from the facts as stated here is that the conditions of a prophetic ministry do not prevail in the Church as now ordered. Can she make room for a new order? Can she take the risk of the prophet? Can she take the tremendous hazard of a whole order of prophets?

It may be admitted that organization is necessary. So far as it is necessary, it should be thorough; it should be conducted with business acumen, professional skill, and by trained expert men; the leadership of this side of the church's life should not be intrust-

ed to a man trained for a different service, consecrated to a different end, a man who may be a mystic, a visionary, a recluse, a fool to the world. Let the Church get its organizer; let him be called pastor, minister, secretary, superintendent, overseer (bishop), or whatever title is most suitable; let him be the professional man; let him be paid for his services, — and it will scarcely be possible to pay him too highly. But the Man of God must be outside the organization; he must be as free and as independent as the spirit that moves him; he ought not to be 'attached' to one congregation, so that his particular church, — after our modern fashion, — becomes one of the 'show places' of a city; he might minister chiefly to several congregations, to a district of congregations; it would mean less preaching, — an excellent thing. Let him preach when he will and where he will. Let him issue out of the wilderness, and come to the people, gathered to meet him, with all the freshness, power, eternity of the wilderness upon him. It does not require much imagination to overhear a busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people saying to each other in anticipation of such an assemblage of themselves together, 'The Man of God will be with us'; and they would say it with a strange throbbing expectation in the heart and a lighting up of the eyes which does not characterize the usual modern worshiper as he thinks of the Sunday morning service.

You smile at the idea of this. Your smile means a *non possumus*. There is no place for the prophet; he must take his chance in the organization. Then you had better get the chalk, and write 'Ichabod.'

If it has come to this, if the church does not, and cannot, provide the conditions necessary to a prophetic ministry, then it is time that those who find

the professional ministry incompatible with the vocation which still remains, though so long thwarted, the power, light, joy that is in them, should come out of the organized Church, give up all that they have, find the 'way of down-going,' pass from the notice of men, bury themselves in the secret places of

the land, fulfill their mission on the lines that Jesus, the Master, by his example showed them, die like seeds fallen into the earth, and make possible the resurrection of the Spirit whose Presence suffices to create the only Church that is, and the only ministry that truly serves and saves.

THE HEART OF A NEUTRAL

BY VERNON LEE

As may happen to the humblest of us, and not merely to princesses, the fairies came to my christening.

Those whom my parents invited were the different nations. And each brought me the gift of understanding her greatness and beauty, and enriching my life with such knowledge. England and Italy came with their poetry and humor and practical wisdom, the ripeness of modern times and the heritage of oldest civilizations; France came with her humane laughing lucidity; and Germany with her music and philosophy and the children's tales roosting in her Christmas tree. Even Russia and Poland, whose soil I was never to tread, came as the foster-mothers (unreconciled sisters!) of my father's boyhood. And all of them said, 'This child shall have the joy of loving us.'

Now my parents had forgotten to invite one fairy, who came to my christening to do me an ill turn.

'These gifts,' she said, 'I cannot indeed take away, for even a fairy and an angry one has no power to remove fairy gifts. But I will add mine, which

may spoil them all. For with the knowledge of the good of each nation, this child shall know in sadness the weakness and folly also of them all. And every nation shall say to her, "You are an alien, and though you love me, shall have no power over my heart."'

And as the unkind fairy willed, so it was to be.

But, even as in the story, one kind and helpful fairy had foreseen what would happen; and hiding behind the arras, kept the bestowal of her gift until that unkind one should have done her worst.

She too has come forward, not at my christening, but at least before the other and last sacrament.

And behold! I find her gift in my old and unworthy hands. For she had said:—

'When all the nations shall welter in the pollution of warfare, this child's eyes shall remain clear from its fratricide fumes; she shall drink deep of sorrow, but recognize and put away from her lips the sweetened and consecrated cup of hatred.'

THE ATTACK AT LOOS

FROM THE DIARY OF LIEUTENANT MALLET OF THE FRENCH ARMY

[THE following is an account of the attack on May 9, 1915, in the direction of Loos, South of Cerency, mentioned in the official *communiqué* simply as follows: 'We have taken, on a front of 7 kilometres, two, and in places three, lines of the enemy's trenches.' The young officer, aged twenty, from whose notebook this account is taken, is one of that band of heroes who joined the ranks on mobilization. His gallant conduct brought him rapid promotion. Since the first days of the war he had been fighting joyfully and with great determination, and was wounded in the battle described. — THE EDITORS.]

May 9, 1915 — 4.30 A.M. — I receive the order to form my men. A company of engineers joins us to dig the communication to the enemy's trench as soon as we have cleared them out. On our left — probably the British lines — a continuous deafening boom of heavy guns goes on without interruption.

5.15 A.M. — No orders to attack as yet. It is getting late. The guns on our left continue their war, but ours remain silent. I would give much to know . . .

7 A.M. — Here come the orders: 'The attack will begin at ten sharp.' No signal will be given; all watches are set. We are all to leave our trenches at the stated time. Our guns will first shell the enemy's trenches for an hour, then again from nine till ten. Big shells are thundering; they rise like shuttlecocks and fall to earth as lightly; they look as if they would ricochet, but as

soon as they touch the ground it is like the eruption of a volcano.

I am extraordinarily calm. I cannot realize that in a few minutes (what are two hours?) there will be a mad rush, a hand-to-hand fight, hideous mutilated corpses, and perhaps, for me, death.

I have only one thought: that everything should go well and that I should make no mistakes. I am responsible before God for my fifty men.

At nine o'clock, while I complete final preparations, shot and shell seem to crush the enemy's lines; the noise of guns is deafening, the smoke stifling and blinding.

10 A.M. — At a quarter to ten my section is formed up, knapsacks on; the engineer sections keep close to me, back of the trench so as not to interfere with our movements.

I stand at the centre of my section looking at my watch. I call out, 'Five minutes — Two minutes, —' glancing sideways at the men. I see in their faces a fixed, intense expression almost that of men in a hypnotic trance.

I call out, 'Only half a minute!' and then see the left wing of my section starting. They get a few yards ahead of me. It is all important for us to keep in line. I shout, 'Forward!' and rush headlong for the first German lines, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

I am vaguely conscious that the 75's have not yet slackened their fire, but we are no longer our own masters — thousands of determined men are racing blindly toward the same common goal.

I reach the first German entanglements and look back. All have followed; my men are close to me. In a second we leap over the parapet of the first German line. I shout to them, 'Do not enter the communication trench! This trench we are in is empty save for a man here and there; we must seize the second lines!' My bluecoats bound forward, their bayonets flashing. The sun is blazing, not a cloud is in the sky. We go heads down into the hellish zone.

No words, no coloring, no sound can give an idea of it.

To prevent our advance the Germans fire salvos; we have to penetrate into a suffocating mist where high explosive shells and bombs burst at such close intervals that the ground seems every moment to open at our feet. As in a dream I see glorious blue silhouettes, frenzied, charging madly in the midst of columns of smoke; also the outlines of terrified Germans caught between our bayonets and the fire of their own artillery. They emerge from everywhere. Some call, 'Mercy!' others circle round like madmen, others rush upon us to drive us back. The shells deal havoc in our ranks. I can see groups of five and six of our men mown down.

For one instant I see P., the section corporal, at the head of his group. Oblivious of everything I call out to him, 'Go it, P., bravo!' There he stands on a mound, coatless and bareheaded, his herculean figure clad in a black jersey; reckless of shells and bullets, he brandishes his rifle; a very God of War! His terrible bayonet is streaming; he seems possessed with a blind fury. All my life I shall see him thus — standing out against the blue sky, leading the others to carnage!

We are getting on, my section and I. We are a few metres from the last of the German trenches. At every step gray uniforms appear. I fire off my re-

volver right and left; groans and cries are drowned by the noise of shrapnel.

We have reached the farthest parapet; another second and we shall occupy their last positions. What remains of my section follows me blindly. I jump on to the parapet shouting, 'Forward, boys, here we are!'

A violent blow on my back — as if I were hit by the butt end of a rifle — makes me drop my revolver and the hand-grenade I hold in my left hand. I roll over wounded into the crater made by a shell. I remember hearing Y. say yesterday, 'If anything happens to the little lieutenant we won't leave him behind.' The next moment he is beside me with two or three others and carries me to the communication trench. Before us is nothing, no further defensive work: we have carried their position to the very last line. I have hardly reached the dugout when I hear some one say, 'Pass on Lieutenant M.'s morphia for Lieutenant D.' I realize that the poor fellow is badly hit. I pass on three opium pills to him; then we begin to organize the defense. I am up again.

The guns have ceased firing. The men who are not digging themselves in are looking out. We wonder from what side the Germans will try to overpower us, for we know nothing of the ground beyond those trenches. Suddenly I see two Germans escaping from a small dugout, crying, 'Mercy!' I shoot the first one straight off, suspecting a trap. The second, a boy of sixteen, has an expression of terror I shall never forget. He calls out: 'Pardon, mercy, comrade, prisoner!' and his shrill scream makes me shudder.

I detail a man to shoot at all who attempt to escape on that side; a little later he has killed three.

D. reports that the major has been killed by a bullet through the head. Of

officers only R. and I are left in our company, and R. takes over the command. Seated on the parapet of the trench he superintends preparations for the defense. The guns are silent; only the whistling of bullets is heard, and cries of alarm: 'Look out on the right!' — 'Look out on the left!' — 'They are coming through the further trench!' R. is shot in the head by a bullet; he falls at my feet, and I remain alone in command of the company. Wounded, I can feel blood trickling down my back and my muscles stiffening. My men want me to give up, but I brace myself with the energy of despair. Some one passes me a flask of ether, and I lean against the parapet, determined to die there if need be. I am alone in charge of the company, and my head is still clear; I will remain, whatever happens.

Till 12 o'clock parapets are being turned up with feverish haste; also traverses to protect the trench, which is partly enfiladed. All goes well as far as the road, but from that point touch is lost. The remainder of the company is behind in a trench parallel to mine; a few metres away, on the other side of the road to Lens, the Germans have retained their position. They are close by, though out of sight — dug in, ready to leap out on us.

Adjutant M.¹ and Sergeant-major D. are miracles of courage and energy. Lying helpless at the bottom of the trench, I gave them my instructions, and they have carried them out with remarkable ability and presence of mind.

The hours pass slowly; the tension is great. The sun burns fiercely in the trench, giving the corpses lying there a livid yellow color. The wounds are horrible.

The Germans are bombarding the

¹ In the French army, adjutant is a senior rank of non-commissioned officer. — THE AUTHOR.

zone behind us so as to stop our reinforcements from coming up. Bullets must be falling like hail into the trench where sappers and the other companies are massed. A few bombs drop into our trench and several of my men are killed. B.'s head is severed from his body.

12 o'clock. — We stop working and take a few minutes' rest; the men search among the helmets left by the Germans. P. brings me Egyptian cigarettes. M. dresses my wound, putting his hand through the hole in my cape, which is as large as my fist.

Then the sergeant-major and I explore the position. The communication trenches are destroyed by shells. In some places for as much as twenty metres we are entirely without cover; in other places the passage through the trench is obstructed by corpses. As we pass some German wounded lying on their backs in the sun, they open their eyes and complain of thirst. We have no time to stop; the bombardment may begin afresh at any moment, and it is vital for us to find some means of communicating with the colonel. In a shelter I find several of my men wounded. When we return to the trench nothing has changed. That good fellow M. is unceasingly on the alert. The trench which blocks the road has been strengthened, and a machine gun placed there.

1.30 P.M. — The whole company looks as if it had received an electric shock; a thrill passes from man to man, and yet there is not a sound, not a shot. Every one feels that the counter-attack is imminent. I marvel at the good nature and cheerfulness of my men. I try to speak to them but their spirits need no bracing up; they cry, 'Vive le lieutenant!' and I am too moved to answer.

Suddenly volleys of musketry burst upon us. They start with no hesitation,

deliberately, ruthlessly, with precision. We feel that it is not a case of random shooting due to nervousness, but that every man aims with care. I look through my glasses in the direction it comes from, about three hundred metres away. The Germans are masters of a position at right angles to ours. They emerge from it in close formation, four abreast, trying to force their way in on my left. They do not get on an inch; every section of fours is struck down as if by lightning. A whole company is mown down; not one goes back, not one survives.

The second counter-attack on my right takes place under the same conditions. The Germans are massed in the communication trench parallel to ours. A few minutes later, the enemy on our left takes advantage of a small wood to mass his men there and to attempt a sortie, but this is stopped short.

They resign themselves to wait as we are doing, and through our periscopes we can see them smoking and waiting. To show one's head is fatal and several of our men are shot through the forehead. The body of the major lies just outside the parapet, face down in the grass. I will have it brought in after dark.

3 P.M. — The colonel sends me as reinforcement the 7th company under Captain D. I tell him of my wish to remain where we are. It is my men and I who have captured the position, and it is ours to hold. The captain settles down on our right; I am now no longer unsupported.

The complete silence of our artillery puzzles me. There is a sound of heavy wheels on the height above; it must be the ammunition wagons.

Seated in the trench, I feel my head getting light and giddy. I am asked for orders, but though I rack my brains, I can find nothing to say. I try to joke with the men, but an unutterable sadness steals over me as I grasp that I am

no longer fit for anything. Adjutant M. must now take the command. What should I do without him?

7. P.M. — The order for the advance has come: 'The 3d battalion to attack the village, taking as its line of direction the church steeple, keeping touch on the left with the —th. Be ready to start at any moment, but await the order to advance.'

Night is falling fast and I hand over command to the adjutant. My wound is giving me horrible pain. I feel as if my left shoulder were being torn off. Yet I must find my colonel and speak to him. I doubt my being able to reach him but I know that in a case of necessity one can do a lot. (Alas! I was not to see my company again, or my colonel.)

I stagger on like a man drunk, from one side of the trench to the other. Now I have to scramble over mounds of corpses, now cross the open among whistling bullets and the crash of shells bursting on all sides. I think sadly of the stupidity of being killed there, all alone, after the battle is over!

I meet some of our engineers, some prisoners, and messengers. All hurry on, hustling one another, and I repeat automatically the same sentence, 'Take care, don't touch me; I am wounded!' I wonder whether it is possible to suffer more than I do. I can hardly see. Moaning ceaselessly, I walk as in a trance and turn several times round about the same spot, asking every one, 'Where is the colonel?' They say to me, 'Which colonel?' I don't know — then everything becomes very dim. I meet two men with fixed bayonets escorting three prisoners. They give me a drop of wine and lead me on. We pass a ruined factory and I notice the broken machinery silhouetted against the sky. Stretcher-bearers pick me up and carry me to safety.

The first-aid post sends me by ambulance to the divisional dressing-station,

where I spend the night. The dressing-station is in total darkness for fear of being fired at. Our heavy 120 m. guns are firing close by; at every shot the walls shake and windows rattle. It feels like being in mid-battle. The noise of the volleys seems to come from the garden.

The remembrance of the gruesome sight there haunts me. The wounded are just visible in the twilight, lying in long lines on straw on the ground. There are riflemen, artillerymen, Algerian sharpshooters. Their outlines are barely distinguishable; their dressings and bandages show up strongly as

white patches in the night. Through the thundering of the guns a long moan is heard — a moan broken by short, incoherent, delirious sentences. Officers and men live again through the day's fighting, and orders are issued which are infinitely painful to hear: 'Advance in open order!' — 'Look out on the right!' — 'Bring the machine gun!' — 'To arms!' . . . I take three opium pills and stretch myself on the straw in the least crowded corner.

The next day, at 10 A.M., we are taken to Voeux-les-Mines and from there entrained — destination unknown.

UNDER SHELL-FIRE AT DUNKIRK

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

WE arrived in Dunkirk the evening of the twentieth of June, after a long ten-hour trip from Paris, — a journey which in normal times can be accomplished in three. Dunkirk is in the 'war zone' and ranks as a fortified town of the first class, and no one is permitted to enter it without a special military permit, an *autorisation spéciale* issued by the commander of that sector. However, as we were to join a field hospital 'somewhere in Belgium,' and our permits had been forwarded to us in Paris, we had no difficulty in getting there. On alighting from the train, we were not permitted to pass through the station till all our papers had been carefully examined, — our passports and our safe-conducts from the Paris police,

as well as our military passes; but all were in order, and after a careful scrutiny we were allowed to go through the gates. The first sensation on entering the war zone is that of being locked in. Only through the most rigid formalities had we been able to enter; only through the same formalities would we be permitted to leave. Individual liberty was gone; we were not free to come and go how and where we liked, but, under observation in the zone of the armies, we must share with the armies whatever fate had in store. It was a curious feeling, this sense of restriction, and one not altogether pleasant. The longer one stays in the military areas, the more this sense of being a prisoner at large weighs upon one.

B. met us at the station with a motor, and drove us rapidly through the town

to Malo, a small suburb lying just outside the fortifications. Here, at a clean little hotel, we found comfortable rooms overlooking the town, and were told that we should have to wait here several days till the hospital in Belgium was ready for us.

The next day we explored Dunkirk, anxious to see this seaport which during the winter had several times been bombarded by long-range German guns, — siege guns fired from beyond Dixmude, twenty-two miles away. These, the most formidable and powerful cannon that the enemy possesses, fire projectiles which rise seven miles in the air before they fall to earth, each shell a ton of devastating steel. Off somewhere in the German lines, these Dunkirk guns are buried in the ground, roofed over by concrete twelve feet thick, surmounted by armor plate; not yet have they been found and silenced. Yet, under the shadow of this constant menace, life in the little town seemed to go on unchanged. The streets were filled with soldiers, and in the roadways gray high-powered military motors and great rumbling transports were coming and going in incessant streams. Here and there were shattered houses, razed to their foundations, but only here and there.

Shops were open and business thriving; the streets were full of civilians going about their daily tasks, unheeding, apparently, the threatening danger. Confidence was restored; there had been no bombardment for six weeks — had not the great guns been found and silenced by the Allies? Yet apart from the few ruined houses — and not many at that — there were constant evidences of precaution. Across the panes of nearly every window strips of paper had been pasted, strips four inches wide, running diagonally from corner to corner across the glass, to reduce the shock of concussion. In

the centre of the town stood the Hôtel de Ville, the windows on two floors completely blocked by sandbags; and sandbags, or bags full of ashes, lay before many a cellar window. Here and there on the fronts of certain houses great notices were posted, printed in glaring letters of red upon white backgrounds, 'Refuge en cas d'alerte,' showing where cellars were available to which refugees might fly. Yet it was all over, the danger. Over long ago. The *affiches* were torn, flapping from the walls; many of the sandbags had holes in them, letting out streams of scattering sand or grimy ashes, which heedless pedestrians kicked along the footway. People strolled about unconcernedly, and normal life and normal interests were reasserting themselves, just as normal life in the individual reasserts itself after intense suffering and pain. Whatever the horror of six weeks ago, it was all over now. The Allies had found and silenced the great guns.

In the harbor, ships were coming and going; along the piers, dozens of fishermen had cast their nets, bringing in good catches of sardines, sole, and plaice, while knots of idle, amused soldiers loitered about each net, winding in the reels, and commenting volubly upon each haul. It was a day of glorious sunshine, of busy, homely occupation. As the afternoon advanced, we could hear guns rolling in the distance; the clear air, the absolute stillness, brought the thunder down from Nieuport, from that 'Front' off beyond on the vague horizon. Somewhere over there was 'war,' but here was harmony, tranquillity, and peace. Later, we became aware that certain guns seemed to punctuate themselves upon our consciousness, certain deeper, more sinister *br-r-r-o-o-o-ms*, which, by the watch, came rolling to us at three-minute intervals, — but all so remote, so far away! We were conscious only of the golden,

fading sunlight, the sweet sea wind, the glittering, sparkling water. We tried to imagine submarines in this North Sea, but failed. After the fever, the rush, the gossip and intrigue of Paris, this war zone seemed restfulness and peace. So we went to bed that night, windburned and sleepy, wishing that the hospital might be ready for us soon. This comfort and idleness might soon become a bore.

II

Next morning, the twenty-second of June, we were awakened by a terrific explosion. An *avion Boche* had dropped a bomb just outside our windows! Instantly anti-aircraft guns began firing, and I sprang from my bed to see French and English aeroplanes rising, one by one, from the aerodrome in Dunkirk, and flying straight and menacing in pursuit. It was very light, although the sun had not yet risen; quarter to three by my watch. At the window next mine I saw a disheveled head where the English nurse, W., was peering out, her round blue eyes agog with interest and excitement. I shouted to her, 'Let's go out on the beach,' and in return came a cheery 'Right-O! Just as soon as I slip on my mac.'

A moment later we met in the corridor. She was clad in a yellow raincoat, beneath which appeared a copious expanse of blue pajamas, and bare feet shod in green slippers. Her curly hair hung in disordered braids down her back. I checked an instinctive remark about her looking the figure of fun, for I suddenly recollected my own costume — purple pajamas under a brown dressing-gown. Doors were opening all along the halls, and curious, half-dressed figures were emerging — after all, W. and I looked no different from the rest; it was merely a case of different arrangements of color schemes, that

was all. On the floor below we met Mrs. A., one of our unit. She called to us as we sped past, 'It's the beginning of a bombardment, is n't it?' but we flew on. It seems a bombardment is always preceded by the visit of a scouting Taube, which either by smoke-bomb or by wireless gives the range to these distant guns.

There were hundreds of people on the beach: French soldiers, who apparently slept in their clothes, for they were fully dressed and looked as crumpled as in the day time; English Tommies, who, like ourselves, wore bathgowns over pajamas and showed other signs of a hasty toilet. Bare feet and slippered feet were everywhere. Every moment the crowd increased, yet we excited no more attention in our scanty garments than we should have, fully dressed, in the Rue de la Paix! Mingling with these thousands upon the sands, we evoked neither surprise nor comment; all attention was centred upon the direction in which the Taube had disappeared, or upon the Allies' aeroplanes which sped low overhead in pursuit. Quite black the machines looked in that early light, for the sun had not yet risen to reflect itself upon the luminous wings.

Men, women, and children now began to flock out from the town, an ever-increasing stream, carrying bundles, leading mongrel dogs, pushing perambulators laden with household possessions: a silent, anxious, restless crowd, seeking safety on the wide sands. Our gowns flapped in the fresh dawn breeze, and we became suddenly conscious of the cold sand which trickled in over the tops of our slippers. There was nothing more to be seen, so we returned to the hotel.

At the head of the stairs Mrs. A. met us and asked us in for tea, strong tea, without milk or sugar, which she had prepared during our absence. She dis-

pensed it in great breakfast coffee bowls, an after-dinner coffee cup, and the sugar basin. A doctor from a neighboring hospital was also there, clad in informal garments like our own. We noticed that between gulps of tea he kept looking at his wrist-watch; he was an old campaigner and had seen bombardments before. Suddenly we were startled by a deafening explosion, an appalling, rending crash — the earth shook, the hotel rocked! We sprang to the balcony, and saw a dense column of smoke rising from the town, rising somewhere from the midst of those peaceful, red-tiled roofs that were just catching the first rays of the rising sun. A great seventeen-inch shell, fired by a gun twenty-two miles away, had burst somewhere among those homes. Slowly the smoke rose and spread into the sky, the glorious sky of a June dawn. Not a word was spoken. The doctor glanced at his watch — 3.15 A.M. We waited silently on the balcony. Five minutes later another shell plunged downwards with a roar. Another cloud of smoke marked its bursting. Then two ambulances, from the garage back of the hotel, dashed along the highroad into the town. Two more shells, and then a pause. In all, four shells at five-minute intervals, then a rest of forty minutes for the guns to cool.

Mrs. A. gave the orders. 'Go to bed,' she commanded. 'Get what sleep you can, till they begin again. After all, it's practically three o'clock in the morning and we shall have a whole day of this.' She, too, was an old campaigner, having been through a week's bombardment of Poperingue. So we went upstairs and back to bed.

This was my first experience of shell-fire, and as yet I did not know enough to be afraid. So far, it was only overwhelmingly interesting and exciting, and I was conscious of extreme regret that the light was not yet strong

enough for photographs. The shells were passing completely over us, and falling a mile away. There was nothing to fear.

I was just falling asleep in obedience to instructions, when at five o'clock there came another tremendous crash. I dashed to the window to see the dense smoke rising in the air, rolling upward in great black billows, which a moment later were succeeded by tongues of fire. The flames mounted higher and higher, sinking for a moment only to leap upwards again in fierce, increasing waves. We shouted to some Tommies passing below, to know what had been struck. Some said an oil-tank, others a tobacco factory, still others a jute works. One of them called up gayly, 'I say! This is part of their atrocities — waking us up so early in the morning!' As each shell struck, another ambulance dashed along the highroad in a cloud of dust. Never an instant's hesitation on the part of these young fellows, English and American. They drove at top speed into the heart of the stricken town, into the midst of falling walls and splintering steel. It was superb courage.

I dressed between shells: washing, somewhat superficially, between explosions, trying to arrange my hair and look out of the window at the same time. Then we all hurried down to the little open square in front of the hotel, and hailed the ambulance men as they returned, asking for news. Such a spirit of *camaraderie* as there was among us all, French and English soldiers, the ambulance men, townspeople, and ourselves! We leaned in at the window of a little café where a lot of the men were breakfasting, and they answered our questions willingly and readily, laying down their big bowls of coffee to give us details of the havoc. The first shell had pitched upon the Place Jean Bart, killing five people outright. It tore a great hole eight feet deep at the base of

the statue of the famous admiral, but Jean Bart himself is standing unscathed, still waving his sword aloft. The wounded were all taken to a hospital in Malo.

While we were talking, two boys approached, each carrying a large canvas sack, filled with the fragments of a shell that had pitched down on the sand dunes, a few hundred yards from the hotel. Some one shouted, 'Souvenirs! Souvenirs!' and in a moment the two youths were surrounded by a curious, lively group, intent on bartering cigarettes and *sous* for these pieces of jagged steel, with fierce cutting edges. They were still warm, these terrible trophies, and had been red hot when the thrifty lads had first gathered them in.

At eight o'clock, Mrs. A. called us in to breakfast, which she gave us in a little room adjoining the kitchen. She had closed the heavy outside wooden shutters, by way of precaution, and as she poured out the steaming coffee, she regaled us with the news. The second shell had burst five hundred yards to the rear of the hotel, injuring four men and a woman. It was *triste*, that, very *triste*, she remarked conversationally. Then for the first time we suddenly realized our position. Shells were pitching over and behind us; we were in the direct line of fire, although not the object of attack. The *sales Boches*, continued Mrs. A., had got the range exactly. Even yet, as we continued to drink our coffee in the semi-darkness of the little dining-room, we had no sense of fear. It was all merely an intensely interesting, an intensely exciting experience, but still, for all that, something quite apart from, something totally beyond, our hitherto sheltered lives.

III

The guns had been silent for an hour, and we were making plans for the day.

Y. had business in Calais, and had obtained her military permit to go there the evening before. I offered to accompany her to the station. Then Mrs. A. announced that she was going to the docks to bring some hospital supplies, just arrived from England, to a place of safety. She wished to remove them from the docks to a little village outside the danger zone, and offered to give Y. and me a lift into town. I was filled with an overwhelming curiosity to see the town, to know what damage had been caused by these tremendous shells. A huge *camion* or motor-truck drove up to the door; we climbed aboard, and then started at breakneck speed for the town. Mrs. A. and Y. were comfortably installed on the driver's seat, but I, bouncing about on the floor behind, saw no object in this frantic pace. At the gates a sentry stopped us and examined our papers, and we flew on again. Suddenly I realized, in a flash, that we were entering the town, not because the bombardment was over, but between intervals of bombardment! A sickening sense of fear, of nervous dread, passed over me.

We sped through the Place Jean Bart, so prosperous and busy the day before, now a scene of desolation and ruin. Not a whole pane of glass in any window of the square; there were jagged holes in many roofs, and the façades of many houses presented huge, jagged gashes in the masonry, where a cobblestone or piece of steel had torn a giant rent. The motor swerved down a side street, to avoid a street rendered impassable by a collapsed house that blocked the roadway. A few venturesome townsfolk gingerly picked their way through the litter of glass and debris, but, for the most part, the town seemed deserted. For the first time I saw war in the concrete, saw the havoc wrought by those awful guns, contrasted the peaceful workaday life of yester-

day with this sunlit, silent, stricken scene of to-day. A feeling of cold terror passed over me. We were in Dunkirk, not after a bombardment, but between intervals of a bombardment! We were in Dunkirk while the great guns were cooling! This long pause between periods of shelling did not indicate that they had been found and silenced — our nerves were merely being racked by this long pause, this long and irregular interval between shells!

Finally we arrived at the docks, after passing ruined houses that had been destroyed to their foundations, not one brick standing upon another. Where each shell had pitched, destruction utterly. Shells of smaller calibre tear holes in buildings. These monster *obus*, dropping from the sky, crush buildings to the earth. Mrs. A. left us at the docks, for we could not enter with her, having no military permits. She directed us to the station, and Y. and I made our way together along the rough, cobbled, sunny streets. Y. talked of what she would do in Calais, the train by which she would return. I tried to listen, but that horrible fear gripped my heart. They would begin again, those awful guns! They would begin again before I could make my way back to Malo! I should be alone in the midst of it. Alone, in the midst of a town under fire by the most fearful guns the Germans possessed! Y., ever cheerful, spoke as if it were all over, of the people in Calais she intended to see. So we walked along to the station under a sweltering June sun.

We were approaching the station, a bare, meagre little brick building, with a hot open square in front of it, and were making our way across this sunny *place*, when suddenly a terrible roar burst upon us. Just behind the station, three hundred yards away, a shell fell with appalling, rending crash! The bombardment had begun.

We stood still, looking in all directions for a place of safety, for one of those flapping signs, '*Refuge en cas d'alerte*,' that we had passed in other parts of the town. None were to be seen. We had lost our bearings, and knew not where to turn. Y. indicated the station with a nod. 'Well, not *there*, at all events,' she remarked significantly. 'Railways are always a target.' As we paused, high-powered military motors shot past us, the occupants waving to us to fly. In the distance, men dashed along the streets at full speed, running for their lives. They had an objective: they knew where they were going, what shelter they were seeking, where to run. But we were helpless. The surrounding houses were shattered and blank, giving no signs of life, of aid, of assistance. We dared not run, we did not know where to run. Obviously not toward the little station, but where? Danger was everywhere, in the open spaces, under the walls of houses. There was no one to direct us. A donkey-cart trotted by in the distance, the owner frantically beating the little animal with a whip. Its tiny feet fairly twinkled over the cobblestones, yet for all that its progress seemed slow. Still, it was being lashed onward to some place of refuge, of security — driven in some definite direction.

Again a military motor flew by, and again the occupants waved to us to run. Yes, that was it, run—but where? The waving arms indicated the wide horizon—we saw before us only blank, deserted streets. We made our way down a narrow alley between shuttered houses, and presently found ourselves by the bank of a canal. There was a curious sense of safety in the proximity of water, yet a motor-boat sped along the canal, the men on it shouting to us to fly. To fly—where? And after all, where could our short flight carry us? Out of

range of those awful shells, that traveled twenty-two miles in a few seconds? As well wait here as a few hundred feet away. Why run?

And all the while the siren whistled — a long, wailing, melancholy moan, rising and falling in the summer air. It was the police warning of danger, the signal to the townspeople to hide. So we stood irresolute on the canal bank, waiting. I faced toward the guns. The horrible thing would pitch in front of me. I turned about, in the opposite direction — it would fall there. Never for a second was there any fear of death, but an agonizing fear of the concussion, of a jaw torn off, of a nose smashed in. A pile of new red tiles lay on the canal bank, and I heard Y. remark slowly, drawlingly, 'These will fly in every direction, fly in a thousand pieces; they are awful!' A million cutting fragments! I moved away from them toward a patch of glowing yellow weeds, — yellow flowers, golden, triumphant, unterrified. I wanted to sit down among them. It seemed a calm, sensible thing to do. One move was as good as another.

In that fearful moment, there was not one intellectual faculty I could call upon. There was nothing in past experience, nothing of will-power, of judgment, of intuition, that could serve me. I was beyond and outside and apart from the accumulated experience of a lifetime. My intelligence was worthless in this moment of supreme need. Every decision would be wrong, every movement would be in the wrong direction, and it was also wrong to stand still. Right, left, forward, backward, there was no intellectual power to direct my steps.

IV

We stood in a little open triangle — on one side the water, on the other two sides rows of closed, empty houses.

One of these houses had been destroyed during some previous bombardment; the upper part was blown away, and green canvas was stretched over the gaping, demolished roof. But as I looked at it, a woman suddenly ran into the square, rushed up to the door of this ruined house, beat upon it and was admitted. Sanctuary!

I shouted to Y. 'Quick! quick! That house! They've got a cellar!' We flew across to the door — all that was left standing of that crumpled building — and beat upon it, over and over again. Would they never answer, would they never let us in? The next shell must come any second now, any second now. We pounded frantically on the door. It opened suddenly and a man stood there.

'Let us in,' we cried. 'Let us in! Have you a cellar?'

'But yes,' he answered courteously. 'Enter quickly — there is not much time.'

He led the way down a narrow passage, across a shallow court, and raising a heavy door in the ground, preceded us down a flight of steep stone steps into the cool, sheltering darkness of a vaulted cellar. And as we descended, came the exploding roar of a rending shell.

The wonderful relief of that cellar! The feeling of security in the blessed darkness, the comfort of companionship — for as our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, we discovered a score of people, refugees like ourselves, who like ourselves had fled from the terror without. A dim oil-lamp made a faint illumination, and an upward glance showed stout brick arches, supported by iron girders. Moreover, they say a shell never falls twice on exactly the same spot, and this strong vaulted ceiling had resisted a ton of steel two months ago. The man's wife welcomed us, and pushed forward a brok-

en chair, which Y. and I shared. Then we all waited in silence, broken by an occasional whisper. In the gloom, we gradually discerned beds in corners, a cookstove, cupboards. This cellar was all the home these people knew, and here they had been living for the past two months. Two ragged children rolled hoops, and a floppy puppy tumbled here and there. A ray of sunlight filtered in from a barred window giving on the street. So we whispered and waited — waited.

Presently another knock sounded on the street door above, and after an interval our host led down another woman, a refugee like ourselves. Intense calm prevailed; not a sound, not a sob or outcry of any sort, nothing but acceptance and resignation, stoical and fatalistic. I murmured, 'But this is terrible, is it not?' and a woman replied with a shrug, 'What would you? This is a fortified town.' That summed it up. This is war and Dunkirk is a fortified town. I recalled the hysterical sobbing of the London press, raving over 'baby-killers' and 'slayers of women,' and contrasted it with the attitude of these people under fire, their dignified acceptance of war.

Another rapping on the street door, and another refugee appeared, this time a man. He told us that a second shell had struck the Place Jean Bart, and that another had killed eight people just outside the walls. We drew near to hear the whispered news. The puppy flopped about, and some of us leaned over to pat it. No one cared for the puppy, but it was a distraction, a human recognition of the normal, our touch with homely ways of life. Once again the earth rocked with concussion, and the little beast sprawled on its fat feet.

We counted them as they struck — four. Now it was time for the guns to cool. A woman rose to her feet and

thanked our hosts for their hospitality, and we rose too, thanked them, and followed the woman into the street. Outside the sunlight was dazzling, but for the moment the danger was over, and we must make our way back to Malo as rapidly as possible. The little woman directed us on our way, and then left us, wishing us good luck.

Following her directions, we hastened along the deserted, sunbaked streets. Even in this brief respite, life was beginning again, reasserting itself. Soldiers hung about doorways; men walked in the middle of the roads. Through opening cellar doors and windows we had glimpses of living-rooms prepared for use during bombardment. People were raising their iron shutters, and protruding heads were stealing furtive glances into the sunlit, summer air.

That interminable walk through Dunkirk! In all directions we could see shattered houses; streets and sidewalks littered with broken glass, fallen bricks and rubbish; gaping walls open to the heavens. It was terrible to pass through those hot streets, wondering, as we walked, whether we should reach Malo before the guns began again. It was like walking in a nightmare, dragging leaden legs, with the terror that comes with dreams. A wrong turning, a false direction, and we should lose precious moments — those moments while the great guns cooled. And then, as turn after turn, street after street brought us nearer our destination, the awful tension relaxed. We were in action. Escaping, escaping! Approaching nearer and nearer, each moment, to a place of comparative safety. The battered houses, the desolation, the long length of the town under the glaring sun! Could we cross it in time?

A whirling motor sounded behind us — our truck returning from the docks! They took us aboard and dashed on.

The tremendous relief of motion, the tremendous joy of clinging to the sides of a bounding motor, racing at top speed for the city gates! No matter what the outcome, here at last was decision and action, plan and will; not the hesitating, halting, baffling indecision of an hour before, when all our intellectual faculties and intuition were in abeyance before a force that we could neither divine nor calculate upon.

At lunch we were all full of our different experiences. Mrs. A. and B. were on the docks when the bombardment began, but they continued about their work and loaded the *camion* unhesitatingly and unflinchingly. For them, action was clearly defined.

Shells began falling again during lunch, and we finished our meal in the twilight of the shuttered room. One struck the ground about a hundred yards to the side of, another in a field half a kilometre in front of, the hotel. Every ten or fifteen minutes they fell, and then we went upstairs to the balcony to watch them. Some passed directly over us; a few fell short, on one side or the other.

As the afternoon wanes, a high sea wind has sprung up, which seems to deflect them, and they are falling nearer and nearer. We have nothing to do but sit and watch them. So here we are, six of us, calm, smiling, apparently indifferent. Underneath, however, is a terrible tension as each shell falls, and the tension in the intervals of waiting is still more awful. We are in the direct line of fire, with no hospital, no work, no occupation of any sort. If we had, it would be different. Should we desert now, take refuge in any of the ambulances that are below, that would

so willingly carry us to a place of safety, the authorities would consider it an indication of how we would stand by our patients under fire. So here we all sit on the balcony of this flimsy little hotel, wondering where the next shot will fall. The hotel has no cellar; it is a cheap frame structure that would collapse like a house of cards. We smoke endless cigarettes, consume endless cups of tea and coffee, and eat the supply of chocolate that is to last a month. Never in my life have I drunk so much tea and coffee — we are at it incessantly, with never a pause! No human power can protect us or intervene. We are all quiet and motionless, and utterly calm. Yet we strain our ears for each shot — when we see the smoke we know where *that* has fallen, at least.

I am writing this to kill time; yet as each shell strikes I spring to the window, and my chair falls backwards, while the others laugh. I start at each explosion, strain my eyes for the cloud of smoke — who knows in what direction it will arrive, — before us, to right, to left? Are they carrying past our tinderbox of a hotel? Is the next one going to fall short and strike?

Beneath the balcony, restless townspeople wander up and down the beach, seeking shelter, and knowing that there is none. Old men, old women leading children, with dogs following, — up and down they wander, to and fro, backward and forward, in the open, back again to the streets, sometimes alone, sometimes seeking the companionship of others as helpless as themselves. Terror-stricken, wretched, restless, utterly calm.

And so we sit on the balcony and watch the bursting shells — and wait.

THE WINTER'S WAR

BY A BRITISH CAPTAIN

THE doctors have pronounced me fit again, and in seven days I go back to France — to summer, to sunshine, and, possibly, to dryness. That level country northwest of Armentières, — it never looked as though a hundred suns could dry it. For three months almost, ever since the day they carried me to hospital, my mind has been out there, picturing the mud, the new men come to take the places of the fallen, wondering what line we held, and whether the old billets, the old landmarks, still remained, or whether they were shoved behind us. A week from now I shall know.

We had stuck out the winter and seen the approach of spring; everything was looking easier — and then I was carried away. My main sensation was one of disappointment. I had felt so thoroughly acclimatized — 'salted,' our doctors call it. Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to submit; and here I am in England, waiting for seven more days to pass, and enjoying my recovered strength.

I had had four months of crowded life, masculine, abrupt, and strenuous. Sometimes it seemed a severance from all I had known before, the beginning of a new life; at other times it seemed tedious beyond words and gray with all monotony. Soldiering has its moods and varying phases, I soon discovered, — these held in place by the automatic checks of discipline, discipline accepted and become a habit; discipline grown to a faith and a religion. By its aid I discovered that I could go without sleep,

rise at unearthly hours, hold on to my wits until no wits were needed, go hungry or thirsty as luck decreed, and accept the whole position without rebellion.

I had come new to war like most of us, and sometimes it was a matter of curiosity with me to watch how the human machine stood the sheer physical wear and tear of it. One saw men grow ten years older under one's eyes, so to speak; or one saw them tougher and tougher till they seemed unbreakable — a pathetic enough error when the shock came.

The newspapers have described the invisible qualities of this war: the seemingly empty fields, the disguised guns, the sheer blank that confronts the spectator with eyes searching the earth. Up in the air matters may be more lively. Shell-bursts make little clouds; the aeroplanes hum; sometimes you may see the flash of a heavy howitzer as well as hear the *boum* of its report. It was a dull business last winter — unseen and haphazard death, with little apparent method or objective. At night, however, it occasionally grew dramatic. Sounds that were like some dim performance in the day swelled up at night and rapidly became orchestral. The din of the motor-transport was hushed, one lay alone in the darkness with one's thoughts, and presently the rifle-fire would roar and ebb and flow like an angry sea. The voices of the guns seemed to draw closer. Yes, it was terrible if your imagination ran loose, peopling the darkness; but perhaps it

was your luck to be snug in your sleeping-bag, with boots actually off and your head on an air-cushion. Then, 'D—n it,' you would say, 'I'm going to sleep, I am. I don't care what happens so long as I get some sleep.' In the morning you would go out to the field where a couple of shells, mercifully short, had blown their craters in the mud. The young wheat was coming through, and you would stand entranced by the sunrise.

One of the most poignant memories, it may be, that I have brought back from the war is the unearthly beauty of the dawn in that low country. Morning after morning I watched it, and the wonder never ceased. Water, mirroring willows and the silvery sky, stood ever in the foreground; the low farmhouses lay mysterious; the battered church was whole again. With the full light and an awakened world the picture was commonplace; in the half light and the silence its beauty seemed the one spiritual element in a ravaged world.

That hour passes and the business of the day begins. Each day is like its fellow and there is no rest on the Sundays. Here, behind the firing line, you see this traffic at its densest; the roads are full of men and every form of traction. The horse-transport comes out and drives off to its rendezvous; the motor lorries roll up to empty the supply trains; the cavalrymen — a useless arm just now — go winding down the roads to exercise the horses; away in the meadows you see men digging precautionary lines of trenches, in case the enemy break through. Outside the billets men come marching in, mud-stained, unshaven. They have been relieved and exchange greetings with a company drawn up previous to a close inspection. The well-greased rifles are speckless, while those of the returning men are muddied and often broken.

Well in the open again, you meet an artilleryman with a roving anti-aircraft gun. For three months, he will tell you, he has carried on his small command, and every one of his five hits has been a fluke. The weapon, painted red and green and yellow so as to look like nothing from above, is wearing out. For some unexplained reason he wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he will not tell you why, nor do you ask him. A few minutes later you discover a kilted orderly shaving by the roadside. His lathered chin amuses you and you pass on. Here at the Front nothing surprises you; down at the Base men carry on as though they were at home.

One day, quite unexpectedly, I ran into three young men from my own village. I came to them as something familiar in a land full of strangeness and a life all new to them. It was pleasant to see how they brightened and quite forgot their homesickness. I lunched that day with a colonel fresh from the grave of his only son. He too was from my own country, so there was something else to speak about. We ran over a dozen friends, all members of this great brotherhood. For that is what our army has become at last. The social cant and class distinctions have all gone down before the test of war.

One spirit we have inherited from the old army: the fire of its traditions has never burned so brightly; we guard that flame as religiously as ever it was upheld before. All the old regiments are alive to-day, and some — the most splendid — have grown to brigades and overrun into divisions. It is no uncommon thing to find a twentieth battalion of a famous name, and the youngest recruit carries forward the old pride and wears his badges as a personal distinction. A queer thing, our army, with its individual choice and clan or territorial claims. I do not think the

French have ever understood that side of it. Their regiments of the line carry numbers, and one number is much the same as any other. I spent a lively half hour with an old French lady trying to explain the difference. She had wanted to know why our men were so spick and span and groomed themselves so assiduously. It was the regiment and not the man who counted, I tried to say, the regiment with two hundred years behind it. She caught the point at last, and said it was all very well in a small army. 'It will be all the same in a big one,' I ventured; 'our men join the Gordons or the Buffs, and they would make their choice with conscription.'

Somehow, here at home, one recalls mainly the things that touched one; the things against which one steeled one's self are left behind. I see the long hospital train at a certain station and the stretcher-bearers bringing in the wounded, gray-faced and prone, yet still, perhaps, content. Their quiet suffering always had an eloquence that was most noble. The worst cases are concealed by a blanket that is almost like a shroud. One passes these as though one were in church during a service. With this, one has a picture of the new men rolling in. They come in their thousands — fresh-faced lads from every quarter. There is something virginal about them at the start; they feel their inexperience, the strangeness of a foreign country; we whom they find here are treated as veterans. One stands on the sidewalk watching the long columns, a lump in one's throat, proud of the youth and health and pluck of them. 'Are there any men left in England?' asks a Frenchwoman who for months and months has seen the transports in the quay outside her shop. At Havre and the other landing-places they have evidence that Britain is doing her share unstintedly and well.

The French are a generous race.

Half a dozen times has a chance-met party volunteered the statement that without us all would have been over in the autumn of last year. A little watch-maker with whom I had some dealings began it; a Normandy farmwife who gave me some cider and bread and cheese repeated it. For a proud people this seemed a flattering admission. I think the French underestimated themselves and overestimated the enemy; but for all that, it is *triste*, as a small boy expressed it, with all the strong men away and only the women and children left in the villages. There are the old men too! I saw one such rush out to greet a party of the wounded. His hands were full of cigarettes, and to and fro he went like an eager bird. It was a joy to watch his pleasure and dancing activity.

And it is a pleasure, too, to see the ladies with their coffee-stalls at the stations, at all hours of the day and night and in all weathers. 'Êtes-vous blessé?' asked one such who had come to me passing through. 'Pas encore,' I answered smiling; but she did not smile. I am afraid we have a more primitive sense of humor than these serious Latin peoples. The educated French seem serious at heart, an old people, without illusions and full of knowledge. The working classes are gayer and not too different from our own. It was instructive to watch the British rank and file fraternize with the vast bulk of the population: where we officers found it difficult, they were immediately at home. What language they talked is still a mystery, but somehow they got the women to wash and dry their clothes, to pass on the baby, and to exchange information about the size and nature of their families. So many of our men are married and full of photographs of those at home. Often I saw these produced to a sympathetic audience.

Yet, even before I left, the old professional army had almost vanished. Gradually, one became aware of the change in officers and men; a certain stiffness had disappeared; in talk one could range a wider group of interests, and often one looked closely at a private, feeling that he was much the same type as his officers. I questioned two young sappers, to discover that they were Cambridge undergraduates; a hospital orderly, when asked, told me that before the war he had been an organist; while a driver in the artillery had been a professional reciter! The old-time soldier possessed the limitations as well as the virtues of a caste; the present army is the nation, and as varied as its origins. And we being rather a conservative nation on the whole, one found that the new army was in some respects more Catholic than the Pope — extra-keen, extra-zealous, and extra-proud to be in uniform. The last will explain the prosperity of any and every photographer.

In this war an officer is responsible for the private correspondence of his men, and I hardly know how many letters I have read, addressed to mothers, wives, and other dear ones. The men who run the greatest risks are the most sober, and the phrase, 'If I am spared,' is ever on their pens. In these tense times the simple language of the Book of Common Prayer comes home to them; it is the clerical ones, sitting in offices and running few risks, who employ the stale idiom of the newspaper; while quite safe in the bases and supply depots are the heroes who prate most of shot and shell. These give their public what it wants, and depict themselves in the attitudes and situations of the sensational poster-artist. It was my luck to do a deal of censoring on one of the days immediately after Christmas. Our Royal Family had thought of every one of us, and it was a pleasure

to see how man after man regarded his gift and cards as a personal and individual attention. The card from the King and Queen was sent home in every letter, with strict injunctions to treat it carefully, and Princess Mary's box, pipe, tobacco, cigarettes, and card were described with an appreciation that was as charming as unaffected. Apart from this correspondence, one guessed that many a lonely fellow expecting nothing on that day had been surprised and in a way comforted. I remember my own zeal in opening the parcel from home and comparing it with those received by my comrades. Since one's schooldays one had been a stranger to this particular emotion; and later, after our Christmas dinner, the same idea came back, as one saw gray-headed field officers prancing round the dining-room. We were like boys that night, the oldest and the youngest of us. Beyond the English, and probably the American, I do not think there is any people that could have played the fool so heartily.

Another memory of those winter months — and of to-day and yesterday — are the letters written to the friends of fallen comrades, mere boys, so many of them, judged by their years, their candor, and their inexperience. One wrote — it was all one could do. The black-edged answers are the most touching letters I have ever opened. Not one mother who did not face her loss. 'I am glad that I had him to give,' one read, and never a word of repining. Often one had never seen these correspondents; and yet they wrote with freedom, and sometimes with an intimacy so moving that their words had all the force of the great masters. One hesitates to destroy such letters, and yet they must be as common in England to-day as were the thoughtless and hurried scrawls that so many of us posted a year ago.

Another feature of the winter's war, and one even more prominent in the new armies, was the presence of those roving and adventurous men who have streamed home from every quarter of the globe. In one day I met a man who had hastened back from Persian oil-fields, a second who had been ostrich-farming in Florida, a third from Portuguese East Africa, and two comrades who had sailed from China. There are ranchers from Texas and Wyoming, ex-officers of our mercantile marine, men whose last address was somewhere about the Andes, and gentlemen from Labuan and the Siberian wilds. Good soldiers they made as well as fascinating conversationalists; and though as a rule the Englishman is voted a dull dog when it comes to foreign languages, here was gathered the most amazing collection of linguists I have ever encountered. The motor-ambulance drivers and Red Cross men, too, were marked by qualities uncommon in the old army. Many of them were what the journalist calls 'intellectuals'; and I remember that one of the real talks about books, writing, and pictures I had out there was with an Oxford man whose present occupation is to drive the sick and wounded. A second equally delightful evening was spent with a French writer of some note who is acting as interpreter with one of our brigades. A gentle, sensitive creature, he was pleased to observe his indifference to shell-fire and other matters on which he had had doubts. The war had released in him a latent mysticism, a rare quality among the Latin French, with their passion and genius for logic and exactitude of form. He was pleased to come across some one with an interest in such matters, for, as he plaintively remarked, the bulk of his conversations had dealt entirely with requisitionings and billets; and so we mysticized till a late hour, and then

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to bed. At seven the next morning I received my own injury and first made acquaintance with the Sisters behind the firing line.

It is difficult to speak without emotion of the Sisters, those quiet figures in scarlet and gray whom one discerns with the renewal of consciousness. One comes to them out of a welter of mud and blood and din; the calm and quiet where they rule gains by the contrast. Not very young women as the years go, they are of the right age for their work. Serene, devoted, they come and go through the half-lights of awakening and return; selfless, untiring, they anticipate one's smallest needs through the dragging hours of the long night. Among them I recall faces whose beauty was three parts love and pity. I cannot write of them here; I can only salute in silence and pass on.

In hospital one feels, too, the kindness of the ordinary man. Placed together in wards of six or eight or even ten, it might be thought that the cases requiring quiet would be disturbed. They are not. One grew aware of consideration and thoughtfulness, natural, unostentatious; the patients who were fit and able went down to the smoke-room when they wanted to chat and play. Each morning the medical officer made his rounds, — cheery, buoyant, breathing optimism. He was accompanied by specialists who had sacrificed income and practice to be here. I got on the human side of such a one when things went better. He was elderly, spectacled, rather insignificant, and irreverent subalterns had named him 'Crippen.' He had renounced a good practice and most of his income; and yet, 'I would n't have missed this for a thousand pounds,' he said; and he meant it.

One passes from one's personal memories to record the main impression generated by this struggle. Everywhere

one feels the strong hand of organization; war has become a business, and its leaders and captains require more than anything the qualities of the arch-industrialist. The men on the firing-line are important; but viewed objectively and coldly, even more important are the men who feed man, horse, and gun. It is the supply officer and the ordnance officer who stoke the vast engine and maintain its power, and their business is one whose ramifications are as extensive as the world. The farms of every continent are called upon for the food and forage which keep these mammoth armies alive; and sometimes it seemed to me that North American oats and South American beef must be more common in France than across the Atlantic. The same with the raw material of projectiles and explosives, of aircraft and field kitchen, motor lorry and limber.

I conclude these random memories in a tent lit by a hurricane lamp. My table is an empty bacon-box and the rain is beating on the canvas. I go back

to France as an officer of one of the new armies. I have read much of late of the horror and sacrifice of war, yet the men I see round me prove that there are compensations. We may have lost a couple of hundred thousand men and we may lose half a million more, but against this must be balanced those three million new men who twelve months ago were living the life of cities and the rural life of selfish idleness or ill-paid toil. Some were clerks, others were shopmen, others were rustics not far removed from serfs. For close on a year they have lived a man's life in the open, and anybody seeing them would recognize at a glance that they are twice the men to-day that they were at this time last year.

Striking a balance, it seems to me that with all our losses, past or to be, we British are something to the good, and that in losing we have gained immeasurably, and that out of these present sorrows we may emerge stronger, saner, and healthier than we have ever been before.

THE BITTER EXPERIENCE OF LORRAINE

BY LÉON MIRMAN

UPON Lorraine two scourges have swooped down — the scourge of war and the scourge of crime.

War — which France did her utmost to avoid. The proof of these efforts of France to maintain peace is written in more than one of our Lorraine villages. Let none forget this: in the first days of August, 1914, while the situation was strained, all hope of preserving peace

was not abandoned; there was electricity in the air; a spark might cause an explosion. The government of the Republic desired to avert that disaster; it ordered that, so long as the irreparable had not happened, our troops should remain in the positions they then occupied, and should at need fall back ten kilometres from our frontier. Our army, quivering with excitement, ob-

served these instructions scrupulously. Meanwhile, German troops made their way into more than one Lorraine commune of this district, and performed acts of war before war was declared. This was the first violation of those 'laws of war' which the civilized nations had slowly worked out, and which had been reduced to a code in solemn conventions. It proved to be but the prelude.

Many Lorraine communes have been 'victims of war.' They found themselves in the midst of the fighting. The tempest rushed headlong upon them. Shells — German or French according to the fluctuations of the battle — rained down upon their houses and annihilated them. There was nothing to be said. It is the stern law of war. The inevitable passed that way. Let us not be angry with the hand that struck; let us exhale our wrath only against the responsible author of the crime, who, intoxicated by his mad dream of world-domination, let loose the scourge.

But there are ruins of another kind. Gerbeviller, Nomeny, Badonviller, Parux, Nonhigny, Domevre, Crevic — alas! the complete list would be a long one. These towns have not been *destroyed* by the war; I bear witness that they have been *assassinated*! There they slew old men, women, and children. I saw the dead bodies.

I shall never forget my sensation of horror, the first time that I succeeded in finding my way into Gerbeviller, at sight of a group of fifteen civilians lying in a meadow on the edge of a stream. They were in three groups of five. The men in each group, as they stood, had evidently drawn close together before dying. The groups were about a yard apart. They had fallen on their backs before a volley, like a section of wall. The clenched hand of one still held an old pipe. Their suspenders had been cut and their trousers had fallen

down to their knees. We can but think that the young German warriors were afraid that those old men (for old men they really were) would run away from death. The fifteen martyrs had white hair; they still retained a venerable aspect; their brows reflected an august serenity; through their closed eyes they looked toward heaven, as if to call it to witness.

Nor shall I ever forget the thrill of pride with which I pressed the hand of the Mayor of Badonviller. His wife, with many others, had been shot point-blank, and his house burned with many other houses. The next day the enemy fell back and a French patrol brought in a prisoner. The bodies of the civilian victims had not been buried; the burned houses were still smoking. The prisoner was one of the soldiers who had been guilty of the double crime. He was taken to the Mayor's office. A crowd surrounded him and threatened him. The mayor intervened, and imposed silence upon all. He did not try to find out whether the man was a murderer, whether he had killed his wife, or burned his house; he was a prisoner and his person must be respected; so he took him under his own protection.

This incident teaches a two-fold lesson: it shows the sort of warfare which the French in Lorraine have had to undergo, and the other totally different sort of warfare which they have waged.

But let us put aside the recollection of these crimes against persons. After the murders (who will ever be able to make a complete list of them?) the — temporary — conqueror burned the houses. They were burned one after another, methodically — I would say scientifically, were I not afraid of dishonoring that noblest of noble terms. There is no possibility of mistake about it: it was not shells that destroyed those houses during the fighting, as the chance of battle decreed: it was the

hand of man which brought to the spot the special machines prepared for that purpose. We have found elsewhere in the district a number of these machines for setting fires; they form a part of the regular impedimenta of the German soldiers. There is no possibility of mistake, I say: the crime is not simply attested by the witnesses who still exist; it is *signed*. Those who, like myself, have had the painful duty of inspecting the devastated communes after their liberation, distinguish at the first glance the houses destroyed by the deliberate incendiarism of the savages from those which were simply subjected to bombardment.

It is like this: these houses have not crumbled, nor are they riddled with holes; the four walls are generally intact, and so are the chimneys, hollow masses of brick adhering to the walls, whose draft quickened the flame. The photograph of a street, taken along its length, would give a false impression of the actual condition of the town: apparently not a building is injured; and yet each house is a mere skeleton, without floors or roof; the walls alone remain, all blackened with smoke inside; not one has been demolished by shells. (The aspect of these villages has naturally changed with time: the winter has passed with its accompaniment of rain and snow; a number of walls have fallen in; others, which had become dangerous, have been pulled down.) If, therefore, bombardment was the cause of the damage, it must have been that the shells fell from the zenith, and only a god could have discharged such a volley. But no, the thing came to pass more simply: the 'old German God' did not send down a vertical rain of shells upon those peaceful little homes; it was the German army that deliberately set fire to them, in obedience to the definite orders of its leaders.

What was the motive of the crime?

The pretext we all know. It was everywhere the same. The Germans declared that the civilians fired on them. I stamp upon that false pretence; I declare that in no commune in Lorraine was a civilian guilty of that utterly useless and provocative act. I have described above the conduct of the Mayor of Badonviller, and that conduct, which every one hereabouts approved, is evidence enough of how France understands the laws of war. I cannot say whether it was weakness on his part, but I know very well that it was to his honor.

No! *They* burned as they murdered, without motive, without the shadow of an excuse. They acted with method, under strict discipline, with a very clearly defined object in view. What was the object? No honest man, however far removed from the seat of war, can at this day fail to know, and I have only to mention it. Many masters of German thought have written, in ponderous treatises, that the most efficient method of shortening a war, of making sure of victory and hastening its arrival, is *to terrorize the civil population*. All German officers do not accept this doctrine, but some of them make it their own, and when the occasion arises, turn it into action. Thus are explained the widely different fates of our Lorraine communes: here, the officer of the old school brought into the task of war the scruples with which to-day all those make it their pride and glory to comply whose minds are unacquainted with the divagations of *Kultur*; there, the officer who is neither embarrassed nor honored by such scruples applied literally the doctrine of the masters; he played the game of crime to the limit: he burned the houses, he killed the old men, he shot the women and children at random; he did his utmost to terrorize, and sometimes smoked out the poor creatures who had taken refuge in

cellars; he gave rein within himself, and, so far as he could, in the hearts of his subordinates, to a sort of epileptic outburst of violence and brutality.

But once again 'Herr Professor' took the wrong road. His reckoning went astray. These scenes of terror did not, as he hoped, crush the soul of France. France is very easily moved, but not frightened. You can soften her, lead her away from her duty, and conceal her true interest from her, through arousing her ready emotion by some act, some suggestion, some utopian vision of greatness of heart and love. You can allure her by nobility of conduct. Manifestly, too, you can crush her by brute force, — but you cannot reduce her to helplessness by terror. These crimes have taught us to hate, not to cringe.

Victims of the war or of crime, the devastated communes are numerous in Lorraine. What will become of them, and what has become of their people?

The people, who did not desert their villages until the last extremity, have had various experiences. Those who lived near the boundary of the department and crossed that boundary, have scattered through France — to the Centre and the South, where they have been welcomed like brothers. I have done all that I possibly could do to retain on Lorraine soil the largest possible number; here they are not so uprooted, as it were; they live in a neighborhood to which they are more accustomed; the tie that binds them to the consecrated ground where they were born and where their ancestors repose, the ground which they will make fruitful by their toil of to-morrow, is not broken; they are encompassed by a more active affection; and more, and above all, being near to their villages, they will return to them as soon as it is humanly possible to do so — that is, as soon as the military operations permit,

and also, as soon as they can find in the ruined villages a semblance of shelter.

There are still twenty thousand refugees in the department, awaiting the blessed hour of their return to their homes. The majority are in Nancy itself; several thousands of women, children, and old men are quartered in huge barracks. It was in these barracks that the glorious troops of the 20th Corps were in garrison before the war. The heroes marched away; hens and newly hatched chickens took shelter in the eagle's nest. Our barracks have been transformed into hospital cities. Take the Molitor barrack, with its twenty-five hundred guests. We have set up there twenty schools for children — boys and girls — of less than thirteen years; classes in housekeeping for girls of thirteen to eighteen; trade schools for boys above thirteen; workshops for adults; a church in a shed, a hospital, shower-baths, and so forth.

Go into one of the workshops: our women are working for the army, making bags which, being filled with earth, are used in building parapets in the trenches; their wages are modest, but they know that these bags are essential for the national defense, that bags of earth are the modern bucklers, and the coarse needles fly to and fro in the silence. Look into the housekeeping class: our girls are making dresses from the material we give them; they are learning cooking, mending, domestic economy.

And now take the trade school — say, for example, the carpenter's shop: our boys, who never held a plane until yesterday, are already making benches, ladders, kitchen buffets, — articles, all of them, the making of which affords an opportunity for them to learn to work, and which will be distributed through the villages when our unhappy people are able to return thither.

Go into our ordinary schools: every

one is hard at work, as if, by doing his problem without an error, or his page of writing, he hoped to save his country. Inspect staircases, dining-rooms, bedrooms — everything is scrupulously clean. Here good order, toil, and discipline reign; here, confidence in the destiny of the Fatherland can be felt in the air.

Nancy, an open city, — Nancy, which since the war began has not had within its walls a single gun, a single regiment, a single depot of munitions, — Nancy, which no fortification defends, — was bombarded in September. Being but a few kilometres from the frontier, it is an easy prey for the Zeppelins and Taubes, from which it receives frequent noisy visits. The day is radiantly fine, the air is fresh, a gentle breeze is blowing; Nature gives to man counsels of peace and love. Suddenly a huge sinister bird appears over the city; the guns open fire upon it; it drops a few bombs at random, and hurries away in terror as soon as a French airship appears and gives chase. It has disappeared. Calm is restored. Two or three women and children lie dead in the streets. Silently we bury our dead and every one goes back to work.

And in yonder devastated villages life will begin anew; it is already stirring in some of them. As soon as a village is freed from the German occupation, our Lorrainers rush back to it. In the few houses still standing they crowd together, to be near the fields where they used formerly to raise their fair crops, and where they must raise them again to-morrow. They plough to the roar of the cannon, sometimes amid falling shells.

The rebuilding of the ruined houses presents a serious problem. At the present moment we can think of solving it only partially. Our first care is to repair those houses that are simply *wounded*: here a roof is replaced, there

the holes made by shells are filled up. Alas! the burned houses are not wounded merely — they are dead; the charred and tottering walls must be pulled down, the ruins cleared away, and a new house built on the cleared space. That will be the work of to-morrow. I dare not calculate the money, the material, the labor, the time that it will require! Meanwhile, we must turn our attention to the most urgent needs. We are building temporary shelters, in small houses of brick or fibro-cement, which we assign, in order of priority, to the families of farmers whose return to the commune is necessary for the exploitation of the fields; and among these families, first of all, those — and they are very frequent in Lorraine — in which there are large numbers of children.

Poor creatures! They are happy to find a roof-tree, a home; and yet they are a little like shipwrecked sailors. They have lost everything in the upheaval. They fled from the fire, from the shells that fell like hail, or from the assassins — having no time to take anything with them. They went on foot, by muddy roads, pushing the children's perambulators before them. Everything in the old ancestral home was destroyed. They found there on their return naught but heaps of stone and ashes. Even where the house was only damaged, the interior was downright chaos; the shell which did not destroy all the walls, penetrated them, and when it burst shattered all the furniture.

We do our best to supply these unfortunates with the essential things, but how scanty the essentials are! Our patched-up houses, our temporary shelters, are bare. The bedding is insufficient, the kitchen outfit rudimentary, and furniture properly so-called almost non-existent. What joy would lighten the poor home if I could carry thither

a cradle for the new-born child, or a few pieces of bedding or household articles for the whole family!

But you will not hear a word suggestive of discouragement, weariness, or even impatience. The trial is long and severe; but their souls will be able to endure it, without a moment of weakening, until the end — until the day of liberation. Every one realizes what is at stake in the conflict which is shaking the whole earth, and that it is not, as in so many wars, a simple contest between two nations. The simplest minds feel that if German Imperialism should triumph, not France alone, not Europe alone, but the whole world would be made subject to the most hypocritical, the most brutal, and the most arrogant domination; and that under that new régime all that civilization has won in the domain of thought, of art, and of individual liberty; all that embellishes modern society with grace, elegance, and attractiveness; all that ennobles it in the way of kindness, respect for conventions, sincerity, truth — all this would be endangered, debased, dishonored.

On the other hand they perceive that if German Imperialism shall be crushed, a new era will begin, and that, in the independence and harmonious diversity of the nations, great and small, delivered from the degrading nightmare of

Kultur, — *Kultur* which, not by accident, but by a strictly logical sequence of events, falling lower and lower, descending from one moral backsliding to another, was destined to come at last to the unforgettable crime of the Lusitania, — mankind will resume light-heartedly its upward progress toward the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Every one in France, and with peculiar reason in Lorraine, understands this. Never, therefore, in any land, at any time, was the determination to conquer or to die more vigorously formed. And as the struggle to lay the Monster low must necessarily be a long one, as the magnificent efforts of our troops are not enough, as the whole nation must show itself deserving of the Victory, we civilians too are doing our utmost to prove ourselves worthy of our gallant defenders. We have learned from them the value of discipline, of unwavering resistance, of good-humor in danger, of toil in silence. And, like them, we are united in a deep-rooted, sacred union: Bishop and Prefect, priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, workmen and masters, Conservatives and Socialists, have clasped hands; they communicate in the same love of the Fatherland and of Civilization, menaced by the barbarians; they have a single heart to suffer, a single soul to hope — a single determination to act.

The ATLANTIC desires its readers to know that funds, in large or small amounts, sent personally to M. MIRMAN, Préfet du Département de Meurthe-et-Moselle, Nancy, France, will be immediately applied to the relief of urgent necessities among a population which, during the past year, has endured with extraordinary fortitude peculiar intensity of suffering, and with the French genius for self-help has already made marked progress in rebuilding a civilization laid flat with the ground. Destitution, however, exists in many quarters and pressing need is still general. The ATLANTIC is in a position to assure its readers that M. Mirman may be trusted to dispense relief with the discretion and economy that come from long training, and without the delays which are the chronic curse of committees. As Prefect in a highly centralized system of government, M. Mirman is an official of great importance. In corroboration of his record, private and accurate information concerning him comes from sources in which the ATLANTIC has complete confidence. — THE EDITORS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON AUTHORS

I WRITE myself; therefore I feel free to say what I please about authors; but if you, sir, or madam, who read, but do not write, were to give voice to the reflections that are even now beginning to distill from my pencil, I should doubtless resent them. And here, indeed, I am faced by the sudden reflection that much of what I say myself I might resent in the mouths of others. This leads to a whole new train of thought, which, however, I refuse to take, and board instead the one I set out for, — The Authors' Unlimited. There are many things to be remarked about authors, but in so short a paper it is possible to touch upon only a very few. One of the first facts that strikes the investigator in this field is that members of my profession do not always appear to endear themselves to those with whom they have dealings.

'What do you think of authors?' I once asked an editor.

'I hate 'em!' he answered without a moment's hesitation.

Another editor assured me, with a weary sigh, that authors were 'kittle cattle.' This affords a writer a little leap of amusement. So editors suffer from authors, even as authors from editors! Well, yes, we *are* kittle cattle! But some of this is due, no doubt, to what people expect of us. I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with an eager eye.

'I am making a study of the habits of authors,' she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) 'Kindly tell me at what hour you retire.'

'Usually at half-past ten,' I answered wretchedly.

At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. 'The author of *When All Was Dark*,' she informed me, 'sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savored the dawn.' However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. 'What do you eat?' she asked.

'Three hearty meals a day,' I answered.

'Not *breakfast!*' she pleaded. 'Why, St. George Dreamer *never* takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of a coffee cup will upset his work for a week.'

And then she left me, sure, I have no doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.

Doubtless she is an eager reader of all those little paragraphs informing us how authors write. How this one has to have his black mammy rub his head for an hour before he can even think of work; and that one confesses that to write a love scene she must have the odor of decayed bananas in the room. Well, the world would be a sadder place without these little paragraphs. Would that I had something of a like nature to offer! But alas! I have no black mammy, and the smell of over-ripe fruit leaves my hero cold. Also, to give forth such gems of information one must be able to observe a certain rule. It is, Don't laugh or you might wake up. This rule is always sacredly in force at literary gatherings. The fact of being an author, and of being at an authors' meeting, induces, it appears, an

intense seriousness. In my younger days I did not realize this, and once at a gathering of this nature, I asked a care-free question. 'Do you think,' I inquired of the author next me, 'that it is possible for an unmusical person to write verse?'

I confess now that I put the question somewhat in the spirit of the Irishman, who, asking after his friend's health, added, 'Not that I care a damn, but it makes conversation.' Heaven defend me from ever again making so much conversation! A gleam shot up in my author's eye. 'Let us go over and ask Professor ——,' he cried. 'He wrote *What Poets Cannot Do*. He's just the man to tell us!' And before I could escape, he dragged me through the press of authors, and flung me before the professor, with the tag, 'Unmusical, but aspires to write verse, — is this possible?'

I know now how the beetle feels beneath the microscope. Seeing the little group we made, two young authors 'hurried up, and more, and more, and more.' They surrounded me to listen, to inspect, to comment; they asked one another eager questions about me, they compared notes, they appealed to the author of *What Poets Cannot Do*, and always their dreadful eyes were fixed upon me. Never, never again will I dare the dreadful seriousness of an authors' meeting with an idle question!

I have also learned another lesson. It is how to converse with authors. I shudder now to think of my early and crude attempts in this matter. The remembrance of one particular occasion stands out with dreadful vividness. I had been introduced to a distinguished writer. She raised her eyes to mine for a wan instant, a pale flicker of recognition passed over her face, and then — silence. Readers, — nay, let me call you friends while I make this terrible confession, — *I broke that silence!* I was

young; I did not understand. I do now. I have never been able since to read 'The Ancient Mariner' — I know too well the awfulness of having shot an albatross. 'The lady,' I said to my inexperienced self, 'does not care to converse; she expects you to do so.' Accordingly, I broke into light and cheerful talk, something in conversation corresponding, I fear, to what in dry goods the clerk recommends as 'a nice line of spring styles.' I realize that only a series of illustrations can make the situation clear. Imagine then, if you please, a tinkling cymbal serenading a smouldering volcano; a puppy trying to woo the Sphinx to a game of tag; sunlit waves breaking upon a 'stern and rock-bound coast,' and you may get a faint idea of the situation. I began almost immediately to experience that far-from-home sensation of which Humpty-Dumpty speaks with so much feeling. As I beheld one after another of my little remarks dash itself to nothingness against that stern and rock-bound coast, only the time and the place kept me from bursting into tears. Fortunately it did not last too long. In another minute one or the other of us would have shattered into the maniac's wild laughter. And I have every reason to fear that I should have been that one. Others, however, realizing the awful thing I was doing, rushed up and separated us. Sympathetic hands were stretched to her; low words were murmured, and she was drawn into a secluded corner where her silence might be preserved from any further onslaughts of a like sacrilegious nature. But no one stretched a hand to *me*; no sympathetic words were murmured in *my* ear!

I now know that in conversations with authors there should be long pauses. This is because every remark, after being received by the ear, must be submitted to a strict brain analysis,

and then given a soul-bath before it is proper to venture a reply. I have found, also, that in answering too quickly, I myself lose caste. I now make it a point never to respond to a question addressed to me by an author until I have counted twenty. If the author is very distinguished, I make it fifty for good measure.

Much more remains to be said about authors. I realize that I have, as it were, merely scraped the surface of the subject. Space, however, allows me only room to add one last anecdote. But this one may indeed prove more illuminating than all that has gone before. Once, then, in a certain city where I was visiting, I was invited to attend a meeting of its authors' club. 'Now at this meeting,' I instructed myself before going, 'you will probably encounter the most serious species of author native to this climate.' Accordingly I set forth with a light and expectant heart. As I entered the hall I was aware of another person entering from an opposite door, — a serious, awkward person, with just that peculiar, vague, and almost feeble-minded expression that I have come to associate with writers in general. 'Behold, my child, the SERIOUS AUTHOR,' I commented happily to myself. I looked again, and saw it was *myself in a mirror!*

VASSAR'S FIFTIETH

A FEW years ago, revisiting Vassar, I saw the Maypole dance of the seniors. The whole class was there — between two and three hundred. In the clear sunset light they swept over the green-sward of the campus, singing their best-loved songs, until they reached the broad green space before the library. Here they flowed out in a great white ring of intertwining dancers. In its midst was an inner ring of dancers, in

pale colors, — blue and pink and lavender and green and yellow, — circling about the Maypole, winding and unwinding its rainbow ribbons, while outside these, but still within the white ring, were smaller circlets of dancers, eddying and swirling to the music of the songs. It was a lovely vision, — Chaucer might have dreamed it, — but what impressed me, more even than its beauty, was its wholeness: here was something in which many had united to make up a multitudinous One.

I thought of this again when I happened to see the sophomore tree ceremonies. This time it was evening; the campus lights had been put out, and in the warm darkness of the spring night we waited for what might happen. At last, out of the blackness, flared an altar fire, illuminating the chosen tree. Slow music sounded, and two bands were dimly seen, white-robed youths and maidens of Greece. They marched in slow and rhythmic waves of motion; slowly they approached the tree, their columns parted, they surrounded it, and suddenly broke out into a chorus of invocation. There was a pause, and once more out of the blackness came scurrying bands of green and pink creatures weaving their way in swift and mysterious dances about the tree, floating nearer into the light, vanishing again into the darkness. At length the white-robed throng about the tree took up their song again, formed once more into two bands, and slowly, as they had come, passed into the night. The altar flame flickered lower, sank to a soft glow, and went out.

And again, what I pondered on was the astonishing capacity of these young women to work together for big results, — this, and one other thing: the fact that the college, in its half century of life, had been gaining a more and more real unity, and a richer and richer background of tradition.

But if one of the early critics of Vassar Female College could have witnessed these things with me, his reactions would not have been like mine. He would first of all have said, 'Ah! This is indeed cheering! I now see that the female sex can still be lovely, even though so mistakenly bent on scaling the heights of knowledge — an ascent for which her delicate nature never intended her.'

For this question, whether the scaling of the heights was incompatible with 'female loveliness,' was much in men's minds in '65 and for many years after. It was debated in every wide-awake newspaper and periodical, and the answer was usually that such loveliness was, if not destroyed, at least endangered.

If one of these critics could witness a Vassar Field Day, he would undoubtedly indorse the opinion of a former visitor who, in the early seventies, ended her comment on the college, in a climax of restrained astonishment, with the statement, 'And we must admit that they have superior health — it is most extraordinary!'

Vassar has come a long way since '65 — a long way from the early Vassar, which was occupied, first in proving that the 'female mind' was susceptible of education, next in proving that the female body would not go to pieces under the strain, and — most difficult of all — in proving that *if* the female mind and the female body came through the strange ordeal, female loveliness and charm would not have altogether vanished during the process.

These were serious issues in the sixties, when Vassar started, and in the seventies, when she was beginning to send out into 'the great world' her educated 'females,' to prove or disprove all the theories of all the theorists. Since that time things have changed. The fifty years of life which the college cele-

brates this October have seen a complete revolution in the higher education — and derivatively in the lower education — of women. So complete is it, indeed, that it is only by some such deliberate effort of the imagination as this of the old-time visitor, that we can get a really fresh sense of it. So much that he doubted or denied we now take for granted; so many problems that we are now concerned with had not even appeared on his horizon.

For the newer questions which confront Vassar, and all the other women's colleges which have joined her, are no longer those of the early days. Neither female intellect, female health, nor female loveliness is giving educators today any deep concern. The intellect has proved equal to all demands made upon it, the health has amazingly improved, and female loveliness appears to be able, in this age as in every other, to take care of itself.

It has often happened that the by-products of a process have proved ultimately to be as important as the main product. This may be the case with women's colleges. Founded with three things in mind, — scholarship, health, and 'loveliness,' — they have indeed gained these, but certain other things are also being attained not specifically contemplated by the founders. Not the least among these is the development of a quite unexpected capacity for organized effort, a capacity for teamwork in the largest sense, as great as any shown by bodies of young men. Class demonstrations like those we have touched upon are as deeply significant of student life as any classroom achievement. They imply a power of practical effectiveness, through the proper use and the proper subordination of individual talent, which has hardly yet been generally recognized, of which even the students themselves are not fully conscious, and for

which full scope has not yet been found in the academic scheme of things.

Women's colleges have thus definitely passed beyond the period when, standing by themselves in a small and much criticized group, they worked out the difficult and dangerous problems of 'female education' as such. They have swung into line with the men's colleges, and are known to be concerned, as these are concerned, with all the large problems of education. New things are being demanded of them, as of boys' colleges, — chiefly along the line of a more complete adjustment of the academic life to the life of the 'great world.' Where earlier emphasis was on the scholastic atmosphere, present emphasis is increasingly on the solidarity of college and community. The academic years are more and more regarded, by the students themselves as well as by educators generally, as being, not primarily years of retirement, but years of active apprenticeship.

Obviously, this change brings with it an entirely new set of problems, so new that they have hardly yet been clearly stated. The stating of them and the solving of them will be the business of the students and educators of the next fifty years. As we look forward, it is interesting also to look back, as this fiftieth anniversary of Vassar invites us to do, to the time when, it is not too sweeping to say, nothing in women's higher education was taken for granted.

CADORNA IN CADORE

ALONG with Generals Ruzsky, Brusilov, Von Woyrtz and Von Hoetendorf struggling over the fields and walls of Przemyśl, Przasnysz, Szczecbrzeszyn (this place is real, and figured in the fighting in South Poland), and Krasny-slav, we have had and have — glory be! — General Cadorna fighting bravely

and, at this writing, quite successfully, in Cadore. Paradoxical as it may seem, the horrors of war were considerably reduced by Italy's entrance into the conflict, if we take into account the suffering inflicted on the alphabet.

Though we sigh to think of the waters of Garda stained with blood, the ear is at least soothed by the recurrence of the lake's name in the dispatches. Udine, Isonzo, Palmanova, Roveredo — there is balm in the very words. In this war of languages as well as of nations, the speech of Italy plays the part of the soothing Red Cross nurse.

But now here we have General Cadorna. Why is he called Cadorna, and Von Hoetendorf called Von Hoetendorf? By the same token, why Szczecbrzeszyn and why Cadore? We say that these words belong to different languages, and represent the verbal preferences of two very different peoples. But what is the influence, impulse, or composition of soul which leads Poland to produce Przasnysz, and which results in Udine and Palmanovas on the sunny side of the Alps?

The Pole, the Russian, and — well, the Englishman with his Twickenham Court and the American with Schenectady and Skaneateles, says that the tendency to soft sounds in speech results from inbred vocal indolence. The Italian softens everything because his mind is soft. So the prickly-tongued Northerner says. But the old Romans were not a soft race. They were a thoroughly hard lot. Yet Roma, Umbria, Volaterræ, Lucania — they are surely soft and pleasing words. Some of our savage western Indians had the softest and most musical names, but those rather tame fellows of the Maine woods left their part of the map corrugated with jawbreakers.

The mystery is unsolved; but we at least have a proof in the Italians, and a no less marked proof in the Poles, Rus-

sians, Magyars, and Czechs, that a tendency of speech one way or the other emphasizes itself as the generations go on. The inhabitants of Italy have been softening things a little more and a little more since the days of the Romans. The French softened their speech too until it became the fashion to nasalize; and then nothing would do but that every sound should come through the nose, until all the rest of the world was in despair.

We have the softening tendency in our own speech. We have cut out the *gh's*, and the *ch's*; *through* is *thru*, and *tough* is *tuff*, and *cough* is *coff*. The Englishman says Chumley for Cholmondeley, and even we Yankees say Wooster for Worcester. If the English had Szczezbrzeszyn, they would undoubtedly call it Sebbs. But in all this we have not yet the courage of our indolence. Suppressing the superfluous or refractory letters in the mouth, we still leave them on the printed page.

Herein the Italians are braver than we. The courage of writing Cadorna instead of Caddornaugh, and coming out honestly with Cadore, instead of trying to sophisticate the place with some such orthography as Keaydogh-reay, augurs well for a heroic prosecution of their campaigns.

A COLLEGE OF POETS

THE Romans, like the Americans, were a nation of practical idealists, if you will forgive the use of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite slang. Like us in another respect, they were much fonder of ideals than of ideas. Any idea that they went in for is likely to be hard and monumental rather than humanitarian and beautiful, for destiny had called them to be, not the saviors, but the governors of the world. In fact, they were much more practical than we are; they had no Middle Ages to cloud their minds

with chivalry and romance, nor could they have been fooled, as we were last century, into believing that the millennium was clinging to the skirts of science. They made laws, not as our legislators do, because they enjoy the sport, but because they believed in organization; they built roads, not for the sake of the scenery or even for the greater glory of commerce, but to move their armies; their attitude toward the powers above and below varied from businesslike satisfaction, when the gods fulfilled their end of the contract, to extreme and irreverent anger when the gods relaxed their efforts.

Yet in the third century B.C., long before they had finished their career of conquest, they had established a semi-official College of Poets. The college had its home in the Temple of Minerva on the Aventine; they took in actors and scribes as well as poets; in later years, when their club life and class-consciousness had grown stronger, we have amusing evidence that a professional poet occasionally administered the Snub Salutory to some young noble, on the ground that his verse at any rate was not of high rank. Yet we might suppose that this national recognition of poetry was a freak, an accident, if it were not for the mass of witness borne in other ways. I am afraid we have a tendency to regard the 'patronage' of poets in Rome as a sort of Associated Charities movement; to think that Scipio, Mæcenas, Augustus kept poets as a woman keeps a toy dog, to lend *éclat* to her movements in public. No error could be more atrocious. The Romans were never more practical or better statesmen than they showed themselves in their official maintenance of men like Ennius and Virgil.

For by saving poets they saved the nation. The moment that Rome began to grow, to reach beyond the valley of the Tiber in that amazing career of

world-conquest which stopped only because they cared to go no further, that very moment they began to disintegrate, and they knew it.

They saw the splitting wedge of external power and external gold that was being driven between Rome, the goddess-city, and the devoted patriotism of her citizens; their little state might easily become mistress of the world only to lose her own soul. Therefore, businesslike as ever, they set about erecting spiritual bulwarks to guard against the floods of immigration and of imported luxury; and as the walls of ancient Thebes (said the myth) had been built, not to music but by music, so the city of Greater Rome was built, not of brick or of marble upon the Seven Hills, but of the songs and doctrines of Roman poets, in the hearts of Roman men.

I have referred to the doctrines of their poets, not to their imaginative power or emotional sensitiveness. For the Roman distinctly regarded a poet as a teacher and not as the equivalent in human shape of a suffused sunset glow; if he desired to praise a poet, nine times out of ten he called him 'learned.' Tennyson (for a modern example), when he called Catullus 'tenderest of Roman poets,' would then have been held to utter, not praise, but a scarcely veiled insult. The consequences of this point of view were tremendous. In school, a Roman boy learned to do a little arithmetic, to read, to write; and thereafter spent nearly all his time in the learning and understanding of poetry, both Latin and Greek.

Here is the crucial point, the thing which we can hardly comprehend — so far have we gone from the days when poetry was a real power in education. To the Roman, poetry not only taught the history of his own people, their glories and their heroism, but it also

opened the gates of the world of men, and gave him the key to human character. By this means they attained a spiritual end; for men trained after this fashion owned in common the substance of their souls. The poet was the cement of the state.

For the Romans were practical. In comparison with them we are a sentimental people, and we suffer from the obscured mental vision that plagues sentimentalists. By sentimental I mean that our human feelings have been falsified; we constantly commit the unforgivable crime of confounding human nature, which is incalculable, with natural science, which is calculable. There lies the essential contrast between ourselves and the Romans. We need training in human nature, if we purpose to run our state successfully. They never forgot that a state is made up of men, and that the welfare of a state depends primarily upon the relations of its citizens one to another; whereas we have remembered that truth but twice in our career, in the Revolution and in the Civil War. We have built colleges, but we have never felt our bitter need of a College of Poets.

UTOPIAN FACES

THE European war is causing an enormous rise of ground-rents in Utopia. That 'place in the sun' which the spirit of every one of us demands can be secured in these depressing days only by the knocking out of a few walls from our ordinary dwelling-places, so that we may step freely into some land of the ideal.

The country appears to be inhabited by peaceful folk; most of us agree on this point. My neighbor Miss Pemberton says that each one of them wears a cheerful smile. I don't see them so. Our school superintendent remarks a look of high endeavor upon their faces.

'In battling against the world's great social problems and in overcoming the adverse forces of nature they have developed a finer heroism,' says he with a quotatious air, 'than ever the armies of warring nations have attained.' I can't find that my Utopians look that way, though I'm inclined to think that they know how to manage maximum and minimum wages, and domestic service, and that they run both railroads and aeroplanes without disaster.

My Utopians look *rested*.

In that far country which seems to me, in an occasional fortunate moment, nearer even than Belgium, a high regard is felt for the decencies of life. To look tired is stigmatized as indecent. The tribunal of public opinion exonerates only those weary-looking persons who have been obliged in great emergency and for a worthy purpose to undergo special strain. Even they are not expected to move about in general society until they have so far as possible removed the marks of exhaustion.

No limitation is placed upon tired feelings. That is an individual matter. Faces are regarded as affecting the public weal, however, and the moment weariness becomes apparent it concerns the comfort of the whole community.

My insight into Utopian methods varies somewhat, according to the occupations which engross my American attention from day to day. After returning from a lecture in the town hall last evening I seemed to see, in Utopia over the way, a public committee working to raise the standard of looks by offering suggestions regarding the management of difficult faces — a sort of municipal art commission, working on people instead of statues. This was a mistake, I now believe. Utopia aims, after all, to leave its citizens as free as is consistent with the general comfort. The belief is held that people who nev-

er look tired cannot be wholly unattractive; and this is the one restriction, enforced not by law but by a unanimous public sentiment, upon members of the commonwealth.

Utopians can always give a reason for their arrangements, though they are not obtrusively argumentative. One who answered my inquiries about the status of weariness in civilization put it thus: —

'Every sane person feels an instinctive revolt against becoming pitiable even in your social organization. And yet the man or woman who presents fatigue to the eye of another person seems not to realize that he inspires pity, though we all know that we "feel sorry" for tired-looking people, however casually we may meet them, in cars or on the street. They ought, logically, to be ashamed of themselves unless the work in which they have been engaged is important enough to justify this slight but definite tax that they impose upon the sensibilities of all who see them. To look tired as a consequence of amusing one's self would seem to be preposterous. Yet it is not un-American, I think.'

The young woman who comforts herself through a year of semi-invalidism with the thought that it would have been 'cowardly' to give up her settlement work before she had to, — though her friends had worried for weeks about her look of exhaustion, — would find herself regarded as an unsocial egotist in Utopia. The teacher who renders the life of scholarship pitiful in the eyes of his pupils by a greater devotion to study than the human frame can cheerfully endure would soon learn better manners in Utopia. The 'tired business man' would find himself unpopular there.

But indeed the business man in American cities is already learning that he and his wife can afford some sacrifices

in order to look rested and healthy. An appearance of fatigue is far less admissible on Fifth Avenue than on a village street. In the country we are accustomed to seeing prosperous men and women looking worried and weary as they go about the duties of life. In New York and Chicago people are too wise to seem worried or weary if they can help it. They already know something about the psychological reactions of the public.

I mentioned to my friend from Utopia the cheerful smiles of which Miss Pemberton so often speaks. 'We are seldom glum,' said he, 'but we really are n't fatuous. In a place where overwork is never required for the attainment of comfortable living conditions people tend to be cheerful. We never talk about cheerfulness as a virtue. We don't pretend to have escaped all the difficulties of human existence, but we try to recognize them. Of course our list of virtues includes intelligence.'

'And heroism?' I mentioned it timidly. Our school superintendent would never expect to find heroism among a people that refused to look tired. 'Do your countrymen value heroism?'

'All the more highly because we don't mix it up with small feats of endurance in everyday life. We save our forces for great affairs. The engineer, the diplomat, the inventor, the scholar, give their lives sometimes in a great cause; or more often they give their strength. Whether they succeed or fail we respect their exhaustion, we gladly pay tribute to their effort, if only the goal they set themselves was high

enough. We do not even require that they work directly for society. All great work is far-reaching in its consequences. The man who looks worn out makes a claim on society which only a record of noble effort can support.'

'But some people look tired because their faces are shaped that way. Is n't your scheme a little hard on them?'

'I dare say. But in any society people have to do the best they can with their own looks, in accordance with whatever standard of taste prevails. We're keener than you, through long practice, in discerning the signs of personal health and well-being. How do I look, for instance?'

At the moment I hesitated between setting him down as a hero who was suffering a little from exploration in a barbarous country, and calling him a candidate for the all-Utopia golf championship. I have since found that all my friends consider his face rather whimsical and baffling: 'Because I look simple and consistent,' he says when I tell him our difficulty, 'and you are not trained to recognize those qualities.'

Simple and consistent. Yes: they have refused to fight, and the need for fighting has disappeared. They have seen the capabilities of souls and of bodies, and have refrained from confusing the two or sacrificing either in unworthy enterprises. Each morning after my half-hour with the newspaper, and each evening after I have greeted a procession of my neighbors coming up the hill from the six-thirty train, I take a far look, I rest my eyes upon Utopia.

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NOTES ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

MEN have been found to deny woman an intellect; they have credited her with instinct, with intuition, with a capacity to correlate cause and effect much as a dog connects its collar with a walk. But intellect in its broadest sense, the capacity consecutively to plan and steadfastly to execute, they have often denied her. They have gone further, and I seem to remember that in the Middle Ages an œcumenical council denied her a soul. I forget the result, but it never occurred to the council to discuss whether man had a soul, possibly because its members were all men.

The days are not now so dark. Woman has a place in the state, a place under, but still a place. Man has recognized her value without coming to understand her much better, and so we are faced with a paradox: while man accords woman an improved social position, he continues to describe her as illogical, petty, jealous, vain, untruthful, disloyal to her own sex; quite as frequently he charges her with being over-loyal to her own sex: there is no pleasing him. Also he discerns in this unsatisfactory creature extreme unselfishness, purity, capacity for self-sacrifice. It seems that the intelligence of man cannot solve the problem of wo-

man, which is a bad sign in a superior intelligence. The trouble lies in this: man assumes too readily that woman essentially differs from man. Hardly a man has lived who did not so exaggerate. Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, agreed to despise women; Napoleon seemed to view them as engines of pleasure; for Shakespeare they may well have embodied a romantic ideal, qualified by sportive wantonness. In Walter Scott, women appear as romance in a cheap edition; Byron in their regard is a beast of prey, Doctor Johnson a pompous brute and a puritanical sensualist. Cervantes mixed in his romantic outlook a sort of suspicious hatred, while Alexandre Dumas thought them born only to lay laurel wreaths and orange blossoms (together with coronets) on the heads of musketeers. All, all—from Thackeray, who never laid his hand upon a woman save in the way of patronage, to Goethe, to Dante, to Montaigne, to Wellington—all harbored this curious idea: in one way or another woman differs from man. And to-day, whether we read Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, M. Paul Bourget, or Mr. Hall Caine, we find that there still persists a belief in Byron's lines:—

What a strange thing is man! And what a
stranger
Is woman!

Almost every man, except the professional Lovelace (and he knows nothing), believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind. There are to-day differences between the male and the female intellect; we have to ask ourselves whether they are absolute or only apparent, or whether they are absolute but removable by education and time, assuming this to be desirable. I believe that these differences are superficial, temporary, traceable to hereditary and local influences. I believe that they will not endure forever, that they will tend to vanish as environment is modified, as old suggestions cease to be made.

This leads us to consider present idiosyncrasies in woman as a sex, her apparently low and apparently high impulses, her exaltations, and, in the light of her achievements, her future. I do not want to generalize hastily. The subject is too complex and too obscure for me to venture so to do, and I would ask my readers to remember throughout this article that I am not laying down the law, but trying only to arrive at the greatest possible frequency of truth. This is a short research of tendencies. There are human tendencies, such as belief in a divine spirit, painting pictures, making war, composing songs. Are there any special female tendencies? Given that we glimpse what distinguishes man from the beast, is there anything that distinguishes woman from man? In the small space at my disposal I cannot pretend to deal extensively with the topic. One reason is the difficulty of securing true evidence. Questions addressed to women do not always yield the truth; nor do questions addressed to men; for a desire to please,

vanity, modesty, interfere. But the same question addressed to a woman may, according to circumstances, be *sincerely* answered in four ways, —

1. Truthfully, with a defensive touch, if she is alone with another woman.

2. With intent to cause male rivalry if she is with two men.

3. With false modesty and seductive evasiveness if she is with one man and one woman.

4. With a clear intention to repel or attract if she is with a man alone.

And there are variations of these four cases! A man investigating woman's points of view often finds the response more emotional than intellectual. Owing to the system under which we live, where man is a valuable prey, woman has contracted the habit of trying to attract. Even aggressive insolence on her part may conceal the desire to attract by exasperating. These notes must, therefore, be taken only as hints, and the reader may be interested to know that they are based on the observation of 65 women, subdivided as follows: Intimate acquaintance, 5; adequate acquaintance, 19; slight acquaintance, 41; married, 39; status uncertain, 8; celibate, 18. Ages, 17 to 68 (average age, about 35).

II

It is most difficult to deduce the quality of woman's intellect from her conduct, because her impulses are frequently obscured by her policy. The physical circumstances of her life predispose her to an interest in sex more dominant than is the case with man. As intellect flies out through the window when emotion comes in at the door, this is a source of complications. The intervention of love is a difficulty, for love, though blind, is unfortunately not dumb, and habitually uses speech for the concealment of truth. It does this

with the best of intentions, and the best of intentions generally yield the worst of results. It should be said that sheer intellect is very seldom displayed by man. Intellect is the ideal skeleton of a man's mental power. It may be defined as an aspiration toward material advantage, absolute truth, or achievement, combined with a capacity for taking steps toward successful achievement or attaining truth. From this point of view such men as Napoleon, Machiavelli, Epictetus, Leo XIII, Bismarck, Voltaire, Anatole France, are typical intellectuals. They are not perfect: all, so far as we can tell, are tainted with moral feeling or emotion, — a frailty which probably explains why there has never been a British or American intellectual of the first rank. Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Cromwell, all alike suffered grievously from good intentions. The British and American mind has long been honeycombed with moral impulse, at any rate since the Reformation; it is very much what the German mind was up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Intellect, as I conceive it, is seeing life sanely and seeing it whole, without much pity, without love; seeing life as separate from man, whose pains and delights are only phenomena; seeing love as a reaction to certain stimuli.

In this sense it can probably be said that no woman has ever been an intellectual. A few may have pretensions, as, for instance, 'Vernon Lee,' Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Wharton, perhaps Mrs. Hetty Green. I do not know, for these women can be judged only by their works. The greatest women in history — Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Sappho, Queen Elizabeth — appear to have been swayed largely by their passions, physical or religious. I do not suppose that this will always be the case. For reasons which I shall indicate further on in this article, I be-

lieve that woman's intellect will tend toward approximation with that of man. But meanwhile it would be futile not to recognize that there exist to-day between man and woman some sharp intellectual divergences.

One of the sharpest lies in woman's logical faculty. This may be due to her education (which is seldom mathematical or scientific); it may proceed from a habit of mind; it may be the result of a secular withdrawal from responsibilities other than domestic. Whatever the cause, it must be acknowledged that, with certain trained exceptions, woman has not of logic the same conception as man. I have devoted particular care to this issue, and have collected a number of cases where the feminine conception of logic clashes with that of man. Here are a few transcribed from my notebook: —

Case 33

My remark: 'Most people practice a religion because they are too cowardly to face the idea of annihilation.'

Case 33: 'I don't see that they are any more cowardly than you. It does n't matter whether you have a faith or not, it will be all the same in the end.'

The reader will observe that Case 33 evades the original proposition; in her reply she ignores the set question, namely *why* people practice a religion.

Case 17

Votes for Women, of January 22, 1915, prints a parallel, presumably drawn by a woman, between two police-court cases. In the first a man, charged with having struck his wife, is discharged because his wife intercedes for him. In the second a woman, charged with theft, is sent to prison in spite of her husband's plea. The writer appears to think that these cases are parallel; the difference of treatment of

the two offenders offends her logic. From a masculine point of view two points differentiate the cases: —

In the first case the person who may be sent to prison is the bread-winner; in the second case it is the housekeeper, which is inconvenient but less serious.

In the first case the person who intercedes, the wife, is the one who has suffered; in the second case the person who intercedes, the husband, has not suffered injury. The person who has suffered injury is the one who lost the goods.

Case 51

This case is peculiar as it consists in frequent confusion of words. The woman here instanced referred to a very ugly man as looking Semitic. She was corrected and asked whether she did not mean simian, that is, like a monkey. She said, 'Yes,' but that Semitic meant looking like a monkey. When confronted with the dictionary she was compelled to acknowledge that the two words were not the same, but persisted in calling the man Semitic, and seriously explained this by asserting that Jews look like monkeys.

Case 51, in another conversation, referred to a man who had left the Church of England for the Church of Rome as a 'pervert.' She was asked whether she did not mean 'convert.'

She said, 'No, because to become a Roman Catholic is the act of a pervert.'

As I thought that this might come from religious animus, I asked whether a Roman Catholic who entered a Protestant church was also a pervert.

Case 51 replied, 'Yes.'

Case 51 therefore assumes that any change from an original state is abnormal. The application to the charge of bad logic consists in this further test: —

I asked Case 51 whether a man originally brought up in Conservative views

would be a pervert if he became a Liberal.

Case 51 replied, 'No.'

On another occasion Case 51 referred to exaggerated praise showered upon a popular hero, and said that the newspapers were 'belittling' him.

I pointed out that they were doing the very contrary; that indeed they were exaggerating his prowess.

Confronted with the dictionary, and the meaning of 'belittle,' which is 'to cheapen with intent,' she insisted that 'belittling' was the correct word because 'the result of this exaggerated praise was to make the man smaller in her own mind.'¹

Case 63

In the course of a discussion on the war in which Case 63 has given vent to moral and religious views, she remarks, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

I: 'Then do you accept war?'

Case 63: 'War ought to be done away with.'

I (attempting to get a straight answer): 'Do you accept war?'

Case 63: 'One must defend one's self.'

Upon this follows a long argument in which I attempt to prove to Case 63 that one defends, not one's self but the nation. When in difficulties, she repeats, 'One must defend one's self.'

She refuses to face the fact that if nobody offered any resistance nobody would be killed; she completely confuses the defense of self against a burglar with that of a nation against an invader. Finally she assumes that the defense of one's country is legitimate, and yet insists on maintaining with the Bible that one may not kill!

¹ The notes as to Case 51 have not an absolute bearing upon logic in general, but the reasons put forth in her defense by Case 51 are indicative of a certain kind of logic which is not masculine. I must add that Case 51 is a woman of very good education, with many general interests. — THE AUTHOR.

Case 33

Case 33: 'Why did n't America interfere with regard to German atrocities in Belgium?'

I: 'Why should she?'

Case 33: 'America did protest when her trade was menaced.'

I: 'Yes. America wanted to protect her interests, but does it follow that she should protest against atrocities which do not menace her interests?'

Case 33: '*But her interests are menaced.* Look at the trade complications; they've all come out of that.'

Case 33 has confused trade interests with moral duty; she has confused two issues: atrocities against neutrals and destruction of American property. When I tell her this, she states that there is a connection: that if America had protested against atrocities the war would have proceeded on better lines because the Germans would have been frightened.

I: 'How would this have affected the trade question?'

Case 33 does not explain but draws me into a morass of moral indignation because America protested against trade interference and not against atrocities. She finally says America had no right to do the one without the other, which logically is chaos. She also demands to be told what was the use of America's signing the Geneva Convention and the Hague Convention. She ignores the fact that these conventions do not bind anybody to fight in their defense but merely to observe their provisions. I would add that Case 33 is a well-educated woman, independent in views, and with a bias toward social questions.

Naturally, where there is a question of love, feminine logic reaches the zenith of topsy-turvydom. Here is a dialogue which took place in my presence.

Case 8

Case 8, who was about to be married, attacked a man who had had a pronounced flirtation with her because he suddenly announced that he was engaged.

Case 8: 'How can you be so mean?'

The man: 'But I don't understand. You're going to be married. What objection can you have to my getting engaged?'

Case 8: 'It's quite different.'

Nothing could move Case 8 from that point of view.¹

I do not contend that bad logic is the monopoly of woman, for man is also disposed to believe what he chooses in matters such as politics, wars, and so forth, and then to try to prove it. Englishmen as well as Englishwomen find victory in the capture of a German trench, insignificance in the loss of a British trench; man, as well as woman, is quite capable of saying that it always rains when the Republicans are in power, should he happen to be a Democrat; man also is capable of tracing to a dinner with twelve guests the breaking of a leg, while forgetting the scores of occasions on which he dined in a restaurant with twelve other people and suffered no harm. Man is capable of every unreasonable deduction, but he is more inclined to justify himself by close reasoning. In matters of argument man is like the Italian brigand who robs the friar, then confesses and asks him for absolution; woman is the burglar unrepentant. This may be due to woman as a rule having few guiding principles or intellectual criteria. She often holds so many moral principles that intellectual argument with her irritates the crisper male mind. But she finds it difficult to retain a grasp upon a central

¹ Probably owing to woman's having for centuries been taught to regard the vain aspirations of the male as her perquisites. — THE AUTHOR.

idea, to clear away the side issues which obscure it. She can seldom carry an idea to its logical conclusion, passing from term to term; somewhere there is a solution of continuity. For this reason arguments with women, which have begun with the latest musical play, easily pass on, from its alleged artistic merit, to its costumes, their scantiness, their undesirable scantiness, the need for inspection, inspectors of theatres, and, little by little, other inspectors, until one gets to mining inspectors and possibly to mining in general. The reader will observe that these ideas are fairly well linked. All that happens is that the woman, tiring of the central argument, has pursued each side issue as it offered itself. This comes from a lack of concentration which indisposes a woman to penetrate deeply into a subject; she is not used to concentration, she does not like it. It might lead her to disagreeable discoveries.

It is for this reason — because she needs to defend purely emotional positions against man, who uses intellectual weapons — that woman is so much more easily than man attracted by new religions and new philosophies, — by Christian Science, by Higher Thought, by Theosophy, by Eucken, by Bergson. Those religions are no longer spiritual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ideal religions like Christianity and Mohammedanism and the like, which frankly ask you to make an act of faith; what they do is to attempt to seduce the alleged soul through the intellect. That is exactly what the aspiring woman demands: emotional satisfaction and intellectual concession. Particularly in America, one discovers her intellectual fog in the continual use of such words as mental, elemental, cosmic, universality, social harmony, essential cosmos, and other similar ornaments of the modern logomachy.

Case 16

Case 16 told me that my mind did not 'functionalize' properly. And gave me as an authority for the statement Aristotle, before whom, of course, I bow.

A singular and suggestive fact is that woman generally displays pitiless logic when she is dealing with things that she knows well. An expert housekeeper is the type, and there are no lapses in her argument with a tradesman. It is a platitude to mention the business capacity of the Frenchwoman, and many women are expert in the investment of money, in the administration of detail, in hospital management, in the rotation of servants' holidays (which, in large households, is most complex). It would appear that woman is unconcentrated and inconsequent only where she has not been properly educated, and this has a profound bearing on her future development. There is a growing class, of which Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the Countess of Warwick, Miss Jane Addams, are typical, who have bent their minds upon intellectual problems; women like Miss Emma Goldman; like Miss Mary McArthur, whose grasp of industrial questions is as good as any man's. They differ profoundly from the average feminine literary artist, who is almost invariably unable to write of anything except love. I can think of only one modern exception, Miss Amber Reeves; among her seniors, Mrs. Humphry Ward is the most notable exception, but not quite notable enough.

This tendency is, I believe, entirely due to woman's having always been divorced from business and politics, to her having been until recently encouraged to delight in small material possessions, while discouraged from focusing on anything non-material except religion, and from considering general

ideas. Particularly as regards general ideas woman has lived in a bad atmosphere. The French king who said to his queen, 'Madam, we have taken you to give us children and not to give us advice,' was blowing a chill breath upon the tender shoot of woman's intelligence. Neither he nor other men wished women to conceive general ideas: women became incapable of conceiving or understanding them. Thence sprang generalization, the tendency in woman to make sweeping statements, such as 'All men are deceivers,' or 'Men can do what they like in the world,' or 'Men cannot feel as women do.' It is not that they dislike general questions, but that they have been thrust back from general questions, so that they cannot hold them. Here is a case:—

Case 2

With the object of entertaining an elderly lady, who is an invalid, I explain, *in response to her own request*, the case that Germany makes for having declared war. She asks one or two questions, and then suddenly interrupts me to ask what I have been doing with myself lately in the evenings.

This is a case of interest in the particular as opposed to the general. It is an instance of what I want to show, — that woman drifts toward the particular because she has been driven away from the general. To concentrate too long upon the general is to her merely fatiguing. Doubtless because of this, many middle-aged women become exceedingly dull to men. So long as they are young all is well, for few men care what folly issues from rosy lips. But once the lips are no longer rosy, then man fails to find the companion he needs, because companionship, as differentiated from love, can rest only on mental sympathy. Middle-aged man is often dull too; while the middle-aged

woman may concern herself over-much with the indigestion of her pet dog, the middle-aged man is often unduly moved by his own indigestion. But, broadly speaking, a greater percentage of middle-aged and elderly men than of such women are interested in political and philosophical questions.

These men are often dull for another reason: they are more conventional. The reader may differ from me, but I believe that woman is much less conventional than man. She does all the conventional things and attacks other women savagely for breaches of convention. But you will generally find that where a man may with impunity break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy is guaranteed, a woman will please herself first and repent only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventional because he respects convention; woman conventional because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater degree of conventionality in man. The typical Englishman of the world, wrecked on a desert island, would get into his evening clothes as long as his shirts lasted; I do not think his wife, alone in such circumstances, would wear a low-cut dress to take her meal of cocoanuts, even if her frock did up in front.

It is this unconventionality that precipitates woman into the so-called new movements in art or philosophy. She reacts against what is, seeking a new freedom; even if she is only seeking a new excitement, a new color, a new god, unconsciously she seeks a more liberal atmosphere, while man is nearly always contented with the atmosphere that is. When he rebels, his tendency is to destroy the old sanctuary, hers to build a new sanctuary. That is a form of idealism, — not a very high idealism, for woman seldom strains toward the impossible. In literature I cannot call

to mind that woman has ever conceived a Utopia such as those imagined by Bellamy, Samuel Butler, William Morris, and H. G. Wells. The only woman who voiced ideas of this kind was Mary Wollestonecraft, and her views were hardly utopian. Nothings, such as Utopias, have been always too airy for woman. The heroes in the novels she has written, until recently and with one or two exceptions, — such as some of the heroes of George Eliot, — are either stagey or sweet. Mr. Rochester is stagey, Grandcourt is stagey, while the hero of 'Under Two Flags' is merely Turkish Delight.

III

A quality which singularly contrasts with woman's vague idealism is the accuracy she displays in business. This is due to her being fundamentally inaccurate. It is not the accurate people who are always accurate; it is the inaccurate people on their guard.¹ Woman's interest in the particular predisposes her to the exact, for accuracy may be defined as a continuous interest in the particular. I suspect that it indicates a probability that by education, and especially encouragement, woman may develop a far higher degree of concentration than she has hitherto done. In her way stands a fatal facility, that of grasping ideas before they are half-expressed. It is a quality of imagination, natural rather than induced. Any schoolteacher will confirm the statement that in a mixed class, aged 11 to 12, the essays of the girls are better than those of the boys. This is not so in a mixed university. I suspect that this latter is quite as much due to the academic judgment, which does not recog-

nize imagination, as to the fact that in the later years of their lives the energies of girls are diverted from intellectual concentration (and also expression), toward the artistic and the social. This untrained concentration produces a certain superficiality and an impetuosity which harmonize with the intrusion of side issues, — to which I have referred, — and with the burgeoning of side issues on the general idea.

Nowhere is this better shown than in the postscript habit. Men do not, as a rule, use postscripts, and it is significant that artists and persons inclined toward the arts are much more given to postscripts than other kinds of men. One might almost say that women correspond by postscript; some of them put the subject of the letter in the postscript, as the scorpion keeps his poison in his tail. I have before me letters from Case 58, with two postscripts, and one extraordinary letter from Case 11, with four postscripts and a sentence written outside the envelope. This is the apogee of superficiality. The writers have run on, seduced by irrelevance, and have not been able to stop to consider in all its bearings the subject of the letter. Each postscript represents a development or qualification, which must indicate the waste by bad education of what may be a very good mind.

I would say in passing that we should not attach undue importance to woman's physical disabilities. It is true that woman is more conscious of her body than is man. So long as he is fed, sufficiently busy, in good general health, he is normal. But woman is far more often in an unbalanced physical condition. There is a great deal to be said for the Hindu philosophical point of view, that the body needs to be just so satisfied as to become imperceptible to the consciousness, as opposed to the point of view of the Christian ascetics, who unfortunately carried their ideas so far

¹ I have observed for two years the steady growth in the accuracy of the work of Case 33, due to her having concentrated upon her instinctive inaccuracy. — THE AUTHOR.

that they ended by thinking more of their hair shirt than of Him for whose sake they wore it. In this sense woman is intellectually handicapped because her body obtrudes itself upon her. It is a subject of brooding and agitation. I suspect that this is largely remediable, for I am not convinced that it is woman's peculiar physical conditions that occasionally warp her intellect; it is equally possible that a warped intellect produces unsatisfactory physical conditions. Therefore, if, as I firmly believe that we can, we develop this intellect, profound changes may with time appear in these physical conditions.

IV

The further qualification of woman's intellect is in her moral attitude. I would ask the reader to divest himself of the idea that 'moral' refers only to matters of sex. Morality is the rule of conduct of each human being in his relations with other human beings, and this covers all relations. Because in some senses the morality of woman is not the morality of man, we are not entitled to say with Pope that

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

She is a contradiction. Man is a contradiction, apparently of a different kind, and that is all. Thence spring misunderstandings and sometimes dislike, as between people of different nations. I do not want to labor the point, but I would suggest that in a very minor degree the apparent difference between man and woman may be paralleled by the apparent difference between the Italian and the Swede, who, within two generations, produce very similar American children. But man, who generalizes quite as wildly as woman when he does not understand, is determined to emphasize the difference in every relation of life. For instance, it is com-

monly said that woman cannot keep her promise. This seems to me entirely untrue; given that as a rule woman's intellect is not sufficiently educated to enable her to find a good reason for breaking her promise, it is much more difficult for her to do so. For we are all moral creatures, and if a man must steal the crown jewels he is happier if he can discover a high motive for so doing. Man has a definite advantage where a loophole has to be found, and I have known few women capable of standing up in argument against a trained lawyer who has acquired the usual dexterity in misrepresentation.

In love and marriage, particularly, woman will keep plighted troth more closely than man; there is no male equivalent of jilt, but the male does jilt on peculiar lines; while a woman who knows that her youth, her beauty are going must bring things to a head by jilting, the male is never in a hurry, for his attractions wane so very slowly. Why should he jilt the woman? make a stir? So he just goes on. In due course she tires and releases him, when he goes to another woman. That is jilting by inches, and as regards faithfulness a pledged woman is more difficult to win away than a pledged man. (To be just, it should be said that unfaithfulness is in the eyes of most men a small matter, in the eyes of most women a serious matter.) A pledged woman will remain faithful long after love has flown; the promise is a mystic bond; none but a tall flame can hide the ashes of the dead love. And so, when Shakespeare asserts, —

Frailty, thy name is woman,

he is delivering one of the hasty judgments that abound in his solemn romanticism.

This applies in realms divorced from love, — in questions of money, such as debts or bets. Women do run up

milliners' bills, but men boast of never paying their tailors. And if sometimes women do not discharge the lost bet, it is largely because a tradition of protection and patronage has laid down that women need not pay their bets. Besides, women usually pay their losses, while several men have not yet discharged their debts of honor to me. It is a matter of honesty, and I think the criminal returns for the United States would produce the same evidence as those for England and Wales. In 1913 there were tried at Assizes for offences against property 1616 men and 122 women. The records of Quarter Sessions and of the courts of Summary Jurisdiction yield the same result, an enormous majority of male offenders, — though there be more women than men in England and Wales! And yet in the face of such official figures, of the evidence of every employer, man cherishes a belief in woman's dishonesty! One reason, no doubt, is that woman's emotional nature leads her when she is criminal to criminality of an aggravated kind. She then justifies Pope's misogynist lines:

O woman, woman! When to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

Most men, however, have abandoned the case against woman's dishonesty and confine themselves to describing her as a liar, forgetting that they generally dislike the truth when it comes from a woman's lips, and always when it reflects upon their own conduct. For centuries man has asked that woman should flatter, but also that she should tell the truth: such a confusion of de-

mands leads the impartial mind to the conclusion that vanity cannot be a monopoly of the female. But it is quite true that woman does not always cherish truth so well as man. The desire for truth is intellectual, not emotional. Truth is a cold bedfellow, as might be expected of one who rose from a well. And among women cases of disinterested lying are not uncommon. Here is Case 16: An elderly woman talked at length about not having received insurance papers, and made a great disturbance. It later appeared that she had not insured. On another occasion she informed the household that her son-in-law had been cabled to from South Africa to come and visit his dying mother. It was proved that no cable had been sent.

I have a number of cases of this kind, but this is the most curious. I suspect that this sort of lying is traceable to a need for romance and drama in a colorless life. It springs from the wish to create a romantic atmosphere round one's self and to increase one's personal importance. Because men hold out hands less greedy toward drama and romance they are less afflicted, but they do not entirely escape, and we have all observed the new importance of the man whose brother has been photographed in a newspaper or, better still, killed in a railway accident. If he has been burned in a theatre the grief of his male relatives is subtly tinged with excited delight. Romance, the wage of lies, is woman's compensation for a dull life.

[Further 'Notes' by Mr. George will appear in the January issue, and the general topic of woman's intelligence will be debated by other writers in succeeding numbers of the magazine.]

FIDDLERS ERRANT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

MUSICAL adventures largely depend on your instrument. Go traveling with a bassoon or clarinet packed in your trunk, and romance will pass you by. But far otherwise will events shape themselves if you set forth with a fiddle.

The moment I turned my back upon the humdrum flute and embraced the 'cello, that instrument of romance, things began happening thick and fast in a hitherto uneventful life. I found that to sally forth with your 'cello couchant under your arm, like a lance of the days of chivalry, was to invite adventure. You tempted Providence to make things interesting for you, up to the moment when you returned home and stood your fat, melodious friend in the corner on his one leg — like the stork, that other purveyor of joyful surprises.

One reason why the 'cellist is particularly liable to meet with musical adventures is because the nature of his talent is so plainly visible. The parcel under his arm labels him FIDDLER in larger scare-caps than Mr. Hearst ever invented for headlines. It is seen of all men. There is no concealment possible. For it would, indeed, be less practicable to hide your 'cello under a bushel than to hide a bushel under your 'cello.

The non-reducible obesity of this instrument is apt to bring you adventures of all sorts: wrathful sometimes, when urchins recognize it as a heaven-sent target for snowballs; or when ad-

ults audibly quote Dean Swift's asinine remark, 'He was a fiddler and therefore a rogue.' Absurd, sometimes, as when the ticket-chopper in the subway bars your path under the misapprehension that you are carrying a double-bass; and when the small boys at the exit offer you a *Saturday Evening Post* in return for 'a tune on that there banjo.' But more often the episodes are pleasant, as when your bulky trademark enables some kindred spirit to recognize you as his predestined companion on impromptu adventures in music.

I was at first almost painfully aware of my 'cello's conspicuousness because I had abandoned for it an instrument so retiring by nature that you might carry it till death in your side pocket, yet never have it contribute an unusual episode to your career. But from the moment when I discovered the exaggerated old fiddle in the attic, slumbering in its black coffin, and wondered what it was all about, and brought it resurrection and life, — events began. I have never known exactly what was the magic inherent in the dull, guttural, discouraged protests of the strings which I experimentally plucked that day. But their songs-without-words-or-music seemed to me pregnant with promises of beauty and romance far beyond the ken of the forthright and obvious flute. So then and there I decided to embark upon the delicate and dangerous enterprise of learning another instrument.

It was indeed delicate and danger-

ous because it had to be prosecuted as secretly as sketching hostile fortifications. Father must not suspect. I feared that if he heard the demonic groans of a G string in pain, or the ghoulissh whimperings of a manhandled A, he would mount to the attic, throw back his head, look down upon me through those lower crescents of his spectacles which always made him look a trifle unsympathetic, and pronounce that baleful formula: 'My son, come into my study!' For I knew he labored under the delusion that I already 'blew in' too much time on the flute, away from the companionship of All Gaul, *enteuthen exelaunei*, and Q.E.D. As for any additional instrument, I feared that he would reduce it to a pulp at sight, and me too.

My first secret step was to secure a long strip of paper to be pasted on the finger-board under the strings. It was all pockmarked with black dots and letters, so that if the music told you to play the note G, all you had to do was to contort your neck properly and remove your left hand from the path of vision, then gaze cross-eyed and upside down at the finger-board until you discovered the particular dot labeled G. The next move was to clap your fingertip upon that dot and straighten out your neck and eyes and apply the bow. Then out would come a triumphant G, — that is, provided your fingers had not already rubbed G's characteristically undershot lip so much as to erase away the letter's individuality. In that case, to be sure, all your striving for G might result only in C after all.

It was fascinating work, though. And every afternoon as the hour of four, and father's 'constitutional,' approached, I would 'get set' like a sprinter on my mark in the upper hall. The moment the front door closed definitely behind my parent I would dash for the attic and commence my cervical and ocular

contortions. It was dangerous, too. For it was so hard to stop betimes that one evening father made my blood run cold by inquiring, 'What were you moaning about upstairs before dinner?' I fear that I attributed these sounds to travail in Latin scholarship, and an alleged sympathy for the struggles of the dying Gaul.

The paper finger-board was so efficacious that in a week I felt ready to taste the first fruits of toil. So I insinuated a pair of musical friends into the house one afternoon, to try an easy trio. They were a brother and sister who played violin and piano. Things went so brilliantly that we resolved on a public performance within a few days, at the South High School. Alas, if I had only taken the supposed rapidity of my progress with a grain of attic salt! But my only solicitude was over the problem how to smuggle the too conspicuous instrument to school, on the morning of the concert, without the knowledge of a vigilant father. We decided at last that any such attempt would be suicidal rashness. So I borrowed another boy's father's 'cello, and, in default of the printed strip, I penciled under the strings notes of the whereabouts of G, C, and so forth, making G shoot out the lip with extra decision.

Our public performance was a *succès fou*, — that is, it was a *succès* up to a certain point, and *fou* beyond it, when one disaster followed another. My fingers played so hard as to rub out G's lower lip. They quite obliterated A, turned E into F, and B into a fair imitation of D. These involuntary revisions led me to introduce the very boldest modern harmonies into one of the most naïvely traditional strains of Cornelius Gurlitt. Now, in the practice of the art of music one never with impunity pours new harmonic wine into old bottles. The thing is simply not done.

Perhaps, though, we might have muddled through somehow, had not my violinist friend, during a rest, poked me cruelly in the ribs with his bow and remarked in a coarse stage whisper, 'Look who's there!'

I looked, and gave a gasp. It might have passed for an excellent rehearsal of my last gasp. In the very front row sat — father! He appeared sardonic and businesslike. The fatal formula seemed already to be trembling upon his lips. The remnants of B, C, D, and so forth suddenly blurred before my crossed eyes. With the most dismal report our old bottle of chamber music blew up, and I fled from the scene.

'My son, come into my study.'

In an agony I had waited half the evening for those hated words; and with laggard step and miserable forebodings I followed across the hall. But the day was destined to end in still another surprise. When father finally faced me in that awful sanctum, he was actually smiling in the jolliest manner, and I divined that the rod was going to be spared.

'What's all this?' he inquired. 'Thought you'd surprise your old dad, eh? Come, tell me about it.'

So I told him about it; and he was so sympathetic that I found courage for the great request.

'Pa,' I stammered, 'sometimes I think p'raps I don't hold the bow just right. It scratches so. Please might I take just four lessons from a regular teacher so I could learn all about how to play the 'cello?'

Father choked a little. But he looked jollier than ever as he replied, 'Yes, my son, on condition that you promise to lay the flute entirely aside until you have learned *all* about how to play the 'cello.'

I promised.

I have faithfully kept that promise.

II

Fiddlers errant are apt to rush in where angels in good and regular practice fear even to tune up. One of the errant's pet vagaries is to volunteer his services in orchestras too good for him. Not long after discovering that I would need more than four lessons to learn quite all there was to know about the 'cello, — in fact, just nine months after discovering the coffin in the attic, — I 'rushed in.' Hearing that *The Messiah* was to be given at Christmas, I approached the conductor and magniloquently informed him that I was a 'cellist and that, seeing he was he, I would contribute my services without money and without price to the coming performance.

With a rather dubious air my terms were accepted. That same evening at rehearsal I found that the entire bass section of the orchestra consisted of three 'cellos. These were presided over by an inaudible, and therefore negligible, little girl, a hoary sage who always arrived very late and left very early, and myself. I shall never forget my sensations when the sage, at a crucial point, suddenly packed up and left me, an undeveloped musical Atlas, to bear the entire weight of the orchestra on one pair of puny shoulders. Under these conditions it was a fearful ordeal to read at sight 'The Trumpet Shall Sound.' The trumpet sounded, indeed. That was more than the 'cello did in certain passages! As for the dead being raised, however, that happened according to programme.

After this high-tension episode, I pulled myself together, only to fall into a cruel and unusual pit which the treacherous Händel dug for 'cellists by writing one single passage in that unfamiliar alto clef which looks so much like the usual tenor clef that before the least suspicion of impending disaster

dawns, you are down in the pit, hopelessly floundering.

I emerged from this rehearsal barely alive; but I had really enjoyed myself so much more than I had suffered, or made others suffer, that my initial impulse to rush at sight into strange orchestras now became stereotyped into a habit. Since then what delightful evenings I have spent in the old Café Martin and in the old Café Boulevarde where my 'cellist friends in the orchestras were ever ready to resign their instruments into my hands for a course or two, and the leader always let me pick out the music!

But one afternoon in upper Broadway I met with the sort of adventure that figures in the fondest dreams of fiddlers errant. I had strolled into the nearest hotel to use the telephone. As I passed through the restaurant, my attention was caught by a vaguely familiar strain from the musicians' gallery. Surely this was unusual spiritual provender to offer a crowd of typical New York diners! More and more absorbed in trying to recognize the music, I sank into an armchair in the lobby, the telephone quite forgotten. The instruments were working themselves up to some magnificent climax, and working me up at the same time. It began to sound more and more like the greatest of all music, — the musician's very holiest of holies. Surely I must be dreaming! My fingers crooked themselves for a pinch. But just then the unseen instruments swung back into the great opening theme of the Brahms piano quartette in A major. Merciful heavens! A Brahms quartette in Broadway? Pan in Wall Street? Silence. With three jumps I was up in the little gallery, wringing the hands of those performers and calling down blessings upon their quixotism as musical missionaries. 'Missionaries?' echoed the leader in amusement. 'Ah, no. We could never

hope to convert those down there.' He waved a scornful hand at the consumers of lobster below. 'Now and then we play Brahms just in order that we may save our own souls.' The 'cellist rose, saluted, and extended his bow in my direction, like some proud commander surrendering his sword. 'Will it please you,' he inquired, 'to play the next movement?' It pleased me.

III

Fiddlers errant find that traveling with a 'cello is almost as good — and almost as bad — as traveling with a child. It helps you, for example, in cultivating friendly relations with fellow passengers. Suppose there is a broken wheel, or the engineer is waiting for Number 26 to pass, or you are stalled for three days in a blizzard, — what more jolly than to undress your 'cello and play each of those present the tune he would most like to hear, and lead the congregational singing of "Dixie," "Tipperary," "Drink to me only," and "Home, Sweet Home?" A fiddle may even make tenable one of those railway junctions which Stevenson cursed as the nadir of intrinsic uninterestingness, and which Mr. Clayton Hamilton has recently glorified with such *brio* in the *Unpopular Review*.

But this is only the bright side. In some ways traveling with a 'cello is as uncomfortable as traveling, not only with a baby, but with a donkey. Unless indeed you have an instrument with a convenient hinged door in the back so that you may pack it full of pyjamas, collars, brushes, MSS, and so forth, thus dispensing with a bag; or unless you can calk up its F holes and use the instrument as a canoe on occasion, a 'cello is about as inconvenient a traveling companion as the corpse in Stevenson's tale, which would insist on getting into the wrong box.

Some idea of the awkwardness of taking the 'cello along in a sleeping car may be gathered from its nicknames. It is called the 'bull-fiddle.' It is called the 'dog-house.' But, unlike either bulls or kennels, it cannot safely be forwarded by freight or express. The formula for Pullman travel with a 'cello is as follows. First ascertain whether the conductor will let you aboard with the instrument. If not, try the next train. When successful, fee the porter heavily at sight, thus softening his heart so that he will assign the only spare upper berth to your baby. And warn him in impressive tones that the instrument is priceless, and on no account to touch it. You need not fear thieves. Sooner than steal a 'cello, the light-fingered would button his coat over a baby white-elephant and let it tusk his vitals.

I have cause to remember my first and only holiday trip with the Princeton Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs. My function being to play solos and to assist the Mandolin Club, I demanded for the 'cello an upper berth in the special car. But I was overwhelmed with howls of derision and assurances that I was a very fresh soph indeed. The first night, my instrument reposed in some mysterious recess under a leaky cooler, where all too much water flowed under its bridge before the dawn. The second night it was compressed into a straight and narrow closet with brushes and brooms, whence it emerged with a hollow chest, a stoop, a consumptive quality of voice, and the malady known as *compressio pontis*. Thereafter it occupied the same upper with me. Twice I overlaid it, with well-nigh fatal consequences.

Short-distance travel with a 'cello is not much more agreeable. In trolleys you have to hold it more delicately than any babe, and be ready to give a straight-arm to any one who lurches in

your direction, and to raise it from the floor every time you jolt over cross-tracks or run over pedestrians, for fear of jarring the delicate adjustment of the sound-post. As for a holiday crush down town, the best way to negotiate it with a 'cello is to fix the sharp steel end-pin in place, and then, holding the instrument at charge like a bayonet, impale those who seem most likely to break its ribs.

After my full share of such experiences, I learned that it is better for fiddlers errant to leave their instruments at home and live on the country, as it were, trusting to the fact that they can beg, borrow, or rent some kind of fiddle and some sort of chamber music almost anywhere, if they know how to go about it.

IV

Only don't try it in Sicily!

For several months I had buried the fiddler in the errant pure and simple, when, one sunset, across a gorge in Monte Venere, my first strain of Sicilian music floated, to reawaken in me all the primeval instincts of the musical adventurer. The melody came from the reed pipe of a goat-herd as he drove his flock down into Taormina. Such a pipe was perhaps to Theocritus what the fiddles of Stradivarius are to us. It was pleasant to imagine that this goat-herd's music might possibly be the same that used to inspire the tenderest of Sicilian poets twenty-three hundred years ago.

Piercingly sweet, indescribably pathetic, the melody recalled the Largo in Dvořák's New World Symphony. Yet, there on the mountain-side, with Ætna rosy on the right, and the purple Mediterranean shimmering far below, the voice of the reed sounded more divine than any English horn or Boehm flute I had ever heard singing in the depths of a modern orchestra. And I began to

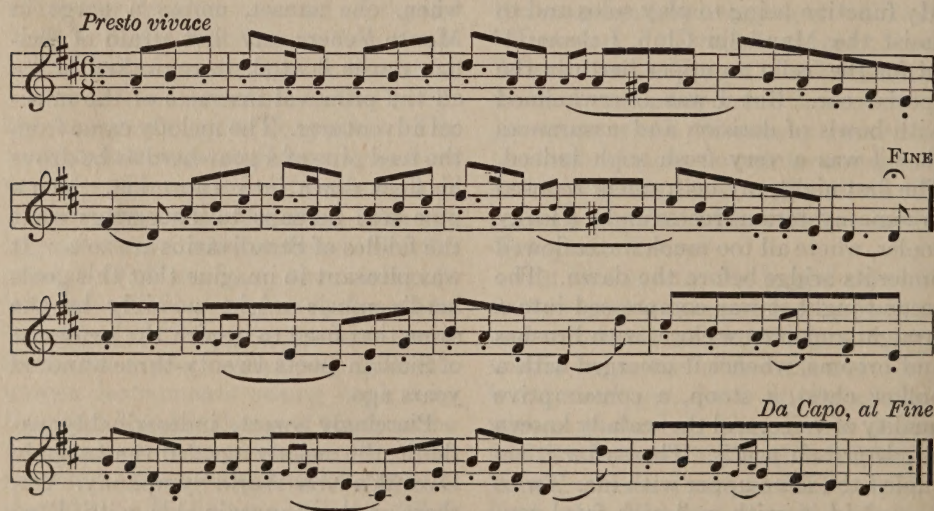
doubt whether music was so completely a product of the last three centuries as it purported to be.

But that evening, when the goat-herd, ensnared by American gold, turned himself into a modern chamber musician in our hotel room, I regained poise. Removed from its properly romantic setting, like seaweed from the sea, the pastoral stop of Theocritus became unmistakably a penny whistle, with an intonation of the whistle's conventional purity. Our captured Comatas seemed to realize that the environment was against him and that things were going 'contraire'; for he refused to venture on any of the soft Lydian airs of Monte Venere, and confined himself strictly to tarantellas, native dances, which he played with a magnificent feeling for rhythm (if not for in-tuneness) while, with a pencil, I caught — or muffed — them on the fly. One was to this effect: —

Greek city of Taranto over yonder in the heel of the Italian boot; that dancing it was once considered the only cure for the maddening bite of the spider known as the *Lycosa Tarantula*; and that some of the melodies our goat-herd was playing might possibly be ancient Greek tunes, handed down traditionally in Taranto, and later dispersed over Calabria and Sicily.

This all sounded rather academic. But his next words sent the little professor soaring in our estimation. He disclosed himself as a fiddler errant by wistfully remarking that all this made him long for two things: his violin, and a chance to play trios. Right heartily did we introduce ourselves as pianist and 'cellist errant at his service. And he and I decided to visit Catania next day to scout for fiddles and music. We thought we would look for the music first.

Next day, accordingly, we invaded



While this was going on, a chance hotel acquaintance dropped into the room and revealed himself as a professor by explaining that the tarantella was named for its birthplace, the old

the largest music store in Catania. Did they have trios for violin, violoncello, and piano? 'Certainly!' We were shown a derangement of *La Somnambula* for violin and piano, and another

for 'cello and piano. If we omitted one of the piano parts, we were assured, a very beautiful trio would result, as surely as one from four makes three.

Finding us hard to please, the store-keeper referred us to the conductor of the Opera, who offered to rent us all the standard works of chamber music. The 'trios' he offered us turned out to be elementary pieces labeled 'For Piano and Violin or 'Cello.' But nothing we could say was able to persuade our conductor that 'or' did not mean 'and.' To this day I feel sure that he is ready to defend his interpretation of this word against all comers.

We turned three more music stores upside down and had already abandoned the hunt in despair when we discovered a fourth in a narrow side street. There were only five minutes in which to catch the train; but in thirty seconds we had unearthed a genuine piece of chamber music. Hallelujah! it was the finale of the first Beethoven trio!

Suddenly the oil of joy curdled to mourning. The thing was an arrangement for piano solo! We left hurriedly when the proprietor began assuring us that the original effect would be secured if the piano was doubled in the treble by the violin and in the bass by the 'cello.

This piano solo was the nearest approach to chamber music that we could find in Trinacria, though the island was gone over with a fine-tooth comb before we departed. But afterwards, re-collecting the misadventure in tranquillity, we concluded that it was as absurd to look for chamber music in Sicily as to look for 'Die Wacht am Rhein' among the idylls of Theocritus.

V

SCENE: a city composed of one department store and three houses, on the forbidding shores of Newfoundland.

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TIME: one of those times when a fellow needs a friend, — when he's in a stern, strange land on pleasure bent — and has to have a check cashed. I don't know why it is that one always runs out of ready money in Newfoundland. Perhaps because salmon flies are such fleeting creatures of a day that you must send many postal orders to St. Johns for more. Perhaps because the customs officials at Port au Basques make you deposit so much duty on your fishing tackle. At any rate, there I was penniless, with the burly store-keeper scowling in a savage manner at my check and not knowing at all whether to take a chance on it. Finally he thought he wouldn't, but conceded that I might spend a night under his roof, as there was really nowhere else to go.

At this pass something made me think of music. Perhaps it was the parlor piano which, when new, back in the stone age, had probably been in tune. I inquired whether there were any other instruments. The wreckage of a violin was produced. With two pieces of string and a table fork I set up the prostrate sound-post. I glued together the bridge and put it in position. The technique of the angler proved helpful in splicing together some strange-looking strings. An old mandolin yielded a wire E, while the A was eked out with a piece of salmon leader.

When all was at last ready, a fresh difficulty occurred to me. The violin was an instrument which I had never learned to play! But necessity is the mother of pretension. I thought of that check. And placing the small fiddle carefully between my knees, I pretended that it was a 'cello. So the daughter of the house seated herself at the relic of the stone age, and we had a concert. Newfoundland appeared not to be over-finicky in the matter of pitch and tone-quality. And how it did enjoy music! As the audience was of

Scotch-English-Irish descent, we rendered equal parts of 'Comin' Through the Rye,' 'God Save the King,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Then the proprietor requested the Sextette from *Lucia*. While it was forthcoming he toyed furtively with his bandana. When it ceased he encored it with all his might. Then he slipped out storewards and presently returned with the fattest, blackest, most formidable-looking cigar I ever saw, which he gravely proffered me.

'We like,' he remarked in his quaint idiom, 'to hear music at scattered times.' He was trying to affect indifference. But his gruff voice shook, and I knew then that music hath charms to cash the savage check.

VI

This essay has rambled on an unconscionable while. The shades of editorial night are already descending; and still I have not yet described one of those unexpected and perfect orgies of chamber music, — one of those little earthly paradises full of

Soul-satisfying strains — alas! too few, —

which true fiddlers errant hope to find in each new place they visit, but which usually keep well in advance of them, like the foot of the rainbow.

One such adventure came to me not long ago in a California city, while I was gathering material for a book of travel. On my first evening there I was taken to dine with a well-known writer in his beautiful home, which he had built with his own two hands in the Spanish mission style during fourteen years of joyous labor. This gentleman had no idea that I was to be thrust upon him. But his hospitality went so far as to insist, before the evening was over, that I must stay a week. He would not take no for an answer. And

for my part I had no desire to say no, because he was a delightful person, his home with its leaf-filled patio was most alluring, and I had discovered promising possibilities for fiddlers errant in the splendid music-room and the collection of phonograph records of Indian music which mine host had himself made in Arizona and New Mexico. Then too there were rumors of skillful musical vagabonds in the vicinity.

Such an environment fairly cried aloud for impromptu fiddling. So, armed with a note to the best violinist in that part of California, I set forth next morning on the trail of the ideal orgy. At the address given I was told that my man had moved and his address was not known. That was a setback, indeed! But determined fiddlers errant usually land on their feet. On the way back I chanced to hear some masterly strains of Bach-on-the-violin issuing from a brown bungalow. And ringing at a venture I was confronted by the very man I sought.

Blocking the doorway, he read the note, looking as bored as professionals usually do when asked to play with amateurs. Just as he began to tell me how busy he was and how impossible, and so forth, he happened to glance again at the envelope, and a very slight gleam came into his eye.

'But you're not by any chance the fellow who wrote that thing about fiddlers in the *Atlantic*, are you?' he inquired. At my nod he very flatteringly unblocked the doorway and dragged me inside, pumping my hand up and down in a painful manner, shouting for his wife, and making various kind representations, all at the same time. And his talk gradually simmered down into an argument that of course the only thing to do was to fiddle together that very night.

I asked who had the best 'cello in town. He told me the man's name, but

looked dubious. 'The trouble is, he loves that big Amati as if it were twins. I doubt if he could bring himself to lend it to any one. Anyway, let's try.'

He scribbled a card to his 'cellist friend and promised, if I were successful, to bring along a good pianist and play trios in the evening. So I set forth on the trail of the Amati. Its owner had just finished his noonday stint in a hotel orchestra and looked somewhat tired and cross. He glanced at the card and then assumed a most conservative expression and tried to fob off on me a cheap 'cello belonging to one of his pupils, which sounded very much as a three-cent cigar tastes. At this point I gave him the secret thumb-position grip and whispered into his ear one of those magic passwords of the craft which in a trice convinced him that I was in a position to dandle a 'cello with as tender solicitude as any man alive.

On my promising, moreover, to taxicab it both ways with the sacred burden, he passed the Amati over, and the orgy of fiddlers errant was assured.

And that night how those beautiful Spanish walls did resound to Beethoven and Dvořák and Brahms, most originally interspersed with the voice of the Mexican servant's guitar, with strange, lovely songs of the aboriginal West and South, — and with the bottled sunshine of Californian hill-slopes; while El Alcalde Maiore, the lone gnarled tree-giant that filled the patio, looked in through the open windows and contributed, by way of accompaniment, leafy arpeggios *sotto voce*. And sometimes, during rests, I remembered to be thankful that I had once snapped my fingers at the howling wolf, and at fat pot-boilers, while I scribbled for the *Atlantic* that little essay on fiddlers which had gained me this priceless evening.

DRINK REFORM IN EUROPE¹

BY JOHN KOREN

ONE of the significant by-products of the great European war has been the emotional outburst against alcohol — *le delirium anti-alcoolique*, as the eminent economist, M. Yves Guyot, calls it. The appellation is not undeserved. Several lands have latterly exhibited a species of hysteria about drink which augurs ill for the stability of some of the suppressive steps taken, after the

alarums of war have died out. Much has already been written on the subject, but very little in an informing vein. Fertile imaginations have played with it; publicists have glorified the new-found zeal for abstinence in co-belligerent countries; and often the writings reveal the clumsy hand of the propagandist, who does not hesitate to make capital even out of desperate conditions.

The war measures against drink abuse are only in a limited sense outcroppings of the world temperance movement. They have sprung from

¹ 'Drink Reform in the United States' appeared in the November *Atlantic*. In subsequent issues Mr. Koren will treat other phases of the problem in this country.—THE EDITORS.

extraordinary circumstances of a more or less temporary character. Instead of indicating the high-water mark of advance, they tend to obscure the solid temperance progress as well as the means by which it has been achieved, and so far as they overreach the aim, point to an uncomfortable reaction. Just now the military precautions against alcohol are uppermost in the public mind and therefore deserve special attention; incidentally, they afford an opportunity to examine the status of temperance reform in several countries.

I. RUSSIA

The abolition of the government vodka monopoly stands out as the most spectacular event in social legislation incident to the war. The time was peculiarly adapted for it. Periodic as well as habitual intemperance has long been a sore trouble in Russia, especially in the peasant villages. Whether it had been fostered by the vodka monopoly, which replaced a practically unrestricted home distillation, may well be doubted. We know that production of vodka increased, thanks to the industry of the landed gentry controlling the distilleries, and that the government coffers swelled in proportion. In the years immediately preceding the present war, the government had persistently clung to its drink monopoly and issued many a publication purporting to show its benevolent character as a means of counteracting drunkenness, both through the control of sales and by substituting tea-houses, theatres, and other places of recreation for the vodka shop. Why then this sudden reversion of policy? The Czar's ukase abolishing the monopoly bears certain marks of impulsiveness rather than of calm deliberation. The underlying motives appear to have been mixed. It was vitally important to prevent a rep-

etition of the drunken orgies which had marred and hindered the mobilization of troops in the Russo-Japanese war. But there was more back of it than military caution. A great wave of emotion swept over the country, partaking of the nature of a religious frenzy. No sacrifice was too great for the cause of Holy Russia. Psychological conditions were opportune for a drastic step, and the thing was done. The population at large, including officials and even the formidable temperance party, was taken by surprise. There was no time for discussion, much less for a readjustment of affairs; and clear prevision of events is not a characteristic of a despotic form of government which exacts blind obedience and discourages questioning.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the abolition of the government vodka monopoly to form a reasonable judgment about the effects, although it is difficult to forecast accurately the future trend of Russian liquor legislation. The evidence relied upon by the writer is partly contained in personal communications from Russian officials, and in reports from different legations of neutral countries at Petrograd, and is largely obtained from a systematic search of representative Russian publications, some of them, like the *Novoye Vremya*, staunch supporters of the prohibition policy, and none of them daring probably to dish up falsehoods about the situation.

It is the common opinion that the government will never revive the vodka monopoly. Whether the sale of this article and of spirits generally will remain under absolute prohibition after the war is another question. The purposes of the imperial council are not clearly defined. Local conditions in many instances are chaotic. The production and sale of vodka are forbidden by an imperial ukase, but the local

communities, through town or provincial councils (*zemstvos*) enjoy the privilege of local option in regard to other alcoholic drinks. In the first flush of enthusiasm prohibition carried the largest part of the country. To be sure, in some instances, governors refused to give effect to the will of councils. Thus, in Kaluga, the governor twice vetoed the prohibition regulations adopted by the council. And exceptions were made in favor of hotels, restaurants, and clubs. But the *mujik* and the laborer, whose sole indulgence is in vodka, were made to feel all the rigors of prohibition.

During the first weeks there seems to have been some ardor for the unaccustomed virtue of abstinence. But the spacious claims spread throughout the world about a Russia sober and regenerated have not been verified. Amiable publicists like Stephen Graham and others, out of love for their allies, incline to draw on imagination rather than on facts in picturing the new Russia. In truth, hardly had the country begun to realize the wide bearing of the drink rescript than all the ills accompanying unenforced prohibition sprang up, from the Baltic to the remote Asiatic east. Perhaps the region least affected was the Caucasus, where wine is the staple drink. The story has such a familiar ring! What the government denied the people, they soon began to supply by illicit means. According to the reports of the Minister of Finance, during the six months following the prohibitive measures revenue officers discovered 1825 secret distilleries manufacturing a special brand of whiskey known as *kumusha*; 160 distilleries fitted out with the most modern machinery for making vodka; 92 distilleries especially designed for filtering lacquer and varnish; and 60 distilleries engaged in filtering denatured alcohol.¹

Another drink manufactured on a large scale is known as *khanza* and consists of wood alcohol, pepper, and other spices. Even more popular is the so-called *kvassok*, made from cider, wild hops, dry yeast, a little alcohol, and snuff. It is reported sold in huge quantities, and its effect is explained by citing the peasant saying, 'Spill something on a pig's tail and it will get bold.'

So widespread has illicit distilling become, not only in the populous centres like Petrograd and Moscow, but in many distant provinces, even in Irkutsk, that the government has increased the amount of the fine from 2500 to 6000 rubles and the term of imprisonment from two months to one year and four months. Still the traffic shows no abatement, and in Russia immunity from arrest is quite a purchasable commodity. So insistent has been the demand for alcohol that substitutes in the form of denatured alcohol, eau de cologne, *politura*, and the like have been consumed in large quantities despite their dangerous effects. From Kiev, Riga, Tambou, Penza, Simbirsk, Vilna, Nijny Novgorod, Charkov, Kursk, Moscow, Petrograd, and innumerable other places come reports of deaths and poisonings from these liquids. Medical societies have found it necessary to caution the public against the use of denatured alcohol, and have even asked permission to post notices of warning in the streets and other public places. A commission of the Petrograd Ophthalmological Society reports that there had been treated at two named hospitals, up to April 15, no less than 2882 persons whose sight had been impaired by drinking denatured and wood alcohol, varnish, and so forth. Of this number 27 died. During the same time, 138 persons had been brought to the eye departments of two Petrograd hospitals, who had become blind or suffered a marked loss of

¹ *Ryetch*, Petrograd.

sight from the same cause. Dr. Novoselski, writing in the *Ruski Vrach* (Petrograd), cites the official returns of deaths from delirium tremens and remarks, 'Before prohibition the mortality figures varied and changed without definite regularity; after prohibition they show a regular and constant increase. As prohibition regulations became stricter and at last complete, the mortality from alcoholism increased.' He argues from the mortality statistics that substitutes for vodka 'are used not only by confirmed drunkards, but generally by those classes who before prohibition used to drink moderately.' The recent victims of alcoholism in Petrograd were 'persons of all ages and all occupations.'

Such is the saddening answer to the well-intended prohibition of vodka, for which no substitute was offered. It agrees ill with the popular conception of general sobriety throughout the Russian dominions which has universally been applauded. The story of it carried abroad by the press unhappily belongs to the claptrap of war times. At first there were some superficial signs of general abstinence. Our newspapers have featured the intelligence that drunkenness had disappeared from the streets of Petrograd. And now? The *Ryetch* reports that during six days in April and May of this year 783 persons were sentenced for being drunk on the streets. The severe penalty — the fine of 100 rubles or a month in jail, or both — does not seem to have a deterring influence.

A writer in the *Ryetch* comments thus on the general situation: 'The sun of sobriety has set before it reached the zenith. . . . The village folk had hardly time to wear out the boots in which they marched after the coffin of the "monopoly" before tens of thousands of illicit distilleries of liquors, factories of all kinds of strong drink, came

into existence. . . . It would be naïve and ruinous to regard the work of reform as completed. On the contrary the task is all ahead. . . . Vodka played a great part in our peasant life, and its disappearance creates a greater or less vacancy which in some way or other must be filled. . . . There also come reports that the village folk are becoming addicted to gambling and that a passion for it is seizing the whole mass of peasantry. In short, everything points to the fact that the sobering of the people cannot be accomplished by the simple discontinuance of the traffic in liquor. It is necessary to occupy their leisure in some interesting and instructive manner; otherwise the reform, so grandiose and full of beautiful possibilities, will yield negative results.'

In the same strain speaks the *Novoye Vremya*, which is a strong adherent of prohibition: 'It must be admitted that the great historical act by which the traffic in liquor was forbidden found the country far from prepared to replace the drunken haze by sober pastime. . . . But only now [ten months later] has the question occurred, how to fill the spare time thus gained. . . . Just a bare prohibition of vodka after the war would be only an injunction which could be circumvented. It is necessary to divert the population from vodka, to cultivate a taste for a different employment of their leisure.'

How the government will cope with the many unforeseen difficulties that have arisen remains to be seen. Well-informed opinion inclines to the belief that while the ban on vodka will remain, the sale of beer may be permitted and that of wine be made free; for Russia, it should be remembered, is sixth among the wine-producing countries of the world. A complication is likely to occur through her position as a large debtor nation to France. It would be a

serious blow to the powerful distilling and wine-growing interests of France to find the Russian market closed. On the other hand, were France permitted to flood Russia with cheap brandies and liquors, prohibition would get another setback. Meanwhile local communities seem increasingly inclined to exercise the option granted by law and provide for the sale of fermented beverages. This has been done in Minsk, Bobroysk, Igumen, Riga, and many other places. Except on the part of distillers and similar interests there seems to be no disposition to advocate a return to the manufacture and sale of vodka. At a public conference held in Petrograd during the spring of this year, the perpetual prohibition of the sale of whiskey was advocated. Beers and wines, however, especially the latter, were held to have a desirable effect on village life, and the ministry was requested to act accordingly. The Minister of Commerce has already recommended that the sale of beer and wine containing not more than sixteen per cent of alcohol be permitted.¹

Russia is learning lessons that should have become trite in this country. Perhaps the chief among them is this: if sumptuary legislation creates voids in social and community life without seeking to fill them by acceptable substitutes, its ends are sure to be defeated. In the space of less than one year Russia has suffered most varieties of ills resulting from premature prohibition. But fortunately they are recognized and fully acknowledged by temperance reformers. Herein lies the promise that the evils will be overcome by limiting prohibition to vodka and its equivalents. That done, the abolition of the government monopoly will stand as a momentous achievement. But the experience of Russia illustrates that even in an autocracy a social reform cannot

be affected merely by ukase when public opinion refuses to support it.

II. FRANCE

In France, too, the war has helped to draw the public mind to the drink problem. Economic interests and military considerations have given it prominence. The question of drink reform has gained impetus also from the favorable publicity given the Russian experiment as well as from the characteristic British growl about the effects of drink upon the productiveness of the laboring classes. Of course, the temperance politician has utilized the unusual opportunity for agitation; and the inevitable alarmists have preached abstinence as the price of final victory. It does not appear, however, that the military conditions have been complicated by the drink situation. Commanders are given ample authority to take the necessary precautions without making over the habits of the soldiery.

The one great forward step in France has been the abolition of absinthe, but, contrary to popular belief, this was not a war measure. The country at large had become convinced of the ravages of this toxic drink, and steps to do away with it antedated the war. At the various sittings of the French Assembly since the beginning of hostilities the question of restricting the liquor traffic has been freely debated, but so far there is no prospect that radically constructive laws will be passed. The most recently introduced bill would give prefects of departments authority, while the war lasts, to regulate, limit, and even forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages except wine, beer, cider, perry, and hydromel. Of course, this is a war measure pure and simple; it does not go to the root of the drink issue, and in consequence has been bitterly assailed by *les tempérants*, who in this

¹ *Birzhevyia Vyedomosti*, Petrograd.

instance cannot be called apostles of an empty enthusiasm.

Within three generations the drink habits of France have undergone profound changes. It was one of the soberest countries of Europe and has become the most alcoholic except Russia. According to Dr. Bertillon, the consumption of alcohol has increased about sixfold in sixty years. Various forms of distilled liquors have supplanted wine as a national beverage. Some have tried to connect this phenomenon with the growth of the absinthe habit; it is, however, a product of the unrestricted liberty to sell spirits. In France there is one drink-shop, in which alcohol of all kinds can be sold, to 82 inhabitants; while in England there is one to 430, in Sweden one to 5000, and in Norway one to about 10,000 inhabitants. Only the Belgium of ante-bellum days could vie with France in the number of drink-shops. The real factor back of this extraordinary condition is the distilling interest. There are more than 1,300,000 distillers in the country, says Dr. Bertillon, who estimates the number of wine-growers to be even greater. Practically there is no restriction upon the distillation of spirits from cereals and fruit. Under the law any householder may produce five gallons of spirits for home use free of taxes; but in reality thousands take advantage of lax supervision to manufacture spirits for sale. It has been asserted that there are upward of a million places throughout France more or less engaged in this fraudulent practice. Whatever the number may be, we know that over large rural areas the peasantry not only make and drink spirits, but offer it for sale at incredibly low prices.

The outcry against drink in the France of to-day has therefore grim reality behind it. Visible drunkenness may be less than in several other coun-

tries, but spirits, in the shape of *apéritifs*, liqueurs, and so forth, are now so much a part of the daily diet of the peasantry, and of laborers in particular, that they have become a national menace. This discovery is not new, nor are temperance reformers and scattered scientists the only ones who have drawn attention to it. In May of this year, the syndicalist workmen groups of all trades represented at the Nantes Labor Exchange (Loire-Inférieure) unanimously declared that the 'multiplicity of drink-shops and the diversity of harmful products displayed are a real and ceaseless provocation' to alcoholism, which, they say, bears especially hard upon workmen's families. Therefore they endorse the edict against absinthe and 'approve the suppression of all similar substances and the special privileges accorded distillers.' The same resolutions were adopted by the dockers at Havre.

Solicitude over the drink situation is likewise marked among the intellectual classes. The French Academy of Medicine has long labored with it. France was one of the prime movers in the formation of the International Committee for the Scientific Study of the Alcohol Question, under the presidency of ex-President Loubet, while M. Alexandre Ribot, now Minister of Finance, is chairman of the French section, which counts many distinguished members. France also possesses a varied, if not especially significant, anti-alcohol literature. Why then does temperance reform progress so slowly? It has been said that 'No French minister of the present day is bold enough to stand up against the wine-growing industry or the 1,378,000 distillers.' That may be an exaggeration, but skirts close to the truth. It is no secret that the powerful distilling interests have directed French diplomatic objections to the enactment of prohibition

in other countries, — in Finland, for instance, — and that they have insisted upon the right (much against the advice of the colonial administration) to sell cheap brandies among the Mohammedan populations of North Africa, the Negroes of French West Africa, and the people of French Indo-China, Madagascar, and other places. These interests are undoubtedly the main-spring of the 'curse of alcoholism' both at home and abroad.

Then in France, as in many other countries, the cause of sobriety suffers from the intemperate zeal of certain reformers. The rise of a political temperance party is not welcomed, with its aspirants for political honors who are willing to bend their necks to that species of temperance servitude without conviction which is so ingloriously exemplified in our own country. Even in the stress of war, any interference with personal habits is peculiarly obnoxious to Frenchmen. Wrathfully M. Guyot exclaims apropos of the proposed drink regulations: —

'Les tempérants, atteints d'un "delirium," pire que le "delirium tremens," piétinent, déchirent, et saccagent les principes élémentaires de la liberté individuelle et du respect de la propriété! Leur intoxication intellectuelle et morale est autrement dangereuse que toutes les intoxications alcooliques.'

Of prohibition as a policy there is little discussion. To be sure, the National Council of French Women recently declared for the complete prohibition of the sale of spirits, but only as a war measure, apparently.

Reasonable leaders of the temperance movement, like M. Joseph Reinach, recognize that the French people will not surrender freedom of action to legislation and cannot be coerced into greater sobriety. Therefore their programme is limited to a restriction and control of distilleries. (As a step in this

direction some communal distilleries have been established; a limitation of drink-places by means of taxation; prohibition of sales to minors and on credit, and so forth.) Their campaign is against distilled liquors as having turned France from her former sobriety. There is no thought of stopping the sale of beer and wine. Rather the effort is to encourage their use as the accustomed and natural beverages of the people in its temperate days.

War times seem to have diminished drinking generally, but not through law. The soldiers still receive their ration of rum, says an undoubted authority, though it is not acknowledged officially. M. Vidal of the Academy of Medicine recently asked for a resolution demanding the regular distribution to all soldiers of a hygienic beverage — wine or beer. And Professor Landouzey has called attention to the deficiency of the French army ration in carbohydrates, which he would equalize by adding an allowance of wine.

That the French temperance movement has been stimulated by the war is patent. What its final direction will be cannot be predicted, for as yet it has not recorded notable triumphs.

III. GREAT BRITAIN

The recent heroic onslaughts upon the drink traffic by Mr. Lloyd George and others ended tamely. England did not respond to the call for prohibition, or show any tangible enthusiasm for personal abstinence from patriotic motives. The castigation of the workmen, whose drink habits were blamed for delay in producing war materials, and for general inefficiency, reacted unfavorably. Other shortcomings were brought to light, although gross intemperance among laborers could not be denied, and quite likely it had been

stimulated by the peculiar circumstances caused by the war.

When a coalition government was formed, all prospects of radical drink laws waned. The Liberals, who profess a leaning toward temperance reform, had proved unequal to the task; and since the Unionists and Conservatives, as parties, do not incline to drink reform, the visions of national prohibition faded rapidly. The agitation and turmoil of weeks yielded as a net result the establishment of a commission endowed with large discretionary power in controlling liquor selling within munition and transportation areas. Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to nationalize the drink traffic was not laid before Parliament. The more extreme temperance interests did not approve it; the cost and financial risk were prohibitive; and to instigate a country-wide fight on the drink issue during the war might mean a political disaster. Nor was it found practicable to close the distilleries and stop the sale of spirits, for this demanded a compensation to the trade to which the teetotalers generally object.

The drink evil is undeniably acute in England; that Mr. Lloyd George's major proposals were defeated does not prove the contrary. The teetotalers have made comparatively little progress; and because they are merely repressive, the liquor laws of England have failed to check intemperance. In licensing, the practice of the justices lacks certainty and uniformity. The many and complex laws as well as local regulations are merely restrictive — to prevent excesses on the part of the vendor. Constructive principles, without which drink reform is but a transparent show, are wholly wanting. Perhaps the worst feature of the situation is the so-called 'tied-house system.' It means that the trade has acquired about ninety per cent of the licensed drink-places

in the country and furnishes the retailer his capital, so that 'though he is a tenant in name, he is often but a slave in fact.' The sole object of a tied house is to push the sale of drink, for that alone gives it value to the owner; and legislation helps on this condition by making the size of the house, not the quantity of liquor sold, the basis of taxation. In other words, the law holds out a premium to the licensee who can sell the greatest quantity of alcohol in the smallest possible selling space! Diversions and attractions other than drink are not encouraged, and in some places are absolutely forbidden. It is said that the technicalities of the licensing system can hardly be understood by a layman; it seems in part to assume a tied-house system and helps to perpetuate it with all its faults.

The licensing statistics of England point to an increase rather than a decrease in drunkenness during the past three or four years. There has been a reduction of licensed places, but they have to a considerable extent been replaced by clubs which are exempt from license, limitation of hours of sale, and inspection. The situation is undoubtedly serious, and there is little prospect of effective remedial legislation, although sane suggestions are not wanting. The trade is conservative and will not yield.

Meanwhile England affords examples of practical reform through private enterprise in the so-called Public-house Trust companies. The trust system is in brief the Gothenburg system adapted to English conditions. Its cardinal principle is the elimination of private profits from the retail sale of alcoholic beverages, the business being conducted by paid managers under the control of directors who receive no pecuniary benefit other than a fixed maximum rate of interest upon the capital shares held by them, the surplus being devoted to objects of public utility. The man-

agers get a commission on all sales except of alcoholic drinks, and thus have every incentive not to push that side of the business. Various amusements and other attractions are provided.

The experiments with the Public-house Trust system began at Aberdeen in 1895. Under the leadership of Lord Grey it has been extensively developed during the past fifteen years, although at the outset it was fought by the trade, misrepresented by the temperance party, distrusted by the officials and the public, and, as a voluntary affair, remained unassisted by legislation. Experience and capacity for the business had to be acquired by degrees. Yet the system grew and flourished: if a few companies failed, others were amalgamated and became the stronger. At present more than 320 houses are operated on the trust plan. One of the largest, known as the Home Counties Public-house Trust, manages 60 houses, 'in town and country, slum and village, colliery and other industrial areas, and in lonely districts.' As a business venture it has been successful. Beyond this it is sufficient to relate that 'the company employs approximately 900 managers and assistants, and during its ten years' existence has served more than eleven millions of customers. During the whole of this period not a single employee has been convicted of a breach of the Licensing Acts or in respect of any other offense.' In these years 'the non-alcoholic receipts have risen from less than ten per cent to more than forty-eight per cent of the whole.'

The Public-house Trust system exemplifies what so many seem still to doubt — that drink-selling can be made respectable and be surrounded with a wholesome atmosphere. Of course, the ultimate object of Lord Grey, Mr. Arthur Sherwell, M.P., and other exponents of the company system

idea is to nationalize the retail sale of drink. Meanwhile they have provided a highly important object lesson in practical methods of counteracting intemperance through the institution of 'disinterested' for 'tied-house' management in the public houses. An increasing number of temperance reformers is said to believe in it, but of course it is rejected by all who are obsessed with the idea of absolute prohibition as the only step in legislation they can countenance.

On a much smaller scale the disinterested company system has been tried both in Scotland and in Ireland. Scotland has also a licensing act of quite recent date which seeks to correct some ancient abuses and is said to have diminished drunkenness quite perceptibly, particularly by restricting the hours of sale; but it does not add to the stock of basic principles in liquor legislation.

IV. OTHER BELLIGERENT COUNTRIES

In Germany, the Great War does not seem to have aroused special concern about intemperance. Military safeguards have been adopted, and for economic reasons the output of beer and spirits has been curtailed. The soldiers in the field have been allowed beer and wine, with modest quantities of spirits during the severe winter days, — at least so one gathers from private letters and newspapers. But Germany, of course, has a drink problem; the statistics of consumption attest that, and in the eyes of many people it looms large. There as elsewhere the use of spirits causes the particular mischief. How the extent of known alcoholism compares with that of other countries cannot be determined. There is no evidence, however, that either the economic or military powers of Germany have been greatly impaired by drink.

There are many active abstinence

organizations, whose leadership is, in some instances, in the hands of men of note and scientific attainments. Their efforts are chiefly directed to teaching personal hygiene and advocating abstinence. The idea of prohibition in the American sense of the term is wholly foreign to the German people, to whom beer and, in some states, wine form an important part of the daily diet. And as prohibition is not an issue, the numerous political groups are still minus a temperance party.

The German liquor laws offer little of interest. The fact that especially fermented liquors are generally sold in family resorts in the best sense of the term no doubt has been a great help to sobriety; but this custom springs from national characteristics rather than from law, although legislation encourages it — an instructive contrast to our ways of ‘diminishing temptation.’ On the other hand, Germany perhaps is the largest contributor to the scientific study of alcohol, and from the varied literature of the subject both prohibitionists and temperance reformers derive their arguments.

Italy is beginning to have a drink problem, influences from the United States and the Argentine sharing the dubious honor of having helped to create it. So long as the Italians remained a wine-drinking people, they were counted among the most temperate in Europe, notwithstanding the fact that the *per capita* consumption, when considered in terms of pure alcohol, reached a very high figure. As in Spain and Portugal, the habitual use of natural wines did not produce alcoholism and its brood of evils; but in recent years returning emigrants have transplanted the whiskey habit to what appears to be a congenial soil, for the Italian government has felt obliged to enact new laws curbing the traffic in spirits.

Austria-Hungary, largely a beer and

wine-drinking country, contributes little of value to the discussion of temperance reform.

V. THE SCANDINAVIAN EXPERIMENTS

Sweden and Norway practically alone among the countries of the world illustrate the power of rational liquor legislation to reduce the consumption of alcohol. The interesting history of this legislation must be passed by, nor is there space to tell its operation in detail. Both must be sought in the voluminous literature of the subject, which has long been accessible in English through official reports and private studies.

During the greater part of the first half of the last century Sweden permitted practically free trade in the manufacture and sale of spirits. The consumption of spirits rose to extraordinary proportions and with terrible effects. ‘The very marrow of the nation was sapped; moral and physical degradation . . . all those grim legions of evils that ever range themselves under the banner of intemperance took possession of the land.’ In the rural parishes the conditions were transformed by the simple act of 1885 forbidding home distillation, while other distilleries were subjected to a high excise tax and the rural communities given a local veto over sales. The towns, which suffered perhaps even more from drunkenness, offered a different problem; but it was not thought practicable or expedient to try to place them under prohibition. A bold remedy for a desperate situation was found in the organization of a private *bolag*, or company, in the city of Gothenburg, which gradually took over licenses for spirit-selling on the condition that the shareholders should not derive the slightest advantage from sales beyond the ordinary rate of interest on the capital invested, and that

the profits should be devoted to charity or public uses. This was the genesis of the famous Gothenburg system, which in the course of time became extended to the whole of Sweden and eventually reached its fullest development and fairest trial in Norway. Here the retail traffic in spirits is placed in the hands of private companies (*samlags*) composed of reputable citizens, under carefully worked-out regulations and supervision. Of the net profits, 15 per cent is given the municipality in lieu of the former license tax, 20 per cent is divided among the company and department in charge, to be distributed for charitable and useful objects not supported by taxation, while the remainder is paid into the state treasury. In Norway, it is optional with the towns to maintain or abolish *samlags*; the country districts, as in Sweden, are under prohibition, which, however, does not interfere with importation for private use.

In Sweden the consumption of spirits prior to the general introduction of the company system was 13.5 litres per capita; it is now about 6 litres. In Norway the *samlags* have reduced the consumption of spirits from nearly 7 litres per capita to about 3. Both countries show an increase in the use of fermented beverages, but when consumption is measured in terms of pure alcohol, Norway ranks as the most temperate of all European countries, while Sweden is a fair second. That these unmatched results could have been attained without the company system is not credible.

Perhaps extravagant friends of the Scandinavian system have overpraised it; they have at least reason on their side, which is wanting in the bitter attacks upon it by the uncompromising prohibitionists. For in its home lands the system has demonstrated that it (1) divorces drink-selling from politics and thus removes this obstacle to re-

form; (2) places an 'inherently dangerous traffic' under effective restriction and control, but in keeping with the expressed sentiment of the locality; (3) makes possible the reduction of the number of licensed houses to the lowest safe limits that public opinion will tolerate, and thus simplifies all restrictive measures; (4) secures the profits on sales to the locality and enables the establishment of counter attractions; (5) appeals to an enlightened public opinion, enlists the coöperation of good citizens, and paves the way for progressive temperance legislation.

Two grievances in particular have been directed against the company system as exemplified in Norway: one, that the sale of wine and beer is not monopolized by the companies; the other, that the system stifles temperance reform. Under the law a company may now acquire the retail sale of beer for a definite period during which no other vendor may be licensed. To place the retail sale of fermented beverages quite on the same footing with that of spirits is by many regarded as making not for but against sobriety. Recent legislation aims to liberalize the sale of beers through a method of progressive taxation whereby the least alcoholic of these beverages are subjected to the lowest tax. It is also proposed to exempt all beer containing less than 2.25 per cent of alcohol from taxes. This was first done in Denmark with the result of enormously increasing the use of the practically non-alcoholic beers. Sweden makes a similar exemption.

The company system of Norway has gained support from the abstainers precisely because it makes temperance reform easy. After a labor of four and a half years the Norwegian Alcohol Commission, an official body under the chairmanship of Professor Dr. Axel Holst, and, almost needless to say, consisting of men of high scientific attain-

ments and standing, has just issued its report, which will be laid before the next Storting. A minority consisting of avowed prohibitionists, one of whom is the well-known temperance leader, Provincial Governor S. Aarrestad, does not favor the abolition of the company system but would restrict it in several ways, while hoping eventually to win the whole country for prohibition by the extension of local option.

After most exhaustive investigations, the majority of this commission find that prohibition is likely to increase home distillation and greatly to stimulate the illicit traffic. They base this judgment in part upon the experience with local prohibition, which shows the number of persons sentenced or under prosecution for illegal selling to be three and a half times larger in cities without samlags (under prohibition) than in the others. The evidence of public intoxication is taken to indicate 'so intensive a craving for stimulants among the male population of our cities that it cannot be expected in the near future to cease obtaining gratification solely through the adoption of a prohibitive law.' The police authorities of the principal cities are reported as practically unanimous in the belief that total prohibition cannot be enforced. The same opinion is voiced by the state revenue department. The police officials of Christiania say, 'Already now it is most difficult to secure evidence in cases of violations of the alcohol law,' and—it has such a familiar sound!—that in different strata of the population it is considered quite proper to give untruthful explanations and try to deceive the police and the courts in liquor cases. Personal investigation in the United States has persuaded members of the Norwegian commission that our examples of prohibition ought not to be imitated.

The commission speaks at length and

favorably of the so-called Bratt or André system in Sweden, which aims to prevent persons from buying spirits who are known to abuse them. The authorities provide the bolags with a list of all such persons. Other citizens over twenty-one years of age must notify the bolag that they desire to purchase spirits, and are then given a card to be shown and recorded at the bolag before a purchase can be made. This system of individual licenses, at first a local experiment, proved so successful that in May of this year it was made obligatory for all the Swedish bolags.

Aside from things actually accomplished in the way of effective legislation, the American observer of European methods can but note (with a degree of humiliation) that they do not leave the intricate problems associated with liquor laws to the mercy of the propagandist and the inexperienced or interested legislator. Europeans attempt at least to clear the way through scientific inquiries by men of eminence and authority. Our progress in drink reform is bound to be slow so long as popular wisdom about it is drawn from the politician on the stump, or from unscientific temperance federations.

But in Europe, too, the liquor issue is beginning to be used by the politician as a ladder wherewith to reach place. And once he takes up the yoke of temperance servitude, there is apparently no escape. There is a curious fatalism about swearing allegiance to the tenets of prohibition: it seems almost invariably to produce a deviation from normal thought and ideals. Are they fit to lead who regard the liquor problem as the one vital question, who aver that the sum and substance of human ills are bound up in it, and therefore demand, even in the midst of a world-conflagration, that it must be given the right of way over all the problems that perplex society?

POOR AMERICA

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

I

THE history of criticism is a melancholy one. I have read that in the year 1606, the year in which *King Lear* and *Macbeth* were presented to the happy multitude, Ben Jonson, 'who was criticism incarnate,' who loathed 'the general public,' declared that English drama was going to the dogs. For excellent reasons time does not avenge every writer slighted of the critics as it avenged William Shakespeare; but conflicts between orthodoxy and the despised public have by no means always ended in orthodoxy's favor. Such issues have taught nothing, however. At Edinburgh sixteen years ago, Mr. Augustine Birrell, who possibly has not a great deal to learn from younger essayists in the criticism of literature, delivered an address entitled, 'Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?' But what to Mr. Birrell is a feat of fine discrimination, 'extremely difficult,' he says, is, and has always been, a simple affair to the conventional appraiser of these delicate values. Old Jonson is dead, but his spirit goes marching on. Temperamental reactions still assume the airs of the judgments of Olympus. Awful disagreements among the temples, so frequent and so delightful to the ungodly, the ghastly mistakes of predecessors, hanging over all the field of literature like dead men in the trees, these things sound no tinkle of warning in closed doctoral ears. And who would have it otherwise? This fulfills the law. Dogma was always the true

voice of orthodoxy, and a grave cocksureness is the proper crutch of the lamest of all arts.

It is no moment to be trifling with the international comity, but let us remember that it was not we who threw the first stone. And after all, our fatal fascination for the critics of Great Britain is too old a story to draw blood now. If, in the department of letters, the tendency to cousinly correction has seemed unusually active of late, that is a mere psychologic rhythm, no doubt, a wave. The thing might be just worth a note in passing. Thus I remember Mr. Arnold Bennett, suavest of his compatriots, but clearly with small hope of American literature in this generation. I recall Mr. W. L. George, charging upon us, if memory serves, bare of critical laurels won elsewhere; his proud and particular contribution being that he knew our literature solely through three contemporary native writers, all of whom he found 'very national and very inferior.' More recently I was struck, decidedly so, by the utterances of Mr. Edward Garnett;¹ of whom more anon. I note in passing that Mr. Garnett 'hopes to discuss' us again, at no distant date. Naturally. That he is not alone in England with this hope we may be reasonably confident. Meanwhile, just at the moment of writing, there comes to hand Mr. James Stephens, an Irish author, whose grasp of English grammar is not, I am convinced, displayed to the best

¹ In the *Atlantic* for December, 1914. — THE EDITORS.

advantage in the following sentence from his pen: 'It [America] has not yet had the leisure to evolve a social order, to conserve its traditions, and form a life habitual to itself, and against the background of which every facet of the national existence may be judged.'

But Mr. Stephens, however worried by his whichies, is not the man to mince words. It is a pleasure to spread this example of urbane and well-considered criticism: —

'American writers [says Mr. Stephens] have not learned how to write; their thoughts are superficial, they have no critical intelligence, and they have the sad courage of these disabilities.'

Now as this sort of thing is not novel, neither is it very important, perhaps. The truth seems to be that casual criticism rarely amounts to more than the disclosure of somebody's point of view: a disclosure often beautifully unconscious, a point of view of quite variable and uncertain value. Mr. Brownell's apt phrase, 'the irresponsibility of pure temperament,' helps to explain many critical curiosities. And certainly the 'condescension in foreigners' would not be worth mentioning at all at this day, were it not for one striking circumstance attending it. I mean the attitude toward these proceedings of authority in this country.

It is certainly arresting that the transatlantic attack, however crude or violent, seldom evokes the smallest resentment on this side of the water. The uncommonly quaint specimen quoted was itself first encountered as the text of an editorial article in one of our most respected periodicals; but the American editor betrayed nowhere any sense that our critic was himself conceivably subject to criticism. No, we take assault and battery with all the tameness becoming to inferiors. So far from rushing to the rescue of our buffered writ-

ers, our guides and philosophers make haste to declare that it is all true, only moreso; and, not to be caught napping, in dull times dully repeat the tale of our shame, without any foreign incitation whatever. Thus the situation, instead of lightening, is constantly intensified. Language grows harsher as the tale grows more threadbare, as the sense of numbers gives waxing assurance. We may doubt whether Mr. James Stephens would have had the sad courage of his angularities, had he not known that the doctors were behind him.

So, too, in our own country. In a New York newspaper symposium last spring, a young American writer, himself rather popular perhaps than destined for the ages, referred offhand to 'the present base condition of literature in the United States.' The youthful judge offered no justification for his vivid language; one does n't need to justify a commonplace. And all authority, all British orthodoxy and its loyal native following, seems agreed that contemporary American literature is 'base,' and contemporary American writers of a character which instinctively produces baseness, as a hen produces an egg.¹

Such unanimity is uncommon; it seems overpowering and final. But is it so indeed? May we not remember the foible of orthodoxy, the critic's cautious passion to be 'regular'? Should we not even frankly discount the rare unanimity with that known critical tendency toward the congregated and conventional, than which — it is again Mr. Brownell who speaks — 'nothing is more insidious'?

¹ The spirit of the times seems to have weighed heavily even upon Mr. Meredith Nicholson, who, in the October *Atlantic*, set out with the apparent intention of defending American literature, but actually devoted most of his space to telling what was the matter with it. — THE AUTHOR.

II

Mr. Edward Garnett was introduced to dark America through the medium of a biographical note in the *Atlantic Monthly*, last December. We must not jest about the testimonial from Mr. John Galsworthy; these matters are serious. For the rest, Mr. Garnett introduced himself, surely in no faltering tones. I read his remarks on the subject of American fiction with a hearty and constant sense of opposition. Finishing my perusal in a state of extreme irritation (for even low Americans have their rudimentary feelings, I suppose), I thought: 'Really, somebody ought to reply to our plain-speaking cousin; some vigorous American writer of high standing and independence.' Whereon, almost as if at a cue in a play, I was told that just such a person *was* to reply to Mr. Garnett! And at once in my innocence I was vastly cheered; vastly expectant, I will confess it, of a memorable reprisal upon the insular self-satisfactions of Britain.

Naturally, these artless feelings were born but to die. When I came at last upon the promised reply I read with opening eyes and a falling crest.

Mr. Owen Wister's intentions had, of course, been totally misrepresented to me. Unseemly quarreling was, only too obviously, the last thing in his mind. It might indeed have seemed that few persons on earth stood less in need of mere corroboration than Mr. Garnett; nevertheless Mr. Wister's merely corroborative purposes became unmistakable from his third paragraph. Here I encountered, with a start, an old acquaintance of mine, in that sentence beginning, as it usually does, 'The reason why Americans are so fond of bamboozle, generally preferring sham to reality . . .' That seemed to settle it; after bamboozle, I hardly needed to meet, later on, the Subsidized Press,

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that favorite bugaboo of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, and other sayings, all tried and true. Bamboozle assured me, once for all, that we had but the old sermon again, though charmingly re-trimmed; the thrice-slain slain again with the odd but delightful high spirits of youth; no champion at all, but only a lusty new recruit in the respectable chorus which chants forever of the baseness of America.

This was no ordinary recruit, however; far from it. The assailant of the popular American novel this time was himself an American novelist of extreme popularity: which several facts invested his positions with a significance and weight not attachable to the alien critic, of however 'recognized authority.' Moreover there was the remarkable vigor of the new attack, a ruthless exterminative vigor, quite eclipsing what had gone before. Space lacks for general comparisons. But at least it must be noted that it was Mr. Wister, not Mr. Garnett, who broadly implied that American novelists are literary prostitutes. And it was Mr. Wister's sense of proportion, not Mr. Garnett's, which unlimbered six columns upon Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and victoriously drew sentences from the Grand Rapids *Herald* and the Providence *Telegram* (whose 'critics' are possibly also their 'society editors,' only too thankfully accepting the canned enthusiasm of the publishers), as fair evidence of the critical standards of America.

It is Mr. Wister's singular triumph that he has left Mr. Garnett looking as meek as Moses. But his accomplishment is larger than that. By reason of the several circumstances just noted, he seems to gather into himself, he ousts and replaces, all predecessors in the well-worn field. Nor can we say that such a sweeping of the lists was inadvertent exactly. Glance a moment at that passage, comparatively sweet,

in which Mr. Wister hustles large bodies of competing critics off the stage.

'Lest certain genteel critics [he writes] who think they practice more discrimination than this, feel slighted, it may be well to explain here why they have so little influence. It was amusing to notice how some of them — the *Chicago Dial*, for instance — hastened to asseverate that they had always known what Mr. Garnett said, — that they had always said so themselves. So they had. They do, tepidly, discriminate; they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit. They all — the *New York Times*, the *New York Sun*, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *New York Evening Post* (very typical, this last one), with others of less note — stand ever ready to be the first to hail a *perfectly well-established* artist.'

However, to me the really intriguing thing about this passage was not the pointedness of the punitive raid at all. Rather it was the writer's fine unconsciousness of the fact that his description of 'genteel criticism' appeared to fit the body of his own remarks — well, better than a suit from Poole's, say. I, at least, had found nothing at all in 'Quack Novels and Democracy' but that the author of it, strangely like the *Chicago Dial*, was hastening to asseverate that he has always known what Mr. Garnett said; that, like the *Evening Post* and the others, he did, after the fact, perceive and praise merit; and that, indistinguishably one with all conventional critics of every age and clime, he stood ever ready to be the first to hail a perfectly well-established artist.

Is this unfair, mere coarse repartee? Well, it seems to be largely a question of literal fact. What merit, in truth, has our critic praised before the fact, what sincere but neglected artist does he, more courageous than the genteel,

summon to banquet beneath his spotlight? I have searched his sentences in vain for one reckless championship. To be sure, he is rather more liberal here than the Briton, who has prudently confined his approval of America almost exclusively to the dead. (O happy dead! — safe predigested food of timid criticism! — surely you must look down sometimes from where you are, and laugh and roar at the belated garlands!)

But where, among his cited living, are the gallant discoveries? Margaret Deland, William Allen White, Judge Robert Grant, Mary S. Watts, Meredith Nicholson — is it some delusion of the tricky brain, or am I really right in thinking that the *Dial*, the *Transcript*, and the rest of the reproved have long since anticipated Mr. Wister's guarded celebration of these 'perfectly well-established artists'?¹

III

But that is a detail. The American novelist's preëmption of the centre of the stage gives to his argument, as I believe, an importance entitling it to unusual consideration. And his target, of course, is not the critics of America. No, the frontal attack is upon the American people, *in extenso*; in chief, upon their national vulgarity as exhibited in their capacity of a Reading Public. In these words (I mark with capitals the abused but convenient term) Mr. Wister states his thesis for us with splendid lucidity: —

'It is the books that concern Mr. Garnett; it is their readers that concern me. Publishers cowardly; critics worthless; novelists false; why? Be-

¹ And similarly as to the single newcomer, produced with an odd air of personal discovery, Mr. Ernest Poole. I might note in passing that the thirteenth edition of *The Harbor* was advertised on the 7th of August. — THE AUTHOR.

cause it is successful to be so. But why should it be successful? The answer leads us straight back to the American people' — bamboozle, sham, baseness, and so forth. 'Phrases and falsehood were made bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh' — thus our American spokesman historically accounts for us in a graceful passage.

Now to say, or imply, that American novelists, generally, falsify their impressions of life, with the low design of tickling dollars from a Public ingrown to falsehood — this is indeed a charge sufficiently comprehensive and damaging. Novelists and People alike might justly wish to inquire the grounds of so cutting an indictment. And when they come to search, as of right, for the solid bones of the impressionistic argument, — for what the vulgar would call proof, in fine, — they find themselves confronted with evidences such as these: —

1. The alleged deterioration of two American writers under the temptation of the cheap magazine.

2. Several critical sentences taken from the Grand Rapids *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, the Oregon *Journal*, and the Providence *Telegram*.

3. The popularity of Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

4. The popularity of the *Cosmopolitan*.

The first of these evidences of national vulgarity the smitten Public will find, I fear, beyond the reach of argument. It is not for all of us to search the hearts of strangers, and capture their most secret and subtle impulses to point a saying. Perhaps we might doubt at least whether any American geniuses have been tampered with, whether the *Cosmopolitan* has cost us a single masterpiece. Perhaps we might feel that though the wanton deterioration of two American talents, or four,

could be proved unanswerably, that would still be some distance from saying that such prostitution is the habit of American novelists. 'They assail money,' says the resolute Mr. Wister, 'in hopes to fill their pockets with it.' Maybe so; I have no clairvoyance here.

I lack, too, Mr. Wister's familiarity with the works of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and must acknowledge that I skipped his long burlesque on them. I believe I have the drift, however, and I must say I consider it a hollow triumph. Mr. Meredith Nicholson has anticipated me in urging Mr. Wister's attention to the literary taste of England, as evidenced by the sales figures of Mrs. Barclay, Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli. The retort appears entirely sufficient. And similarly with the matter of comparative criticism. Whenever Mr. Wister feels inclined to generalize concerning England, I dare say he can match his humorous extracts from obscure American newspapers with kindred bits from the Land's End *Sentinel*, say, or the Yarmouth *Fisherman*.

That 'taste' runs everywhere in higher and lower levels, and that what we consider the lower levels run wide and deep through all peoples known to history — this is an observation so jejune that one must apologize for asking attention to it. But the gaze of our critics is not seldom so passionately concentrated that the international aspects of truth, however truistic, seem to elude them altogether. Such oversights are unfortunate in argument; and Mr. Wister's whole thesis, as I believe, is based upon just such an oversight. I refer to his supposition that a particular division of the Public, chosen as obviously easy to chastise, is none other than the Public. Of course the fact is that there are a great number of publics, everywhere overlapping indeed, but never by any

chance merging in unity to prove a special plea.¹

Of this basic oversight — or should one say this gift of happy selection? — Mr. Wister's remarks about the *Cosmopolitan* seem to furnish an excellent illustration. That the *Cosmopolitan* is a considerably meretricious mixture, most cleverly concocted to sell like hot cakes, and that it does meet the taste of a very large number of American readers (and English readers, if you please — observe the prevalence of *Nash's* on the British bookstalls), I, at least, should not think of denying. But why is it assumed that this particular public is the true and representative Public, that it is the American people, in short? Why, look at the size of it! we imagine the critic as expostulating. So we do look. And of course we immediately observe that if the *Cosmopolitan*, with its 'million circulation,' really represents America, then the *Saturday Evening Post*, with its two million circulation, must represent America twice as much.

My own feeling, indeed, is that the figures quite fail to give the true relation here. I should say that the *Satur-*

day Evening Post was five times, or ten times, as representative of America as the *Cosmopolitan*. In the *Saturday Evening Post* we have a periodical sole and unique in the history of periodicals: a magazine which enters a larger proportion of the homes of a people than was ever dreamed of before, which is read four times a month at every cross-roads and haystack in America. So far as there is or can be such a homogeneity as the American Reading Public, I should say that the *Saturday Evening Post* does represent it, truly, nationally, and remarkably.

Therefore, I think that Mr. Wister, in setting about his studies of our national taste in periodicals, made a mistake in forgetting all about the *Saturday Evening Post*. I cannot help thinking that if he had only remembered the *Saturday Evening Post* even for a minute or two, he would not have been nearly so much ashamed of us. Not everything printed in that amazing magazine is literature, certainly. But no one has ever said, to my knowledge, that its appeal was mean, shameful, corrupt, or falsified. It does display, I must confess, a certain amount of miserable American 'optimism,' of accursed patriotism even. But then, it never prints the sugared 'sex stuff'; it never toys with scandal, or muckrakes even, throws abroad no vulgar boasts of itself; and it has let the *Cosmopolitan* buy away the writers specially named by Mr. Wister as producing 'quack novels' for the money there is in it. On the other hand, for its enormous public, the *Saturday Evening Post* commands, at its pleasure, the services of many of the most distinguished authors of England and America.

Prominent among these writers of distinction must be mentioned Mr. Owen Wister. Only the other day, it seem, the *Saturday Evening Post* published from the pen of Mr. Wister an

¹ It should be said that Mr. Garnett, who seems so strangely gentle on a comparative re-reading, is entirely fair on these points. He asserts, justly I think, the superiority of the English literary environment; but perhaps remembering that 'Victorianism' is a British invention, he is careful to state at the outset that 'the ordinary English novel is a mediocre affair, truly representative of our middle-class limitations, our dull but honest domesticity, our lack of wit and insensitiveness to form, *our dislike of bitter truths, our preference for mild idealism and sentimental solutions*' [italics mine]. Again he says, 'In England, of course, as in America, there are bottomless depths in the insatiable appetite of the public for an art of sensational shocks and sentimental twaddle.' And again, as to the Public: 'I must admit that the vast majority of our English audience is uncritical in its taste, and that many of our "best-sellers" are also the most poverty-stricken and mediocre in point of vision, form, atmosphere, and style.' — THE AUTHOR.

article on the European war, which a certain publisher, reckoned one of the keenest critics we have, advised me to read as the best war piece he had yet seen. I note that the author's own publisher, in bringing out this article as a book, pays it the same high tribute.

But what did the *Saturday Evening Post* of all periodicals, so frankly catering, not to the Mr. Garnetts of this weary world, but to the gross millions whom they despise, want with so distinguished a piece of writing? Is it conceivable that the most successful of all American magazines can be right in its belief that the so-called Reading Public of America includes innumerable entirely undistinguished persons who are quite capable of appreciating the best that can be given to them?

IV

All of which seems to bring us logically to the great root-question: Is the gulf between orthodox good taste and the taste of the base American quite so wide and awful as our conventional critics would have us believe?

That question is the quintessence of the disagreement. And it is after all largely a question of literal comparison, of the evidences of taste as each class furnishes them for itself. Luckily too, the material for such comparison is abundantly at hand.

Having robbed us of our Harold Bell Wright and our *Cosmopolitan*, which he appears to consider our principal reading-matter, Mr. Wister joins with Mr. Garnett in indicating a list of worthy and improving authors, all guaranteed guiltless of the crime of 'democratizing literature.' This list naturally commands our instant attention and instantly it arrests us with a large surprise.

Of what might be called the newer generation of American writers—that

is to say, those whose reputation has been made in the last ten or twenty years, and under contemporary conditions—the orthodox roster is found to consist of these names: Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Edith Wharton, S. Weir Mitchell, Herman K. Vielé; and—Mr. Wister's personally guaranteed living—Mrs. Deland, Mr. White, Judge Grant, Mrs. Watts, and Mr. Nicholson. Here then are no less than twelve contemporary American writers whom, as I understand it, we are authorized to read henceforward without the smallest sense of shame, falseness, or bamboozle.

But at once we are bewildered by a strange discovery, deeply disturbing to our eagerness to learn: we are reading all these writers already. We have always been reading them. Each is, or has been, followed by a large and enthusiastic public. Ah, *but*—our critics may 'hasten to asseverate'—none of them is so popular as Harold Bell Wright! Good! And yet—does that prove anything in particular, after all? The truth is that we have a great many very poor writers who are not so popular as Mr. Wright, and who, also, are not by any means so popular as the select authors above. The fact remains, astonishing but immovable: each of the elect has figured conspicuously among the American 'best sellers.' The term is used in no loose sense, either. I mean to say by it, and I think my memory is sound, that every one of them (with the possible exception of Vielé, whose record I should have to look up) has starred in the *Bookman's* lists of the 'six best-selling' novels in the country—a list which faithfully represents the tastes of our publics, which no novel enters without being read from one end of America to the other. And most of these distinguished writers have appeared in the vulgar list with

what is orthodoxly reckoned their best work, and many of them have appeared in it again and again.

The devil is in the business surely. If the authentic good in America is also the widely popular, what is the basis of the unceasing lecture? And exactly why must we be called falsified and false?

The general popularity of the authentic good: this surely is an idea so unsettling to the conventional attack as to take a deal of explaining. If it is a fact, and it is, it must run large through the history of literature, and it does. How is it that our pastors and masters may be counted on never to see it?

Well, sometimes dense ignorance of famous facts seems the critic's sole reliance. When, for example, Mr. Edward Garnett writes, 'I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers . . . have yet received their due in America,' he makes a staggering, let us say at once a most damaging, admission. Might we not expect that the just critic would wish to inform himself on fundamental points? I will say for Mr. Garnett's benefit that if ever there was a rousing American-made success, a common-people-made success anywhere, it was O. Henry's here. He is the unluckiest case for orthodoxy that a week's search could have produced. Nor was it until this much-loved and deeply regretted American writer was securely dead, that the college professors, in England and America, 'discovered' him; and in his triumph the sad but safe group of conventional critics was found riding at the extreme tail of the procession, — a position, let me openly add, by no means unfamiliar to them.¹

¹ It is possible that in the passage quoted, Mr. Garnett means to reproach American criticism rather than American readers. If his point thus is that in America the Public leads and conventional criticism follows, I shall leave Mr. Wister to reply to him. — THE AUTHOR.

Or again, the critic eyes the confounding fact, and courageously denies it. Such an one was that 'distinguished American novelist,' unnamed, whom Mr. George P. Brett, in an *Atlantic* article three years ago, quoted as saying that in the present, or base, condition of American literature, he would feel disgraced if any novel of his 'sold' 100,000 copies. We necessarily assume that the gentleman in question possesses a private system for accounting for the roaring American sales of O. Henry and Mrs. Wharton, not to say a word about the classic English best-sellers from Fielding to Rudyard Kipling. But what his system is, alas, and how you work it, remains a deep dark secret to this day.

Mr. Wister, it is pleasant to note, shows greater open-mindedness. He senses the knocking contradiction; he settles it with an offhand whack. 'What made *The House of Mirth* a "best-seller,"' he gayly assures us, 'was not at all that Mrs. Wharton's portraits of the rich were brilliantly made, but that they did not happen to be flattering; the daubs of Mr. Sinclair and the bill-posters of Mr. Chambers are quite as satisfactory to that audience.'

That audience! By the way, what audience?

Perhaps the 'audience' of *The House of Mirth* was the very same audience that adored *The Common Law*; perhaps it was a very different audience indeed. Perhaps the odd tribute magnifies Mrs. Wharton's gift; perhaps it seriously disparages it. No matter. Our interest is in the critical formula, sorely needed, for explaining away the popularity of the good.

This formula, as the critic indicates it, is simple, definite, and damning enough. But will it work? Is it true, to generalize from the particular, that the popularity of good novels is due, or even probably due, 'not at all' to their

sound merits, but merely to 'happening,' merely to some chance pandering to the prejudices of the populace? For if this rule works for *The House of Mirth*, it should work as well for other novels at once widely popular and orthodoxly approved; it should work, to take an obvious case near home, for *Lady Baltimore*, say. Well, I have tested it upon *Lady Baltimore*, and it gave forth unmistakably a brassy ring. I have satisfied myself, first of all, that Mr. Wister's hypothesis falls to pieces upon Mr. Wister. And if it should be said that the retort is personal and therefore trivial, I should have to reply frankly that, as the distinguished contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* seems to me the last person to speak with pertinence of America's vulgar taste, just so the distinguished American novelist, enormously 'successful' yet not exactly false, seems to me precisely the person to destroy the lugubrious assistant of Mr. Garnett and strange bedfellow of the *New York Evening Post*.

V

I suspect that a volunteer spokesman for the despised and indifferent Public lays himself open to crushing retorts. Doubtless, from the above remarks, I shall be supposed to hold that there is no such thing as cultivated taste; to have maintained that all good novels are popular, even that all popular novels are good; that a list of best-sellers is a list of the cream of literature; and many such a merry saying. But I am really not quite so bad as that; and we recall that it was the voice of orthodoxy which named best-sellers to us as the cream. As for that, perhaps one reason why every best-seller is not a fine work of art is that there are not always enough fine works to go around: even England does n't produce a masterpiece every week. And my contention

here is merely this, that the constant criticism of American culture, or want of it, has at last reached a point where it automatically reduces itself to absurdity.

We have seen that our assailant undertook to convince us that, because of a certain cheapness and falseness in the American temperament, American writers must be cheap and false, or else not 'succeed.' He convinced me, on the contrary, that no American writer need be in the least afraid to write as deeply and truly as he knows how. He indicated a society in which people read nothing but Mr. Harold Bell Wright. He happens to live in a society in which people in large numbers prefer to read Mrs. Wharton. He hypothesized — with Mr. Garnett's assistance — an atmosphere in which the artist is 'isolated,' 'hemmed in,' and 'cut off.' He disclosed an atmosphere in which the artist is followed by a respectable mob. He seemed determined to make us believe that the authentic good is lost, if not detested, in America. But his actual contribution proves nothing so clearly as that the authentic good is widely and persistently popular in America.

The phenomenon, as we have noted, remains inadequately explained by orthodoxy. It is time to try to fill it with the one simple hypothesis which our critics never seem to consider: the good is commonly popular in America because our publics comprise a surprisingly large number of readers who like and prize the good.

Once this simple truth is got well into one's head, it is remarkable how the difficulties roll away.

Be it noted, however, this is not saying that every novelist pronounced good by the orthodox is certain to be popular in America. That the guaranteed good novelists above *are* all popular with us — well, perhaps there was some luck in that. Certainly I am not

forgetting that there are masters partially neglected here, as elsewhere, that there are delicate artists whose appeal for us has been narrow. I am not forgetting Sarah Orne Jewett, cited by Mr. Garnett, an example presumably of the second group. I am not forgetting Meredith and Mr. James, the stock examples of the first and more robustious group. I declare on my own responsibility that Mr. Joseph Conrad, though now enjoying a merited 'boom,' is by way of becoming a third exemplar of this group. And doubtless those better read than I can produce various other instances of sound and sincere artists who have permanently failed of the widest hearing.

But that is as far as I can go. When masters are neglected, it is a calamity; but I think we should not necessarily acquit the masters of all responsibility in the matter.

It is quite generally assumed that the great and the true are intrinsically too difficult for common understandings. I believe the assumption to be nonsense. If a man thinks he has a story to tell, and deliberately sets to work to tell it in such a manner that only extraordinary and brilliant persons can hope to follow him, that man is a dreary fool. But great novelists, whatever else they are, are never dreary fools; and their unapproachableness, when they are unapproachable, is never willful, I suppose, and never the proof of their greatness. To employ a manner and a narrative method which ordinary readers find quite impenetrable and even the most cultivated persons at times find irritating to the last degree — this is no mark of the god, but the limp in a great man's gait. To baffle, bewilder, frustrate, and 'lock up' the reader — this is a novelist's crime, no matter who commits it. And the fixed truth seems to be that the biggest episodes, characters, conflicts,

morals, and meanings are not at all beyond the mental grasp of ordinary persons; and the greatest novelists have commonly, and without effort, lodged their intentions in the minds of great masses of plain people.

And here we must consider too the purely comparative points in the attack: the point of the superiority of the contemporary English novelist to the contemporary American, with the deduction concerning the inferiority of the so-called American Reading Public. The superiority of the English novelist is herewith cheerfully conceded; though indeed one might wish it were not considered essential for us to admit it every morning, on our knees.

It must be noted that the reported prevalence of genius in Britain has latterly been so great as to startle one at times; even causing irreverent persons to wonder if the method of diagnosis might conceivably be at fault. Britishers dedicated to posterity, usually very young Britishers, have blossomed in every publisher's list. And by an odd coincidence, we do indeed find that, hand in hand with the strange epidemic of immortality, there has flourished an equally strange theory of the novel. It may be briefly indicated, if we may accept Mr. Henry James as our guide, as the theory which is in practice chiefly characterized by 'this preposterous pretension to acquit itself of the structural and compositional office.'

Here, we must admit, the gulf between Anglo-American orthodoxy and the common American has sometimes yawned wide and deep. Novels built according to the prevailing mode have rarely failed to win strong successes with our critics, genteel or otherwise; but not all the little masters of England have been best-sellers with us, by a good deal. However, I have already confessed that, when these little differ-

ences of opinion occur, I am in no hurry to say that the Public is necessarily in the wrong.

And as to the authenticated best writers of England, we have nothing to explain. We are simply all there.

Mr. Garnett makes a list of the 'genuine original' novelists of England, to the number of 'over sixty.' But he has previously indicated to us six more, as being still better than the sixty. These six at the ultimate summit — or five if we omit Mr. Hardy, who hardly seems to belong with the juniors — are Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. John Galsworthy. It is noted at once that all these names are rather better known in America than that of Artzibashef, say. I dare say the young lady at the hotel news-stand has heard of all of them. To bring the point directly to a head: our news-stand, or periodical, literature has been seized upon by our critics as a true gauge of our public taste. Very well; then the attitude of the American magazine toward the principal artists of the day becomes a subject of no little pertinence to our inquiry. And I recall that within the past year Mr. Conrad's latest work has been published in *Munsey's Magazine*, Mr. Wells's in *Collier's*, Mr. Kipling's in the *Metropolitan*, Mr. Bennett's in the *Metropolitan* and *Munsey's*, and Mr. Galsworthy's (heaven help him!) in the *Cosmopolitan*. And this, of course, is speaking only of fiction, saying nothing, for example, of Mr. Kipling's articles in the *Cosmopolitan*, and Mr. Bennett's in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Perhaps it was facts like these that Mr. Wister had in mind when he said that the artist was 'isolated' in America, 'hemmed in.' An artist hemmed in in the *Cosmopolitan* must be a fascinating sight!

But I will not dwell on the obvious

periodical point, meaning as I do to go a good deal further. We all remember that Meredith first found in false America the artistic recognition which had been denied him in his own country; and I think we can now assert positively, in the face of all assault, that the ability to discriminate has not wholly perished from among us. I haven't the figures, of course; no one has; I am as empty of proofs here as an impressionist. But I will risk nothing less than the statement that each one of the five English novelists particularly recommended by Mr. Garnett has drawn from America, not merely his largest public, but also the largest measure of that cordial and occasionally consummate appreciation which some writers, even some American writers, do literally value above the cash.

If this conjecture is true, or anywhere near the truth, what becomes of Mr. Garnett's axiom, joyfully echoed by Mr. Wister, that 'the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature'? From the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the newest young master of realism, our varied publics are largely supporting the literature of England. If this is true, or if it has any relation to the truth, is it strange that the continual gibes and admonishments of our novel-writing cousins seem to come to us often with a sorry grace?

VI

The weaknesses of the American temperament are sufficiently many and obvious. Few authorities deny them. If they had not been so thoroughly explored and ventilated by many writers — with Mr. Henry L. Mencken, perhaps, in the lead — I myself might have some day wished to write something perfectly true, not to say perfectly truthful, about them. Not actively a patriotic person, I too have oftentimes been

annoyed by the ways of my countrymen. But the number and the nature of our assailants has had the logical effect of destroying all carping tendencies. And I rise from the latest 'smashing onslaught' only strengthened in the belief that, if we Americans are indeed uniquely uncultivated, it at all events is certain that we stand uniquely excused.

For our admitted artistic backwardness, the substantial and not dishonoring explanation looms very large. It is, in brief, that we are a young country: young with a complicated and involved youthfulness unexampled in the history of the world. Needless to say, Mr. Wister, with his interest in history, perceives this embarrassing excuse for us; he undertakes to throw it overboard on the first page. 'We are full grown,' he declares. 'Four wars and three presidents assassinated make a considerable past, without mentioning anything else.' How mature must Mexico be, by such reckoning! How fast has Serbia ripened since 1912! But the truth seems to be that pistols and politics neither make for nor indicate national maturity; the contrary if anything. Ours remains a young country because we remain engaged with the essential preoccupation of youth, — organizing a living. And our youth is unprecedentedly complicated, and in a sense steadily perpetuated, by our special and colossal commission as the caretaker and the future of the surplus population of Europe.

The development of our virgin incalculable resources, material largely but social and political too; the coincident absorption of vast European swarms as search for something more substantial than arts and graces: this is not intrinsically a lovely, or cultural, life-story. It is easy to conceive of backgrounds more conducive to an exquisite refinement than our tremendous young

busyness. But it may be that being artistic is not the biggest thing in the world; and in that we have tackled first the mighty job of organizing our living, I dare say that history will not judge that our profound instincts have betrayed us.

When we touch national maturity — which we shall do, I should suppose, when far more Americans have far more leisure — I, for one, do not despair of us. With true and odious American 'optimism,' I venture to hope that in leisure and culture we shall fully express ourselves in a vigorous literature: a literature, I trust, quite free of 'the continental touch,' which is Mr. Garnett's last word of praise for us, but richly, racily, and unashamedly American.

And meanwhile, for this present, is it too much to hope that this incessant, and I must say this silly, scolding of us may cease?

It is easy to arrange for chastisement an American Public composed of cheaply sensuous and sentimental vulgarians whose reading is done exclusively under the auspices of Mr. Hearst. But why do it? Why should we Americans be always judged by our worst? Why must it be assumed that our most vulgar is our most truly representative?

I, for one, never think of the Reading Public in those low terms. For me, the words call up an altogether different picture. They make me think of Free Libraries, responsible-looking women going in and out with books, old men sitting around the periodicals-tables, silent youths prowling among the stacks. They make me think of school-teachers; of spectacles sometimes; of serious young men who write letters to the newspapers; of wealthy, bored, cynical women, of questioning, tired working-women; of sober paterfamiliaes and materfamiliaes by the evening

lamp; of editors and parsons and social servants; of lady doctors' assistants; of critics even; of educated drummers and beginning lawyers; of aged scholars and precocious school-girls; of John, 'the queer one' who puts books above baseball; of intellectual Mary, known to be always scribbling away at something in her locked room; of peace advocates and stenographers and ex-presidents and Booker T. Washington. And in this dim vast sober concourse, which is the Reading Public to me, I seem to find much excellent taste and sound sense and good hardy keenness and independence. And even below the sane mixed average — But no; never mind. Let me stop here.

One day last year, I was riding uptown in New York on a Fourth Avenue street car — or tram, to give it the continental touch. It was six o'clock; the factories and wholesale houses were just emptying; the tram was crowded.

Standing beside me was a little working-girl, evidently just released from her job. She looked jaded; but she had the New York working-girl's habit of 'dressiness'; I am afraid there was powder on her nose. Nevertheless, this girl was reading; and no matter how much the tram jolted or how much other strap-hangers jostled her, she never raised her eyes from her book. Of course I looked over her shoulder. The book was *The Divine Fire*, from a circulating library.

Mr. Wister thinks that the American Reading Public is fairly represented by the girl at the Philadelphia Library, who refused *Tono-Bungay* on the ground that it 'ain't fresh.' Well, I shall submit that our representative Public is still better exhibited by the New York working-girl, hanging to a strap at the end of the day's work, her eyes glued upon one of the ablest novels written in my time.

THE HOUSE OF THE GIRAFFE

BY H. G. DWIGHT

'Yes,' said Sir Thomas, speaking of a fashionable novel, 'it certainly does seem strange; but the novelist was right. Such things do happen.'

'But my dear sir,' I burst out, in the rudest manner, 'think what life really is — just think what happens! Why, people suddenly swell up, turn dark purple; hang themselves on meat hooks; they are drowned in horse-ponds, run over by butchers' carts, burnt alive and cooked like muton chops!'

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: *Trivia*.

I

ON almost any day of the year you may look south from Constantinople,

across the Sea of Marmora, at a broken line of blue hills that remind you a little of the mountains bounding the Venetian lagoon. Those blue hills, or the clearest and easternmost of them, belong to a high wooded promontory that divides the Asiatic end of the Marmora into two unequal gulfs. Along the north shore of the upper and longer gulf runs the Bagdad railway — by which, no doubt, you will one day travel in your international sleeping car from London to Delhi. And, having

passed the hilltop grave of Hannibal, you will see your last of blue water at Nicomedia, which Diocletian made for a moment the capital of the Roman empire. Near the south shore of the lower gulf lies, at the foot of the Bithynian Olympus, the old city of Broussa, first capital of the Turks and the Pantheon of the founders of their power.

But no imperial tradition and no modern highway link to the rest of the world the intermediate promontory. It is true that emperors did resort of old to certain hot springs in a fold of the blue hills, which turn green as you approach them. A persevering company even tries to-day, without too flattering success, to rehabilitate that fallen Asiatic Carlsbad. There is no reason why the company should not in the end succeed. The blue-green hills are in themselves a romantic enough piece of nature, pointing into their bright east-Mediterranean lagoon. Above the Gulf of Nicomedia they rise the more abruptly, and are more thickly wooded. The other side, protected from Black Sea winds and open to all the sun of the south, is a little Riviera of olive, cypress, and vine. But people do not forget that brigands have been known to amuse themselves by carrying off the clients of the baths. And other resorts are more modern in their appointments.

So the blue-green hills, although in sight of the world, remain out of it. Not quite wild and not yet civilized, they make a strange little world of their own where fragments of wandering races, stubbornly immiscible, lodge scattered and uneasy among the old Greek ghosts of the land.

On the south shore of this peninsula, not far from a Turkish village that is half lost among immense cypresses and plane trees, a deserted garden looks across the Gulf of Moudania at the

Asiatic Olympus. You would hardly know that a garden had ever been there, were it not for a tumble-down little kiosk of two or three rooms, overlooking the beach, such as the Turks always like to build in their country places. There are also poppy-grown fragments of wall, and, in the central jungle of green, the ruins of a house — or of the foundations of a house.

But what most visibly marks the spot as an old pleasure ground is a great bronze giraffe that lifts its awkward neck among the trees. To a foreigner, indeed, a life-sized image of a giraffe might not suggest a garden. The Turks, however, regard statuary somewhat as the Anglo-Saxons do. They are afraid of it. When they become acquainted with European gardens, therefore, and set about imitating them, they not uncommonly replace the classic garden god by a statue of an animal. So it is that that ungainly bronze giraffe, made in Germany, stands in a tangle of Turkish green on an old Greek shore, a monument if you like and a symbol, staring strangely across its little blue sea toward the country of Antinoüs.

The villagers say, now, that the house of the giraffe would be standing yet, and that Nousret Pasha would not have been killed, if he had listened to a gypsy. She prophesied to him that if he finished the house it would burn to the ground and he would die. But he was not the man, Nousret Pasha, to be frightened out of a thing he had set his heart upon — even by a gypsy fortune-teller. For he was incredibly ignorant. He said the gypsy would have made a different prophecy if he had given her what she asked. Moreover he knew well enough that nobody wanted him to live there — although he loved the place, if he loved anything. He was born there, and passed his youth there,

and made a reputation there as a *pehlivan* — a wrestler — and had been one of those who amused themselves by carrying off the clients of the baths on the other side of the mountain. That he found profitable as well as amusing. In the course of time, however, he found even more profitable and considerably safer game in Constantinople, where he became a notorious figure during the last years of the old régime.

He was a huge man with a big jaw and no neck, and beady little eyes set close together. He had always been a dandy. In his second period his humor took the form of shrill waistcoats, lumpy jewelry, and unquenchable perfumes. He used to spend a good part of his time driving about Pera in a gaudy yellow satin victoria that was better suited to a comic opera queen than to a dirty ruffian like himself. He would sit up very straight in the middle of the yellow satin seat, turning his beady eyes this way and that. Very little escaped those beady eyes. And if they happened to light on anything that pleased Nousret Pasha, why Nousret Pasha generally ended by having it. For he was the Sultan's milk-brother. His mother, that is, had been the Sultan's nurse. And so, although he was born of a humble family of peasants in an obscure village of the Marmora, Nousret ended by becoming a pasha and the pattern of a scoundrel — all through a pretty piece of Oriental sentiment.

It was incredible how many people Nousret Pasha ruined or did away with, how he robbed right and left, and went into every imaginable form of rascality that promised an instant's amusement or a *para's* worth of gain. Not that his requirements were as a usual thing so modest. He made a tremendous income simply out of blackmail, threatening to send the Sultan such and such

reports unless such and such sums were forthcoming. For he was one of the Sultan's most indefatigable spies. The Sultan liked him for that; and also because he was a first-rate shot.

Nousret Pasha had learned to shoot in his native mountains. He had always been passionately fond of hunting. That was one reason why he built the house of the giraffe. He kept any number of horses and dogs down there. The villagers say he often kept bears as well, which he brought home as cubs from the mountains. When they got too big he would set the dogs on them. He liked to watch the poor brutes being torn to pieces. Bears and dogs, though, were not his only company on the peninsula. He often took visitors down to stay with him. One of them afterwards starred in the second-rate café-chantants of Hungary as the Princess Nousret Pasha. In fact it was rather dangerous to decline an invitation to the house of the giraffe. One young woman was shot because she did — she and her mother and her servant and her dog. Nousret Pasha walked into the house one night when they were at dinner and coolly potted the four of them. And no one dared to raise a finger, simply because he was Nousret Pasha, and Nousret Pasha was the Sultan's milk-brother.

II

On a certain summer day in 1908, Nousret Pasha was driving, not in his yellow satin victoria but in a smart trap, over the hills on the European shore of the Bosphorus. He was being driven, that is to say, by his coachman, Ali. This dark, slight, good-looking wearer of a braided black livery was, although the Pasha never put it to himself in so many words, the pasha's best friend. They had been boys together in the Marmora; they had hunted,

wrestled, and kidnaped together, and Nousret Pasha had done very little since in which Ali had not had a part. Yet you would not have thought so from Ali's face. He had the simple, honest, serious look of so many of his people. And certainly he was by nature one who would have done the Sultan more honor as a milk-brother than Nousret Pasha. But because Nousret was the older and had always been the leader, and because Ali had eaten his bread for so many years, Ali remained faithful to his master with a faithfulness which only a Turk or an Albanian can know.

As they jolted down the stony road that leads from the top of the hill to Stenia Bay, they passed two ladies walking by themselves. In town it would not have been easy to get a definite impression of two promenading Turkish ladies; but being in the country, these two wore veils only over their hair, and no enveloping *charshaf*. Nousret Pasha accordingly perceived, being a connoisseur in such matters, that one of the ladies was extremely handsome. She had long and rather narrow dark eyes, over which eyebrows arched so delicately on a fair skin that he knew they were not painted; and from beneath the white veil escaped a strand or two of wavy hair that had a reddish glint in it.

The second promenader was apparently the servant of the first, and the pasha wasted no glances on her. Not that Nousret Pasha disdained to stoop so low if a servant were worth looking at. He immediately nudged Ali and Ali immediately turned around. The two walkers betrayed a certain surprise at seeing the trap a second time. Nousret Pasha kept his beady eyes on them, or on one of them, as he went by, and for some distance beyond. He then signaled Ali to turn again. But before this subtle manœuvre was completed

the two objectives of it disappeared into a gateway beside the road.

Nousret Pasha had an instant of surprise. Having reached the same gateway, however, he directed Ali to stop.

An Albanian porter came out, thinking a visitor had arrived.

'Excuse me,' said Nousret Pasha politely, 'but I am not quite sure where I am. Can you tell me whose house this is?'

The porter took in the shining trap, the trim coachman, and the conspicuously dressed and perfumed gentleman who accosted him, and answered, with his hands respectfully crossed on his girdle, —

'This, *effendim*, is the house of Ahmed Bey. But he is not in.'

'Ah!' uttered Nousret Pasha, turning his beady eyes on an underling who did not call him Pasha at first sight. He then drew out with his most important air a silk pocket-book, diffusing a cloud of musk as he did so, and handed the porter a large printed card. 'Give the bey this.' He lifted his chin, to ease it of an uncomfortable collar, and glanced down sidewise at the porter. 'Those ladies who just went in — they are — ?'

'It is the family of the bey,' replied the Albanian, a shade more gravely. For the visitor had transcended the limits of good form.

'H'm. Just tell the bey I came.' And dropping a gold piece into the porter's hand, Nousret Pasha ordered Ali to drive on.

Ahmed Bey, as a matter of fact, was one of the last people in Constantinople upon whom Nousret Pasha would have taken the trouble to call. He was too honest to be in favor at court and too poor to be worth pillaging. But even such a man might have his possibilities, it seemed. Accordingly when Nousret Pasha got home that night he an-

nounced to his wife that she was to go to Emirgyan the next day and call on Madam Ahmed Bey. For there had been something in those long eyes under their arched eyebrows that made him think this a case to go about with circumspection. As for Madam Nousret Pasha, she was by no means unused to such commands from her formidable spouse. She had led a somewhat varied career herself, and had thereby picked up a philosophy. She duly went to call on Madam Ahmed Bey, in a closed brougham with a black eunuch sitting on the box as if to guard the dearest treasure of the pasha's heart.

Madam Ahmed Bey received her caller politely, not knowing at first who she was. But Madam Ahmed Bey failed to return the call. Turkish ladies of the old school are not quite so meticulous on such points as European ladies, however. Nousret Pasha, furthermore, could not consider himself slighted by a nobody like Ahmed Bey. Madam Nousret Pasha accordingly gave a party at her own country house in Bebek, and the first person she invited was Madam Ahmed Bey.

Madam Ahmed Bey, as it happened, was otherwise engaged for that day. And being asked, later, to set her own day for coming to Bebek, she replied that she suffered from ill health and never went out.

This course of events was a little longer drawn out than Nousret Pasha expected. He had grown used, among his own people at all events, to have every one come when he whistled. Who was a Madam Ahmed Bey that she should refuse the advances of a Madam Nousret Pasha? Yet she was, he could not forget, the possessor of divinely white skin, and waving hair of red glints, and eyebrows imitably arched, and long dark eyes that he meant to see again. And he was a hunter, adept in all courtings and doub-

lings. So he at last sent word to Ahmed Bey, who had only returned his card, that he would dine at Emirgyan on such and such a night. One may do that in the East—and a man like Nousret Pasha best of all. Nor may a man like Ahmed Bey refuse such an invitation. He therefore prepared accordingly. He engaged extra cooks, he hired dancing girls and dancing boys from the Jews who deal in such commodities, he caused inquiry to be made of his prospective guest as to what other guests should be invited. Nousret Pasha made answer that he desired to dine in intimacy, and that no company could be preferred to that of his friend Ahmed Bey.

With his friend Ahmed Bey he consequently dined, and the affair went better than he expected. Ahmed Bey seemed to wish to make up for his wife's coolness toward Madam Nousret Pasha. He showed Nousret Pasha his garden, which, having been inherited from grandfathers and great-grandfathers, was not ill to look at, albeit somewhat wild and overgrown. He then took Nousret Pasha into a wide old wooden house and served him, with appropriate Oriental apologies, such a dinner as Nousret Pasha knew how to appreciate. One feature of the dinner, it is true, was not altogether Turkish. Nousret Pasha, to the knowledge of many men, although a good Mussulman, had acquired a taste for alcohol. Ahmed Bey, therefore, having discreetly hinted that there was wine in the house for medicinal purposes, and having received intimations to the effect that it was always well to forestall the disease by the remedy, produced bottles to which his guest did due honor.

The host afterwards asked himself if he had made a mistake. At all events when the table had been removed, and fingers and lips had been rinsed

in a trickle of perfumed water which a servant poured from a slim silver jug into a silver basin with a perforated cover, Nousret Pasha had so little forgotten what he came for that he turned to his host and said, —

‘Ahmed Bey, we are becoming more and more modern as we grow old. Why should not your wife bring in the coffee?’

Ahmed Bey knew that the Sultan’s milk-brother could go far, but he had not really believed he would go as far as this, in the house of a man whose bread he had eaten.

‘My pasha,’ he replied gravely, ‘I am very sorry, but my wife is ill.’

‘Ahmed Bey,’ retorted Nousret Pasha, ‘it is not necessary to lie to me. Your wife is not ill. My wife has seen her — and so have I!’

Ahmed Bey swallowed the insult.

‘My pasha,’ he persisted, ‘it is some days since my wife had the honor to receive Madam Nousret Pasha. I swear to you that she is unable to come into this room.’

The two looked at each other. Nousret Pasha felt it unnecessary to give too black a look, for the man was too much in his power. Still, the look of the beady eyes was not pleasant, nor were the words that followed it: —

‘Ahmed Bey, go and find your wife. And tell her to bring her lute as well. It is good to have a little music after dinner — and dancing.’

To a European that might sound simple enough, for a European is proud to have his wife make music for other men, or even to dance for them. With the Turks, however, a woman may sing and dance for one man only. If she does it for others she belongs to the half world. Nousret Pasha had therefore made of Ahmed Bey the demand that a man may least accept with honor. Yet Ahmed Bey knew with whom he had to deal, and how much depend-

ed on what passed between them. He knew, too, that Nousret Pasha had had wine. And, after all, Nousret Pasha was his guest.

‘I have thought of music, my pasha. There are girls and boys waiting. I will call them.’ He clapped his hands.

A servant entered. But before Ahmed Bey could give the order Nousret Pasha got up and thundered: —

‘Will you do what I said, or shall I go myself?’

For a second Ahmed Bey would have thrown himself on the man. But he was unarmed, and he knew that Nousret Pasha always carried a revolver and could use it better than any one. He probably would like nothing better than to use it now; and then what would be gained? Ahmed Bey signed to the servant to leave.

‘I go, my pasha,’ he replied at length. ‘Kindly have patience for a few moments.’ And, with a low salaam, he went out of the room.

For a time Nousret Pasha was sufficiently amused. It always amused him to make other people do what he wanted, especially when they did n’t want to. The dancers amused him too. They sang long melancholy songs, accompanying themselves with tambourines, while one boy played a pipe and another beat two little drums made out of earthen jars with skins stretched over their mouths. They danced long dances, — the slow sensuous dances of the East, — snapping their fingers over their heads and waving their arms to and fro. The air, meanwhile, began to grow heavy with the perfume that burned in a brazier.

When Nousret Pasha was pleased with the performers he gave them a gold piece in a glass of mastic. But he began to be impatient to see Madam Ahmed Bey dance, with that reddish hair falling around her white shoulders and her long eyes half shut. He clapped

his hands for a servant, who told him that Ahmed Bey was almost ready. Let the pasha have a moment's more patience — and in the meantime take wine.

It took Nousret Pasha some time to realize that he had been tricked. He was naturally slow of wit, and he was too used to tricking other people to believe they would dare to trick him. Only when he called his troop of dancers after him and explored the house did he take in what Ahmed Bey had done. The door of the harem was locked. Nousret Pasha battered it in, finding the rooms lighted and full of signs of recent occupation. But no one was there — not even a servant. He rushed down through the empty house to find Ali. The doors leading into the garden were all locked. And they were harder to batter through than the one upstairs. But Ali, roused by the noise, came out of the porter's lodge to help him. He had seen no one leave, he said. He had been sitting with the door-keeper and the Jew who brought the dancers, until a servant came to call the Albanian — who had not come back.

When the way was open the pasha ran out into the garden, revolver in hand. A summer moon helped him in his search among the shrubbery — and the dancers who followed him. They looked like a troop of bacchantes, with their loose hair and gauzy costumes, as they played their motley hide-and-seek in the moonlight. Nousret Pasha was too furious to remember that he had at his command an elaborate secret machinery for catching people — and keeping them as long as he chose. He would not leave the place until he had gone through the house once more. He rushed upstairs like a madman, opening doors, bursting into cupboards, tearing aside curtains. He began tearing them down, and shooting at windows and chandeliers. When his cart-

ridges were gone he used the butt end of his revolver.

'Break! Break!' he shouted. 'Leave nothing!'

His band of revelers needed no second invitation. They filled the house with the crash of glass and the splinter of wood, and they ended by setting the place on fire. Those old Turkish houses only wait for a chance to burn; and too many lighted lamps were thrown on the floor of this one.

When the firemen came hooting, half-naked, from the neighboring villages, they found little of the house save a column of lurid smoke towering into the moonlight. Nousret Pasha brandished his revolver at them from the garden. His fantastic company sang and danced around him in the glare, their faces streaked and streaming, their clothes torn, their arms full of loot from the blazing house. The Jew who had brought them cringed in the arch of the gate, half terrified at the uproar, half reassured by the all-powerful presence of Nousret Pasha. In the road outside, his face strangely lighted, stood Ali at the heads of his plunging horses, patting their quivering necks and talking to them as gently as he could amid the crackle and the screeching.

III

Under ordinary circumstances the story would have had quite a different end. Ahmed Bey did not have much the start of Nousret Pasha, and Nousret Pasha had eyes and ears and hands everywhere. But it happened that the night which proved so eventful for Ahmed Bey and Nousret Pasha proved no less eventful for their imperial master, Sultan Hamid. There was much galloping of horses through the usually quiet streets of Beshiktash under that summer moon. Ministers remained in anxious consultation long after mid-

night at Yildiz Palace. Telegrams flashed back and forth between that guarded hilltop and distant Salonica — telegrams fateful for the destiny of the house of Osman. When the reigning representative of it went at last to bed it was half consciously, borne in the arms of his attendants, exhausted as he was by rage and fatigue. And in the morning three lines of print appeared at the top of all the papers, announcing that the constitution of 1876 had been reëstablished.

Nousret Pasha did not chance to see those threelines. Nevertheless he quickly had occasion to discover that something had unaccountably happened which he, the Sultan's chief spy, knew nothing about, and which 'spoiled the world,' as he put it to Ali. The police, who had been so deferential when he first gave his orders with regard to Ahmed Bey, presently dropped the case. They even had the courage to intimate that he might have something to answer for in the matter of Ahmed Bey. Other people, too, treated with as little respect, or actually cut, him whom they had been used to salute with earth-sweeping salaams and kisses of the hand. It was the more puzzling because the Sultan still spoke kindly to him. He could not understand why, if the Sultan continued to be his friend, others dared to show themselves less. The Sultan tried, not too successfully, to explain that it was because he, the Caliph of Islam and Shadow of God upon Earth, could no longer do as he pleased. And he made Nousret Pasha a handsome present and advised him to get away to Europe while he could.

In the end it was Ali who got Nousret Pasha away.

Ali and Madam Nousret Pasha persuaded him to leave the house that very night, taking only money and papers and a little jewelry and going out

by the stable door to the house of a friend of Ali's. Ali in the meantime helped Madam Nousret Pasha to pack, and early in the morning drove her down to the Moudania boat in the yellow satin victoria, which he put on board with his mistress and her boxes and her black man. For she was going to retire for a time to the house of the giraffe. Then Ali went home and dressed his master, to his master's great disgust, in the costume of a wrestler, with fawn-colored breeches and a short embroidered jacket of the same color and a huge silk girdle and a red and yellow silk turban with the fringe hanging over one ear. It was in truth a costume which became Nousret Pasha much better than any other, and time was when he had worn it with pride. But it was with very little pride that he went out in it now, accompanied by Ali — who no longer wore his trim black livery — and two of Ali's friends. They crowded into a common open carriage of the street, and they bought red badges of the constitution which they pinned on their sleeves, and then they drove down to the Bridge and right through Stamboul as if they were going to some wrestling match. And they went on, through Kazlı and Makri-Kyöi and San Stefano and Floria.

It was already dark when they came to the brow of a hill and saw the lights of Küçük Chekmejeh below them, and the reflection of a big star in the bay. Ali said there was not much time to the train, and he told the Pasha that if any one asked who he was, he was to say he was Mehmed, a wrestler, and that he was going to Adrianople for his trade.

Nousret Pasha did n't like it. He was not used to having people ask questions about him and watch him. It made him think, somehow or other, of Ahmed Bey — and of Madam Ahmed

Bey. He wondered where they were, and how he was to find them now.

It was a clear still night, so still that he could hear the crickets in the dark plains, and the lapping of the water on a little beach near by. Fishermen were there, busy over their boats, laughing in the darkness. He envied the fishermen. No one asked them who they were and where they were going.

'Kalolimnos! Kalolimnos!' one of them shouted. 'Who is going to Kalolimnos? The steamer is starting!'

Nousret Pasha heard the grating of a boat over shingle, splashings in the water. He got out of the carriage. For Kalolimnos is an island off the cape where he was born.

'Come, Ali,' he said, as he started toward the beach, 'I am not going to Adrianople. I am going to Kalolimnos. From there we can go to our country in two hours.'

In the station a bell of two notes struck, and somewhere in the darkness a whistle faintly shrilled. Ali ran after his master.

'Come!' he whispered, catching hold of the pasha's arm. 'The train is here. After all this how can we miss it?'

'If you like, take it,' answered the pasha, breaking away. 'I will not. What shall I do in Europe, among the unbelievers? I am going to my own country.'

He jumped on board the fishing boat. 'I am going to Kalolimnos,' he said to the fishermen. 'How much do you want?'

'Ali!' called one of their companions from the station, 'where are you? The train is coming.'

Ali, on the beach, heard it coming. It suddenly burst out of the cut beyond the village and bore down upon them, a long curve of intermittent lights. It stopped. In the sudden quiet Ali heard the water lapping the shingle, the quick crunch of gravel under feet, a

musical tapping of metal, sharp questions and answers.

Ali held out his hand to the pasha, who caught it.

'Come!' said Ali in a low voice, pulling toward the beach.

'No, you come!' laughed the pasha, giving a stronger pull toward the boat.

'Are you coming too?' asked one of the fishermen.

Another bell rang, ending in three strokes. A whistle blew; some one shouted and some one else replied; the intermittent lights began to move slowly forward. Ali watched them touch face and tree and water, quicken into a yellow blur, and disappear. He heard the last faint scream of the whistle in the darkness with a sinking of the heart. He said nothing however — except to make arrangements with the fishermen. They were not too curious about their unexpected passengers. When they heard that the wrestler was not really going to Kalolimnos but to the peninsula beyond, they suggested landing him there — for a small extra consideration. Ali thought it might be better than attracting attention at the island and hiring another boat. He merely told them to touch at the point of the peninsula.

As for the pasha, he felt more like himself than he had felt for days. He made himself very comfortable at the stern of the boat, on the matting and sheepskins of the fishermen. He slept soundly there, oblivious to the splash of the oars, the rising of the moon, and his heavy-hearted companion. When he woke, the sun was already high and they were skimming merrily along under a patched balloon sail. The low white hills of Kalolimnos were behind them, to the south; beyond the sail he saw the steep green of his 'country.' They landed on the north side of Boz Bouroun, the weathered gray nose that was sacred of old to Poseidon. From it

they made their way without difficulty, over the rocks and through the woods they knew so well, toward a certain colony of great black cypresses. And Nousret Pasha's heart grew lighter with every step.

But when he came to the last turn of road and looked eagerly for his house, no house was there. Only the trees, and the head of the giraffe, showed above the wall.

IV

Nousret Pasha and Ali looked at each other. The same thing flashed into the mind of each, — that the house had burned down, as the gypsy had prophesied. And that was not all the gypsy had prophesied.

As a matter of fact the house had burned down, and so recently that the garden was full of the acrid odor of charred wood, and the air still quivered hot above the ruins. Among them old Moustafa was poking with a stick — the pasha's gardener and care-taker. At the sound of steps he turned. At first he did not recognize the strangers. Then he came humbly forward, salaamed, and kissed his master's hand, touching it to his forehead.

'What is this?' demanded the pasha, with a return of his old air.

'They burned it,' replied Moustafa, his hands folded in front of him.

'They burned it! Who burned it? And why did you let them burn it?'

'What could I do?' stammered the old man. 'They were many — They came from the village — There was much talk — The world is upside down since every one speaks of constitution. But it was written, my pasha,' he added, as if there were nothing more to be said.

Yes, it was written, the pasha told himself. And why had he let that train leave him last night? By this time he would have been in Europe, and safe.

The consciousness of it was stronger than his anger.

'And the things?' he asked, less roughly. 'What became of them?' The smell and ruin of the place made him think of Emirgyan.

The old man waved his hand.

'Gone! They took them all — furniture, horses, dogs. Only that is left' — pointing to the giraffe that lifted its neck among the scorched trees. 'They even took the silk carriage that came last night. The Kaïmakam has it.'

'And the *Hanum*?' inquired the pasha, suddenly remembering his unfortunate wife. He wondered a little that he listened to it all so quietly.

'She went back to Moudania, they said. I did n't see her. Some thought she was going to Broussa, and others to Stamboul.'

Nousret Pasha's heart grew heavy within him. His country, indeed! He had never imagined that the sudden madness of the world would reach even here. And his countrymen had done this to him, whom they had always known! After all, what had he done to them? If he had taken a few presents and kissed a few girls, was n't it what they all did when they got a chance? And had they had enough, or was it written that they must require something more of him? His beady eyes brooded dully on the giraffe.

As for Ali, if he felt heavy of heart as well, he did not betray it.

'Is the kiosque left?' he asked at last, 'or did they burn that too?'

'No,' answered Moustafa, 'they left that for me.'

'Eh, what more do we want!' exclaimed Ali. 'Let us go and sit down there, and Moustafa will make us a coffee, and we will see what we will do.'

They went, and they sat down on a little divan overlooking the blue gulf, and they saw what they would do. Or Ali did. He told the pasha that he

must stay quietly in the kiosque for a few days, without so much as showing his nose outside the garden. Moustafa would look after him and see that no one troubled him, while he, Ali, would go away and arrange something. Only the pasha must let him have money, much money; for without that it would be impossible to arrange anything, now.

The pasha made haste to produce the money. He only wished Ali did not have to go away. When Ali had gone away he fell into a state of something nearer a confused introspection than he had ever experienced before. How had it all come about, and why had everybody turned against him? It made him angry. It seemed to him that Ahmed Bey must have brought it about — Ahmed Bey who was nothing. Where was Ahmed Bey, he wondered? Where had they run to that night in the moonlight? What were those long eyes looking at now? He would see them again, those long eyes! Yet, for the first time in his life, he felt afraid. He could not forget that gypsy woman. He could not bear to see the ruins of his house. They reminded him of her. And it seemed to him an eternity before Ali came back. With cigarettes and coffee, however, and gossip with old Moustafa, and a good deal of sleep, the time passed. And it was less than three days, after all, when Ali came back.

Ali had been to town, it seemed; and he brought strange news. All their old friends at the Palace were gone and the Sultan was left alone, among strangers. Selim Pasha and Izzet Pasha — that clever Izzet! — had run away to Europe. The others, or those who could be found, were being shut up in the War Office, and these new people — whoever they were — were taking their money and houses. They had even taken what they could find of Nousret Pasha's! By the time Nousret Pasha

heard this he was quite ready to hear what Ali had arranged. Ali was still for Europe, it seemed. By the help of a friend or two, and much money, he had arranged that a German steamer, bound from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, should stop for a little while, that very night, off the island of Marmora. In the meantime a tug, by which in fact Ali had run down from Constantinople, was to come as far as the house of the giraffe at nightfall and take off Nousret Pasha, in order to put him on the German steamer. The tug was to be trailing a tender, with men in it all ready to row. They would begin to row as soon as they saw certain lights in the window of the kiosque, and the passenger would only have to run down across the beach to be in safety. In the meantime they must continue to stay quietly in the kiosque. And he, Ali, would try to make up a little sleep.

In truth he looked as if he needed it. He had grown visibly thin and there were black hollows under his eyes. Yet the pasha noted with envy that he had had a shave. He himself had had none since the afternoon before he slipped out of town! Nevertheless at the return of Ali the pasha's vapors dissipated. And at this hour to-morrow he would be on board the German steamer! No fear of his refusing this time to do what Ali said! It might be rather amusing, after all, to go to Europe. He wondered if he would meet any of his friends there. There might even be some one on the boat. But this absurd costume of his! And his four days' beard! What would he not give to be able to go to the bath in the village! Who would know him? Certainly none of the bath boys; they changed so often. For a moment he almost thought he would go. Then he decided he would send Moustafa to call a barber. Moustafa could say that he had a friend who had hurt his foot, and they

would give the man a good tip, and by the time he got back to the village it would be too late to do any harm, even if he did talk.

Old Moustafa could not deny the cogency of this reasoning. To the village accordingly old Moustafa went, and got the nearest barber, who happened to be a Greek and who took pains to leave word where he had gone. So Nousret Pasha was made in a manner presentable to the daughters of Europe, despite the unworthy wrestler's costume. And so was the gypsy woman justified of her dark words.

It may be, indeed, that Nousret Pasha's vanity might not have been his end, even when word was taken to the Kaïmakam that the Greek barber, having been called to the house of the giraffe, — or what was left of it, — was unable to attend his excellency. For his excellency also patronized the Greek barber, as one who might more readily be left unpaid than one of the faith. But the mention of the house of the giraffe reminded his excellency of a certain yellow satin victoria he had lately confiscated on behalf of the constitution. He desired to keep in favor with the constitution, and had made no unpleasantness about the burning of the house of the giraffe. Accordingly, unshaved as he was, he took a drive in the yellow satin victoria in the cool of the day, to the end of the peninsula, where, somewhat to his surprise, he beheld a small tug anchored in a cove of rocks.

He caught Nousret Pasha without the slightest trouble. He took the precaution to post his men out of sight, and they drew up as twilight fell. The thing was not done, of course, without a few shots. The shots frightened the tug away, however, and nobody was hurt. As for Nousret Pasha, who had such a terrible reputation, he did nothing. He merely said, 'It was written,'

and got into the yellow satin victoria like a lamb. The Kaïmakam got in too, and a couple of soldiers. The Kaïmakam would have let the servants go. After all they were not to blame for what their master did. But Ali chose to consider himself under arrest as well. He jumped on the box, and the yellow satin victoria rolled back in the summer dusk to the village.

V

The Kaïmakam drove straight to the telegraph office. He wished to report his prize to Constantinople, and incidentally to ask instructions. For he had no authority to shut up Nousret Pasha, who might very well have committed all the crimes in the code, but against whom no one had produced a warrant of arrest. To the telegraph office, therefore, the Kaïmakam drove, and left Nousret Pasha under guard in the victoria while he composed his telegram.

A crowd began to collect in the little square. A crowd collected around the carriage, that is, for people had already been sitting where the coffee-house lights twinkled under the plane trees. The Kaïmakam's new carriage and enormous horses were things to look at by themselves. When it became known who was sitting in the carriage, dressed like a wrestler as of old, the crowd trebled. Among them were not a few who had helped to loot and burn the house of the giraffe. People asked questions of the soldiers and the coachman — of Ali too, whom several of his old acquaintances gravely greeted.

The coachman nudged one of the soldiers and asked him to hold the reins for a minute. The soldier agreed willingly enough. He was cramped from sitting on that little front seat, and there was no lack of people to watch Nousret Pasha. So the coachman got

down. His arms ached from holding in those big Hungarians. And the soldier got up. Ali looked at him in the dark. He seemed to be a big, mild, elderly Anatolian, such as used to serve Sultan Hamid by the thousand, in ragged blue uniforms piped with red, and seldom got paid for it.

'Have you any tobacco, brother?' asked Ali.

'A little,' answered the soldier, handing him one of those capacious metal boxes that somebody in Turkey must make a fortune out of.

Ali rolled himself a cigarette with deliberation. When he handed the box back the soldier nearly dropped the thing, it was so heavy. He looked at Ali and Ali looked at him.

'That will get you some tobacco,' said Ali in a low voice. 'They are all gold *liras*. Give me the reins and jump down.'

The soldier hesitated, feeling cautiously under the cover of the box with one finger. He let Ali take the reins. Ali touched the other soldier on the arm.

'Will you change places with your comrade?' he asked. 'He is not used to horses like these.'

The big Hungarians reared and began to back. The soldier on the box jumped down. The other looked around doubtfully. The horses still pranced. The crowd parted a little.

'They might make a calamity,' said the first soldier.

The one in the carriage got out, in order to mount the box.

'Hold on!' shouted Ali, to whoever had ears to hear, letting out the reins and cracking his whip.

The big horses bounded forward, scattering the crowd in front of them like sheep.

'Stop them! Stop them!' yelled the Kaïmakam from the steps of the telegraph office. He had just composed a

telegram that satisfied him not a little.

But it was too late to stop them — unless the shots that banged in the little square had taken effect. None of them did. It was not for nothing that Ali had been born and brought up in that village. He knew every stone and tree and turn of it in the dark, and in three minutes he was past every possible mishap, on a long flat road where nothing could stop them, in that railless and motorless country — except the telegraph. He hardly knew at first what direction he took, save the one that was nearest for safety. Now he realized that they were galloping east, for the mainland, for Anatolia. That was better than the tip of the peninsula, where they would have been caught like rats in a trap — unless they found a boat. But the telegraph, in the end, could gallop faster than the big Hungarians. And it would not do to gallop through Asia Minor in a yellow satin victoria that everybody knew.

Nousret Pasha had resigned himself, when the soldiers first surprised him, to the inevitable. But spirit came back to him as he found himself rolling safely away through the dark — though there was still something cold at the bottom of his heart and he wished the horses' hoofs did not thunder so. He reached forward now and then and pinched or patted Ali. What a boy, after all, was this Ali!

So the fugitives sped all night through the dim country of their boyhood. On one side of them the sea made soft noises against rocks and shingle. On the other side a mountain rose black to the stars. Dogs barked, every now and then, from invisible farms. After a time the moon rose — the same moon by which they had made their voyage in the fishing boat, by which they had danced in Ahmed Bey's garden, by which Ahmed Bey had run away — the same moon, but shrunk

and eaten. Nousret Pasha wondered how reddish hair would look by it, and if, somewhere, those long eyes were seeing it too. And now it made the road into Asia a little lighter for the big Hungarians, and for the fat man sitting behind them in his coquettish satin carriage, half grotesque, half tragic, trying to outrun his destiny.

The cocks were almost past crowing, and Olympus, on the other side of the gulf, was already touched by a fairy light, when they came to a village in the hills where Ali knew there was no telegraph. There they would be safe for a while at least, and they must rest and feed the horses. Then they would make one more stage inland, and get rid of that tell-tale turn-out as they could. After that — They drove to the *khan*, in order to arouse less suspicion, and roused a hostler. The proprietor whom Ali knew had gone; but his successor was willing to accept a handsome tip, to stable the horses, to put the carriage out of sight, to believe that his clients were driving from Yalova to Broussa, and to give them a place where they might rest.

Nousret Pasha, having eaten something, rested very well. Ali could not. He could not think, even. After a while he got up and sat at the window that looked into the street. It looked into part of the opposite garden, too, beyond which a wide green country dropped into the blue of the gulf. How cool and like a paradise it seemed in the early sun! And where in all that paradise could he find a place to hide this foolish master who snored behind him? How could they escape being caught, in the end? Why, after all, should they try to escape? What was written was written. But his heart grew heavy to think that he must yet accomplish what was written.

It was written, however, that he should not have to wait very long. As

he sat pondering his ways and watching the sun mount higher over the green and blue below him, he became aware of some one moving in the opposite garden. It was a woman, evidently not a peasant, in a loose gray dress, with a white veil over her hair. She walked down a path trellised with grapevines. Then she turned into an open space of grass where pomegranate trees were blossoming. She looked up at the window, conscious that some one saw her. And Ali suddenly became aware that she was Madam Ahmed Bey. She at once drew her veil across her face and stepped out of sight below the wall.

Did she recognize him too? How should she? Yet if she did — Ali hesitated but a moment. Glancing at Nousret Pasha, he went out softly and asked whether he could hire any horses. The *khanji* said he had none; he doubted whether any could be found elsewhere in the village that day. Ali ordered, accordingly, that his own be harnessed at once. If the *khanji* thought anything, he said nothing. Most wrestlers did not travel all night in silk carriages, as this one had done, and then rest barely two hours before beginning to travel again. But everything was upside down since this affair of the constitution. The carriage was presently ready, with fodder for beast and man, and Ali called his master. Nousret Pasha came somewhat unwillingly to consciousness. But Ali looked so grave that he asked no question and made no remonstrance. A few minutes later they took their respective places in the victoria, and the hostler threw open the doors of the court to let them out.

As the horses clattered through the archway Nousret Pasha saw Ahmed Bey on the other side of the street. For an instant a commotion seized him and he looked beyond Ahmed Bey, search-

ing the lattices of the house. But the commotion subsided and the old coldness rose within him when Ahmed Bey caught hold of a bridle.

'Nousret Pasha, are you running away?' asked Ahmed Bey in a strange voice.

Nousret Pasha's coldness began to be warmed by anger.

'Ali, whip him!' he commanded.

Ali, however, did not whip him. He whipped the horses instead. And this time there was no crowd, as yet, in front of them. But they did not break away. Doors and windows began to open. People came out of the *khan*. Peasants stopped in the street.

'Nousret Pasha —!'

Ali lashed the tired horses. The whole village would know in an instant, if Ahmed Bey went on bawling that name. As a matter of fact the name began to be repeated in the street. It was a name the village knew for a name of rumor and of terror. But Ali could not turn the horses into the straightaway stretch, because of Ahmed Bey who pulled them back. And though Ahmed Bey was his master's enemy, Ali did not wish to hurt him. Between the two of them the horses began to plunge. Then Nousret Pasha got up, reached across the box, snatched the whip out of Ali's hand, and lunged at Ahmed Bey.

Ahmed Bey drew back. The horses leaped forward.

'Mussulmans!' suddenly cried a woman's voice from behind a lattice, 'this is Nousret Pasha, the spy of Sultan Hamid, the drinker of blood, the destroyer of souls! Will you let him go?'

They did not let him go.

How do such things happen? Some thrill in that woman's voice, some buried fury against intolerable wrongs, some spark of those that flash from man to man when many are together, set on fire in those gathered peasants the wildness that lies dormant in us all. Ali, sitting on his box above it, trying to manage his terrified horses, heard the whistle of the whip that had been wrested from him, and fierce shouts, and a thudding of stones and blows, and gasps of quick breath, and his own name called in mad fear, and other sounds inhuman and unnameable.

The tumult sprang up and quieted like a blast of tropic wind. When in the end Ali could look around he saw that the satin of the carriage was more red than yellow, — and what remained in it was very little of a man. What had happened to that man was what happened of old to the bears he caught in the mountains, when he set dogs on them, at his house of the giraffe. And so was fulfilled the destiny of that house and of its master.

TWO SONNETS

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I

HERE in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty: all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow;
Here in the self which withers like a flower,
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,
And droops, and dies, and rots, and is forgotten
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone —
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone;
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord —
Here in the flesh, the never-yet-explored.

II

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,
Probed in old walls, and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.
But useless all; though sometimes when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.

Then for an instant I have felt at point
 To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be —
 Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
 Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
 Or something that the things not understood
 Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

MY CHINESE FAN

BY HARRY HUNTINGTON POWERS

IT lies before me as I write, — nothing remarkable, seemingly, but on closer acquaintance it has for me a strange significance. It is a palm-leaf fan, but with variations. The leaf is trimmed in the usual way and bound with the familiar rattan, but over this is a cloth binding, or rather, three bindings, for three strips of cloth are carried round the fan, the colored edges of the two under ones showing neatly on both sides beneath the outer one, which is of pretty figured stuff. The stem of the leaf, which we use for a handle, has here been cut away, the thick base of the leaf pared down, and the spot covered by a large folded rosette of celluloid colored in imitation of tortoise-shell. This is inserted in a handle of bamboo which has been carefully sawed part way down for the purpose, and is securely fastened by a tiny wooden pin. The handle is decorated with color, and since bamboo is hollow, the end is closed with a turned knob or stopper of bone which is pierced with two holes made by a hand-drill, to receive a loop of cord by which to hang up the fan as required. All the work is

careful and neat. *And I bought this fan for a cent and a quarter.*

It was not a fire sale, a bankrupt sale, or anything of the sort. It was not a bid for larger purchases. It was a regular store and the dealer undoubtedly had his profit. Probably my Chinese 'boy,' who acted as interpreter, had his 'squeeze.' I have no reason to suppose the maker of the fan got less than the going wage. What must that wage be?

On that point I was not left wholly in the dark. I bought the fan at Chungking, a city of half a million inhabitants, the commercial metropolis of western China. Chungking is a treaty port situated about fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtse. For something over a thousand miles the river flows calm and untroubled through the great Chinese lowlands, affording a singularly practicable highway for the great steamers of thousands of tons' burden, which handle the traffic with the coast. Then of a sudden come the mountains, first of that series of barriers which culminate in the table-land of Tibet and the mighty Himalayas. Through this barrier the river foams and surges in

great whirlpools and rapids that make of it the most difficult and dangerous of all navigable rivers. And four hundred miles farther up this rushing torrent lies Chungking, chief purveyor to a district of perhaps fifty million people.

Of late, steamers have begun to risk the dangerous passage, but they have as yet made little change in the time-honored methods of navigation, which are unique. The sails of the heavy junks hang limp in the narrow gorges of the upper river, whose current would defy their propelling power at its best. So for the four hundred miles to Chungking the junks must be dragged by gangs of coolies, thirty, forty, even seventy or eighty of whom tug at the end of a thousand-foot rope. There is no semblance of a towpath, and the channel is difficult in the extreme. There are shoals to be steered round, rocks over which the line must be lifted, sharp promontories which make a straight pull impossible, tributaries to be waded, and so forth. These 'trackers,' as they are called, work for the most part entirely naked, even the loin-cloth of the savage being dispensed with. At the most, they protect their naked bodies from the scorching sun by an enormous straw hat. They are at work at four in the morning, and when darkness shuts down between seven and eight, they are still tugging at the rope, admonished by their own monotonous chant and the stout bamboo rod of the vigilant overseer. Six weeks the average journey lasts, and when it is finished, the tracker receives, besides his daily ration of rice, a wage of *eighty cents*. This must keep him till he gets another job, and provide all other necessities.

The tracker is perhaps at the bottom of the industrial scale, but he has near neighbors. I saw a gardener spading some heavy ground, and was told that he received two hundred *cash*—about five and a half cents—per day. He of

course furnished his own rice. The maker of the fan probably earned somewhat more than this if a man; if a woman or child, as is probable, somewhat less. Such are the wages in the great province of Szechuan, one of the richest and most advanced, if one of the most remote, in the Chinese Republic.

But there is another side to all this, as has doubtless occurred to the reader before now. If the Chinese gets very little for his fans and his labor, he also pays very little for his fans and for the labor of his fellows. The fan, indeed, is quite a case in point, for the poorest coolie, if he wears so much as a loin-cloth, always has a fan stuck in his belt,—not a palm leaf, but a folding fan such as ladies carry,—with which he solaces himself in the intervals between his herculean tasks. Such a fan hardly costs him more labor than it costs his high-paid counterpart in other lands. It is much the same with other things. Even in the maritime provinces good tenderloin is often sold for three to four cents per pound. Native silks and other fabrics are often fabulously cheap in the interior. Tea for which the Tibetan pays twenty cents a pound, is sold at the place of origin for a cent and a half.

But the matter of vital concern to all Chinese is rice, which forms almost the exclusive diet of all but the highest classes, and an indispensable element in theirs. The normal price in Chungking is said to be about a cent and three quarters a pound, expensive living for a man who earns five cents a day, but still very cheap as compared with our own. But while living is dear to the Chinese, which should not surprise us in a country where population crowds so close upon the means of subsistence, the low price of labor and of the products of labor has much of mutual compensation. This general low level of prices merely means that China is economically isolated, and that there is

too little communication with the outside world to bring about an equalization of price levels. This is partly due to artificial barriers. The export of rice, for instance, is prohibited. Duties on both exports and imports impede, if they do not prevent, free interchange and price adjustment. More often the barrier is a natural one. Transportation is enormously difficult and expensive. The tea that is bought for a cent and a half in western China and sold for twenty cents in Tibet, is carried hundreds of miles by coolies over mountain passes ten and fifteen thousand feet high. The increase in price is only normal. The new steamer on which I write makes the difficult passage of the gorges in four days instead of the six weeks required by the trackers and junks, thus seemingly annihilating the barrier between eastern and western China; but the charge for freight is a cent and a quarter a pound, a charge which would raise the price of rice to a figure at which millions would starve in a single province. This accounts for the fact that there may be famine in one province and a bumper crop in the next.

There are other barriers, some physical and some mental, but the important fact is that prices are lower in China than in other countries, and lower in some parts of China than in others. But since every man is both buyer and seller, what is the harm?

There would be no harm if China could be left alone. But that is precisely what she cannot be. The other nations are knocking at her doors on every side and demanding admittance. Her hesitation is accounted bigotry and intolerance. It is so in part, but not more so than our uncompromising gospel of progress. China may not know what modernization is worth, but she alone knows what it will cost. We talk glibly of the open door, with its suggestion of liberty, opportunity, and fellow-

ship. To the Chinese it is rather the opening of a dike, with its concomitant of flood and destruction. None the less, it is to be opened. That issue was settled fifteen years ago. The Boxer movement was both patriotic and heroic, but it was utterly, convincingly futile. The Chinese know as well as we do that the floodgates are opened past all closing, and they have manfully accepted the issue. They are even learning to welcome, to seek, the long-dreaded transformation. When British capital built the first railroad in China, patriotic citizens secured its purchase by the government and tore up every rail and sleeper. To-day they are canvassing the markets of the world to secure capital for the building of railways. And not railways only: they are ready to go the whole figure.

But they are not blind to the cost, and we are. That cost is one to justify hesitation if hesitation were possible.

First of all, there must be an equalization of price levels. That means that the Chinese must sell some of their useful goods for money, until money becomes more plentiful and prices rise. To illustrate by an extreme case, let us take the example of rice, which is raised largely in the coast districts, and even with present transportation facilities could be easily exported. At two cents or less, Chinese rice could hardly fail to find a foreign market. On the other hand, the Chinese could hardly import any of the high-priced foreign foodstuffs in return. So rice would be shipped out and money brought in, until rice became dear through scarcity and money became plentiful and cheap. But meanwhile China would have parted with rice which she could not spare, in return for money which she could not eat. This would cause distress under the most favorable conditions; and under existing conditions in China, it would mean the death of multitudes

from literal starvation. Famine, of course, would bring its inevitable accompaniment of brigandage and rebellion, as it has done periodically in Chinese history.

Of course the effect is less serious if we take commodities in general; but the great fact remains that if China is to enter the great family of nations on a basis of commercial liberty, as we are inviting and compelling her to do, she must first stock up with enough money to raise the price of all her transactions to something like the level of similar transactions abroad, and she can get this money only by giving real goods for it. How much will be required it is impossible to say. It has been estimated that the reform of her currency (a very different and much smaller affair) would cost \$700,000,000.

If China were a wealthy country, with a vast economic surplus in the shape of luxuries which would serve as a cushion between emergency and distress, the case would be different; but in China such a cushion hardly exists. The nation as a whole lives almost on a subsistence basis. They cannot exchange their luxuries for the needed treasure; they must part with their necessities. The mere accident, therefore, that China has been getting along with a small amount of specie and doing business on a lower price basis than other nations, means that the open door will cost her at the outset the price of a people's ransom. Like a war of liberation, it will burden her with debt and dot her hillsides with graves. And all this will not give her a railway or a schoolhouse or a factory.

This brings us to China's second great need. Let us call it an up-to-date social and industrial plant. Of this China has hardly a beginning. She has a plant of course, elaborate and costly, but it is almost wholly obsolete. She has roads, for instance, built at a cost

of millions, but they are only coolie paths. No automobile, no wheeled vehicle, not even a pack mule can traverse them. The new highways can make no use whatever of these ancient constructions. The cities, chief repositories of the nation's accumulated wealth, are in no better case.

Chungking may serve as an example. Built at a strategic point on the Yangtse, it presents a long, high front to the river, and its streets climb higher and higher as they recede two or three miles from the water-front. Though as large as Boston, it never saw a wheeled vehicle, nor has it a street through which one could pass. Through these tiny passages surges the densest mass of humanity upon which I ever gazed. There are coolies trudging with their two huge pails of river water, — for Chungking has no waterworks, and every drop used by this half-million people, even in the most inaccessible quarters, is carried thus from the turbid river. There are scavengers with their attention-compelling buckets, — for Chungking has no sewers, and the day's riddance must be effected by the same primitive agency. There are porters bent double under bales that compel pedestrians in the narrow streets to take refuge in doorways near by, — for Chungking has no trucks or beasts of burden. There are citizens in their sedan chairs, borne by vociferating carriers, — for walking is impossible if one has a care for person or clothes. And then there is the nameless throng of half-naked coolies, hucksters, peddlers, sellers of street lunches, shoppers, hobbling, cripple-footed women, loafers, beggars, and the like, all trudging along in water-carriers', scavengers', and house-wives' sloop. We may waive all claims of health and taste, may ignore all protests of offended sense, and still the judgment is unavoidable that the transformation which modern condi-

tions imperiously demand will leave not one stone upon another in antiquated Chungking.

If we consider Chinese agriculture, Chinese manufactures, Chinese navigation, Chinese education, no matter what department of Chinese activity, the verdict is the same. Everywhere is elaborate and painstaking development unavailable for modern requirements. China confronts the new era much as might a time-honored stage line which offers a lot of well-worn stage-coaches as its contribution to the building of the new railway.

Such a programme of radical reconstruction suggests to the American immense advantages and few deterrents; to the Chinese it suggests the reverse, and rightly. Not that China any longer resists. It cannot be too often insisted that great as are the difficulties in the way of overcoming Chinese inertia, the die is cast, and the best elements of the nation have accepted the responsibility of the tremendous task. But we may well note the difficulties which cause and justify Chinese misgivings.

To begin with, this new industrial and social apparatus must, for a long time to come, be purchased abroad. The steamers on Chinese rivers are still built in Great Britain, though by nature the Yangtse is a better place to build them than the Clyde. And the same is true of railway equipment, for China has outdone us in wasting her forests. So with the cities. If Chungking ever has waterworks, the plant must be imported.

And now we come back to our old difficulty. These things must be bought on the high-price level, and they must be paid for with products on the low-price level. To put it in the concrete, China must pay for five-dollar labor with five-cent labor. For a locomotive she must give several hundred thousand days of coolie labor. We have seen

that the Chinese can now exchange products with other nations only at an immense disadvantage. It is peculiarly trying that at such a time she should be compelled to buy on an unprecedented scale. It may be suggested that by borrowing, China can delay payment till prices change and exchanges are more equitable, a happy suggestion which the Chinese have not failed to consider. But postponement means not only interest charges, of course on the high-price level, but also foreign dictation and control, which China finds more onerous than inequitable exchange.

But this is not all, perhaps not the worst. Every industrial transformation dislocates labor with resulting distress and disorder. This must happen in China on a scale never known before. Again let us take concrete cases. Suppose Chungking builds waterworks: what is to become of the thousand coolies who now supply her wants? When a score of steamers ply on the upper Yangtse, what will become of the fifty thousand trackers who now drag the laden junks up to Chungking? When railways gridiron the country, what will become of the million carriers whose services they will displace? The economist's answer is familiar. This labor will be 'absorbed in the new industries.' Yes, as regards the class, it will work out all right. Economic laws may be trusted to send labor where it is needed. But they will not husband it, will not hoard and protect the individual unit; they will spill and waste a lot on the way. And this wayside spilling of labor is like the spilling of dynamite. These offcasts will perish, but they will first beg, rob, and kill. Make the mildest supposition, that one in ten will become a beggar, and one in a hundred a brigand, and figure out the result. The condition here predicated now exists in large parts of China, and its extension is inevitable. It may be

questioned whether any government can endure the threatened strain.

Of all this our own country knows next to nothing. Our railways have displaced no millions of carrier coolies. They have penetrated the wilderness, and population has followed where the locomotive led. Labor, displaced by new methods, has been absorbed, not by the new industries thus created so much as by the mere growth of a rapidly expanding industry. If there was no employment in the East, men went West. With a scanty labor-supply, labor-saving devices have met a want more cheerfully recognized than in any other time or place. But you cannot tell a Chinese to go West and grow up with the country. He has no unpeopled West. You cannot tell him to save for to-morrow. If he did, he would die to-day. Labor-saving devices! With what utter consternation must they fill the Chinese mind! Labor is the one redundant commodity, and yet the one commodity which must perforce be fully utilized. In this human welter the development of unproductive and fictitious employments is inevitable, and the demand grows by what it feeds on. The obstacle to labor-saving becomes colossal; yet labor waste is China's curse, and labor-saving her supreme need. Recognize it, convince China of it, and there still remains the awful problem. Will the China which must will this change and effect this change, survive the terrible ordeal?

What does China need from us at such a time? The Gospel, says one. Yes, undoubtedly; but after all, one must be either very blind or very seeing thus to phrase his answer in the face of these vast concrete needs. Will the process of winning 'converts' one by one, no matter to what doctrine or life, be speedy enough, comprehensive enough, organic enough, to steady China for the great ordeal? Some

think so; some think not; some do not think.

I met a remarkable missionary in Chungking. A firm believer in the Gospel, he somehow saw it less as a formula than as a programme of things concrete. Finding that the thoughtful Chinese, who must be China's dependence in the coming days, could not be interested in the abstract principles of his faith, he reached the unusual conclusion that this was not wholly due to hardness of heart. They had integrity and not a little of disinterestedness and public spirit. Was there no common ground of action looking to human betterment (the new term for the Kingdom of God)? It was worth trying. The result is a Men's Club, for men helpfully minded, of all nationalities and faiths. There are about five hundred of them, nine tenths Chinese, nearly all of the merchant class, the financial and moral backbone of China. The fifty foreigners are officials, missionaries, and business men. They have built a new clubhouse, and paid for it themselves. (The founder says that he never asked a Chinese for a contribution without getting it.) They have lectures on scientific subjects, X-rays, sanitation, modern government, and so forth, and they come and hear them, too. They have offered prizes for the best essays on how to clean up Chungking. They have started educational enterprises and now want a kindergarten for their children and are willing to pay for it. The founder tells them that all these good things are due to Christianity; this does not seem to interest them much, but the good things themselves do. With these men who fashioned the ideals of old China, he is conspiring to fashion the new. The home board is restive that he reports so few converts; but when the new world-Messiah comes, what, think you, will he say of the Men's Club of Chungking?

BLACK SHEEP

III. THE MAIL FROM THE BEACH

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, WEST AFRICA,
October 12.

Now this is the way I call the roll in the Bulu school. 'Child of a guest!' 'Here.' 'Three Dreams!' 'Here!' 'Boejeli Maballi!' No answer; try again, until a neighbor of the absentee explains that Boejeli is still in his town. 'And why?' asks Matchenda. 'Because his brother whipped him, and he said if his brother whipped him, why he would just sit down in his town and not make school.' 'He hunts another whipping,' says Matchenda, very stern; 'he looks for me to whip him; tell him where I am!' — 'Child of a Ngumba'; to which name a boy of the Mvele tribe makes answer. (I hope you get the horrid immoral flavor of these names.) 'Biguer, why did you not come back to school yesterday?' 'Because the people of my town enticed me to sit down.' 'Zambe, why were you absent?' 'Because the people of my town enticed me.' (Matchenda wakes from her trance and fixes these two with an eye, motioning with her chin to a bench by her side; the two sons of Adam come up higher.) 'Sala, where were you?' 'The soldiers caught a little girl in our town, and therefore I could not come.' Matchenda waves her chin at the bench; Sala drifts forward, and so it goes. Not, my dears, that I can claim to do the whipping. I write little notes to the Doctor. 'Whip this boy,' write I, in a fine flowing hand; the boy reads this reflected in my eye.

'Give this to the Doctor,' say I; and the boy takes the note with something less cheerful than the American postman's mien. The Bulu school is the primary school, you understand; my advanced classes are in the German school. The older boys are quite beyond whipping; they behave indeed with uncommon decency.

LOLODORF, *November 10.*

Bitum came up from Ipose to confess to a breach of the seventh commandment. He has been teaching school there. The woman is not living with her husband. I talked to her and the Doctor talked to Bitum. She is a rather silly person with questing eyes; I had suffered maternal anxieties as to Bitum's safety when first I saw those questing eyes. Well, never mind, that is what happened anyway; and I think it is a pity, but I don't think it is very dreadful. Certainly it is a pity. Bitum of course is removed from the school and from the church. The day he confessed he sat, toward evening, in my room — no dimples at all, but wiping his eyes on his crumpled felt hat. He had nothing to say; at least he could not say it. But two days later, when he returned from closing school at Ipose, he came into my room and talked quite freely, wiping his eyes at intervals with his boy knuckles. This is the kind of thing he said: —

'It was a nice school. No one could see it but must have thought it was a

nice school. I used to worry about it sometimes; some little thing would go wrong and I would lie awake at night and think that the school was going to be ruined. But really it was a nice school sometimes. At noon my head would ache — a person would think the whole school was in my head. When I came away to-day not a child — not an old woman — but shed tears. They all shed tears — Ndungó Ze himself shed tears.'

An interval during which Bitum follows the popular example.

'When we are children we like to think of what we shall do when we grow to be men, and I always chose to teach people and help them. In the afternoons when Ngem and I used to sit together and talk thus — did I ever choose anything else? Do you believe they will ever let me teach school again?'

So on and on — about his dreams and his performance and his poor young disappointment. Not very much about his repentance, but enough. I feel it rather hopeless to let you in on our attitude. We take such a defection as this with a certain resignation, — at least some of us do. The sins of the flesh present a simpler aspect than you can realize, and in such a case as this do not inflict any social injury. The people at Ipose are puzzled at a judgment which removes Bitum on such a charge; only the Christians have any sense of the sin; and this is more a reasonable inference from the law than any quick sense. I can't explain to you without minimizing their wish and intent to keep this commandment, which they think as good as any other. Bitum's trouble of soul has more to do with his disloyalty to Christ than with any sense of personal shame. He had meant to be obedient to his Master and then he spoiled his service like a silly. We are having preparatory meetings this week; from where I sit I see his face, and I can't tell you how sometimes his poor bewil-

dered boy heart looks out of his eyes. I seem never to have realized Bitum so completely as now: his nervous animation, the grace of his sudden gestures, the eagerness of his youth, and his sudden calms of gentle, earnest attention.

I suppose you think that I feel very badly about this; and I do feel badly, but not so much as you think. We people who have come out into the wilderness are not too quick to start at a reed shaken by the wind. Neither do I take this defection of a young Christian lad to contribute anything in particular to my exceedingly vague ideas as to the possibilities of the African race, — either the possibilities or the impossibilities.

All this time I have been much occupied, — getting out of my room over into the Fords' house, — and I have been often weary. The Lehman children have a Bulu measles, and Mrs. Lehman is a much worn woman; but I have had no leisure in which to help her, even if she had been of a mind to let me.

Saturday night.

Bitum has just left after two hours of such pathetic outpouring as would hurt you. At first he said he had five words to open for me and he went at them in a sufficiently systematic fashion. But presently he was saying, 'My heart is just dried up within me and my body is weak. If I sat with another man and there was food between us he might have it all; and if I broke a kank and gave him half, my portion would fall to the ground before I would think to eat it. Every way I look I find no peace. The worst is that I cannot give up teaching school and that you won't take me back' (for I think it is best for him to go to his town until the next term of school, and then to do something more hardy than my work). 'I cannot run from these thoughts — they

are with me all the time. I am surprised. I am like an animal who went away on a visit, and there was one who dug a pit for him, and the animal, returning, fell into the pit. He did not know of the pit — he fell in. I cannot see people as I used — something is wrong with my eyes. Now I walk as slowly as the chameleon, and so I will walk because of the evil which I was so quick to do. The path ahead is plain enough, but I am like a man who was walking, and something strikes him on the head from behind — he cannot forget that blow — he wonders about it and who did it and will it happen again; for all the path is plain before him, his thoughts are all behind him.'

I cannot tell you all he said. I thought I had heard something similar before, so I began to read out of the Psalms, translating as I went along. There was the whole matter and the ancient anguish, — David's tears gathered up in God's bottle so long ago, — and Bitum said, 'I would say you were reading from the heart of a man!'

Monday, *November 12.*

Bitum said good-bye to me last night, to leave this morning. More than when he went to Ipose I hated to see him go. I tell you, I suffered real pangs. It was Communion Sunday. He is, of course, stricken from the Church roll. Very many people are here from Lam and Ipose, — I took all the time I could get to go about among the various huddles of them; and in one Ipose group I found Bitum, giving last directions to his flock, — how they were to conduct themselves, and achieve the Christian graces. The sad old women could hardly let him go. On Sunday he looked a nice proper Bulu youth in his white singlet and his bright cloth. On Saturday night, when we talked together, I had reproved him for his careless dress. 'Have n't you anything decent in your

box?' I had asked; and he had said, 'Why, I have lots of things, but I can't bear to open the box; I think about how the body is more than raiment and the life than the body.'

I do hope he will be good now. He will go in my caravan to Elat and carry a load. If I could bring myself to feel it right to take him back, I would have so much comfort in him; but I know that he must go if he is to be a man.

LIBREVILLE, WEST AFRICA,
July 10.

I write you this from Libreville on the Gaboon River in the French Congo; rather, I write from Baraka, the mission station among the Mpongwe people. I have been transferred hither from the Kamerun because I speak French, and there is need of such a French-speaking missionary here. Very charming it is at this station in the old house among the old trees looking out upon the river and beyond this to the sunset. And very encouraging it is to a missionary from a young station to see these Mpongwe Christians, the fruit of half a century of missionary labor, who have come to be a people of pleasant and orderly life, living in their gray bamboo houses after no mean fashion, with books upon their shelves and clean linen upon their beds. Some of the houses are papered and some have cement floors; in some there are pictures of miscellaneous royalty upon the walls and fading photographs of the family when they were bride and groom; in the little gardens flowers run from the sea wind. Of a Sunday the little church is full of a decent congregation who have come up to the House of God with pleasure and with pride, dressed, I suspect, with a good deal of conscious vanity, and observing solemn rules of conduct with great good cheer and complacency. Do not despise this joy in form and order; the house after having

been swept is furnished after a new fashion that passeth not away, and how shall the owner conceal his delight? I call at the houses of the Christians and go about to the village prayer-meetings just for the pleasure of seeing these comely Mpongwe women move about in their enriched circumstance, — themselves enriched in mind and heart and spirit beyond all counting. To me the windows, open to the river; the great white beds under their white curtains and their covers of red and white appliqué; the tables dressed with a white cloth, where the wife eats with the husband, — all these are pledges of hope for the poor Bulu woman, for the Ngumba woman, for the little Dwarf woman in the hidden places of the forest, and for the Fang woman who lives in the waterways back of us as the dweller in Third Avenue lives back of the dweller in Fourth.

Baraka has its potent past. One may not forget the women of long ago who were busy at its inception, in hoops, — if indeed they stooped to vanity, — with curls back of their ears or smooth hair drawn over them. Some of these are long dead, some of them are in America, some are still among us, — these last so much a part of our present that we hardly associate with them a past of so quaint an aspect. But the past survives intact in the memory of the old Mpongwe women. 'Mrs. Walker was very kind,' says one, in that soft English which she learned of Mrs. Walker in her youth. 'She was tender-hearted. When the work was badly done she would say to us little girls, "Child, child, sit down!" and we liked that. Mrs. Bushnell was kind too — ah, Mrs. Bushnell! And when the work was badly done we must always do it again for Mrs. Bushnell. When we grew older we knew that she was right. Mrs. Bushnell taught us to work!'

And Sarah, ironing Miss Nassau's

dress while she talks to me, dreams over the days when Miss Nassau was a young woman on Corisco Island. On that account we sit still for a little. The sound of the tide comes in at the open door and the flowers in the little garden run from the sea wind. Everywhere in the open is the exceeding brightness of day; and I think of how, in America, God has laid a hand upon Mrs. Bushnell's eyes.

There are very wicked women among the Mpongwe, and there are saints too, — I feel the quaintness of this word and its difficulty. But there is a sort of woman for whom it is just a common term — who must be so called or lack a name; I mean kind old women who have befriended others; who have smiled so long out of their kind eyes that there is a perpetual glimmer of smile in the ultimate dimness; who have moved so softly about the sick and dying that they come down the village street as still, in their bare brown feet, as evening air. In the gardens of their minds righteousness and peace grow together, with many homely healing herbs for the wounded of their people. Some such have I seen in the village about Baraka, which is pretty much of a heavenly vision in the eyes of a missionary from Ngumba.

July 12.

You will be glad, since you care for my comfort, to know that we are pleasantly housed at Baraka. We live in an old house, among the scattered Mpongwe villages. Three miles of a road that follows the shore of the Gaboon estuary brings us to Libreville, one of the largest of the West Coast settlements. There are over one hundred white people, and more than twenty women. These are French people, and some English traders. I cannot hope to give you a sense of how metropolitan we feel ourselves to be. Indeed I think that only a 'bush' person like myself experi-

ences the full flavor of our excessive urbanity.

The Mpongwe people themselves are extraordinary in their grace and finish. Who can say for how many generations they have been in contact with the trader; and the American mission was busy among them as many as seventy years ago. They are people of a fastidious instinct, the nicest sort of instinct for true gentility; and there is nothing grotesque in their very modified aspect or in the modifications of their manner of life. Many of these old Christian women have an air of distinction for which one can hardly account—quite the 'grand manner'; and the women of the tribe generally are graceful with a grace not at all primitive, — a sophisticated, almost a morbid, grace.

There has been, and there continues to be, a mingling of races here, so that we have to do with many mulattoes, little mulatto children in the school, poor pretty mulatto girls who want to be good against all the tides of their blood. Nothing is simple here, goodness least of all.

Well, my dears, I am to remain here. The Fords have no immediate intention of going home, and one must approve the earnestness of their devotion to this place, which must be closed if they go. And as for me, I shall go in for the work with all the heart I can bring to it. I don't know what the work means, what it may come to mean; it is foreign to me. But I must manage to put myself into it somehow, and then we shall see.

July 27.

This afternoon I studied the language; and then I looked up and saw our settlement on its ridge rising between the sea and the sweet rolling country, and everywhere the light of the late afternoon. This place is not magic or strange but extraordinarily rural, — yes, even magically rural. The

street that runs by the water, and the street back of this and upon the higher land of Libreville — with its little houses under the great mango trees and trees of strange blossoms and palm trees, the little houses painted brightly and standing in bright flowers — are rural but not in any common sense; there is a strangeness. There is no suggestion of the forest, but there is a suggestion of the primeval animal. I think this is as true as if the town with its little streets beneath its great trees were the jungle, and the poor pretty yellow girls that look at you from under the thatched eaves were leopardesses. There for generations the animal passions of men have been exceedingly busy, and everywhere is the melancholy of license. Don't tell me that all the white men whose children run naked in the streets were minded to father such broods. I suppose the air of this place is heavy with self-disgust and a thousand remorse — a thousand thousand. This is an old settlement.

BARAKA, July 29.

I am conducting a French examination in the little schoolhouse. About seventy scholars come regularly, but to-day one class of six is held for examination. They are writing tensely with their chins above their slow hands. The eldest may be thirteen; there is one girl in the crowd. The teacher, Joseph, speaks better French than I do — and is handsomer too. He is very much in the flower of youth — the son of a woman still comely in her sixties.

For the minute the yoke of the French verb is heavy. From outside there come in sweet airs by the six windows and the open doors. We see the gray water and the green trees moving in the wind, and the sunny places where the mown grass is bleaching, and where Igue the Evangelist is washing his clothes. He is our preacher and a very

timid person; he was a slave, and is perhaps of Dwarf origin.

There are twenty-eight girls in the school. Six of these are mulattoes or the children of white men and mulatto women. One is like a flower — her grace is excessive; some of the black ones are handsome, with a more robust and happy charm.

July 31.

Another examination — of the seniors, eight in number. One is a mulatto girl. We are bound to take them seriously if we take their race seriously. They read in French well enough — with a soft slur. Any one who doubts that Rodin's 'Thinker' is thinking should look at the feet of these poor children: all the tenses of the verb *aller* are trodden out of the wine-press by their feet.

September 10.

The prettiest dress of the Mpongwe woman is a cloth drawn up under the arms, a scarf on the shoulders, and a handkerchief folded over the coiled hair in a high stiff fold set well up on the head, rather like a child's idea of a crown. There is a great fancy for purples and lavenders set off with shades of rose and red and a sudden keen note of gilt. With black there will be a touch of most delicious bright green. A cloth and a scarf worn by a woman of beautiful gesture — and a Gabonaise is always that — have a certain mutable charm; the movements of the body, the wind that blows from the sea, — these renew and display the folds of the garment so that the eye is intrigued.

There are two women, mother and daughter, who wear dresses of a type all by themselves. You would think the mother must be old, but she does not look so; Ntyuakero's widow she is — he who was the minister here and who died of sleeping sickness. Her name is Osuka. She is a slight woman with a thin, thoughtful face, and a look

of tender brooding and that fixed sweetness which is so often — perhaps always — a fruit of sorrow. When I go to see her, she comes from the spring — where she washes — in her straight black dress, with her black handkerchief above her little thin face; and as she sits under the eaves of her house, smiling at her guest, I see her a type — she is so much a widow, so much the little hard-working bereft woman who cries before she sleeps at night in her lonely house.

Her daughter is Joseph's wife, and that is to be proud and happy. She dresses very sweetly, in lavenders and rose colors, falling rather scant on her thin young body except for a sort of congestion of gathers between the shoulders. Anuregulé braids her rather long hair in little braids; these fall straight and thick from under the stiff folds of her handkerchief down her temples and beside her delicate cheeks, with an effect of something angular and Egyptian, very stimulating to the imagination. She is good and happy, opulent, quite cheerfully vain, I fancy; and yet, in her slight face that is so gracious and so sweetly young, there is a shadow of latent melancholy — the daughter of Osuka's melancholy.

I write this out because I want to try to make you see it, my dears, so that things will begin to be real to you a little. I wonder if the house is real, — the little old house under its thatch, with cocoanut trees standing high about it, rustling in the wind, and other denser trees, — a cinnamon tree at the back; the flamboyant tree putting out its first great red blossoms between the house and the church; the breadfruit trees with their gross leaves and their great green globes; the swaying, crowded plumes of the bamboo between us and the water? So many missionaries have sat in this same room, and have gone their many ways.

October 14.

The days go like this: I need n't get up much before seven, so I don't. Breakfast at something like a quarter past, and after this prayers, — I mean personal, white man's prayers, and we take turns. By half-past eight I am in school. I look after the two advanced classes. I have divided them, and Joseph with an apprentice assists me. The advanced class studies in the afternoon, and I have nothing to do with afternoon sessions: Joseph and Mr. Ford attend to them. I have six little assistants who manage the lower classes, each in his own fashion, which is only in a measure modified by mine. There must be about fifty little codgers, boys and girls not much in love with school and not quick in beginning, — in which they differ from the Bush people, — but quite surprisingly intelligent.

We struggle along until noon, not so badly. The little teachers love to beat the little scholars, but they are not let. Teaching comes to be a dull business. These are my six assistants: Kidney, grandson of an English sea captain, and about sixteen, I should fancy, — slow and sad, not at all a virile type, quite a mulatto type; Madiba, a Benga boy, good stuff, about fifteen; Mbueke, a little younger and too, too clever — after all he may be no more than twelve. His teaching is a series of barks — you would say an exasperated collie herding silly sheep. Alexander, so lazy that I can't afford to write about him; Japoma, who teaches mystically, all knowledge a whispered secret. I never caught him in the act; he floats with his class in a windless calm; I can't fancy how the transfer is effected, but of a Friday, when they are called up to deliver, they open their little hands and there is the button. Then there is Rebieno. These last two cannot be twelve years old. Rebieno controls and teaches thirteen children; he would love to

knock them about, and missing this, he bullies them by sheer mental force. He is small and some of them are bigger, some older, but he quietly and systematically grinds them down. Driving them to the water, he holds them under until they come up with a jolly good mouthful, and they need n't gasp either. Out of the tail of his astute eye he measures my approval or disapproval, and he can change tack without order. His eye on me is not a sly one; it is the eye of a truly clever, disinterested, ruthless subordinate. This is my teaching force, and sometimes I call sweet Anyuré, who is a member of this class and whose little womanly presence diffuses something very tender and refreshing to ease your friend's sense.

We read French as soon as we know all our letters, and Mrs. Ford has evolved a thoroughly practical system. We come to be quite glib, and would compare very creditably with a class of French peasantry in certain respects. Not in speaking French, of course, but hardly any one in the world can write as beautifully as some of us do. Only, here is none of the passion for learning which trembles in the Bush hearts, nor any hungering and thirsting after God. Quite like a school at home. The matter of age makes an element of the difference; one could not look for such ardors in such young hearts; but neither do the young men in this place seem to care. You can think if this would make a difference to missionaries! These are the things I think about more and more, and with less and less tranquillity. When I go to bed at night, I think, 'Tomorrow something must happen'; and every day I think this more and more until the thought and the desire for the Bush work is being crowded by the will to make good here.

November 15.

Yesterday, in the late afternoon, I went to see Ekandé, a little cosy woman

who is always busy by her open door. A mat will be spread on her clay floor and from her knees her bright-colored sewing falls on to the mat. Last evening we talked together — she was going with me a piece of the way home — about her son who was born twenty-five years ago. His father, she said, was a Dane, once a sailor, but in her day a trader. He took her away from Gaboon to Kamerun. They lived together seven years; he spoke Mpongwe. She was happy with him, she said. 'White men are kinder to us than our Mpongwe men.' Then he went away with the little boy; they were to have come back but never did. Now she is married to Magago, who is, I suppose, less kind. One of the French missionaries here, who was a trader before he became a missionary, says that the white men become very sincerely attached to their black women. I understand that, and I understand, too, that a black woman may gain by such a connection; but no one has explained to me yet how a Caucasian — with his racial prejudice in favor of the purity of his women — can cheerfully breed daughters of whom he may never hope that they will be chaste.

Another thing, — the black woman under contract to a white man continues to bear black children. The white men are obliged to submit to this, which a black man of this tribe need not tolerate. A black husband — well, never mind. This is not a particularly simple business.

Now I begin a little to get beneath the manner here. A few days ago I saw a little child with the sleeping sickness — further gone than when I saw her last, poor little girl — sleeping under a blanket, her little limbs sprawled out. In her waking moments she suffers mute fears; she may n't say what she fears, only her frightened eyes hunt and find. Is n't it too sad?

February 9.

This morning I woke when the day was still dim and strange. The people in a town a quarter of a mile away had been dancing all night, and the sound of their drumming was curiously deliberate in the dawn. I have never heard this rhythm before, — sad, my dears, to break the heart, desperate and deliberate at once. A measure of three, then two, then three, the last three falling always from the even deliberation of the first two measures, with a movement toward abandon — a very curious and disquieting effect. One wonders what was the dance, after the long night of dancing, at that disillusioning hour and to that cynical rhythm.

To-morrow I will have my letters; for that I am happy. Yesterday little Jana, the child with the sleeping sickness, died, and that was well. To-day I was with the poor weary mother, and she thanked me sweetly for the times I had come to see her. Was n't that touching of her? The last time I saw the child she was lost to childish semblance; but a matter of two weeks ago I happened in while her mother was rubbing her with oil. She was sleeping, her little face an untroubled young mask, and the long angular lines of her young body very sweet and touching. Two women moved her about; she had little sudden rigors, gestures of angular childish grace.

I beg your pardon if it is wrong to talk about this. But it was extraordinary to see a human creature so lost as an individual, so lost to the senses, so unresponsive and so much at peace, so like a faint drawing of a little child on an Egyptian wall — and still beautiful.

March 16.

I feel — what you are often tempted to express — your dissatisfaction with my circumstance. And yet, my dears, take account of this: your friend actu-

ally insures the welfare of a school of nearly eighty little children. What more would you ask for me, or I for myself, than that I should be so practically serviceable? Think once how I stand on a platform, like a personage. Little boys go to wash their hands to please me. And once when a little boy was absent 'because he had no cloth,' I sent for him to come anyway, which he did, a little jacket tied by the sleeves about his middle. This is power. When they cough I say, 'You must stop coughing,' and they do. When one has injured another I make him say, 'Forgive me,' which he hates to do but does. And then I tell the injured party that he is unmanly, so that no one is too complacent or comfortable for long.

March 20.

Mr. Martin, poor dear, is ordered to a trading post up the river, quite a lost place and 'sunken from the healthy breath of morn.' This makes us sad. But Mr. X. has taken his mulatto woman and his little children home, which is a great wonder. Now I can forget those little deep-eyed children that so grieved me.

They are boys, and that is better. It is the cross-breed girls who grieve me most, who are most adrift. The black men do not pick their wives from these, who are too frail, they think, for hardy uses. They are bad investments. Where may they cast anchor, these poor yellow girls who drift between black men and white?

March 27.

Anyuré and Aworé walk and talk together in the moonlight; they talk secrets, as they should. Anyuré's little head is flowerlike; she carries her chin high and looks about her with smiling eyes. Aworé is very dark and, of late, womanly; she is pretty too. To-night in the moonlight I see some silver beads on her neck; they quite shine. Her black

dress is figured with gay flowers; her hair comes down from under her flowered kerchief in close-set, stiff little twists.

These young girls seem very dear and sweet to me; I would like to be intimate with them. But I am not intimate with any one but Miagomori, and we keep this intimacy a secret. Little Miagomori, who must always hitch up his trousers when he stands to recite, should be grateful, I suppose. He is perhaps nine years old; he smiles more than is reasonable and this distinguishes him. I took care of him the day his little sister was buried; that is, I found him in the rear of the procession to the grave, dragging reluctant feet and terribly oppressed. I took him by his little cold hand and led him away out of the valley of the shadow. That was the beginning of our intimacy, as holding of hands has been before now.

March 29.

Mr. Martin is not to go up river, as seemed likely. I am glad. When I think how men are cast away here, and why, I am sick, — when I think of young Pierce at his lonely post between Cape St. John and Benito, walking his veranda at night because he cannot sleep; and of Mr. B——, who told me that in the times of his troubles with the Spanish officials at Eloby he used sometimes, from very loneliness and desolation, to weep. He looked for me to explain a thing so extraordinary.

April 8.

My dears, I salute you. Is it well on the top of the world where you live? There will be blossoms there on familiar trees that are green, above rivers that are better than all the waters of this estuary.

Yet here there is a great blessing and gift, — it is the gift of vision. Being well out of the woods one sees the forest,

and you; and the 'happy highways where you go shine plain and clear' to me. On moonlight nights like these, when the world hangs all bright in the firmament, I see you on the gilded half, the very heart of all that fire and light. You can surely never see yourselves so. It is truly a fine sight, worth a penny a peep, and as good as an Easter egg with a glass end.

I begin to be almost glib in Mpongwe.

April 20.

To-day in a village a little girl was very friendly to me. Nay, more. She asked me to marry her. She was perhaps five years old; she had on a little dress in my honor, but it did n't button. She discovered very much about me in a very short time — a gold tooth well back in my mouth because I was so indiscreet as to laugh. She asked me — had I borne? And I said no, I had never borne, but went about the towns hunting other women's little children. She asked me in a most searching manner, did I love them? An extraordinary question from such a source. She patted me with her little hand and said she would marry me. Presently, a neighbor coming into the yard, she put her face to a crack in the railing about the veranda and called out, 'You must see this white person who has come with a hat and an umbrella.' Funny little black baby!

Was I telling you this wonder? A man all gaunt and shaggy, from Chattanooga, Tennessee, strolled up our way the other day. Jones by name. Prospecting, where he is allowed, for gold and precious stones. He had come up from the Cape in a bit sloop, he and another man from 'Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.' Together they went up the Congo, and were there when I was, and the Count of Turin. I warmed to a type I know so well, and yet not just the type I know, either. Blue eyes,

something too wild and too wistful in his whimsical brown face. Eighteen years he has been about the south coasts. Before that he was married and his wife died. His habits, he would have us know, are convivial. Yet he did not look like a heavy drinker. He looked a clean-bodied man, driven to and fro upon the face of the earth by some tireless devil of idealism.

October 18.

To-day I wandered down to the far end of our little holding. In among the trees by the fence some little girls were playing, — neighbors who had crept in under the wire and had gathered a heap of ripe mangoes that had fallen on our ground from a tree over the fence. One of these, a little ivory mulattress with sweet pale hair and gray eyes, was dreadfully startled to see me. She had a panic sense that the mangoes might perhaps belong to the white woman; but she took courage and invited me, very sweetly and like a lady, to have some. She is a most lovely little creature, the child of a mulattress and an Englishman; a poor little waif, fading with anæmia.

How can Englishmen, — who would kill their legitimate children rather than see them corrupted, — how can they father little helpless girls like these who are bred to serve a trader's passing day!

The school improves wherever I concentrate. That is very satisfying and very tormenting, — the little teacher cannot sit on all her eggs at once.

January 15.

This station is to be left, like Corisco, in the hands of the native Christians; the white people are to be withdrawn for the work in Kamerun.

These days we have all the air of being sold out — all the poor old duds of this poor old station are spread out un-

der the sun in the yard, and our neighbors, black and white, inspect them. We live half in and half out of packing boxes, with an eye out for the steamer, which will not leave for some time after arrival. This is a Sunday. All our relations with the people are melancholy now; their feelings are wounded, and that is sad to see, for they are good and true. They are not angry with us, but wounded. Many good kind Mpongwe people I have seen burst out crying in these last days. They will be trying to speak reasonably and quietly, when suddenly they give way. This is painful to see, particularly in the old.

January 20.

Ma Sara, dear woman, was talking to me in the moonlight last night. The young people, she said, can never know how the old ones feel to see Baraka

'die.'¹ And that was a most pregnant expression, for the Baraka pillars were all hewn out of the rock of a certain period. 'I jes' sit at my window,' says Ma Sara, 'and I jes' watch the people carry everything away. They tek away the grind-stone, and I jes' say in my heart it is an old friend is dead and they tek him away; and so I watch them tek away one, two, three, ten friends, all those old things they buy and tek away jes' like old friends that die and they tek them away. I can't eat, Mademoiselle, and I can't sleep. When the morning comes I jes' think one more day our few days. Mademoiselle, young people don't know — maybe they think this is a small trouble.'

It is really a hideous time, but has to be got through.

¹ Baraka station passed into the hands of the French Protestant Society. — THE AUTHOR.

(To be continued.)

THE BOULEVARD OF ROGUES

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

NOTHING was ever funnier than Barton's election to the City Council. However, it occurs to me that if I'm going to speak of it at all, I may as well tell the whole story.

At the University Club, where a dozen of us have met for luncheon every business day for many years, Barton's ideas on the subject of municipal reform were always received in the most contemptuous fashion. We shared his rage that things were as they were, but as practical business men we knew that

there was no remedy. A city, Barton held, should be conducted like any other corporation. Its affairs are so various, and touch so intimately the comfort and security of all of us, that it is imperative that they be administered by servants of indubitable character and special training. He would point out that a citizen's rights and privileges are similar to those of a stockholder, and that taxes are in effect assessments to which we submit only in the belief that the sums demanded are necessary

to the wise handling of the public business; that we should be as anxious for dividends in the form of efficient and economical service as we are for cash dividends in other corporations.

There is nothing foolish or unreasonable in these notions; but most of us are not as ingenious as Barton, or as resourceful as he in finding means of realizing them.

Barton is a lawyer and something of a cynic. I have never known a man whose command of irony equaled his. He usually employed it, however, with perfect good-nature, and it was impossible to ruffle him. In the court-room I have seen him the target for attacks by a formidable array of opposing counsel, and have heard him answer an hour's argument in an incisive reply compressed into ten minutes. His suggestions touching municipal reforms we dismissed as impractical, which was absurd, for Barton is essentially a practical man, as his professional successes clearly proved before he was thirty.

He maintained that one capable man, working alone, could revolutionize a city's government if he set about it in the right spirit; and he manifested the greatest scorn for 'movements,' committees of one hundred, and that sort of thing. He had no great confidence in the mass of mankind or in the soundness of the majority. His ideas were, we thought, often fantastic, but it could never be said that he lacked the courage of his convictions. He once assembled round a mahogany table the presidents of the six principal banks and trust companies in our town and laid before them a plan by which, through the smothering of the city's credit, a particularly vicious administration might be brought to terms. The city finances were in a bad way, and, as the result of a policy of wastefulness and shortsightedness, the administration was constantly seeking temporary

loans, which the local banks were expected to carry. Barton dissected the municipal budget before the financiers, and proposed that, as another temporary accommodation was about to be asked, they put the screws on the mayor and demand that he immediately force the resignations of all his important appointees and replace them with men to be designated by three citizens to be named by the bankers. Barton had carefully formulated the whole matter, and he presented it with his usual clarity and effectiveness; but rivalry between the banks for the city's business, and fear of incurring the displeasure of some of their individual depositors who were closely allied with the bosses of the bi-partisan machine, caused the scheme to be rejected. Our lunch-table strategy board was highly amused by Barton's failure, which was just what we had predicted.

Barton accepted his defeat with equanimity and spoke kindly of the bankers as good men but deficient in courage. But in the primaries the following spring he got himself nominated for city councilman. No one knew just how he had accomplished this. Of course, as things go in our American cities, no one qualified for membership in a university club is eligible for any municipal office, and no man of our acquaintance had ever before offered himself for a position soiled through many years by ignoble use. Even more amazing than Barton's nomination was Barton's election. Our councilmen are elected at large, and we had assumed that any strength he might develop in the more prosperous residential districts would be overbalanced by losses in industrial neighborhoods.

The results proved to be quite otherwise. Barton ran his own campaign. He made no speeches, but spent the better part of two months personally appealing to mechanics and laborers,

usually in their homes or on their door-steps. He was at pains to keep out of the newspapers, and his own party organization (he is a Republican) gave him only the most grudging support.

We joked him a good deal about his election to an office that promised nothing to a man of his character but annoyance and humiliation. His associates on the Council were machine men, who had no knowledge whatever of enlightened methods of conducting cities. The very terminology in which municipal government is discussed by the informed was as strange to them as Sanskrit. His Republican colleagues cheerfully ignored him, and shut him out of their caucuses; the Democrats resented his appearance in the Council chamber as an unwarranted intrusion, — 'almost an indelicacy,' to use Barton's own phrase.

The biggest joke of all was Barton's appointment to the chairmanship of the Committee on Municipal Art. That this was the only recognition his associates accorded to the keenest lawyer in the state, — a man possessing a broad knowledge of municipal methods, gathered in every part of the world, — was ludicrous, it must be confessed; but Barton was not in the least disturbed, and continued to suffer our chaff with his usual good humor.

Barton is a secretive person, but we learned later that he had meekly asked the president of the Council to give him this appointment. And it was conferred upon him chiefly because no one else wanted it, there being, obviously, 'nothing in' municipal art discernible to the bleared eye of the average councilman.

About that time old Sam Follonsby died, bequeathing half a million dollars — twice as much as anybody knew he had — to be spent on fountains and statues in the city parks and along the boulevards.

The many attempts of the administration to divert the money to other uses; the efforts of the mayor to throw the estate into the hands of a hungry trust company in which he had friends, — these matters need not be recited here. Suffice it to say that Barton was equal to all the demands made upon his legal genius. When the estate was settled at the end of a year, Barton had won every point. Follonsby's money was definitely set aside by the court as a special fund for the objects specified by the testator, and Barton, as the Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Art, had so tied it up in a legal mesh of his own ingenious contriving that it was, to all intents and purposes, subject only to his personal check.

It was now that Barton, long irritated by the indifference of our people to the imperative need of municipal reform, devised a plan for arousing the apathetic electorate. A philosopher, as well as a connoisseur in the fine arts, he had concluded that our whole idea of erecting statues to the good and noble serves no purpose in stirring patriotic impulses in the bosoms of beholders. There were plenty of statues and not a few tablets in our town, commemorating great-souled men, but they suffered sadly from public neglect. And it must be confessed that the average statue, no matter how splendid the achievements of its subject, is little regarded and serves only passively as a reminder of public duty. With what has seemed to me a sublime cynicism, Barton proceeded to spend Follonsby's money in a manner at once novel and arresting. He commissioned one of the most distinguished sculptors in the country to design a statue; and at the end of his second year in the Council (he had been elected for four years), it was set up on the new boulevard that parallels the river.

His choice of a subject had never

been made known, so that curiosity was greatly excited on the day of the unveiling. Barton had brought the governor of an adjoining state, who was just then much in the public eye as a fighter of grafters, to deliver the oration. It was a speech with a sting to it, but our people had long been hardened to such lashings. The mayor spoke in praise of the civic spirit which had impelled Follonsby to make so large a bequest to the public; and then, before five thousand persons, a little school-girl pulled the cord, and the statue, a splendid creation in heroic bronze, was exposed to the amazed populace.

I shall not undertake to depict the horror and chagrin of the assembled citizens when they beheld, instead of the statue of Follonsby, which they were prepared to see, or a symbolic representation of the city itself as a flower-crowned maiden, the familiar pudgy figure, reproduced with the most cruel fidelity, of Mike O'Grady, known as 'Silent Mike,' a big bi-partisan boss who had for years dominated municipal affairs, and who had but lately gone to his reward. The inscription in itself was an ironic masterstroke:—

To
MICHAEL P. O'GRADY
PROTECTOR OF SALOONS, FRIEND OF CROOKS
FOR TEN YEARS A CITY COUNCILMAN
DOMINATING THE AFFAIRS OF THE MUNICIPALITY
THIS STATUE IS ERECTED
BY GRATEFUL FELLOW-CITIZENS
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS PUBLIC SERVICES

The effect of this was tremendously disturbing, as may be imagined. Every newspaper in America printed a picture of the O'Grady statue; our rival cities made merry over it at our expense. The Chamber of Commerce, incensed at the affront to the city's good name, passed resolutions condemning Barton in the bitterest terms; the local press howled; a mass meeting was held in our biggest hall to voice public indig-

nation. But amid the clamor Barton remained calm, pointing to the stipulation in Follonsby's will that his money should be spent in memorials of men who had enjoyed most fully the confidence of the people. And as O'Grady had been permitted for years to run the town about as he liked, with only feeble protests and occasional futile efforts to get rid of him, Barton was able to defend himself against all comers.

Six months later Barton set up on the same boulevard a handsome tablet commemorating the services of a mayor whose venality had brought the city to the verge of bankruptcy, and who, when his term of office expired, had betaken himself to parts unknown. This was greeted with another outburst of rage, much to Barton's delight. After a brief interval another tablet was placed on one of the river bridges. The building of that particular bridge had been attended with much scandal, and the names of the councilmanic committee who were responsible for it were set forth over these figures:—

<i>Cost to the People,</i>	\$49,000.00
<i>Cost to the Council,</i>	31,272.81

<i>Graft,</i>	\$17,727.19
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The figures were exact and a matter of record. An impudent prosecuting attorney who had broken with the machine had laid them before the public some time earlier; but his efforts to convict the culprits had been frustrated by a judge of the criminal court who took orders from the bosses. Barton broke his rule against talking through the newspapers by issuing a caustic statement imploring the infuriated councilmen to sue him for libel as they threatened to do.

The city was beginning to feel the edge of Barton's little ironies. At the club we all realized that he was animated by a definite and high purpose in

thus flaunting in enduring bronze the shame of the city.

'It is to such men as these,' said Barton, referring to the gentlemen he had favored with his statue and tablets, 'that we confide all our affairs. For years we have stupidly allowed a band of outlaws to run our town. They spend our money; they hitch the saloons and brothels to the city hall, and manage in their own way large affairs that concern all of us. These scoundrels are our creatures, and we encourage and foster them; they represent us and our ideals, and it's only fitting that we should publish their merits to the world.'

While Barton was fighting half a dozen injunction suits brought to thwart the further expenditure of Follonsby's money for memorials of men of notorious misfeasance or malfeasance, another city election rolled round. By this time there had been a revulsion of feeling. The people began to see that after all there might be a way of escape. Even the newspapers that had most bitterly assailed Barton declared that he was just the man for the mayoralty, and he was fairly driven into office at the head of a non-partisan municipal ticket.

The Boulevard of Rogues we called it for a time. But after Barton had been in the mayor's office a year he

dumped the O'Grady statue into the river, destroyed the tablets, and returned to the Follonsby Fund out of his own pocket the money he had paid for them. Three noble statues of honest patriots now adorn the boulevard, and half a dozen beautiful fountains have been distributed among the parks.

The Barton plan is, I submit, worthy of all emulation. If every boss-ridden, machine-managed American city could once visualize its shame and folly as Barton compelled us to do, there would be less complaint about the general failure of local government. There is, when you come to think of it, nothing so preposterous in the idea of perpetuating in outward and visible forms the public servants we humbly permit to misgovern us. Nothing could be better calculated to quicken the civic impulse in the lethargic citizen than the enforced contemplation of a line of statues erected to the men he has allowed to govern him and spend his money.

I'm a little sorry, though, that Barton never carried out one of his plans, which looked to the planting in the centre of a down-town park of a symbolic figure of the city, felicitously expressed by a bar-room loafer dozing on a beer keg. I should have liked it; and Barton confessed to me the other day that he was a good deal grieved himself that he had not pulled it off!

POEMS ON IMMORTALITY

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

THE LOOKOUT

IMPERIOUS Self beyond self that I call my soul,
Climb up into the crow's-nest.
Look out over the changeable ocean of my life
And shout down to me whither to change my course.
Warn me of the reefs and bergs;
Warn me well of the mirages. . . .
No, I cannot release you, you cannot rest:
There is no one I can trust in your place.

II

THE ANODYNE

(This is my sleeping potion after restless days.
Haste, unsuccess,
Overweening hope and unavailing sorrow.)

For an intense instant
In the late evening when the house is still,
I lift the clean body of my soul out of the soiled garments of mortality.
No sooner is it free to rise than it bends back earthward,
And touches mortal life with hands like the hands that troubled the
water at Bethesda.
So this incorruptible touches the corrupt;
This immortal cools with a touch
The beaded forehead of mortality.

III

MOTHER

Foundress and lover of my life,
 My mother Immortality,
 Lean down to this laggard and unstable daughter.
 Take hold of my hand!

THIS YOUNGER GENERATION

BY FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

I HAVE been reading, rather tardily, the article by Mr. Bourne in the September *Atlantic* on 'This Older Generation,' and am impressed by its cleverness and its candor. 'This older generation,' the 'mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts of the youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty,' — the people, that is to say, between fifty and sixty years of age, and 'of the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class,' — are, it appears — not to put too fine a point on it — very much in the way. They are confronted by a new world, and instead of trying to understand it, they pretend that it is not there and obstruct its progress. They are under the illusion that the world is still governed by 'the verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality'; they fancy that 'social ills may be cured by personal virtue'; they talk proudly of 'sacrifice' and 'service' when in fact these ideals are 'intensely selfish.' They assume a permanent social stratification, of those above who

may do for others and those below who must be done for; while to the younger generation, inspired by the vision of a social democracy, all such talk is 'an insult to the democratic ideal.' 'The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values.' 'It fails to recognize the higher ethics, the ethics of democracy.' As a consequence the influence of 'this older generation' is 'profoundly pernicious.' It has 'depressed and disintegrated us'; it 'has grown weary of thinking'; 'it has simply put up the bars of its intellectual shop windows and gone off home to rest.'

The indictment proceeds so far as even to suggest a motive for this obstructiveness. It is, Mr. Bourne insists, consciously designed to block the course of change. 'I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals as a defensive measure.' In other words, the moral ideals which prevailed in the 'notorious Victorian era'

have exhibited a deliberate attempt 'to retain the *status quo*' and 'to buttress the social situation.' Under the form of a 'plausible altruistic spirit' they represent 'a fierce and jealous egoism.' Thus the hope of the world is with 'this younger generation.' 'Enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor' — these are the 'heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world.' The younger generation must 'shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals and revolutionary points of view as whole-heartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation.'

If one dismisses from consideration the notion of a conscious conspiracy against change, which would be abusive if it were not absurd, there is certainly much in this indictment which the older generation must recognize as both just and chastening. One cannot grow old without feeling his 'philosophy of life' 'tightening' round him, and recognizing the risk of becoming 'weary, complacent, evasive.' He sees 'many uncles and aunts and parents of youths between twenty and thirty' settling back into a comfortable view of life, shaping their ideals like their figures to their armchairs, and satisfying their consciences by subscriptions to fashionable charities and conformity to conventional religion. He appreciates that he is himself beset by similar temptations, by the spirit of patronage and condescension, by the danger of assuming as duties what should be privileges, or by what Herbert Spencer called the 'flunkeyism' of social relationships, — looking for advantage or salvation or some moral 'tip' from the doing of one's bit in the social world. He realizes that, as Robert Louis Stevenson said in his 'Crabbed Age and Youth,' the old have

'a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs.' To be forced by Mr. Bourne's inquisitorial arraignment to this self-examination and self-confession is a salutary experience for the older generation.

Are there not, however, at this point some reflections which the older generation in its turn might offer, not so much to refute Mr. Bourne's main contention as to supplement it? Mr. Bourne remarks, 'I know this older generation . . . I have lived with it for the last fifteen years . . . I was educated by it, grew up with it; I doubt if any generation ever had a more docile pupil than I.' As one of that older generation I may perhaps be permitted with the same frankness to affirm, 'I know this younger generation; I have lived with it and its predecessors for thirty years; I have tried to educate it and watched it grow up; I doubt if any generation ever had a more sympathetic and appreciative observer than I.' What, then, is the general conclusion which may be reached after such observation and companionship? How does this younger generation of the 'comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class' look to an old man?

The first impression made by the life and conduct of modern youths of both sexes is delightfully reassuring. 'This younger generation' is, of course, as a whole very much like its predecessors. The vast majority of young people exhibit the same eagerness, open-mindedness, and responsiveness which older people like to recall as the habit of their own young days. It is a great happiness to be associated with such youths and an exhilaration to teach them. To these traits of youth, however, which each generation reproduces, there is now added a characteristic which in some degree distinguishes young people to-day from their predecessors. If

one were asked to select a word descriptive of the modern type, he would be inclined to choose the word healthiness. Young people in their habits and tastes cherish and crave and admire health with a devotion unparalleled since the days of the Greeks. The call of the fields and of the wild, the inoculation of early childhood with the fever of athletics, and the enormous distinction obtained by strength, agility, and pluck, — even the unprecedented candor of literature and conversation concerning sex, parenthood, eugenics, and feminism, — all these signs of the time, though they may involve new risks, unquestionably free young people in large degree from the introspection, sentimentalism, morbid conscientiousness, prudishness, and prurience, which have afflicted earlier generations. Fearlessness, self-confidence, even audacity, issue from this healthiness. Nothing is too personal to be mentioned; nothing too startling to be welcomed; nothing too sacred to be criticized. The most repelling of traits is sickness, either of body or of mind. Strong doctrine, naked truth, undisguised convictions, are marks of the cult of healthiness, and the resultant type of youth is one which cannot be observed without admiration, as one watches an athlete stripped for his game and rejoicing in his strength.

Such is the general and salutary impression which the new generation makes upon its elders. There succeed, however, certain more limited observations. Within this great aggregation of healthiness two sub-types may be distinguished, whose characteristics are less completely admirable. Neither of these groups is numerically more than a small fraction of this younger generation, but each of them by the definiteness of its traits has attracted much attention, and each offers a problem which is really new. On the

one hand is the group in which the body has overmastered the mind; on the other hand is the group in which the mind has overmastered the will.

The first group is composed of those youths of both sexes, for the most part in schools and colleges, to whom games, sports, and competitive athletics have become an absorbing and dominating interest, and study, reading, literature, the cultivation of intellectual tastes and habits, an interruption, imposition, or bore. Little can be said in criticism of this passion for athletics in its physical or animal aspects. It is unquestionably a great contribution to both the healthiness and happiness of youth. Harm from excess is much more rare than good from exercise. The best lessons of courage, temperance, scorn of injury, and loyalty to mates, are probably learned nowadays, not from parents or schoolmasters, but from coaches and teams. When, however, one turns from the question of breeding animals to the question of creating a more humanized world, from play to work, or — in Mr. Bourne's words — from social service to social democracy; still more, when one turns from the teams to the lookers-on, from the bases to the bleachers, and considers the problem of preparedness for the creative tasks of the future, is the athletic ideal likely to seem adequate? One sometimes asks of young people of this type what they are reading, and the answer not infrequently is that, except under compulsion of the classroom, they are reading little or nothing. The baseball averages, the athletic records, the golf handicaps, the slang of the sporting reporters, the 'thrillers' of the magazines, and the romances of physical exploits or lusts — not to speak of the endless discussion of momentous athletic events of the past or the future — leave for these young persons little time or heart for more exacting or less

prosy literature. This intensive culture of physical prowess begins very early. Little boys in the elementary classes are as grave as their elders or teachers in their competitions and admirations. The honor of the school, the school spirit, demands that every leg and muscle shall be at the school's service. One headmaster said to me not long ago that the chief disadvantage of conducting a small school was the necessity laid on the same boy to participate in so many sports. The schedule of games, in other words, had to be maintained in completeness, even if it were at the cost of the boys.

What, then, may those who with Mr. Bourne are considering the future of the world fairly expect from this group in which the body has overmastered the mind? They may expect to get just about the return which the investment assures: healthiness, animal spirits, contempt of weakness, joy in strength, and in many instances an athletic morality, — temperance, self-restraint, and honor, — the ideals, in short, of good sportsmanship. Admirable, however, as is this physical training, the world which is waiting for this younger generation happens to be one which needs something besides good sportsmanship to direct its affairs. Intellectual preparedness and grasp are now demanded in a degree unprecedented in history. It may be said, for example, that these young athletes will make the best of soldiers, and that this devotion to bodily training is the best way to secure national 'preparedness.' Waterloo, it is repeated, was won on the cricket-fields of Eton. The fact is, however, that a new conception of war now confronts the world. War is no longer determined by animal courage or athletic prowess. War has become a complex science, devised by scholars and practiced by experts. The Waterloos of the future are not to be decided by

cricketers, but by engineers, chemists, and mathematicians. Reckless courage may, in fact, be a defect in generalship. The fearful decimation of English officers in the present war is a splendid tribute to their courage, but in many instances it is a tragic reminder of the changed conditions of war. Modern strategy may often demand that officers shall be spared rather than sacrificed. An army is strong, not through its numbers, but through its leaders. To win a cross of valor, however heroic it may be, may be culpable waste. It is the same with the conflicts and disorders which afflict the social and industrial world. There are still needed the qualities of the primitive soldier, — daring, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm; but there are much more needed a new wisdom and foresight, a knowledge of history and of men, a large view as of a great campaign, to direct far-sighted strategy and to deter from frontal attacks which have often been tried and failed. The place of Greece in history was determined, not by her athletes but by her philosophers, not in the games but in the Schools. In short, it is a dangerous habit to regard life as a sport; and young men and women who want to have a share in shaping the future must recognize that sportsmanship cannot compete with science, or animal courage with intellectual discipline.

The second sub-type to which I have referred must be taken more seriously, because it is in this way that it takes itself. It is the group of youthful and revolutionary 'intellectuals' to whom the faults and sins of the present world-order are a hideous blot which it is for their doctrines to wipe away. Numerically this group is much smaller than that which is dominated by the athletic obsession, but it has become conspicuous of late by its audacity and candor. These young people are de-

lightly self-confident. 'The rays of morn,' as Lowell said of the young soldiers of the Civil War, 'are on their white shields of expectation.' They carry what Mr. Bourne calls the 'heated weapons of enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, and religious fervor.' 'The notorious Victorian era,' with its respectable literature and *bourgeois* individualism, is recalled with contempt. It is for this group 'to shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideas and revolutionary points of view'; and this task is attacked without a tremor of self-distrust. These clever young iconoclasts fancy that the older generation is a kind of prudish old woman, who cannot understand their language and whom they rather like to shock. But that, I think, is where they in their turn fail to understand their elders. We have read something of history; we know something of the Utopias, from Plato to Wells, and of the revolutionists, from Lassalle to Nietzsche. Some of us, indeed, have tried to instruct the younger generation in the significance and limitations of these writers. The ideal of a social democracy is as persuasive to us as to the youngest generation. There is no 'deep hostility of the elder generation to the new faith.' What we observe with regret in this group of young people is not so much their opinions as their ineffectiveness. They seem to fancy that criticism of the existing social order will of itself create a better world. We, on the other hand, are apprehensive lest, as Miss Procter once wrote, they may

from dreams of a coming battle
... wake to find it past.

They despise the 'ideals of sacrifice and service' as 'utterly selfish'; but do they 'coöperate in working ceaselessly toward an ideal where all may be free and none may serve or be served'? 'Working ceaselessly' is not criticizing but

contributing, — participating, that is to say, in better ways of industry, developing fraternalism in business, promoting schemes of coöperation and partnership, illustrating social democracy in home, office, and shop.

The Hebrew Psalmist in his enumeration of social beatitudes said, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.' These three obstacles to the law of the Lord seemed to him coördinated, — irreverence, immorality, and contempt. No one would arraign our young revolutionists for the second offense, but something might be intimated of the first, and the third is manifestly conspicuous. It is interesting to observe that the scorner, according to the Psalmist, sat in his seat. He was not helping — I had almost used the offensive word, serving — or 'coöperating ceaselessly.' He just sat in his seat and scorned. The same attitude is not uncommon to-day, and older people who are trying to take the first steps toward a social democracy, to bridge the chasm of social animosities or prejudice, to humanize industrialism, or, as the Hebrews said, 'to take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of my people, to cast up the highway and gather out the stones,' have about given up expecting much help from these young radicals. They are so busy with devising programmes for the future that the older generation cannot enlist them as allies in redeeming the present. They just sit in their seats and scorn.

Indeed, they reproduce, however unconsciously, a habit of mind which was common among the early Christians, who felt sure that the end of the world was at hand. 'Why prop up a decaying civilization?' said these eschatologists of the first Christian century. 'Let the end of the age come quickly, and then

the Messianic era will arrive. We have a kingdom which cannot be moved.' The Christian eschatologists of the first century were, however, mistaken. The world did not come to an end, and those who were waiting for a cataclysm waited in vain. The kingdom of God was to come like leaven, like a great tree; by growth, not by surprise; by evolution, not by revolution. The familiar ways of sacrifice and service had to be trodden once more in the name of Christ; and the expectant catastrophists were left sitting in their seats. It may be the same again. The trouble with these neo-eschatologists is that both history and human nature are against them. They look for a world in which service and sacrifice shall play no part, and where, as has been said of the teaching of Nietzsche, 'Each man may look another in the face and tell him to go to hell.' But that is simply not a world which history or human nature indicate as probable. Anarchism is not democracy; service is not servile. To recognize with the Apostle Paul that we are members one of another, and that in the service of each is the strength of all, is not social weariness, or Victorian sentimentalism, or the 'clever but unsuccessful attempt of the Christian scheme,' but, on the contrary, the first adumbration of that social solidarity and interdependence, which is to be the foundation of all sane socialism and the fulfillment of all stable democracy.

These reflections bring one to a somewhat obvious conclusion. The fact is that this entire discussion of the different provinces which different generations occupy is in large degree futile. There is no such distinction between old and young. 'No one is infallible at Oxford,' said Jowett, 'not even the youngest of us.' There are foolish people and stupid people of every age,

'weary and complacent' people both old and young, and people who 'lighten, cheer, and purify' at sixty as at twenty. 'I draw no distinction,' said Aristotle, 'between young in years and young in disposition. The defect to which I allude is not the result of age, but of living at the call of passion and following each advantage as it arises.' It is a curious commentary on the despondency with which Mr. Bourne views the older generation that in his enumeration of the tasks which the younger generation must fulfill, he is led to cite lessons which the older generation has taught. The older generation, he says, 'can never understand that supreme loyalty which is loyalty to a community'; but here he is apparently quoting from Professor Royce and his philosophy of loyalty, and Professor Royce's children are already between twenty and thirty years of age. Or again, when Mr. Bourne laments that 'A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward democracy,' and asks, 'Where are the leaders of the older generation who . . . are rallying round them the disintegrated members of idealistic youth?' he is apparently chanting a dirge at the political obsequies of Mr. Roosevelt; and Mr. Roosevelt is already several times a grandfather. Or if, still further, any reader of the *Atlantic* would observe how completely without age-limit is the capacity to read the signs of the present time, let him turn back from Mr. Bourne's essay to the first article in the same number, and read the wise and far-sighted anticipations of an invalided veteran of letters, with their background of sound learning and their calm prophecy of a 'revival of civilization.'

In a word, we are brought to Stevenson's conclusion: 'Age may have one side, but assuredly youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that

both are wrong.' These boisterous days are not a good time to send one generation below while the other stands watch; still less are they a time either for reckless carrying of sail or for rash shifting

of course. All hands are needed on deck, every hand at its own rope; and with nothing less than this 'freely co-operating and freely reciprocating' crew are we likely to weather the storm.

ACCENTS WILD

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

BEING a diacritic critic is a more lonesome business than being the last great auk, or Alexander Selkirk, because both of those unquities had, at least, the comfort of remembering the time when they were not unique, — and Alexander also lived in momentary expectation of being restored to a world much overstocked with humanity, — while the diacritic critic monopolizes in his unlucky person the diacritical criticalness of the universe from the beginning to the end of time. Hence I compare my feelings to those of the phoenix, who has heretofore been regarded as not only *sui generis*, but as the only genuine example of *sui-generisness* on record. Thus it is said that the phoenix alone escapes love, because

Il n'est point d'autre Phénix au monde —
Ils s'aimeraient s'ils étaient deux.

Whether the diacritic critic enjoys a similar exemption owing to his inability to find a diacritically critical soul-mate is a question into which it is unnecessary to enter here.

A diacritic critic, impatient reader, is a person — or, rather, the person — who is extremely sensitive about diacritical marks. As you are not one, you can have no conception of the state of

my nerves. If I lived in England, or on the Continent, I should doubtless lead a more comfortable existence, — pending the time when both those regions become completely Americanized, — but I live in America; I read American books and journals; and I even consign impeccable literary compositions of my own to the machinations of the American printer. I shudder to say that I read two American newspapers daily, and were it not for a weekly antidote in the shape of the *Times* I should doubtless be in the hands of the alienists at this moment.

Let us begin with the newspapers. You, happy reader, appear to suffer only moderate and intermittent discomfort from them. You have never known anything better; they are an established national institution, like the sleeping car; hence you endure them with equanimity or magnanimity, as the case may be, and some of you would even have me believe that you are patriotically proud of them. You are not, of course, one of the fifty-odd million who batten on the pictorial imbecilities of the comic supplement; yet I venture to assert that you accept with perfect complacency the bungled proper names in the news columns, —

unless one of these names chances to be your own, — and will pronounce me finicky for objecting to them.

I *am* finicky. That nobody else is, is a mystery with which I daily and hourly grapple. I take some comfort in the belief that just a few of the thorns in my flesh have occasionally scratched your own epidermis; but I wonder and repine that the quintessential sensibilities of a diacritic critic have been imposed by the gods upon no other mortal than myself. Hence the burden of my complaint — not that the time is out of joint, but that I alone, of all humanity, was born to the hopeless task of trying to set it right.

Reverting to the subject of names: my father's name was misspelled on his tombstone. My own name is almost invariably misspelled; not only in the press, but by tradespeople, by professional colleagues, by bosom friends. If this essay ever gets into type I shall insist upon seeing the final proof-sheets, for the express purpose of assuring myself that the printer has not eked out the author's surname, under the title, with a superfluous *l*; and even then I shall expect to see the double *l* crop up in the table of contents. I know those printers! In spite of impassioned appeals, annually renewed, my name was misspelled for ten years in the Washington city directory. It was recently misspelled, with an *o* in place of the first *a*, in the Official Register of the United States, and consequently appeared several pages out of its proper place — a lost needle in the huge haystack of the government muster-roll.

All this is comparatively unimportant to myself, because I am still sure of my identity in spite of persistent misinformation on the subject from the rest of the world; but it is by no means unimportant that the identity of other people in whom I take an interest should be so frequently obscured by

the botchery of printers and writers. I think it would be no exaggeration to say that personal names not generally familiar — in other words, the very names that deserve most careful treatment in order that readers may not be misled — stand about sixty chances in a hundred of being spelled correctly in a provincial American newspaper; and in this estimate I ignore errors consisting only in the omission of foreign diacritical marks — a subject to which I shall presently advert. In the New York papers the percentage of accuracy may run up to eighty or ninety, and most New York papers also reconcile the diacritic critic to mundane existence by retaining foreign accents — sometimes. Unhappily, however, the provincial standard of journalism falls even further below that of New York than does the New York standard below that of London; and I am one of the unfortunate millions who live in the provinces.

You do not care. If you did — vehemently enough — things would improve, for it is the cardinal principle of the newspaper editor to give the public what it wants, or what he thinks it wants.

The other day a German exploring expedition came to grief in Spitsbergen. It is unnecessary to cavil over the *z* with which our newsmen spell the name of this archipelago, because no uncertainty is thereby occasioned in the reader's mind as to what locality is meant. Neither, for our present purpose, need we urge the gracelessness of the term 'scientists,' which was applied to the members of the expedition, — a word which, though invented in England, is hardly ever heard in that country, while it flourishes exceedingly in America. (Frankly, I am unable to explain myself why my gorge rises at this word; just as I cannot explain why I abhor the middle initial in 'John T. Smith.')

I am, however, quite clear as to my reasons for objecting to the way in which the names of the unlucky 'scientists' above mentioned were presented in the American press. I wished to know who they were, and the newspapers, while pretending to tell me, did nothing of the sort; they might almost as well have manufactured the names on the spot (as they are said sometimes to manufacture news). Many papers unblushingly printed two or more spellings of a single name within a few lines of one another, *and all of them wrong*.

It is impossible to apportion the blame for such occurrences between the printers and the telegraphers, but even if it could be done, it would not lessen the culpability of the newspapers. It is quite within the power of the press associations to enforce accuracy in telegraphing, just as it is in the power of the individual publisher to enforce accurate printing, proof-reading, and editing in his own establishment. In the last analysis, *you* are to blame. You get whatever you insist on having, — whether it be three bathrooms in a ten-room house, or the rural free delivery of mail, — but you have not even begun to realize the iniquities (in more serious things than orthography) of your newspapers, just as you have not risen *en masse* and burned down the printing establishments that turn out antiquated atlases, claptrap encyclopædias, and French-English dictionaries lacking the word *téléphone*.

And so if Herr Rave freeze his toes at the North Pole, his agony is made more excruciating by the reflection that half the newspapers of America will mangle his name beyond recognition; the sympathy that is his due will be wasted on a figmentary Save, or Rove, or what-not.

The law affords no redress. The journalist who, from misadventure, brands you for a felon when you are, in reality, compact of all the virtues, can be made to come down handsomely for his mistake; but he may take the most wanton liberties with your name — even to calling you 'Taylor' when you are really 'Tailor' — with serene impunity. In other words, only your *metaphorical* good name is safe.

But if Rave is maltreated in the American newspapers, what of Schröder, or Mallarmé, or Benoît, or Plançon, or Carreño? What, indeed!

To the diacritic critic — and to him alone — it is a blood-curdling reflection that through the length and breadth of America, except only in the city of New York, the President of the French Republic is uniformly presented to newspaper readers as 'Poincare' — and nobody cares. On second thought, I have not stated the case quite accurately; about once in four times he is 'Poincaire'; nor does this altogether exhaust the list of his aliases, as you may see from the following faithfully reproduced specimen of journalistic *insouciance* : —

Mother of Poincaire Dead

Special to THE BULLETIN by United Press.

Paris, April 11--Mme. Poincare, mother of President Poinciarre, of France, died this morning.

The omission of the diacritic is, however, universal. Even the English press of French New Orleans ignores it. The leading papers of New York City are curiously inconsistent; M. Poincaré gets his acute accent in the text—but in headings never. Obviously the type-fonts used for headings lack diacritics, and this is true, also, of nearly all fonts used in the advertising columns. You will find ample evidence of this in the announcements of eating-houses. The incongruity of an establishment that proclaims French cookery while permitting itself to be called a 'café' is obvious.

Do not suppose that it is a question here merely of headings and advertisements printed in *capitals*. The D.C. is well aware that the suppression of accents pertaining to capital letters is tolerated (barely and rarely) in France itself. In the best New York newspapers, however,—those which are genuinely scholarly and fastidious about most of *les riens qui sont tout*,—not only are accents almost invariably omitted over capitals, but their use or omission over 'lower case' letters depends solely upon the size of the type! Surely it would be less illogical to use accents throughout on Tuesdays and Fridays and omit them throughout on the other days of the week.

Permit me, now, to record the only case in which the suppression of the diacritic has brought its own punishment, with, let us hope, a salutary effect upon the suppressers. The episode deserves a permanent place in the history of letters, and has not, to my knowledge, been noted by any one else.

Let us suppose that the reporter for an accentless and italicless newspaper wishes to mention a *fête champêtre*, or a *bal masqué*, or somebody's *début*. Nothing could be easier. 'Fete,' and so forth, pass muster as readily as 'blase' or

'fiance,' to which most readers have become absolutely callous. In fact, if the accents appeared, they would be regarded as mere frippery by ninety-nine hundredths of the public. But suppose our reporter wishes—as he has wished again and again during the past three years—to record that so-and-so was 'among those present at the *thé dansant*.' It can't be done! Put this through the hopper of the typesetting machine, and it comes forth, 'the the dansant,'—which even Oshkosh finds intolerable. The thing was, however, often attempted when *thés dansants* came into fashion, and with various results. Generally the proof-reader eliminated one of the *the's*, making *dansant* a quasi-noun, and to this day one reads of people giving or attending 'dansants.' Latterly the public taste seems to favor 'dansante,' which doubtless has a Frenchier appearance, provided you are sufficiently ignorant of the Gallic tongue.

Two other solutions of the difficulty may be noted:—

Among those present at the 'the dansant';
Among those present at the the-dansant;

that is, either a hyphen or quotation marks set off the exotic phrase. The most desperate remedy of all was that adopted by the *Washington Post*—a newspaper which once published the entire proceedings of an international scientific congress in accentless French! This journal, after struggling with the *thé dansant* problem for more than a year, *actually bought a supply of acute accents*. The first morning they appeared, the D.C. nearly expired with joy. Not only *thé*, but also *attaché* and *chargé d'affaires* are now scrupulously accented in the *Post*; but alas! the reform does not extend to proper names. The cognomen of the French president is still printed so as to rhyme with *Gare Saint-Lazare*, and not with (what the

American newspaper man is when he tackles French) *égaré*. And the D.C. (in this case District of Columbia) does n't care a rap!

Of all these orthographic enormities the suppression of the cedilla is undoubtedly the greatest. The present writer once publicly suggested¹ that although the name *Divorcons*, which the newspapers and the billboards would have us believe is the title of a well-known French play, is certainly neither French, English, nor Swahili, it may be Chicagoese — since the second syllable rhymes nicely with 'pork.' Apparently this flippant suggestion fell as flat as did, some years back, the French puns in that delightful opera *Véronique*, of which only the 'Swing Song' has survived in America. (My own lasting recollection of the opera is the stony silence that greeted the heroine's description of her prospective stepmother as 'pa's encore.')

Our observations on the subject of foreign accents, which contained the sparkling witticism just quoted, awoke no sympathetic response anywhere. Even the editor published them reluctantly, and in the next week's issue permitted his printer to make us say something about the 'Academie Francaise' — an institution that certainly was never heard of outside of these United States. Nevertheless, after more than four years of self-suppression, we summon up courage to repeat that we have small respect for Herr Müller, who repudiates his ancestry and becomes 'Muller' when he takes out naturalization papers in this country; that the contrast between the treatment of Max Müller's name in England and Hugo Münsterberg's in America is significant; and that, in the whole range of diacritical eccentricities, there is nothing so extraordinary as the way in which *buffet* is spelled over

the doors of public houses in certain American cities. In Washington you may see 'buffét,' 'buffèt,' 'buffèt,' — and even 'buffét'! — though Washington cafés are 'cafes,' nine times out of ten.

That these things happen is not half so remarkable as that they are accepted with cheerful acquiescence by everybody — except the unhappy scribe. Worse than acquiescence — not a soul notices them! Yet French and German are supposed to be taught in American schools.

I have done with the newspapers (for this morning). Their depravities would fill a library, until one wonders what is taught in so-called schools of journalism. But lest publishers of less ephemeral literature should be prematurely patting themselves on the back, let me hasten to say that our magazines and books are rapidly declining to the journalistic level.

The D.C. is willing to be convinced that when *Harper's Weekly* prints a story entitled, in the boldest of type, 'The Case of Pierre Lamotte,' the printer's devil, rather than the editor, should be sent to the penitentiary; but will it be believed that even a printer's devil could be found committing such crimes in Beacon Street? The *Cornhill Magazine* publishes a tale called 'Ständchen' (it is about the well-worn song of Schubert), and it reappears in the *Living Age* as 'Standchen.' Not an isolated and pardonable slip of the types, mind you: wherever this everyday German word occurs, in title, page-headings, text, and table of contents, the umlaut-mark is conspicuously lacking. I repeat, *Littell's Living Age* — a journal that once gave a *cachet* of puristic dignity to your library table! I wrote insultingly to the editor. I asked him since when he was printing *Littell's* in Americanese — vouchsafed the opinion that 'Standchen' is to 'Ständchen'

¹ *Scientific American*, Nov. 11, 1911, p. 429.

as 'git' is to 'get.' No reply has reached me, yet I still cling to the hope that one was lost in the mails reading thus:—

'MY DEAR SIR: The deplorable error to which you call my attention was discovered by myself immediately upon my return to town after a month's vacation, during which I had entrusted the conduct of my magazine to the editor of the *Black Cat*. I have promptly brought an action against this person for defamation of character,' and so forth.

A recent addition to my private museum is the 'Paris Number' with which the publishers of *Judge* undertook to shock their readers on May 2, 1914. If any copies found their way to Paris, the attempt was undoubtedly successful over there. The picture on the cover is appropriately labeled 'Oûtré,' but the table of contents calls it 'Oûtre' (meaning 'besides' or a 'leather bottle'—take your choice). Most of the pictures inside bear French titles; that is to say, they may conceivably have been French before the printer did his worst. The most noticeable feature of this shocking number is the accents, which are sprinkled in liberal and haphazard profusion over words to which they do or do not belong, and all of which are obviously *home-made*; in other words, they were not cast with the type, but inserted separately and

laboriously by the printer, and appear to be hardly on speaking terms with the letters. They must be seen to be appreciated. Last but not least, there is only one cedilla, and it deserves a glass case all to itself. Not because it occurs under the word *ici*, where it does n't belong, but because the inspired printer has produced it by turning a figure 5 upside down! Let us hope he has had his reward! The Legion of Honor has been conferred for less cogent reasons.

I really cannot resist the temptation to give you a peep at this particular bibelot and a few others from the same casket. There they are, at the foot of this page.

Exhibit One, ladies and gentlemen, is the *clou* of the collection. Apart from the opening word *où*, printed in the best newspaperese, without the diacritic, this specimen rises only once above the commonplace level—but then to what a height of virtuosity! The simplicity of the setting only enhances the splendor of that typographic gem imbedded—of all places!—in the middle of *ici*. As the French has it—*Voilà le hic*. A subtle cryptogram, perhaps. Our attention is first arrested by *où*, then fascinated, paralyzed, by *ici*. In other words, to the breathless inquiry 'Where is it?' succeeds the rapturous ejaculation 'HERE it is—the original, the only Five-illa!' This alone

(1) "Ou croyez-vous que vous vous trouvez iSi—dans une maison flottante?"

(2) Les experts militaires déclarent unanimément que l' armée française fait des progrès rapides.

(3) DANS CE CHER PARIS
on Le Meilleur moyen pour apprécier Broadway.

(4) ENTENDU À L' ACADEMIE DE DANSE
"Veux—tu m' accompagner à l' eglise Dimanche, Fifi?"
"Ma mere n' y consentira jamais sans un chaperon, Charles."

is worth the price of a copy of *Judge*. Nay, if the value of a magazine could be fixed by similar criteria to those that prevail in postage-stamp collecting, then the price of the 'Paris Number' might be bid up to something incalculable.

Let us not cavil over the fact that our typographic virtuoso did not keep his ingenuity in leash until he reached the 'française' of Exhibit Two. Genius is a law unto itself. The accents poised in mid-air over this specimen need not long detain us. We pass on to Number Three, where the 'on' for *ou* and the 'moyon' for *moyen* are as nothing to the capital initials in 'Le Meilleur.' We have, in our time, paid exploratory visits to 'cher Paris,' yet we have unaccountably overlooked Le Meilleur. It is no boulevard café — of that we are positive. Neither is it a dubious resort on the Butte Montmartre — a depraved friend of ours, *qui s'y connaît*, has assured us that he knows it not. One possibility remains — those dressmakers' shops in the Rue de la Paix. Perhaps some reader of the gentle gender can help us out?

We decline to keep luncheon waiting

while we attempt to do justice to Number Four. After all, why reduce to mere prose formulas the fine phantasmagoric impression which this specimen of French as printed by a leading Fifth Avenue publisher produces upon the mind of any one who knows the French printed in France, Great Britain, Roumania, Peru, or the Solomon Islands? One stands spellbound before that sesquipedalian hyphen in 'Veux-tu'; those hiatuses after 'l' before 'académie' and 'église'; that capital *D* in 'Dimanche'; above all, before those volatile accents, which here reach their highest pitch of volatility. (Puzzle — Find the one that belongs over 'mère.')

One staggering question suggests itself: If this is Fifth Avenue, what is Walla Walla, Wash.? To the D.C., at least, it is obvious that the latter place does not exist at all.

It is high time to stop, even though scores of egregious sinners among the publishers of magazines, and the whole book-publishing community, escape scot-free.

We have written without worldly preoccupations. It is evident that nobody will *print* this.

AMERICA'S DUTY

BY BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

I

CAN a foreigner, belonging to a belligerent nation, publish his views of the policy of a neutral state, while a war is at its height, without running the risk of being told to mind his own business? Should he keep quiet and wait for the end of a war that shows no sign of ending, before he expresses his opinion as to how to end it?

My answer is that, in time of war, a foreigner is less entitled than ever to remain silent if he thinks he can help the interests of his country and the general interest as well. If he is mistaken, public opinion will dispose of him; if he is right, he renders a service to all. The war may suspend the course of solidarity between nations, but it does not prevent the existence of that solidarity, and, in fact, emphasizes its benefits.

Moreover, when I am asked, as a Frenchman, how I regard the duty of the United States, I can only refer to what I have always said and written:¹ I am more than ever convinced that a great and young country such as the United States can realize its destiny only through peace. In these days, a war of conquest would be folly and nonsense, for the United States more than for any other country. For its own good and for the good of all nations, the duty of the New World is to experiment with

a new policy, a policy of conciliation and respect for Right, in the place of the traditional antagonism and adventurousness of which we in Europe see the irreparably tragic results. The United States, which were held up to us in Europe, twenty years ago, as a danger, ought, on the contrary, to be our guides, like strong and clear-sighted children who end by guiding the footsteps of their parents when the old people's eyes are dimmed by age. But they cannot play this fine part unless they have no doubt as to the course they should follow and unless they do not allow themselves to be led astray by wrong education, by yellow newspapers, by bad and interested advice, and by the bad example of Europe. My duty as a European and a tried friend of the United States is to say, with the utmost possible emphasis, 'Do not let yourselves be led away on the wrong path as we were. Keep your youth and strength free from the blunders we have been committing for centuries. The price always has to be paid in the long run; the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and their children's children. If you are wise to-day, you will sow prosperity, glory, and happiness for your descendants. Your error will be their misfortune.'

II. AMERICA'S DUTY

The duty of the United States is written in luminous letters in their short history. American democracy has grown tenfold in population, wealth,

¹ It must be understood that the author was requested by the *Atlantic* to write this article. The volume especially referred to here is *America and her Problems*, published by the Macmillan Co. — THE EDITORS.

and power in the course of a century of liberty and peace. Unlike its necessary and sacred internal struggles for independence, its three foreign wars waged in a century were not inevitable, and terrible risks have to be set off against their advantages. The most glorious and productive wars for the United States were those that were avoided—especially those that seemed most certain to occur—between Great Britain and her young and emancipated colony, from the Treaty of Ghent to our own times. The fact that this treaty of disarmament has been faithfully observed by both parties for more than a century is a victorious demonstration of a truth that is misunderstood and even ignored in Europe—that peace can be durable. This experience has made other very important innovations possible, such as the first memorable attempt at arbitration over the Alabama case, and many others. What was done at The Hague was merely an outcome of the treaty of Ghent and the Alabama arbitration; and this is why the United States in 1899, and all the American republics in 1907, took a prominent part in it.

This being so, the incalculable advantages derived by the United States from the accomplishment of their duty in the past should dictate their duty in the present and future.

The United States, who were the promoters of the organization of international peace, see the very principles of their work threatened by the present war, and not only their work but the guaranty of their existence. Even assuming, contrary to all probability, that the great war of 1914–1915–1916 is some day proved to have been inevitable, that it is at least justified by results, and that it ends in the final and systematic triumph of Might over Right, then we must conclude that the experience of the United States was

nothing but a happy accident of an ephemeral nature, and even a mistake involving imprudent delay in completing their military organization. The only resource of the United States and all neutral nations will then be to repent of having believed in the possibility of peace, and to make up for lost time by abandoning productive activity and joining in the exhausting and unproductive race for armaments, all the while noting the absurd fact that this race was itself one of the principal causes of the war. In this way we reach the supreme mockery of all progress, or, shall we say, universal anarchy and the failure of our civilization.

If, on the other hand, the present war is universally condemned, as it ought to be, and placed on a level with the most monstrous crimes and inconceivable madness; if the United States refuse to contradict themselves, and give the signal for such condemnation; if they use it as proof that they alone were in the right and that their attachment to peace has benefited them, while the routine war superstition has been the ruin of Europe,—then all the nations now fighting among themselves will be compelled to turn their eyes toward the United States standing firmly on their principles.

Here, however, there is room for a complete misunderstanding. The peace observed by the United States with Great Britain, for instance, or with France or Russia, has never been 'peace at any price.' It has always been based on a spirit of conciliation and justice, on mutual respect for right and on the guaranties provided by treaty. The violation of treaties is incompatible with peace, and is, in fact, the negation of peace and a crime against peace. By observing the Ghent treaty of peace with England, the United States have merely shown respect for right. As long as their example is followed, all

goes well; the world makes progress, and peace becomes established and takes root as a part of the national habits; but if, on the other hand, a state, inspired by the desire to dominate, systematically violates treaties and opposes contempt for right to the new tradition of respect for right, then there is danger, not only to the policy of the United States, but to their whole political system, their liberty, and their existence. And if, furthermore, the violated treaties were signed by the United States, and if they admit such violation, they simultaneously renounce their rights, their duty, and the part they should play. They resign themselves to be mere lookers-on at a struggle which will decide their own fate; they withdraw from the ranks of the defenders of human liberties; they lose caste and disqualify themselves. Such weakness is astonishing. It is not American. It is worse than being afraid of blows; it is being afraid of responsibilities.

All neutrals have of course been influenced by the brute force of the German system of terrorization. Germany's neighbors could hardly look on without trembling at the spectacle of the weakest state invaded by the strongest, one that had guaranteed its neutrality! It is quite easy to understand why Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark should hesitate to expose themselves to the terrible fate of Belgium. It was a question of life or death for them. The risks run by American democracy were quite different and much smaller, if there were such risks, and that is why its duty was so evident. For this reason the admirers of the United States were deeply disappointed when that country remained unmoved by the declaration of war, the violation of Luxembourg and Belgium, and all the execrable crimes that will for ever hold up the tragic month of August, 1914; to

the horror of the world. It is true that the Pope, who is still more inaccessible and invulnerable than the Government of the United States, has observed the same reserve, but at the cost of a great weakening of his churches and of religion itself. Who can maintain that this war should lay Europe waste with impunity, in the name of the German God allied with the God of Mahomet, without a word from the representative of Christ? Saint Peter has denied his Master a fourth time!

The abstention of the United States government is, to my mind, more serious than that of the Pope, because the United States are a young people — the great resource on which we counted for a better future. If France had held aloof under similar circumstances, it would have been said that the French were an old nation in a state of decadence. But that was not the case. France has often laid herself open to unfavorable opinions from foreigners who see her under false conditions, but she did not hesitate to do her duty, and, after one year, she is still more determined than on the first day.

In August, 1914, the United States ought to have uttered a whole-hearted protest against any violation of right. A definite, humane protest from them would have had incalculable consequences. It would have opened the eyes of the German people by warning them that they were on the wrong road. It would have emboldened other neutrals and brought them together, and, in this way, the people of the United States would have been raised to the rank of directors of the modern conscience and also to that of judge for the future. And what a judge! No mere Pontius Pilate, indifferent to the death of the Just Man, but the arbitrator to whom all would have had recourse after the war.

A year has gone by. Is the duty of

the United States any less urgent than it was? No; even admitting a complete victory for the German armies, the duty of America will be all the more thankless and the more pressing. The longer the government of the United States delays its protest, the more certain will be the necessity of making that protest.

III. AMERICA'S INTEREST

It will be objected that the duty of the United States is not necessarily in accord with their interest, or rather, in virtue of the recognized formula, that reasons of state are the only ones a government should recognize; that a state has no duties, and that, as the saying is, duty, like religion, is good for people only. Such sophisms may be argued in private conversation, but not in the atmosphere of a democracy. Neither in the United States nor elsewhere are there two kinds of morality. The interest and the duty of the state, like that of the individual, are inseparable. The United States need to be assured of future stability; consequently they need to be assured that treaties will be respected. It is therefore to their interest to protect Right.

Now, what are the interests which are represented as enforcing abstention on the United States? Let us weigh the more important of them.

Every one is not a loser by war, we are told, and that is true. It has no doubt cost the United States temporarily a few markets and the active circulation they need. Some of their principal exports, such as cotton and copper, are seized as contraband. But *à quelque chose malheur est bon*. There is some good even in the war. It might have been thought, for instance, that the war would ruin the San Francisco Exhibition. As a matter of fact, it was a good thing for the exhibition, be-

cause Americans had to travel in their own country instead of in Europe. Instead of selling, Europe is buying, and has changed from a competitor into a customer. Americans are supplying Europe with provisions, grain, vehicles, machinery of all kinds, ammunition, and woven stuffs. European capital, flowing into the United States with orders from Europe, is favoring America's great enterprises. The war has given the United States the equivalent of an immense loan without interest and an unhoped-for addition of capital. It has stimulated the development of the United States. A great many Americans who have enriched themselves may well approve of the war and hope it will last indefinitely. Why should any protest be expected from them?

Why? Because the fact of accustoming one's self to evil does not do away with the evil. The United States are not alone in profiting by the war. It might even be said of a belligerent country! In France, outside the army zone, the country is very prosperous. I can hardly believe my eyes, but my information shows it to be a fact. Railroad traffic has never been more active than it was this summer. On some of the main lines, the receipts, in spite of the free travel for soldiers and often for their families, exceed those of previous years! Life has resumed its course, to such an extent that I see country districts growing wealthier and profiting by the abundant crops, military allowances, and so on. Four cows, for instance, fetch the price of five; and potatoes, which are very plentiful, are almost as dear as early vegetables. I know people who are saving money and even making their fortunes. I see our roads well kept up as far as the front. Our parks and gardens have as many flowers as usual, even where shells are falling. In the cities, women, who are everywhere so brave and admirable,

are as smartly dressed and cheerful as in the past. It is hard to believe that there is a war. Is this any reason why our children, or those who are left to us, and those of the Americans, should not have to pay when the terrible material and moral settlement comes after the war? How can any one be so blind as to rest satisfied with profits made in 1915 to the detriment of the activity and safety of several generations to come? I make due allowance for the comparative prosperity which will result from the scarcity of labor, the rise in wages, and the necessity of rebuilding ruined property. I admit that, after the war, we may expect a period of renovation, like the Renaissance coming after the Hundred Years' War. But how can the reconstruction of buildings and the securing of government contracts be compared with the normal development of progress and the benefits of the various forms of initiative, inventions, and discoveries which we expect from peace?

This war being the detestable fruit of aberration, it is only too natural that it should, in turn, lead to aberration.

Again, it is claimed that it is to the interest of the United States to deal lightly with Germans and the German cause, however bad it may be. They are compelled to do so by circumstances which I take into due account.

Jingo shouting is not argument. I leave this kind of thing to the preachers of hate and to those newspapers which, before being Germanophobe, were Anglophobe and Russophobe, and which will always be xenophobe, or rather demophobe. Long before the war I expressed my horror of German militarism. The criminal nature of Germany's aggression has exceeded all anticipation and all limits. It was combined with premeditation, espionage, and, a methodical devilry of which no

victory can wipe away the indelible stain. This much being said, Germany, though guilty, is a victim of the domination to which she has submitted. The people of the United States have less to do with the German government than with the German people, and cannot be expected to judge the German government's crimes and the fruitful co-operation of the German people in American prosperity with the same severity. This is an undoubted fact.

The Frenchman is not known in the United States. I am one of those who have tried hard to get justice done to him; but, until the last few years, his name was little more than an echo of a glorious past, associated with La Fayette, La Salle, and other pioneers; and it is an echo very nearly killed by the combined misrepresentations and lies of hostile newspapers and of certain French papers and books which seemed to justify the worst kind of attacks.

The Englishman was for a long time a rival, after having been a master, and the Irish in America did their best to discredit him. The Russian was known only by the revolutionary ideas of young intellectuals who had escaped the penal settlements in Siberia and found centres of liberation propaganda in the universities of the New World. All that Americans knew of Russia was the defects of its government. Its genius, its reproductive power, and its prodigious future were a sealed book to them.

The Germans, on the other hand, had come over in great numbers. They were glad to exchange their former hard status for that of American citizens. They were retiring, at first, and always industrious; and the only objection I have heard against them was that there were not more of them. It was the same in Russia, England, Italy, and France. In the United States there

was regret that the level of immigration from Europe was falling, and that the Germans were neglecting North America, giving preference to their colonies and other countries. What was the cause of this regret? It was because the German was a better worker than some others. Can the war alter that? It depresses me to see responsible men naïvely committing themselves to the assertion that we must do away, not only with German military imperialism, but with German economic imperialism. What a delusion! We might as well say at once that we must make it our business to dispose of a nation with more enterprise and more children than others have. To try to prevent the Germans, or the French, or any others, after the war, from working harder than the rest, is not only childish but a wretched miscalculation. The others ought to work their hardest and best, so as to raise the general level and not try to lower it. Let us abase German pride, but let us imitate, and even improve upon, Germany's good points. In any case, do not let us waste our time in denying their existence and in stimulating them under pretext that we want to destroy them. Shells are powerless against the inherent qualities of France and of Germany too, as well as those of any living people, and they cannot destroy a nation.

This being so, it is obviously a great mistake to ask the United States to reject co-workers against whom the only complaint was that there were not enough of them. The contradiction would be altogether too flagrant.

It must be admitted that the majority of the Germans who have left Germany did so with no thought of returning. The object, in many cases, was to avoid military service. The United States cannot regard these men as enemies. After one or two generations they become completely Americanized.

As for those who have brought German pride, domination, and militarizing principles with them, and as for the latest arrivals, it is clear that during the present crisis they are a hindrance to the policy of the United States, but it cannot be maintained that they will not become American. We have proof to the contrary in France, where we see the sons of Germans serving freely in our army, — just as the Germans have, unfortunately, assimilated some of the very best of the French, who were driven from our country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and by persecutions of all kinds.

Those immigrants — in the United States — who have remained German are, in any case, only a minority, and most of them are not of the fighting kind; and this minority will not resist any really national outburst of American sentiment. The danger in the United States does not lie in German resistance but in American indifference.

Here is another argument that may be urged against me: Supposing that there were no war profits and that the Germans formed only an infinitesimal part of the hundred millions of American citizens, would it not still be to the interest of the United States to look on, seeing that they have no army? Must not their policy be governed by their military impotence?

This raises the problem of 'the vital question of national defense' and of 'unpreparedness,' which has been under consideration more or less in all neutral states since the outbreak of the war, and even in belligerent countries. There is not one belligerent who cannot say now, 'Why did we not have more ammunition, arms, submarines, and so forth?'

In the United States, the out-and-out pacifists, through their very eloquent spokesman Mr. William J. Bryan, uphold the theory of not protesting

and letting things follow their course. If they had their way, Germany would be free to invade and master every other country. I have already said very clearly what I think about this false conception of peace, which would lead to the enslavement of the world and the triumph of violence over right.

In opposition to the peace-at-any-price apostles we have President Roosevelt and others, who are in favor, not merely of making a protest, but of armed intervention.

It would be more than bad grace on my part to criticize President Roosevelt's views, although the esteem I have always felt for his person and character enables me to judge his generous conduct without difficulty; and how could I be otherwise than grateful to him for wanting to act in favor, not only of right, but of my country? I nevertheless hold to the conviction that the only suitable course for the United States Government is to lodge a protest, and that armed intervention would be a rash and useless complication, inasmuch as a large corps of American volunteers could not be formed spontaneously.

However much one may regret that the United States have no army, the fact remains. A young country, in full process of growth, cannot populate itself and develop its territories and its unlimited resources and, at the same time, militarize itself. The two processes are in contradiction. Furthermore, the war shows that, if the United States had been prematurely militarized, they would have been weakened. Germany's force lies largely in its economic organization, or, in other words, in the perfect utilization of all its national resources. Germany would have been vanquished long ago if the whole country had been only an immense barracks. The United States, in spite of their immense progress, are still far

from being as thickly populated as Germany. They have not yet enough workers for their agriculture, commerce, industries, and laboratories. The great strength for resistance of the United States is based on their economic development. Do not stop America's growth in order to plunge into adventures!

In France, what was lacking at the outbreak of the war was neither men nor transports nor brave and capable generals, but economic organization. If we had devoted to that organization the thousands of millions we have spent in building forts, useless super-dreadnoughts, and the barracks required by our three-year military service system; if we had realized that a soldier can be sufficiently trained in a few months or weeks instead of three years, always provided that the whole nation had been supplied with the necessary officers, arms, ammunition, provisions, and communications; if we had, in short, adopted a military organization forming the complement to a good economic and democratic organization, the Germans would not be occupying part of our territory.

Americans have no need to declare war to be ready to repulse any one who may attack them, and no one will ever dream of attacking them if they confine themselves, as I have always said, to strengthening their economic organization by a fundamental organization of their national defense. Switzerland, which is a thousand times more exposed to attack than the United States, and is, in fact, in the midst of belligerent states, has succeeded in developing and making herself respected. Belgium might perhaps have resisted more effectually had she possessed a more national and more democratic military system.

The question for the United States is to find the system of defense that in-

terferes least with their economic activity. A great navy, far from protecting them, would ruin and expose them. It is proved that super-dreadnoughts are useless and can do nothing but hide themselves in port to avoid cheap defensive craft like submarines, mines, torpedoes, and aeroplanes. If Germany, instead of great battle fleets, had had nothing but fast cruisers like the *Emden*, the *Goeben*, and the *Breslau*, and submarines, she would have neutralized or destroyed all her enemies' fleets.

IV. CONCLUSION

The United States cannot exist under a system which permits of the violation of treaties. Moreover, it will be a long time before they can get together an army and a fleet which would enable them to declare war.

Does this imply that they are to look on silently and helplessly at any crimes that may be committed? No; the war has simply emphasized their need of a good system of defense; they will be listened to if they cannot be attacked. But they are no more under an obligation to keep silent than to declare war.

A formal and definite protest was, and remains, their resource and their duty.

What would be the use, it will be asked, of a protest without any means of following it up? Would it not involve humiliation or war sooner or later? No. Abstention will lead the United States to war more surely than a protest. It is clear that the United States are now more or less compelled to act because they held back too much at the beginning of the war. Their attitude of reserve led the Germans to think they could do anything they pleased. It encouraged their attack, not only on France and Belgium, but on the whole world. The German government has constantly asserted that if it

had been warned in good time of what England would do, it would not have declared war. If it had received a protest from America, it would have had more respect for Right, and would not have regarded Right as defenseless and non-existent.

Even now the United States government is by no means reduced to impotent protests. Assuming that it is compelled by the insolent clumsiness of the German government to break off diplomatic intercourse with Berlin, can it be supposed that such a rupture would have no moral effect? Does not the American government possess hundreds of means of preventing the German government from taking advantage of the situation to damage American interests? The most foolish and ineffective of them, and the one that would best suit German calculations, would be a declaration of war, which would plunge the United States into utter confusion and give unexpected strength to the arguments of the peace-at-any-price party. The United States, after having been the last to declare war, might be the first to ask for peace. Their already difficult position in the world would then be aggravated by their isolation.

This isolation is not a mere expression. It is the great danger for neutrals in the future. It was argued a year ago that abstention on the part of the United States was a very clever policy and would ensure the selection of the United States as arbitrators. I have always thought the opposite: a country that plays no part in the present drama will have no share in the dénouement. If the United States make the mistake of remaining outside, no one will listen to them when the time comes for them to intervene. This is inevitable. Beware! On the day when the nations realize that they have been deceived and led out to slaughter one

another, there will be more solidarity between those who have fought than between them and the neutrals who merely looked on. There are already signs of this. French wounded are admitting that they were well cared for in Germany, and it is the same with German wounded in France. A wounded Frenchman refused to be separated from a German who had saved his life. At Tours station recently, one of my friends witnessed the arrival of a batch of German prisoners. The spectators, who were so hostile at the beginning of the war, now say very little on such occasions. A big, stout man nevertheless uttered an insult. A French soldier who was one of the guard, interfered and closed the man's mouth with these words: 'Let them alone. Have *you* been in the trenches? They have.'

Sooner or later — and the sooner the wiser — the United States, without declaring or waging a useless war on

Germany, must depart from their reserve and take up their part as the guardians of right. Their subsequent influence will depend upon the clearness and definiteness with which they speak. They will not have become belligerents, but they will have taken sides. If it is urged that the German jingoes in the United States will respond by attempting to cause general disorganization, my reply is that such an attempt would not only fail, but would demonstrate that it was to the interest of the United States to prevent the war and to prevent the triumph of German pride.

It seems to me that the United States, without taking up arms, can still conciliate their interest with their duty, the Monroe Doctrine with their need for stability. They can give distracted Europe the example of their union in respecting Right, and help her to establish a new order on the basis of a permanent peace.

WHAT IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

I

Not long ago a newspaper dispatch from Leicester, England, described the untimely fate of a traveling band of pacifist preachers who styled themselves 'The Fellowship of Reconciliation.' It appears that the good patriots of Leicester beat them soundly, burned their camp and equipment, and concluded the matter by singing 'Tipperary' and 'God Save the King' over the ashes.

The incident epitomizes the absurd but deeply tragic plight of man. His bravest and most exalted purposes, those of nationality and humanity, are driving him to self-destruction. There is more of tragedy in this than a present loss of life and material goods; there is a dreadful suggestion of doom, as when one first detects symptoms of an incurable disease. There is a seeming fatality in life by which right motives impel man to work evil. Intelligence, self-sacrifice, devotion to a cause, those

qualities of mind and will on which we have been taught to pride ourselves, seem only to make men more terrible, or more weak, according as they turn to deeds or to meditation. To take up arms and destroy, or to sit passively by while destruction rages unrebuked — there is apparently neither virtue nor happiness in either course. If such be the predicament of man, it is not surprising that many are praying that the curtain be rung down and an end made of the whole sorry business.

In what I have to say I address those who are still determined to think the matter through, notwithstanding the fact that, as Mr. Tulliver says, 'thinking is mighty puzzling work.' Despair we may reserve as a course of last resort. Likewise the death-bed consolations of religion by which human weal and woe are left to the inscrutable wisdom of Almighty God. When the present scene becomes too painful we may shut our eyes, or turn to some celestial vision. But I for one cannot yet absolve myself from responsibility. There is a task of civilization and social progress to which man has so solemnly pledged himself that he cannot abandon it with honor. And in this hour of trial that pledge requires us to form a plan of action which shall be neither an act of blind faith nor a confession of failure. We must endeavor both to see our way and to make our way.

How shall the constructive work of civilization be saved and promoted? It would be a much simpler matter if it were only one's 'inward peace' that was at stake. Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us that 'the greatest good that can be achieved in this life is to have will and desire directed to universal ends, purged of the self-assertion which belongs to instinctive will.'¹ But there is one greater good, and that is the ac-

complishment of these universal ends. This is a much more baffling and hazardous undertaking. It requires a man not only to make up his mind, but to bring things to pass. It becomes necessary to use the harsh and dangerous instruments by which things are done in this world. Civilization is not saved by the mere purging of one's heart, but by the work of one's hands. The forces of destruction must be met, each according to its kind, by the forces of deliverance. The belief that, when a man has struck an attitude, and has braved it out in the midst of a rough and vulgar world, he has solved the problem somehow and done his duty, underlies much of the pacific sentiment that is now abroad. It is a dangerous error, because it makes the difficulties of life seem so much simpler than they really are; and may teach a man to be perfectly satisfied with himself when he has really only evaded the issue.

For what does this philosophy of inward rectitude really mean and imply? In the first place, it is self-centred and individualistic. Life becomes an affair between each man and his own soul, a sort of spiritual toilet before the mirror of self-consciousness. Social relations only furnish occasions for the perfecting of self, trials by which one may test the firmness of one's own mind. The state, economic life, and other forms of coöperative association, lose their intrinsic importance, and tend to be replaced by a fraternity of kindred spirits, in which each is confirmed in his aloofness from the vain hopes and petty fears of the world of action.

The crucial test of such a principle of life is afforded by the presence of a danger which threatens *others*, whom one may be pledged to serve, or some larger good extending beyond the limits of one's personal life. Whether to save one's *own* peace of mind at the expense of one's *own* life or property is

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1915, p. 267.

a question which may well be left to the individual to decide for himself. But as so often happens, this relatively simple question is also relatively trivial. Such a choice is rarely if ever presented. Certainly the emergency in which war arises is never one which a sympathetic and imaginative person can meet merely by applying the scale of his own personal preferences. It is not one's own person that is imperiled. As a matter of fact it requires the most colossal egotism to suppose that the enemy has any interest whatever in one's own person. It is the collective life, the state, the national tradition and ambition, the chosen and idealized civilization, the general state of happiness and well-being in the community — it is these that are in danger, and it is these that one must weigh against one's private tranquillity of mind. If the matter be viewed in this light, it is a little absurd to step forward and gallantly offer one's life in exchange for being allowed the privilege of dying innocuously! Such an offer will sound heroic to no one but one's self, and to one's self only in so far as one has lost both sympathy and imagination. It is doubtless vexatious that one cannot be allowed to choose for one's self alone, but such is the hard condition of life. When one chooses to take up arms or to suffer the enemy to triumph, one is disposing, not of one's self, but of all those lives, possessions, and institutions which the enemy threatens and which it lies within one's power to defend.

But this philosophy of inward rectitude is not merely self-centred, it is also formal and prudish. It is pervaded with a spirit of correct deportment. Its aversion to war is largely due to a feeling that war is banal, and incompatible with the posture of personal dignity. The philosopher's cloak must be thrown aside if one is to adopt the graceless and immoderate gait of the soldier. War is

intolerable, just as running is intolerable to one who has come to enjoy the full measure of self-respect only when he is permitted to move with a slow and rhythmic strut. But this is the antithesis of the spirit of enterprise. Genuine devotion to an end, intently working for it, will render one unconscious of the incidental movements and postures it involves. A formalist would not lie on his back under an automobile because such an attitude would not comport with a preconceived model of himself as an upright, heavenward being of a superior order; whereas a traveler, bent on reaching his destination, would not shrink even from the aboriginal slime, if only he might find a way to go forward. Similarly if it were all a matter of propriety of demeanor, one could refuse the ugliness of war and shut one's eyes to the sequel. But if one's heart be set on saving civilization, so laboriously achieved, so fragile and perishable, then one's personal attitude is contemptibly insignificant. All that really matters is the fidelity with which one has done one's work and kept one's trust.

Nor will it suffice to quote Plato, and take comfort in the thought that the ideals are themselves eternal and incorruptible. For that which enemies threaten and champions defend, is not the ideal itself, but some earthly mortal thing which is made in its image. The labor and art of life is not to create justice and happiness in the abstract, but to build just cities and promote happy lives. And these can be burned with fire and slain by the sword. If one is prepared to renounce the existent world and the achievements of history, one may perhaps escape the need of war. But let no man fail to realize that he has then virtually given up the whole achievement of the race, all the fruits of all the painful toil of men, even the spiritual fruits of culture and character.

For these spiritual fruits are individual lives which may be as utterly destroyed as the work of man's hands. It is futile to argue that the good life cannot be destroyed by an enemy. It is true that it cannot be corrupted, and made evil. But it may be killed. The good life is more than mere goodness; it is *living* goodness, embodied in existence and conduct. He who slays a just man or annihilates a free and happy society, undoes the work of moral progress as fatally, nay more fatally, than he who corrupts them with injustice and slavery. For in the latter case there at least remain the latent capacities by which civilization may be rebuilt. Those who insist on the distinction between might and right and accuse the warrior of practicing might in the name of right, are likely on their part to forget that the work of civilization is to make the right also *mighty*, so that it may obtain among men and prevail. This end is not to be realized by any philosophy of abstinence and contemplation, but only by a use of the physical forces by which things are brought to exist and by which alone they are made secure against violence and decay.

II

Having considered the philosophy by which men avoid war, let us now consider another philosophy by which men make war, with an equally easy conscience and an equally untroubled mind. I refer to the philosophy of nationalism: the worship of the individual state as an end in itself, and the justification of conduct solely by the principle of patriotism. Such a creed may be idealized by a belief that the ultimate good lies in the progressive strife of opposing national ideals; a strife which is humanly discordant and tragic, but is rounded into some sort of all-saving harmony in the eternal whole.

Practically this makes no difference except to add to the motive of national interest the sense of a heaven-sent mission. The only end by which the individual is required to judge his action is that of the power and glory of his own state. To that is merely added the dogma that national conquest and aggrandizement are good for the world even if the poor world does n't know it. By such a dogma a people whose international policy is unscrupulously aggressive may enjoy at the same time an ecstatic conscience and a sense of philosophical enlightenment. Hence this is the most formidable and terrible of all philosophies. Its devastating effects are manifest in the world to-day.

There are two fatal errors in this philosophy. The first is the assumption that the state is something apart from the happiness and well-being of its members. The state, contrived to serve men, becomes instead, through tradition, prestige, and its power to perpetuate its own agencies, an object of idolatrous worship. Under its spell free men forget their rights, wise men their reason, and good men their humanity. The second error is the dogma that the narrow loyalties of nations will best serve the universal good. There is no evidence for this. It is the joint product of national bigotry and of an ethics manufactured by metaphysicians. The experience of the race points unmistakably to the fatally destructive character of narrow loyalties, and teaches the need of applying to national conduct the same standards of moderation, justice, and good will that are already generally applied to the relations of man and man.

There is one further way of evading the real difficulty of our problem, but this can be dismissed with a bare mention. I refer to the flippant and irresponsible skepticism which holds all human purposes to be equally valid

because all are equally blind and dogmatic. The skeptic views with mild derision the attempts of man to justify his passions. He holds all nations to be equally at fault, equally self-deceived, and equally pitiful. The folly and discord of life do not surprise him, for he expects nothing better than that man should consume himself. On such a philosophy war and peace are not to be seriously argued, but accepted as fatalities, whose irony affords a refined enjoyment to the emancipated mind.

These, then, are the philosophies of evasion and irresponsibility. Before accepting any of them it behooves one to be clearly conscious of what they imply. It is impossible here to argue these deeper questions through. It must suffice to point out that all of these philosophies are opposed to the beliefs on which modern democratic societies are founded. Unless we are to renounce these beliefs, we must refuse in this grave crisis to listen to any counsel that is not hopeful and constructive, that does not recommend itself to reason, and that does not define a programme of universal human betterment. When such a solution is firmly insisted on, the real difficulties of the problem appear. But though one may well be troubled to find the way, one may at least be saved from the greater evil of self-deception.

III

There is no fair escape from the tragic paradox that man must destroy in order to save. Never before has this paradox been so vividly realized. Man goes forth with torch and powder to restore the primitive desolation, and to add to the natural evils — from which he has barely escaped — more frightful evils of his own contriving. He does this in the name of home, country, humanity, and God. Furthermore, he finds himself so situated that neither

conscience nor reason permits him any other course. His very purpose of beneficence requires him to practise vandalism, cruelty, and homicide upon a vast scale and with a refinement proportional to his knowledge and inventiveness. It may well seem credulous to find in this anything more than a fatal madness by which man is hastened to his doom.

But there is just one angle from which it may be possible to discern some method in this madness. We must learn to regard war, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as merely the most aggravated and the most impressive instance of the universal moral situation. This fundamental predicament of life, which gives rise to all moral perplexities, is the *conflict of interests*. When war is viewed in this light, we may then see in *justifiable* war a special application of the most general of all ethical principles, namely, the principle of *discipline* or *provident restraint*. Given the natural conflict of interests, this principle defines the only alternative to waste and mutual destruction. It means simply that under actual conditions the greatest abundance of life on the whole is to be secured only by a confining, pruning, or uprooting of those special interests which imperil the stability and harmony of the whole. When such restraint is not self-imposed, it must be imposed externally. The first lessons in restraint are doubtless learned from rivals and enemies who are governed by selfish purposes of their own. But the moral principle proper appears only when restraint is exercised with a provident purpose, that is, for the sake of the greater good that will result; as when a man refrains from excess for the sake of long life, or respects his neighbor's property for the sake of a general security and prosperity. Similarly a teacher or parent may restrain a willful child, and a ruler a lawless subject, in

the interest of all, including the individual so restrained. It is customary to question such motives, but the hypocrite would have no success, nor the cynic any claim to critical penetration, were these motives not so common as to establish the rule. As a matter of fact they are as solidly psychological as any fact regarding human nature.

Restraint, however exercised, is in its first effect negative and destructive. To set limits to an appetite, to bar the way to childish caprice, to forbid an act and call it crime, is in some degree to inflict pain and death, to destroy some living impulse. But it is none the less morally necessary. And it matters not whether the act of restraint be simple and unpremeditated or complex and calculated, involving hosts of men and all the complex mechanism of modern war. It is still possible, on the larger scale as on the smaller, that the act of restraint should be required by a larger purpose which is constructive and humane.

It is sometimes argued that an act of violence or coercion can have such a moral motive only when it is performed by a 'neutral authority' who has nothing to gain or lose by the transaction. It is further argued that, since in the case of international disputes no such disinterested party exists, no use of violence or coercion can be justified. Persons who reason in this way must be supposed to believe in the miraculous origin of all kings and policemen. The forcible prevention of robbery must to their mind have become just when and only when there suddenly appeared on the scene a special heaven-sent race of beings wearing blue coats and billies, and having no passions or property of their own. As a matter of fact, however, robbers were first put down by the robbed. Their suppression was justified not because those who suppressed them gained nothing by it (for they cer-

tainly did gain), but because that suppression was enacted in behalf of a general community good in which the interests of the robber and his kind were also counted. And whatever be the historical genesis of the state, whether paternity or plunder, this much is certain: that the functions of the state were at first, and have been in a measure ever since, exercised by men who have derived personal profit therefrom. The function of the state, its purpose of collective order, power, and welfare, came into existence long ages before constitutions and charters of liberty made public office a public trust. Before men could learn to be governed well, they had to learn their first lessons of social restraint from whatever rude authorities were at hand.

Whence, then, are we to expect those international police to whom alone is to be intrusted the function of restraining predatory nations, and races filled with the lust of conquest? Are they to descend from above, clothed in uniform and wearing the badge of their office? It takes little historical sense to realize that we must first live through an age in which the principle of international restraint slowly gains acceptance, and is exercised by those nations who, primarily moved by an imminent danger to themselves, act also consciously and expressly in behalf of the larger good of mankind.

Let not any man say that the nation which feels itself to be actuated by such a double motive is insincere and hypocritical. This charge, if pressed home, would discredit all moral purpose whatsoever. Not only is it humanly possible that England, while saving herself, should at the same time wage war in behalf of the larger principles of freedom and international law; but all hope of a new order of things lies in the existence of just such a resolve so to protect and promote one's own interest as

at the same time to conduce to a like safety and well-being in others.

We have thus, I believe, reached an understanding of the general principle by which war is justified. The righteous war is that waged in behalf of a higher order in which both of the warring parties and others of their rank may live together in peace. If one man restrains another he must ask no more for himself than he concedes to his enemy. This modicum which is consistent with a like privilege in others he calls his right, and the law eventually defines it and invents special agents for its protection. A righteous civil war will be that one in which a faction is restrained in behalf of a national good which is conceived to include both factions. Whether correct or mistaken in their judgment, such a purpose undoubtedly actuated the nobler spirits of both North and South in the American Civil War. To the South it was a war for independence, and to the North a war for the Union. That is to say, the moral motive in each consisted of a conscious provision for the equal good of the other. Each, while most immediately moved by its special interest, believed that interest to agree with the best interest of the other. Each had its plan for both, the South aiming at a relation of friendship between two autonomous neighbors, the North aiming at the common advantages of national coherence. Forces of destruction and ungovernable passions were let loose, and the most dreadful of tragedies was enacted. But the fact remains that such higher purposes did exist, and gave to the struggle its quality of idealism. Most living Americans, even those descended from the men of the South, now believe that the North was right in the sense of being guided by a sounder judgment. That so furious a conflict should have divided men of equally high purpose, that even yet doubts

should exist as to the merits of the dispute, is profoundly deplorable — deplorable in the sense that all human blindness and frailty is deplorable. But it was not to be avoided by either skepticism or inaction. It was then, as always, a question of controlling events according to one's lights, or being controlled *by* them. There is no guaranty against the possibility of error, and in judgments regarding political policy the margin of error is large. Even if such a guaranty were theoretically possible, events would not wait for one to find it. A man must act when emergencies arise and circumstances permit. The likelihood of error does not absolve him from the duty of making up his mind and acting accordingly. To be honestly mistaken is at least better than to be impotently noncommittal. For an honest mistake is at least an experiment in policy and a lesson learned.

The forcible restraint of one individual by another, or of one faction by another, may thus be said to be justified when it is necessary to the establishment of a relationship which is tolerable to both. In an established civil order this relationship is enforced by agencies especially provided for the purpose. These agencies, with the sentiment which enlivens them, and the custom and opinion which confirm them, signify good of a higher order than that of any individual or special interest; not because they are different in quality, but because they include *all* individual and special goods and make provision for them. In the state we all live and are strong, and if it fall,

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.

IV

Now let us suppose nation to be arrayed against nation. The use of force will be justified so far as it is necessary

to establish a relation between nations that shall at least provide for their security. A nation which defends itself against aggression is both saving itself and also contending for the principle of nationality. It asks no more for itself than it concedes to its opponent — the privilege, namely, of existing and of administering its own internal affairs. Such a defensive war has then a double motive, the narrower motive of national security and the higher motive of general international security.

Even the narrower of these motives is a moral motive for the individual. The state is for most men the highest good which comes at all within the range of their experience. It is incomparably superior to the good with which in the daily round of work and play they are mainly preoccupied. It is often shifted or ignored, even by those persons of unselfish purpose who oppose war because it threatens to interrupt the work of social betterment. Thus Mr. Philip Snowden exhorts us eloquently to 'realize that a beautiful school is a grander sight than a battleship — a contented and prosperous peasantry than great battalions.' Nobody in his sober senses would deny it. But let Mr. Snowden and his friends on their part realize that his beautiful school and his prosperous peasantry exist by the grace of a state which owes its origin and its security to the vigilance and energy of men who understood its real importance.

The security of the state means the security of all the good things that exist within the state. We in America are fond of being let alone. The thought of war annoys us because life is so full of good things that we hate to be interrupted. But liberty and opportunity are the fruits of our national existence, and if we love them we would do well to cherish that national existence in which they are rooted. Fighting men as a rule understand this better than

peace-makers. The individual understands it better on the field of battle than he does in the place where he earns his living or in the place where he goes when he is tired. It has become the custom to emphasize man's savagery, and belittle or suspect his sentiments. We need to be reminded that the average soldier is thinking and feeling more generously than the average civilian. We have come to speak of patriotism as though it meant mere self-assertion; and have forgotten that patriots are individuals who, while collectively they may be asserting themselves against the enemy, are individually denying themselves for their country. And it is of this self-denying loyalty that they are most keenly conscious. 'The peace advocates,' wrote Mr. Godkin in the days of Gravelotte and Orléans, 'are constantly talking of the guilt of killing, while the combatants only think, and will only think, of the nobleness of dying.'

It is only in national emergencies that the great majority of men realize that they enjoy the benefits of national existence. Then only is it realized that civic life is the fundamental condition of individual life, and that all forms of economic and cultural activity are vitally dependent on it. The generation that has been born in this country since the Civil War has never had to make sacrifices for the state, and has never been brought to such a realization. We have taken too much for granted. Like spoiled children we have assumed that the staple good of national security was provided by the bounty of nature, and have irritably clamored for the sweetmeats of wealth and higher education. I do not mean to suggest that any people should be satisfied with the minimum, but that we should clearly understand that human goods must follow in a certain order, and that the superstructure rests upon the foundation.

But while the good of the state is greater than that of any individual or special interest, because it contains all of these and nourishes them, how shall it be measured against the good of that other state against which it is arrayed in war? How is it possible to justify patriotism when it makes war on patriotism? Is the state worth fighting for, when it means that there is another state which one is fighting against? Again we must apply our principle, that force is justifiable only when used in the interest of both parties, or in behalf of some higher form of association that is inclusive of both. A just defensive war must therefore be actuated by a higher principle even than that of patriotism. While it is waged primarily on behalf of the great common good of national existence, there must be at the same time a due acknowledgment of the enemy's equal right. The enemy on his part is deserving of forcible restraint only in so far as through his arrogance he prevents or threatens a relationship in which there is room for him as well. War upon such an enemy, like all righteous war, is war upon lawlessness. Although its first effect is destructive, it is provident and constructive in its ulterior effect.

With this principle in mind we may now take a further step and justify offensive war, when undertaken in the interest of an international system or league of humanity. For a century or more this greater cause has stirred the imaginations of men, and it has gradually been adopted as a norm for the criticism of international policy. There is now no serious doubt in liberal and earnest minds of the superiority of this cause to the narrower claims of nationality. How shall nations be so adjusted as to help and not hurt one another? How shall commerce and cultural intercourse be promoted, and dangerous friction and rivalry be removed? How

shall the threat of war be so far reduced that nations can direct their energies and resources internally to the improvement of the lot of the unprivileged and disqualified majority? In theory the answer is as obvious as it is trite: by establishing among nations some greater unit of civic life, some system of international law and equity, with agencies for its application and enforcement. But how shall we go forward to this end? Not by abandoning what has already been achieved, the integrity of the nation. For what we seek is something greater than nationality, not something less. Not by sitting idly by and allowing events to roll over us. Not by awaiting the sudden appearance on earth of some heaven-sent umpire who shall box our ears and set us about our business. This much seems clear: that this end, if it is to be achieved at all, must be achieved by the greatest forces that man has now at his disposal. Nations and leagues of nations must assume the functions of international control. Their very strength, so terrible in destruction, must be directed to the larger end of construction. Just as the order-loving individual had first to enact the law for himself and in his own behalf, so the more enlightened and more liberal nations must take upon themselves the functions of international justice. One such nation, or an alliance of such nations, will be its first rude organ. Such an organ will necessarily be governed in part by the nearer motive of party interest, but this need not prevent the genuine existence of the higher motive as well. And just as the evolution of democracy means the gradual purification of the governmental motive, the purging of it from admixture with personal, dynastic, and class interests, so we may expect to witness on the larger scale the gradual evolution of some similarly disinterested agency

that shall represent the good of all mankind.

It is commonly and truly said that the present war is the most terrible in history. We have, I believe, been too quick to see in this a reason for despair. Wars become terrible in proportion to the strength of the warring parties, in numbers, organization, and science. But what of this strength? Shall we count *it* no achievement? A war between Italy and Austria is more terrible than a war between Venice and Genoa, but only because Venice and Genoa have learned to live in peace and have achieved the strength of union and co-operation. We are witnessing to-day, not a mere war between nations, but the more awful collision between alliances of nations. The horror of the catastrophe should not blind us to the fact that France and England, for example, have learned that each has more to gain from the other's prosperity than from its decay, and that their differences are negligible when compared with their common interests. Together they possess strength of a higher order, terrible in war, but proportionally beneficent in peace. The evolution of human solidarity and organization has brought us to the stage of great international alliances.

It is thus in keeping with the record of human progress that the last war should be the worst, — and the worst the last. For the only human force more terrible than a league of some nations is the league of all nations, the league of man. The same motive that has led to the one will lead to the other — the desire, namely, to avoid the loss and weakness of conflict, and to attain the incomparable advantages of coöperative life; this last alliance

will then have no human adversary left, but may devote its supreme power to perfecting the lot of the individual, and scotching the devil of reaction.

The goods that are worth fighting for are first of all *existent* goods, embodied in the life of man. Such goods are created by physical forces, may be destroyed by physical forces, and may require to be defended by physical forces. They are *worth* fighting for when they are greater goods than those which have to be fought against. Civil law is worth fighting for, against the lawless individual. National integrity is worth fighting for, against disruptive factions or unscrupulous rivals. The general good of mankind is worth fighting for, against the narrower purpose of national aggrandizement. These greater goods are worth fighting *for*; nothing is really worth fighting *against*. It therefore behooves every high-spirited individual or nation to be both strong and purposeful. Strength without high purpose is soulless and brutal; purpose without strength is unreal and impotent.

We in America cannot, it is true, afford to build armies and navies from sheer bravado. Our strength must be consecrated to the best that the most enlightened reason and the most sensitive conscience can discern. But, on the other hand, we cannot afford to cherish any ideal whatsoever unless at the same time we are willing to put forth the effort that is commensurate with its realization. The corrective of militarism is not complacency and neglect, but humane purpose; and the corrective of pacifism is not a lapse into barbarism, but the acquiring of sufficient might and resolution to do the work which that purpose requires.

THE FIGHT FOR THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

I HAD known F—— through years of hunting and sports in India, but never until the night that our old British-India coaster lay off the Shar-el-Arab bar waiting for the turn of the tide to run up to Bassorah, did I hear him speak of the things that were really next his heart. Then it was that I was vouchsafed transient vision of the outer strands of the previsionary web England was weaving beyond the marches of India against events to come. I will give his story, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words.

For the best part of the last five years [said he], I have been coming to Arabia and Mesopotamia on 'language study.' In all of that time I have not been back to England, and I am almost a stranger to the officers of my own regiment. I talk like an Arab, I am beginning to think like an Arab, and, what with sunlight and dirt that have gone so deep under my epidermis that they will never come out, I shall soon look like an Arab. Perhaps in time — you'd never believe the appeal of the Koran till you've bowed toward Mecca, with a Bedouin on either side of you, morning and evening, for six months at a stretch — I shall pray like an Arab. I have had smallpox, dysentery, — which has become practically chronic, — and a dozen varieties of fevers and skin diseases, and I'm mottled from head to foot with 'Aleppo button' scars, two of which have never healed. I've

been alone so much that I talk to myself even in Calcutta and Simla. The Persians in this region distrust me, the Russians and Germans hate me, and the Turks are perfectly frank in saying that they will send me on 'the long pilgrimage' if ever a fair chance offers.

All that my government does is to allow my pay to go on and to provide me with a passport that will land me at Koweit, Bassorah, or Bagdad. If I get into trouble they will not — cannot, in fact — do as much for me as they would for a spindle-legged Hindu coolie. And all this on the chance that, some time before I am retired for old age or invalidated from the Indian army, the Great White Bear will try to come down to the Persian Gulf to slake his age-long thirst. In this contingency, of course, there is no denying the fact that I shall be very much in demand, especially if operations are carried on in my own 'sphere,' that of Northeastern Arabia, and Southern Mesopotamia, up to a line drawn from Bagdad to Hitt.

Afoot, or by horse or camel, I have traversed almost every square mile of this region. There is not a bazaar from Kerbela to Koweit in which, disguised, I cannot mingle unsuspected in the throng, or, in case of need, call upon friends who will do anything, from giving me a cigarette or a handful of dates to risking their lives to save my own. I also know every one of the greater, as well as most of the lesser, Bedouin sheikhs whose peoples roam the deserts between Bassorah and Damascus;

and with one of the most powerful of these — his camels are over 100,000 in number and his sheep and goats three times that — I have gone through the 'blood brotherhood' ceremony. The blood of our arms has actually mingled, and each is pledged to stop at no act to serve the other. My friends, I need hardly say, are all Arabs, Chaldeans, Syrians, Jews, or people of one of the other subject races of this region; to the Turk, courteous as he is to me socially in Bagdad and Bassorah, my name is anathema. A week hence, for instance, I shall exchange Oriental amenities with the Vali of Bagdad in his garden on the banks of the Tigris. He will toast me in scented coffee and drink to the success of my visit; and all the while a double guard of police will be watching the gates to prevent my getting away to the desert and my Arab friends. Personally, I know it would pain him if I were to be shot in the dark for neglecting to answer a sentry's challenge; but officially he is dead keen for it, and there is no doubt that it would do him a lot of good in Stamboul, where he is not in very high favor at present.

The whole thing, when all is said and done, resolves itself down to about this: If a war involving operations in this 'sphere' comes within the next twenty years, I, — and a couple of other chaps who are doing the same sort of work, — provided I do not lose my life, or my health, or the best of my faculties in the interim, will probably break all records outside of a Central American revolution for quick promotion. I should probably be a brigadier general at forty, with ten or a dozen letters after my name. But if, as is likely, there is no war, I shall probably continue these little jaunts into the desert until my health gives out, when, at best, I shall be invalidated home and retired on the half pay of a captain or a major.

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So, you see, my future depends entirely upon whether or not some of our neighbors, or would-be neighbors, see fit to 'start something' in this little neck of Central Asia within the next decade or two. And now that Russia is in the Entente, and we are acting so entirely in concert with her in Persia, I'm very much afraid that it's going to be a case of the 'hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.'

II

The following day we caught the river steamer at Bassorah, and four days later arrived at Bagdad, F—— putting up at the grim brown fort which housed the British Consulate, post office, and telegraph station. I saw him on and off for a week, usually at tiffins or dinners given for him by some of his British friends. At other times he was not to be found. 'F—— *Sahib* gone to bazaar,' his Pathan bearer invariably answered my inquiries; and F—— himself volunteered no more than that he was spending a good deal of time 'renewing old acquaintances.' Then, at the end of about ten days, without a good-bye to anybody, so far as I could learn, he dropped from sight. 'F—— is off again to his Arabs,' said his friends.

'I am much relieved,' the Consul whispered to me. 'They hung on him like leeches this time, but F—— got away by togging up as an Armenian *arabana* driver when they were expecting him as an Arab. The Armenian came here, F—— stained his face, got into the chap's clothes, and actually drove the *arabana*, with a load of passengers, to Kerbela. The Turks nabbed the real driver when they caught him going out on foot, but got little out of him, and I don't think they know yet exactly what happened. F—— is far into the desert by this time.'

This was in 1912, and at that time no one—least of all F——, who had the most to gain by such an event—appeared to dream that the blood-drenched plains of Babylonia and Assyria were likely to echo ere many years to the tramp of hostile armies. The broad scope of Germany's activities, extending far beyond the mere construction of the Bagdad Railway, was evident to every one; but, this notwithstanding, the general impression seemed to be that the whip-hand in this region was Russia's. This feeling was aptly expressed by an old Turkish officer with whom I discussed Near Eastern politics at Mosul. 'The Germans may build railroads,' he said, punctuating his measured speech with puffs from a gurgling *hookah*; 'and the British may build ships, and the Turks may build dams and canals,'—referring to the reclamation work at Hindia on the Euphrates,—'but in the end the Great White Bear will come down to the Persian Gulf and have his drink of warm water.'

That the Germans had ambitious plans for controlling the commerce of the incalculably rich Tigro-Euphrates Valley no one doubted, or even that the Kaiser aimed at some sort of political control. But that German influence should prevail over that of Great Britain and Russia in Constantinople, to the extent of aligning the Porte on the side of the Kaiser against the Triple Entente, was not dreamed of in Mesopotamia, even by the Turks themselves. The price to the Entente, however, of alienating Italy from the Triple Alliance by acquiescing in that power's conquest of Tripoli, was the irretrievable loss of Turkey's friendship; and with the succession of Enver Pasha to the War Ministry at the end of the first Balkan conflict, there is no doubt that the Porte stood absolutely committed to action with Germany.

After the outbreak of the present war, Turkey's participation on the side of the Central Powers was only a matter of the Kaiser's nod. Enver Pasha, educated in Berlin and always actively anti-Russian, had spent nearly two years in preparation for the struggle which the Germans had doubtless assured him was inevitable; and the making ready for a fight to the death at the Dardanelles was not allowed to interfere with a general stiffening of the eastern defenses. This, briefly, was the way in which it came about that Britain is facing Turkey instead of the long-prepared-against Russia in the Mesopotamian 'theatre.' But I will let my friend F——, to whom it was given to help set and stage the opening scenes of the play, tell something of what happened up to the moment of his tragic exit.

Late in the fall of 1914, a hastily scribbled card reached me in California. 'Things looming large at last,' it read. 'Am off for the "P.G." to-morrow with big work in prospect. Will write when I can get anything of interest passed.' The card was post-marked Karachi, and dated but a few days previous to Turkey's official entry into the war. I took it, therefore, that the Indian Government had discounted this action, and that at the moment the Turks opened hostilities by bombarding the Russian coast, F——, doubtless with considerable forces, was on the way to his 'sphere.'

The promised letter was long delayed, and when it came bore the post-mark Bassorah, not in the pothook Turkish characters, but in plain English letters, while the blue two-and-a-half anna stamp of India appeared in the corner formerly sacred to the narrow, pink, half-gummed one-piastre sticker which you had often to affix with a pin to keep it from falling off. Thus ran the letter:—

I am writing you this from the one-time home port of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' which, I am rejoiced to say, has been under our flag for some days. The Turks had considerable forces of seasoned troops here, — doubtless you remember how much of the old town was taken up by barracks, — but, evidently because they did not expect us so soon, or in such force, had done little in the way of outpost defense. This, coupled with the facts that our naval strength was overwhelming and the river very ineffectively mined, made what might have been an operation of tremendous difficulty comparatively easy. The guns of our cruisers outranged those of the old forts at the mouth of the Shar-el-Arab, and, with sweepers working ahead of them, the light-draught gunboats peppered so hotly those dense palm groves which fringe the river banks that we had little difficulty in fighting our way through them without great loss.

Coöperating with the advance up the river, our main force was landed above Koweit and marched across the open desert to attack Bassorah on the west, threatening the rear of the Turkish positions on the left bank. Here the Turk could have made us no end of trouble had he been in sufficient force, for the lowlands were partly inundated and a defense of the practicable routes could have been made very effective.

It was the weakness of the opposition met here that first led us to hope that Bassorah was not going to be strongly defended. Although the advance resolved itself into little more than a series of outpost actions, the period was an anxious one for us — and especially for me — in that it put to the acid test the result of our work, not only in forecasting the capricious and variable overflow, but also in conciliating the no less capricious and variable Arabs of

a region nominally subject to Turkey. I can only tell you now that things turned out, and are continuing to turn out, even better than we had any reason to hope they would. There was no suggestion of a menace to our exposed left flank from the hordes of curious but in no wise hostile Arabs who showed themselves all along the way, and the censor will probably not allow me to tell you that our transport and commissariat, if nothing more, will probably be much helped by active assistance from this source. [Here several sentences, doubtless telling something more of the attitude of the Arabs, were obscured by the censor's brush.] So you will see that the Turk is reaping the harvest he deserves from his sowing of harshness and duplicity among the Bedouins, and that the time and efforts of us 'language students' who have worked this sphere will not have been spent in vain.

The Turks have undoubtedly been quite sound in deciding not to make a stand at Bassorah. With the sea approaches in our hands, and with the city entirely encompassed by desert and marsh, the holding of it for any time would have hinged upon command of either the Tigris or the Euphrates all the way to the rich agricultural region to the west of Bagdad. As the cutting of this line by us was only a matter of time, the city would have been isolated and forced to withstand a siege which could only have ended in the capture of whatever forces were locked up there. As it is, the most of these forces are now at liberty to dispute our advance, through a very difficult country, to Mesopotamia and Bagdad. Here it seems certain we shall have all the fighting we care for.

I have not mentioned the fact that I have received my captaincy and am assigned to the general staff. In an ordinary campaign the latter circum-

stance would mean a lot of dreary consultations at headquarters, and no action. Here, Allah be praised, the case is quite different. R——, K—— (the two chaps who have also worked this sphere), and I are always called in, if we

I had rushed off on receiving the card announcing his departure for the Persian Gulf: —

You ask what we are driving at here, by which I suppose you mean, 'What



chance to be on hand, when the maps are unrolled; but most of the time the whole lot of us are off on something else. R—— has been through the Turkish lines twice, once spending three days in Kurna, their advanced base, and I have been off on a week's journey to receive renewed assurances of the friendship of my Bedouin 'blood-brother.' It is going to be a jolly amusing game.

III

Another letter came from F—— a month later, this being in answer to one

is our plan of campaign?' This, obviously, is a question I can answer only in the most general way. Our principal purpose in the present campaign will be the occupation of southern and central Mesopotamia up to and including the cities of Bagdad and Kerbela, a region roughly corresponding to what might be called ancient Babylonia proper. Our objective in this is twofold. First, to gain control of all the irrigated — and hence highly productive — portion of the Tigro-Euphrates Valley, and, second, to establish ourselves strongly upon the flank of Per-

sia in the event that that country should show a disposition to make common cause with our enemy.

There is little doubt that the advance to Bagdad will be a fight all the way. The most difficult country will be that between here and about fifty miles north of where the Tigris and Euphrates come together. Most of this area is marshy all the year, and practically all of it will be under water from the spring floods by the time we are ready to get into it. An endless network of 'canals' and backwater channels makes it practically impossible to advance on foot even across much of the overflow country, and one of the main reasons for our long halt in Bassorah has been the training of our men in the use of the various native craft which will have to figure in our transport. Luckily, the Turks will be under the same handicap as ourselves in this region, and our superior artillery and organization are sure to give us the 'edge.' The real fighting is going to come when we emerge upon the level alluvial plains of central Mesopotamia. Here the enemy will have the Bagdad railway at his back, and, without doubt, a pretty complete little system of German-made light railways to keep him in munitions and food.

It may be that it will take us to the end of 1915 to attain our first goal. Then, if a decision in Europe has not been reached in the meantime, our next general advance would be up the Tigris to Samara, Tekrit, and Mosul, and up the Euphrates to Hitt and Deyr; this advance would place in our hands an upland grain-growing region of considerable productivity. Still another campaign would have to be launched to occupy the country up to a line from Aleppo to Mardin or Diarbekir; but Russia should reach this region from the Caucasus before we can get there from the south. Upon the

guns and munitions which the Germans are able to send through to Bagdad will depend the character of the stand that the Turk is going to make in Babylonia.

But what a game it is going to be, this fight for the old Garden of Eden, — with the high-banked canals and the crumbling walls of Babylon and Hitt serving for trenches and forts, and the *khans* which sheltered Ali Baba and Haroun-al-Raschid as outposts! Why, the 'G.C.C.' and I have even discussed how we are going to use that isolated old *tepe* of Birs Nimrud — which some call the 'Tower of Babel' — when the time comes!

Our transport for the new campaign will probably be the most remarkable thing of the kind ever assembled. The fact that the country into which we are advancing will be largely under water will compel us to become practically amphibious. On land we are using camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, while on the water the services of everything, from the native *balems*, *gufas*, and *kaleks* to shallow-draught gunboats and river-steamers, will be in demand. The old Bagdad side-wheelers have all been converted into gunboats, but even their slight draught of five or six feet is too great for all but the main river-channels. One of these, by the way, went into action the other day with an armor improvised from mats of dried dates. Of course the Turkish shrapnel made an awful mess of it, and, I am sorry to say, also of the chaps behind it.

The direction of the training of our men in the use of the native watercraft has been one of my recent duties. The *balem* is a gondola-like sort of boat which has long been used for passenger transport on the canals and rivers of this region. It may be rowed, sculled, or paddled, and since it is of fairly stable equilibrium, the men are not long

in mastering it. The *gufa*, however, is quite another matter. It is a slightly flattened ball of woven reeds covered with pitch, having a hole from five to ten feet across at the top to receive passengers and freight. It is propelled by paddling, now on one side, now on the other, and two or three old hands can make very fair progress with it. A novice, however, can do little more than make the thing spin on its own axis. Moreover, he invariably renders himself still more helpless by laughing at his own uselessness; and although some of the more serious-minded Sepoys have made considerable progress in handling the *gufa*, I am afraid we shall never be able to make Thomas Atkins, or his equally frivolous comrade-in-arms, the Ghurka, take it as other than a perpetual joke.

A score of miles to the north of here, a few days ago, a dozen dismounted troopers, in lieu of anything better to hand, tried to cross a broad back channel of the Shar-el-Arab in a *gufa*, in order to dislodge some troublesome Turkish snipers. Their best efforts, however, served only to send the contrary craft bobbing down their own bank, the finest kind of a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. The latter (I have this on the word of the sergeant whose misplaced enthusiasm was responsible for the trouble), evidently highly amused, held their fire until after the 'marines,' as they have since been dubbed by their comrades, had kicked a hole in the bottom of the *gufa* and been compelled to take to the water. The few scattering shots fired even then were apparently sent only with the intent of 'shooing' several belligerent Tommies back to their own side, for the only casualty reported was the drowning of a man who, in the language of one of his surviving comrades, 'caught 'is bloomin' spur in the bally goofy an' got 'eld under water.'

Which incident reminds me to say a word for our old friend, the Turk, as a sporting fighter. Of course, we knew all the time that he was a first-class offensive fighter and a superlative defensive one; but, because for years we have known him under such characterizations as 'The Terrible,' and 'The Unspeakable,' we had come to expect from him a programme of 'frightfulness' quite in keeping with that of his allies of the Occident. That nothing of this character has been in evidence is one of the most refreshing surprises of the campaign. I can only set down here one of a number of instances in point which have fallen under my observation.

You doubtless read in the papers that the Turks made an attempt in some force to recover Bassorah a few weeks ago, going by boats to Nasire, on the Euphrates, and marching from there around the inundation area to approach this point from the west. Fortunately, one of our 'friends' sent us word of what was afoot, and we were able to prepare a proper reception at Shaiba. It was after we had beaten them back at this point, and while they were fighting rear-guard actions in a most cleverly conducted retreat, that the incident I have in mind occurred. I was out with, though not in command of, a troop of cavalry which was pressing the pursuit a considerable distance ahead of our main force. About eleven o'clock in the morning we found our way blocked by a small detachment of the enemy which had been left to make a stand at an isolated *khan*, one of those walled desert halting-places of the caravanserai order, — really more of a fort than a tavern.

There was no use in trying to dislodge the Turks until the guns came up, but, unluckily, about a dozen chaps, out of touch with their officer, attempted to rush the gate 'on their own.' The

enemy coolly let them come on to about a hundred yards from the khan, and then, unmasking a machine gun, dropped them all in a space not fifty feet square. A rifle volley brought down the three or four reckless spirits who, in spite of wounds, staggered to their feet and lurched ahead. Taking advantage of the cover afforded by a pair of old canal banks, we managed to get up within about three hundred yards of the khan gate without exposing ourselves dangerously, there to wait for our field-guns and to be ready to make it lively for our Turkish friends in case they tried to evacuate in the meantime.

For a while we thought that, mercifully, no life remained in any of the still, sprawling brown figures in front of the khan; but presently, with his face covered with the dirt a sniper's bullet had thrown on it as he put his head up for a look, a man crawled back to report to Major S—— that he had seen a hand feebly raised as though trying to attract our attention. Verifying the truth of the statement at the risk of his big new *shikar* helmet, S—— promptly called for volunteers to try to bring the wounded man in. 'It's a slim chance,' he said, 'but this noonday sun would kill an unwounded man lying on his face for an hour out there. We've got to make the attempt.'

Passing down the line, S—— picked the four spryest and wiriest looking of the sprawling row of grimy Tommies, each of whom had raised an appealing hand as the word for volunteers passed along. 'Make the best of the cover of that strip of date-palms, and bring in the man — he's the one nearest us — the same way,' he ordered just about as he would have sent them out on patrol. 'We'll give the Turks what diversion we can in the meantime.'

Then we began peppering the ports of the old khan in a blind and large sort

of way that had little effect, as a consequence of the fact that the machine-gun fire which came in reply made it impossible to put our heads up to aim. Enough of a diversion was created, however, to allow the volunteers to make their way, apparently unobserved, to the farther end of the palm clump. But a hail of bullets met them as they left cover, and the last of them dropped while he was still a dozen yards from the object of his rush. The three first to fall lay still, — shot dead, as we learned later, — but the last one, in spite of a punctured femur, presently pulled himself together and began to crawl forward. It was not until this moment, I am certain, that the Turks fully comprehended what we were driving at; for now, although they continued to keep us under cover with sweeping jets from their machine-gun, not another shot was directed at the man on the ground. Nor was there any attempt to check his painful progress as he dragged the man he had been sent after back to the palm grove. Nor yet, finest of all, did the Turks try to wing a single one of another brave four, who, disdaining the cover of the palm trunks, dashed out to relieve their comrade of his burden.

Encouraged by the forbearance of the enemy, we were about to send out a squad under a white flag to see if any more of the wounded were alive, when dust clouds on the southern horizon warned the Turkish leader that our field-guns were coming up; and, with his task of delaying the pursuit well fulfilled, he made ready to retire by sweeping our cover with a fresh fusillade. The only gate of the khan, opening to the south, was completely covered from our position; but the resourceful Turk coolly breached the northern wall with a flake or two of gun-cotton, and, the first thing we knew, the whole troop — machine-gun

and all — went scurrying off across the desert. For two or three minutes they were fair marks for us, and, as they sent several Parthian volleys themselves, there was no military reason why we should not have tried to bring down a few of them. As a matter of fact, we did send a few perfunctory volleys; but if its shooting on that occasion was any criterion of the marksmanship of S——'s troop, Allah have mercy on it when it comes to real grips with the Turk! Not one of the fugitives dropped from his saddle, and I don't think one of them was hit. If we had done for even a man of them, imagine what our feelings would have been when, on taking possession of the khan, we found, hung carefully in a thick-walled crypt well beyond all danger from our rifle fire, three goat-skins of clear, cold water, while scrawled on the wall, in both French and Turkish, was the direction, 'For the Wounded.' As we had been out of water for hours ourselves, and as a few cups sufficed for the two or three wounded who had survived the withering sun heat, you may surmise that our hostility toward the 'unspeakable Turk' was not materially increased by this latter incident.

The chap who was rescued at so great a cost died a few hours later, but rather from exposure to the sun than from his wound, which was slight. The man who brought him in is well on the road to recovery and, I trust, a V.C.

IV

My next, and what proved to be my last, letter from F—— reached me in London: —

Our general advance has begun, and we have attained our first important objective in the occupation of the 'Garden of Eden.' Not the greater 'Garden

of Eden,' which name Sir William Willcocks applies to all of Mesopotamia south of Hitt and Samara, but the traditional site of the Garden at the meeting of the Tigris and Euphrates. This was surely one of the strangest engagements in history. The country was under water for miles around, and the Turks had fortified and elected to make their stand on the only dry ground in the whole region, a series of low rises — hardly to be called hills — in the rear of Kurna. Fortunately, their available artillery was not powerful. We had prepared for the assault by emplacing batteries of heavy howitzers at every point sufficiently solid to support them, while lighter guns were mounted on the river-steamers and on barges.

After a heavy shelling of the Turkish positions our troops, in everything from *balems* and *gufas* to *kaleks* and gunboats, were rowed, paddled, poled, and steamed forward to the limit of the draught of their respective craft. Then over they went into the water, and the assault commenced. Luckily the Turkish guns had been pretty well put out of action by our howitzers, else that half mile or more through mud and water would have been a very costly business for us. As it was, some barges and *kaleks* with machine guns on them were brought up close to the enemies' lines, and, the fire of these and the gunboats having made the Turkish positions practically untenable, the troops had to do little more than go and round up a very sizable bunch of prisoners who had been cut off by a swift flanking movement of a column of Sepoys. Some of our men, in their eagerness, went overboard into deep water, and, as a consequence, had to chuck their accoutrements and swim for it. A number of them, in fact, lost more than their arms; and a bevy whom I saw later helping to shepherd some Turkish

prisoners aboard a gunboat had little to differentiate them, sartorially, from Father Adam in the earliest days of this same 'Garden of Eden.'

I had a rather interesting job a few days ago. This was to lead a small picked force across country and destroy a bridge of boats which the Turks were endeavoring to maintain across the Tigris at the Tomb of Ezra, for the use of any stragglers who might still be drifting back from the south.

You recall the Bible story of this famous structure. The Prophet Ezra, faring about this region in his old age, feeling the hand of Death upon him, directed his followers to bind his body to a camel, drive the animal into the desert, and where it finally lay down to rest, there to make the holy man's burial-place. The camel headed straight for the nearest reach of the Tigris, and there the brilliantly tiled tomb which was reared above the Prophet's remains stands to this day, a mecca for Jews and Mohammedans alike.

I did n't make a very brilliant success of my job with the bridge of boats. We got into a marsh in the darkness and waded about in it until too late to make the night surprise I had counted upon at Ezra's Tomb. We did get there at dawn, however, and, principally because the Turks must have thought we had strong support coming up, managed to induce the latter to evacuate his very good position about the Tomb and retire to the east bank of the river. We established ourselves in one of the Tomb gardens, but could go no farther for the moment on account of the brisk and accurate fire of the enemy from the other side.

Most of the day I lay on my back in a bed of petunias under the garden wall, and gorged myself on the ripe pomegranates which the Turkish bullets cut down from the trees above. But about mid-afternoon they knock-

ed a couple of bee-hives off the wall into the very midst of us, and, as we were wearing 'shorts,' with nothing to protect the leg from calf to knee, the sequel was a very unpleasant one. So dead sure were those bees that our inoffensive little party was responsible for upsetting their homes that they divided themselves into just as many bands as we were men, and started, impartially and systematically, to sting us to death. My men were out of hand in an instant, and I really believe that, had not a modern miracle been wrought, another minute would have seen the whole pack of us, careless of such trifles as Turkish rifle and machine-gun fire, wallowing in the fifty-yard-distant Tigris.

The miracle was performed by a little pink-cheeked, bare-footed angel of a Jewess, evidently the 'shepherd of the bees.' Unconcernedly tripping out among the writhing 'casualties,' oblivious alike to the threat of Turkish bullets and the roaring masses of bees, she set up the punctured hives in a safe place under the wall, and then began to beat sharply with a stick upon an old bronze gong which was suspended from her neck by a thong. Instantly the bees stopped stinging, and inside of five minutes the last of them was settling back with a contented buzz into its hive. I could have kissed the stubby brown toes of the pink-cheeked little angel of mercy. And here again let me record to the credit of the Turks that, although her head and shoulders must have been visible to them above the low wall, they made no attempt to stop with a bullet a work which, had they only known it, was all that prevented the whole lot of us from falling into their hands.

Every man of us was, of course, in beastly shape from the stings. My own agony from this source was infinitely worse than that from a bullet which

ploughed up my scalp when we cut the bridge of boats after darkness had fallen; in fact, if the truth were known, I think the desperate pain all of the boys were in had a good deal to do with the absolute recklessness they displayed when the time came for us to try to fulfill our mission. I heard one chap tell another he was afraid that he *was n't* going to get shot, and the whole bunch acted as if they felt the same way. Luckily, the Turks had no searchlight, and it is probable their own fire helped not a little in breaking up the bridge. At any rate, it went off down the yellow Tigris in a score of sections, and we — or what was left of us — with it. A half dozen impetuous Turks who, in their eagerness to get at close quarters, had come out to welcome us half-way, were also carried along when the bridge broke up. After that it was a case of *saue qui peut* for all of us, and I'm sorry to say that only about a third of the force I started out with has, so far, straggled back to Kurna.

V

I was still chuckling over F——'s account of his experience with the bees when, opening the latest issue of the *Sphere* the following afternoon, I saw his familiar face smiling back at me from the corner of one of the first pages. 'Been getting mentioned in dispatches,' I said to myself; and then the title of the page, on which appeared a score of other portraits, met my eye: 'Dead on the Field of Honor; Officers Killed in Action.' There were no particulars, not even a date; nor was anything further to be learned behind the tape-bound portals of Whitehall. To the officers of F——'s regiment, now fighting in Flanders, some few details were ultimately vouchsafed; and from one of these, whom I encountered a few days ago, during his leave in London, I

learned all that I have so far been able to gather concerning the death of my friend.

'F——'s work in cutting the bridge of boats across the Tigris,' he said, 'is spoken of as one of the most daring things of the Mesopotamian campaign. Undoubtedly he deserved a V.C. for it, and it is just possible one may be awarded posthumously. He was slightly wounded there, but must have been out on duty again within a very few days. According to the account we have received, he was off on some special detail when he came upon a number of imbeciles of the transport trying to ferry several camels and machine guns across a back channel of the Euphrates on a *kalek*, a sort of raft consisting of a light platform resting on inflated sheepskins. One of the camels had kicked a hole in the platform and was rapidly demolishing the supporting skins, when F——, fearing the loss of the guns, swam off to try and set things right. In endeavoring to extricate the camel, he ducked under the *kalek*, where, it seems likely, his wounded head was struck by one of the brute's sharp hoofs, and he let go his grip and sank before any one could get hold of him. Glorious death, was n't it, — for a man who had led the life F—— had, and who, for that particular region, was the most nearly indispensable man with the expedition.'

Two months have gone by since F——'s last letter was written, and the Mesopotamian campaign has been prosecuted along the general lines he forecasted at the outset. Nasire and Amara have fallen, and the early winter will see the armies drawn up for the final fight for Bagdad, probably upon that same Plain of Shinar where the scarlet desert flowers still keep alive the old belief that

Never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.

For destiny has decreed that once more the might of two rival races shall lock in death grips for the possession of that age-old prize, the Garden of Eden. Eve was put without the gates when she tasted of the Forbidden Fruit, and right on down through the ages the same undeviating penalty has been inflicted upon the Babylonian, Mede, Assyrian, and other empires that gorged

themselves upon the Forbidden Fruit of Corruption. Brave foeman that he is, the Turk, cloyed with the same Forbidden Fruit, has long been marked for the inexorable justice of the ages, and every precedent of tradition, history, and strategy point to the conclusion that the closing hour of his stewardship of the Garden of Eden is about to strike.

SOME FALSE CONSOLATIONS OF WAR

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

A DARING philosopher will some day reopen the question whether people really grow good through suffering. I do not mean, does one become more unselfish, another less worldly, and others more humble through loss of husband or child or eyesight; but may not such gains to character, even if enduring, be accounted negligible when we consider the cost? So Emerson thought. In his quest for reality, he places grief among the illusions of experience.

He who would attack this problem should be daring, for the mood which must be dissected is one dear to religion, and its tender memories are sacred to us all. In that twilight world of sensitive values through which the mourner moves, he catches some exquisite overtones of experience, difficult to evaluate. One would rather not disturb such consolations. The preacher harvests abundant homiletical material in this hinterland of life, and our popular hymns attest what people think about grief, disappointment, and failure as a road to the kingdom of heaven.

If men grow good through suffering, the beatitude of mourning must have found in Europe since the beginning of the war a staggering brilliance of illustration; for the energy of the race is now enlisted in the making of sorrow. University professors and preachers are seeing in this anguish a fulcrum for our redemption. Militarists of the most zealous school could scarcely go further in the praise of war as a spiritual tonic than some of these apologists from the seclusion of learning have done of late.

Europe had scarcely uttered its first sob of agony from the war before moral deductions were in print. The millions of tearless mourners, ecstatic in their patriotism, praising the worth of life and the glory of dying, became a great world-sermon. It was the second beatitude flashed across the sky. Preachers took up the cry, and since August a year ago the agony of Europe has been coined into countless sermons. The spiritual by-products of war — its superb courage, its sacrifice, its detachment from all sordid concern — are

offered as compensation for this harvest of pain. Thus the martyred spirit of the race has wistfully covered with a veil of beauty the shambles in Poland, Belgium, and France.

From Germany, Russia, France, and, with restraint, from England, has come fervid testimony of a race exalted while it mourns. An Oxford scholar writes, 'The nations at war are discovering their souls.' From the University of Moscow comes the word that 'this is a time when the ideal meaning of national and human life is being revealed with a splendor and an energy seldom witnessed.' The sanctums of Germany are giving unmeasured praise of this rare hour in history; and humbler folk everywhere are showing spiritual exaltation in a sacrifice without tears and a faith that is crowding the churches. If we accept this witness, we must believe that since the engines of war set about their gruesome task the soul of Europe has been cleansed.

It seems sacrilegious to examine critically these shreds of comfort in which Europe is wrapping her misery. But we who stand aside from the conflict, if we are to defend our pacifist ideals, must be willing to scan closely these spiritual credentials of war. For if these higher loyalties, so precious to national life, which are forged by the hardships of war, are fitted permanently to enrich the future, then it may be that lovers of peace are too niggard in counting the cost of ideals. If the nations at war are really 'finding their souls,' this pearl of great price may be worth what it costs. Pacifists, therefore, may well ask whether this sublime mood of those who are giving their all is a true witness of Europe's redemption, or is a kind of hysteria which is so often the illusion of grief.

This blessedness of a world in agony — what does it mean? How shall we estimate its moral worth? Do we want

it? Is it worth what it costs? And do we yet know how much it will cost? Will this mood make lasting contributions to character, or is there in store for Europe a disillusion such as the mourner knows when, after the first transport of courage is past, he listlessly faces the void?

How familiar to us is that buoyant courage which meets our proffered consolation almost like a rebuff, in the first hours of bereavement in the house of sorrow. We come to bring support. We find the mourner in exalted mood, supplying from the very depths of grief his own cool wells of comfort. We are not disconcerted by this ecstasy of sorrow. We feel the greater pity; for what others praise for courage or blame for insensibility we know to be more pitiable than sobs. This tearless thing is not yet courage. Fortitude has not begun to exact her heavy toll. It is the illusion of grief that it appears to give us strength which we do not possess.

Our tender emotions are generally accounted untrustworthy. Accurately to appraise our spiritual values we must fall back upon the sustained levels of experience. None of us is really so bad as his worst self or quite so good as his best. Any clergyman, watching sympathetically the growth of character, learns this. He fosters, but not always hopefully, loyalties evoked under stress. They make us feel better men than we really are.

Now, grief shares with some other tense emotions this illusion. It seems to reveal our purest and most generous selves. From the grave of our hopes and loves spring often that same calm and detachment which we are familiar with in religious conversion. For peace of mind is not so much a question, perhaps, of what men believe, as it is of the things for which they have ceased to care. When one loses all either by chance, as in sorrow, or by choice, as in

conversion when the penitent 'throws his all at the feet of Christ,' there is a sweet abatement of striving. Thus the avalanche of grief as it breaks over the soul carries with it many a nagging worry. It simplifies life by the elimination of fretful interests. India with her siren call of self-abnegation has taught the world what peace may be found in 'not caring.'

Now this, I suspect, is the mood of Europe at this hour. It is tasting the freedom which the irresponsibility of a great sacrifice always brings to conventional morals. Civilization in days of peace compels us to be calculating and provident. Its margin for lavish enthusiasms is narrow. War, on the other hand, hurls us at once into a land of romance where we cast to the four winds all our worldly caution and timid measurements. The luxury of throwing all away and 'not caring' is rare to mortals accustomed to the plodding steps of peace. It is the long-dreamed-of pilgrimage of the soul. The first days of self-renunciation offer, despite the agony, certain peculiar compensations. They are costly but none the less soothing. So, it may truly be said that Europe is to-day unworldly and simple at heart. War has for the moment restored to unity the nation's divided self. In so far it has seemed to experience redemption.

But when I say that this is the mood of Europe at this hour, I do not, of course, include in my reckoning the men and boys who are now in the trenches, or the million dead. I feel restrained from satisfaction over spiritual blessings earned by the anguish of war, when I read a passage like the following from a recently published letter from Munich: 'A French official told me that the horror on the trains for removing the wounded was so great — the suffering, the screams, the contortions of the mangled and the dying — that they

were absolutely compelled to change the train guards every few days, as nerves could not continue to stand the scenes and they went insane if not removed.' And again: 'A German officer home on a week's furlough, telling me something of the trench warfare at Arras (justly called the hell of Arras) said that for a very long time back no wounded could be picked up between the hostile trenches. They had to be left to die, some in hours, some in days. The result is that the wounded writhe and scream until they die, lying on the fields between the trenches amid heaped-up carcasses of whites, negroes, Hindoos, and animals, bloated to many times their normal size and amid a stench which is an indescribable horror.'

If such be the price of a nation's 'finding its soul,' is it not a pitiable confession that our cowardice and shame should require such bitter atonement? In the presence of Europe's agony, the writhing of Armenia, the gathering fury in the Balkans, is it quite the time to talk about our spiritual gains.

And may we not be making too generous concessions to the militarist's cause when we accept as real this quick redemption of Europe? Despite these glowing by-products of war, I see in it all only a tragedy pathetic beyond words or tears. The romance of its lavish sacrifice does not restrain my loathing and my shame. There is for me little consolation in Russia's abstinence from vodka when I see her peaceful peasants drunk with blood. I cannot rejoice over the decrease of crime in her villages when I read of the devastation wrought in Belgium and Poland. I refuse to find one scrap of comfort in Europe's return to God as the nations sob their litanies in the crowded churches. This mighty wave of patriotism has cleansed the fountains of life, it is true. It has purified like fire. Despite the strife of tongues, the house has been cleansed of

many an unlovely and sordid desire. But does any one suppose that this will last? That Russia is permanently temperate? That Germany and France will be henceforth devout? England unworldly? Have these high moments in the heat of war distilled for us essences so rare and beautiful?

If we turn to the past for our measurement of these emotions evoked by conflict, we shall find scant comfort for the militarist. The Thirty Years' War left Europe spiritually and materially bankrupt. It checked for generations the progress of civilization. It is impossible to say what spiritual riches were sunk in that grave. We should be indulging bold inference were we to affirm that the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic wars were processes of redemption. Certainly our own Civil War was fought for a lofty principle. Here, if anywhere, war should have been the means through which the soul of a nation might find itself. But were the decades between Appomattox and the beginning of our century years for us of romance, high patriotism, and religious faith? For an evaluation of that lean period of our national life, we have only to recall what men like Godkin, Norton, and Lowell thought about it. Why did not the sober discipline of war beget in America a fine-souled progeny? The afterglow of our war was not a season of disinterested patriotism. Virtues conceived in war have frequently proved sterile. Only fifty years have passed since sacrifice and suffering brought to America a means of national redemption. But were we at the outbreak of the present war less materialistic than Europe? If war discovers to a nation its soul, surely there is much to be said in behalf of such rigorous discipline. But there have been many wars in Europe during the past one hundred years. Must nations find their souls so often? Is it sordid to ask

whether a redemption so fleeting is worth what it costs?

We appeared to be upon the verge of a great religious revival when the war broke out. The first decade of the new century was rich in promise of a new idealism. What will become of this hope no one can now say. Already the deep religious sense of humility and awe, which during the first months of the war brought encouragement to the churches, is waning. Church attendance in Germany is again declining, and the high emotional tension in which we live is numbing our sympathies: we are growing less responsive to tales of suffering. How different from our grief over the Titanic was the concern with which America received the news of the Lusitania and the Eastland! This is not the spiritual climate in which to carry forward social reform with its careful husbanding of human life and its sensitiveness to waste.

Some pretty severe things have been said of late regarding the materialism of that business man's Europe, with its snug comforts and lean emotions, from which the war delivered us. But, after all, was it so poor a thing when we compare it with what is going on in Europe to-day?

I dare to think that Germany, France, and even Belgium were more spiritually sane, were more fruitful types of Christianity before the war, when their people were immersed 'in the discordant and piecemeal torrent of daily life,' than they are to-day in their fervid ecstasy of sacrifice. Europe must some day return to the monotonous chores of peace, the tax worries, and the unsung sacrifice. Is there any evidence that we shall do the thing more beautifully for having passed a few years in an orgy of destruction?

There is a vast sustaining fellowship in sorrow now while drums are beating and the armies march by, but we must

not forget that Europe has thus far only promised the sacrifice. She has not yet completed payment. The reckoning is coming when men and women with their souls bled white must set about the task of rebuilding the waste, while the finest spirits are lying in their graves.

But even were we certain that nations at war discover their souls, we might be permitted to doubt whether the end would justify the means. Surely there is a more decent, humane way for humanity to grow good than by the immolation of five million boys. The leaven of the Gospels was fitted to expand in other soil than blood and tears.

I have seen men grow holy as they stood by the casket of a child. But dare we suggest such sacrifice that parents may save their souls? Beatitudes may be too dearly bought. I have sometimes wondered whether we mortals were not too officiously eager in springing to God's defense whenever an earthquake, the horrors of war, or the premature death of our loved ones makes life a bitter thing. There are some experiences so terrible that even the extenuating fact of spiritual discipline seems to insult our courage, and to rob our grief of its patient dignity. Brave men smitten in their love may grow finer; but one would never be so base as to weigh together in the balance the spiritual gain and the human sacrifice it cost. I must believe that life affords to the soul, as it does to the body, cheerful ways of growing strong. While the modest loyalties of our daily life require such moral vigor, the Iron Cross of courage can be sufficiently earned on the battlefields of peace.

So, one modest service which we can render the cause of peace is the attempt to have a right judgment of some of the spiritual by-products of war. It were best not to appear too grateful for minor blessings gained from accumula-

tions of misery. For, unawares, we may seem to lend approval to Treitschke's teaching that 'the disappearance of war would turn the earth into a great temple of selfishness.' Christianity cannot afford to concede so much. Germany's school of blood and iron has said few finer words about war than some of our preachers and professors have unwittingly done in their quick gratitude for recent signs of 'spiritual unity' in Germany, France, and Russia. An indiscriminating patriotism, feeding upon the emotions, is a big asset to any general staff. It stiffens the moral fibre for the battlefield and it inhibits critical judgment at home. But we who view the matter at a distance are responsible to more permanent interests than the mere equipping of a nation's energies for battle.

I have no theory for the prevention of wars. War is certainly not always a sin. There have been many chivalrous and necessary wars. I have scant sympathy with pacifists who blind their eyes to facts. But we should do well to leave war in the unpretentious category where General Sherman placed it. While we are weaving a halo for the thing we call 'sacrifice,' there is danger of forgetting the bestiality of the actual business of slaughter. Those who have set about the beneficent task of preventing a plague do not sentimentally divert their energies into by-paths of appreciation of the nobler aspects of plagues. They may be mindful of the devotion of physicians and the fortitude of those who suffer, but they continue to call the loathsome thing 'the plague.' We overdo our gracious desire to be hopeful when we place these scourges among the saving forces needful to keep life unselfish and clean. Human nature is not so grossly mean as to require these constant purgings of fire. So it all comes back to the question of the salutariness of tears.

A SCANDINAVIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

BY GEORGE BRANDES

IN this unforeseen world-war the three Scandinavian countries are not in similar positions, but they are alike neutral because they cannot be anything else, since participation in this war would imperil their existence, and nobody has offered them any compensation whatever for the risk they would run.

Norway, where sympathy for England and France has always been strong, feels herself even now, perhaps more than the other two countries, drawn toward these powers. Many of her intellectual people whose books appear in German have, however, expressed most passionately their sympathies for Germany.

Denmark, which I know best, is strictly neutral, for most obvious reasons. The distance between Kiel and Danish territory is only two hours, and thus we Danes would have the German fleet outside Copenhagen two hours after a declaration of war. It goes without saying that, if Denmark with her two and a half millions of inhabitants were to challenge a great power like Germany, it would mean nothing less than suicide. Half a century ago Denmark took up the fight against the two powers which were allied then, as they are now, — Prussia and Austria. She fought for half a year without any assistance from other European powers. It was an astonishing proof of the lack of foresight in the diplomats, that England and France allowed Germany to seize the harbor of Kiel and to tear away from Denmark three duchies

which constituted one fifth of the whole country, without lifting a finger to prevent it.

The loss of each duchy affected the Danes differently. Holstein and Lauenburg were German-speaking and German-feeling; but the population of North Schleswig, which was pure Danish, suffered bitterly from being torn away from the mother country. The peace treaty of Prague, ending the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 (only two years after the cession of North Schleswig), contained, however, a clause to the effect that the inhabitants had the right to return to Denmark, if, when a general vote was taken, they expressed such a wish. North Schleswig, therefore, cherished the hope of a speedy reunion with Denmark. She was bitterly disappointed when the vote was postponed, and still more bitterly disappointed when, in February, 1879, after an agreement between Prussia and Austria, the clause containing the promise to the Danes was obliterated altogether, in accordance with Bismarck's wish.

Since then North Schleswig has been governed as the Prussians govern foreign nationalities: the use of the Danish language by church and school being against the law; the Danish colors, even in women's dresses, being forbidden; the inhabitants being insulted in various ways. Matters went so far that parents were to be deprived of their children, if suspected of bringing them up in a pro-Danish atmosphere.

If the Prussians had had sufficient

sense to permit the people of North Schleswig to use their own language, and if they had granted those Danes full citizenship, they could, perhaps, in half a century, have brought the population to submission. If they had possessed the pliability they always have lacked, and if they had understood that 150,000 Danes under German rule could not be dangerous to the German Empire; if they had made the Danes their pet children, they might, perhaps, have converted their hearts and made them speak German.

Instead of that the German government granted large sums of money to buy Danish land, just as they did to buy Polish land in Posen; and the inhabitants were embittered and worried by the sending into exile of numerous Danish-born persons and German-born persons whose fathers had, after 1864, spoken for Denmark. The Germans are known to have exiled Danish concert-singers because they wanted to sing some songs by the Norwegian Grieg. They exiled Danish actors who proposed to play some old vaudevilles of 1830. These people were even forbidden to land.

And now the young Schleswigians have to fight and bleed in the Prussian ranks, for a country that treats them like idle weeds!

Very strong reasons these, that keep the feeling of Denmark from becoming pro-German. Nevertheless the admiration for German capability is exceedingly great. And, on the other hand, intellectual Danes cannot be called pro-Allies either, because the Allies must, somehow, be considered a unity, though the inner differences be ever so marked; and it is absolutely impossible for any one who knows more than the newspapers contain, absolutely impossible for any one who has lived, learned, traveled, and who knows European circumstances, to sympathize at the same

time with England and France and with Russia. The very reasons that he feels sympathy for England and France make it impossible for him to sympathize with Russia, and *vice versa*. It is quite natural that the many conservative and reactionary elements that hate freedom and dream about autocracy—not enlightened but obscurant autocracy—should hope for Russian victory. It is also just as natural that those who admire constitutional freedom, a humane government, and education should feel sympathy for England and France.

But only a fanatic whose nationalism makes him blind can at the same time sympathize both with the East and with the West, as he will find in the East, to a much higher degree, everything he hates in Germany, whereas in Germany many of the things are to be found which he admires in the western countries.

There exists now certainly a conspiracy between ignorance and untruthfulness, aiming at the whitewashing of the Russian government. For its most horrible acts excuses are invented, and the outrages of the German government are accentuated as something unheard of, something that the so-called civilized nations never committed.

But all this talk deceives no one who is not as ignorant as a new-born baby—whereby I do not mean to deny that such ignorance is in all countries characteristic of the majority. The common sense of the masses and their sharp eye for right and wrong have never been anything but a democratic legend. The masses believe, as a rule, any lie that is given to them in an agreeable form. Thus, for instance, the newspapers, not only in Russia, but in the other Allied countries, dare unblushingly to maintain that the Russian defeats in Galicia, in Hungary, in Poland, are only strategic manœuvres and a retreat of

the same kind as in 1812-13. The public does not yet understand that between those two phenomena there is not an atom of resemblance.

The European newspapers have one excuse: it is absolutely impossible in Europe now to tell the truth about the political situation, even when it is known, — which is by no means always the case. None of the belligerent countries can allow the truth to be told. A half-awake censor is on the lookout, and every time Truth tries to emerge from the slough, he quickly ducks her down again. She is drowned, as you drown a kitten. It is the censor's business to prevent the publication of everything that could throw a favorable light on the enemy, and of everything that could give the enemy useful information. Besides, the censor has to see that every accusation against the government or against the army, be it ever so true, is suppressed, and their acts presented in a rose-colored light.

Even in the small neutral countries there were recently enacted laws that see to it that nothing may be said publicly that may imperil their neutrality by hurting the feelings of any of the belligerent powers. Only in the United States of America, which stand outside the scuffle and whose position as a great power prevents every danger of attack, — only there is it possible for a writer from a neutral country to voice what he believes to be the truth.

I have lived through the war of 1870-71. I stayed then in France and in Italy, and read the French papers every day. They were, of course, far from truthful, because the truth was too sad to be told. The newspapers considered it their duty to cheer up the people during the adversities, and to inspire them with courage. By and by, however, they had to admit some defeats and fears. A conspicuous feature, any way, in all the articles, was the never-

failing refrain: It is a comfort that this war will be the last.

Since then a dozen bloody wars have taken place, and, last of all, the present war, the greatest of all, which has now lasted over a year. And again we hear the same refrain in article after article, in country after country: There is the comfort that this war will be the last! That is to say, counting from the beginning of next year, mankind will altogether change its nature. The immeasurable human stupidity will turn into calm reason. Man's terrible savagery will become a tame, a peaceful mutual goodwill!

The Germans deny that they have committed atrocities in Belgium; the Russians deny having committed atrocities in East Prussia; the Austrians deny having committed atrocities in Serbia.

Even if many of the horrors are pure inventions, or much exaggerated, — and that is proved to be the case, — there remain quite enough for all concerned. As for myself, I believe in the bestial cruelty of each party. I know that the Germans are civilized, the Russians good-natured, the Austrians elegant, — the war brutalizes all. When you once make murder and devastation of the so-called enemy's villages and fields a laudable, nay, even a sacred deed, you have given free course to bestiality. Under the polish of civilization a savage appears who in all main features displays the characteristics of the Stone Age.

The other day a pessimist in my presence called mankind a horrible lot. He was not right. Mankind consists of many different lots, fighting against each other, each man trying to the best of his ability to defend himself. Then the strongest will achieve dominance by force. As this motive never can be admitted, all the countries are fighting for high ideals. Every one of the bel-

ligerent nations is fighting for justice, for truth, for order and freedom. Even a despotic country like Russia fights for freedom, nay, even for the freedom of Poland, which Russia has tried to uproot during the last half century by the most ingenious torture.

As I said, every country appeals to the highest ideals which they all are serving. And each one, without exception, is fighting for her right. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to vindicate justice. *'Right or wrong, my country!'* Each nation is fighting for the fatherland, and that justifies everything. In this naturalistic age of ours we have succeeded in proclaiming patriotism and nationalism the highest

virtues, compared with which the cosmopolitanism of olden times can only be regarded with deepest contempt.

In the intervals between the wars people imagine that the world has gone to rest and that wars from now on are impossible. Because optimism is considered necessary in order to make life endurable, we think it is the chief virtue which gives us courage and strength. People do not like to look truth in the face. If war breaks out in spite of all our earlier denials of its possibility or its probability, optimism comforts the fighting parties by assurances that this war will bring in the rule of righteousness on earth and thus be the last of wars.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON SHOWER-BATHS

THERE is no reason to doubt that the shower-bath in its natural and original condition was the first method of ablution practised by prehistoric man. The first rainstorm that overtook him on the way back from his earliest dinosaur-hunting trip did that. He was favorably clothed, he was assuredly warm, and the shower was undoubtedly pleasant. After that we feel sure he told his wife, and at the next wet spell they had a shower party with the man in the cave above and his family, and the system of fun and sanitation received its impetus toward popularity. There was nothing fearsome about it. Compared with it, the first plunge into a pool was as terrifying as the first broiled lobster or shrimp salad.

There is something rudimentary and

fundamental about having the water splashed down upon one, and getting completely and deliciously wet. Not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You yourself when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an unforeseen and unavoidable rainstorm, — the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water on your nose, into your sleeves, and down your neck; and the joyous shush of soaked, water-logged boots. Even the tedium of being rubbed with alcohol, bundled up, and warned you would catch your death, did not diminish the event. You voted it better than the time you fell off the boat-dock; it lasted longer.

Since then the jolly feeling of wet clothes has been atrophied, owing largely to the clothes themselves. The thought of one's watch, of stamps all sticking together, of shoes stuffed with

newspapers, of the absence of favorite trousers and coat while undergoing pressing, take away the *insouciance* of it. But on the rare occasions when you have no excuse, and when it is pardonably unavoidable and extenuated, it is fun.

And has mankind taken the hint of nature in splashing water upon itself? Not in the least. In the intended way water was impelled against the body with no effort on the part of the body except its presence. Now we get the water and impel the body into it. It is a lengthy and lazy process that gives one the feeling of having done something worth while, which is quite out of keeping with the purely routine spirit of the thing.

Take the Roman bath, — about as exciting a pastime as playing in a fountain with the spray out of order. Take the English system, now happily on the wane, of striking postures, peculiarly Chabas in character, in an enlarged shirred-egg dish, and praying that there is not a plastered ceiling in the room below. Take that extravagant Americanism, the porcelain tub. In its maximum splendor its architecture resembles most the marble sarcophaguses of the Early Christians, seen strewn about the basilicas of Rome, and greatly admired by archæologists, but purely as tombs.

Here and there a shower-bath has crept wistfully into a private house, but usually as a minor accessory to the sarcophagus. A tall white-clothed thing startles you in the dark from its semblance to a wraith emerging from the porcelain tomb. And a bath in it gives one the cheering and sticky sensation of having taken a shower in a shroud. It presents a possibility, but not a pleasure.

No, the home of the true shower-bath is the country club. Reduced to its lowest terms, a country club is a golf

course, a tennis court, a bar, and a shower-bath. And you can omit the tennis court before eliminating the shower-bath. After that deuce set of tennis, those extra three holes of golf to decide the drinks, it is late; dinner is waiting, perhaps the wife, and a long way into town. Cleanliness, coolness, and celerity are needed, and we find them in the tubulous personality of the shower.

We who have made the rounds of country clubs, including those with Indian names, have learned to distinguish the different models, — the kind that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, the kind that pelts you at variable angles from the front, and the kind that attacks with vehemence from all sides. But to get the best results one must know the idiosyncrasies of one's particular machine. A transient operator at a dozen clubs during the summer finds that success in showers is not uniform. At a country club it is quite as necessary to be a good mixer in a shower, as it is on the golf course, or in the bar.

To know by instinct the hot-water throttle is the study of a lifetime; we have never been able to sense it ourselves when not marked, and sometimes even if marked. And once in a modern bath in eternal if torrid Rome, we would have given much to know that '*calda*' did not mean cold as we phonetically decided it should. We have often wondered, in this connection, notwithstanding the expense, if a shower-chauffeur would not prove a popular installment at country clubs. For not once in a hundred times can one experience a well-spaced gamut from cleansing hot to invigorating cold that leaves nothing to be desired.

Besides the individual influence there is a broader sociological importance to a shower-bath. It develops many things in the average man. First

of all, self-confidence. It takes much personal reliance to step nonchalantly into a shower with your roll-top-desk and one-day-a-week-tennis development, just as a last year's football player emerges in muscular radiance from it. And what restraint and verbal repression it fosters as you yourself come out and find that the same young athlete has ensnared the last towel!

But, of all things, voice-culture is what it assuredly stimulates best. He sings in a shower-bath who never sang before. Some are more melodious in warm water than in cold, but all are universally vocal. Mute inglorious Scottis are not mute in shower-baths, and many a noiseless tenor under the persuasive influence of a stream of water out-phonographs a graphophone. And in this way we often arrive at the true inner man. The professor of Greek in the high school ecstatically sings the latest ragtime success; the golf champion of last year warbles, from memory, a *leitmotiv* from *Tristan und Isolde*. Repertoires are endless as the water splashes — and as diverse as the men themselves.

And thus we have the shower-bath. In it sparkles the light of the century, efficiency; the maximum of results, the minimum of effort. It approaches the acme of speed and effect. And the day will come when the porcelain tub will be relegated to companionship with the other archæological curiosities, including its archetype, the Roman sarcophagus. 'A cleanly race,' will comment the historian-to-come in considering this phase of our life, 'but considered in our light of universal showers, we wonder at the unnecessary work they made of it.'

LITTLEKIN AND KEATS

LITTLEKIN, aged two and a half years, was standing by my knee looking at

pictures in a little cloth book, and we came to the 'Three Blind Mice.' The scene was a sprightly one, representing the farmer's wife, scared almost out of her wits, running away with such a stride as ought to have taken her quite off the page in a single wink of Littlekin's long dark eyelashes. The three mice pursued, scampering in fearsome proximity to the wife's red-stockinged ankles. Littlekin gazed, rapt, while I repeated the classic lines. She caught the idea: pursuit, nerve-racking pursuit. 'Dey are wunning after dat lady. See dem wun!' She gave a little gasping laugh full of joyous suspense. Then a new idea swept over her face, and, acting upon it, a little forefinger delicately extended itself toward the page — toward the mice. For if they could chase the lady, why not Littlekin's finger? A pause of rapturous and fearful expectancy — 'De mice will wun after baby's finger — dey will bite my finger — Eee! Eee! Dey will bite it! Eee! Dey will! Dey will! Don't let dem bite my finger! Eee!'

The finger was plucked back hastily, a brand snatched from the burning; again it approached — little moth-finger seeking the flame; again it was withdrawn, somewhat less quickly. The hazel-brown eyes, deep-set, intent, observed the mice steadily, as though to draw out the very heart of their secret. Then my hand was seized, and my finger drawn toward the Three: 'Make dem wun, mudda, make dem wun after baby's finger!' I urged them on with finger and voice, but Littlekin, wholly dissatisfied with the results, pushed my hand back and studied the picture afresh.

'Dey won't bite my finger because dey are going after de lady. Dey are going to bite dose' (pointing to the wife's red-stockinged ankles). Another pause, and finally, with a certain soft yet reproachful vehemence, she broke

out, 'Wun! Mice! Wun! Catch dose! Catch dem, mice! Go on! GO ON!'

Nothing happened, and the book was flung to the far corner of the room.

What did she make me think of — Littlekin, with her vehemence and her intolerance of the poor, mute symbol? Ah yes — by contrast — of Keats, of Keats and his Grecian urn with its 'leaf-fringed legend.'

What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

No pipes and timbrels here, indeed, and the farmer's wife is neither a man, nor a god, nor a maiden loath. Yet there is the mad pursuit, the struggle to escape; and as for the wild ecstasy, it was Littlekin's for a moment, before she fell a prey to her impatience.

Clearly, Littlekin is no Keats. If she could look upon that urn of his, would she discover compensations in its eternal suspense? She would not. I think that, after that long, deep look of hers, she would say to the pipers, 'Pipe louder! Louder!' To the heifer, garlanded for the sacrifice, she would say, 'Go on, cow! Go on!' And to the lover 'winning near the goal,' she would say, 'Wun, boy, wun! Catch de lady!' Yes, I feel sure she would, — untutored, inartistic Littlekin that she is!

Did Keats himself, I wonder, at two and a half, like his mice to keep their 'fair attitude,' or would he have preferred them to run? Is this a matter of age, of training, or of temperament? Or is the Zeitgeist, speaking through Littlekin, hinting of the time, soon to come, when the 'movies' shall be in every household, and even the child's picture-book be no longer tamely static? But no, now that I bethink me, age and the Zeitgeist must be counted out; for Lessing lived more than a century before the 'movies' (more's the pity! fancy what philosophic-aesthetic

nuts they would have made for him to crack!), and he was, I feel sure, a good deal older than Littlekin when he decided that, since the Laocoön could not have more action, it should have had less. Like Littlekin, he felt that it was unfortunate to choose a subject in its moment of extreme unrest. Like Littlekin, he was teased by frozen action. It rests Keats. It annoys Lessing and Littlekin.

Here is a puzzle for the student of æsthetics. Littlekin stands with Lessing, and they make, for obvious reasons, a strong team. Will any care to stand with Keats? I confess myself in difficulties.

THE ENCHANTED PENNY

YOUTH is our enchanted penny, that we spend for a cake of long life.

You had n't the courage to trade it for anything you really wanted.

You have been so busy leading a successful life, that you have forgotten to notice that your successful life has been led.

Is n't it true? Your hair is thin, and you move like a forty-two centimetre gun, but you remarked fatuously the other day, 'I'm just as young as I ever was.'

Oh no, you're not! If young people were n't too polite, they'd soon undeceive you. Remember the yawning débutante next you last evening. She said that what ailed her was too many dances. But it was you.

Youth was undoubtedly the nicest thing you ever had, but you have n't it any longer. You are outside.

Poor, middle-aged Shakespeare deluded himself like you.

My glass cannot persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date.

He had only genius, while his sweet-heart had youth; and having it, justly

flouted him, as youth is flouting you every day. Youth is through with you. There you are, buried forever under wrinkles and sedateness. Youth does n't know you any more. You appeal to it for recognition, and it laughs at you.

You still young? You? No indeed! Look at real youth pursuing its fantastic preferences; at Reginald Warneford, engaging a Zeppelin single-handed, in regions near the sun; at Otto von Weddigen leaving his bride, to carry on a desperate warfare under seas.

Do you honestly sympathize with them? It is n't enough to say you disapprove of war. War exists.

No, you grant a kind of nobility in the young simpletons. But your real sympathies lie with Luigi Cornaro, and the survivors of the G.A.R.

You even waste some perfunctory enthusiasm on Methusaleh, who never did anything but grow old. You feel the intense respectability of age. You admire its dignity. Only the old ever do that. Patriotism, ambition, and adventure seem to you dubious interests that have a lamentable effect on the actuaries' tables.

It is the annoying penalty of that false gift of the gods, long life. You protest. Must you then, who fancied you held youth in fee simple, take your place with the toothless and the ankylosed? You are convinced that with you age is only a mask. Behind it dwells imperishable adolescence.

That's what your grandmother, aged eighty-seven, thought, too.

You have spent your penny for this rather stale and tasteless cake. Sometimes, when you think of the price, it chokes you.

THE JOYS OF FUTILITY

THE comfort of doing a perfectly unrestrained, even ostentatiously futile thing has not been adequately sung.

We live in an efficient age — efficient, all too efficient. Efficiency is our presiding demon, never letting us out of his sight for a moment. We must sleep efficiently, and take tea of an afternoon with due regard to the completest organization of social and intellectual advantage. Against all this we react — some of us — and take a keen pleasure in achieving unqualified inefficiency.

I know of no one who realizes literary futility more nobly in his life than my friend Horace Lovinski, the young free-form poet of Greenwich Village. Horace spends most of his time in writing light, saccharine *vers libres*, entirely unpoetic, and somewhat resembling, in their vague flavor of barley-sugar and their irregular length and thickness, the broken and mixed candies which the confectioners sell at ten cents a pound. Horace cannot sell his poetry at ten cents a pound, but he keeps on producing it joyously and sending it around. It is never printed by the magazines. It does not even stir Greenwich Village. But that matters nothing to Lovinski. He goes on joyously producing it. I believe that the futility of it all is its greatest joy to him.

I have a better instance still. The happiest autograph collector that I have ever known was a woman who scorned the autographs of people already famous, but gathered eagerly those of persons who, in her opinion, were bound to become famous sometime. Recognizing incipient genius in various young writers for the press, she sent to these people for their autographs. You may imagine the promptness and enthusiasm with which they responded. The lady has a large and very fine collection of signatures, letters, autographed verses, and pages of manuscript from people who were going to become famous, but never did. Some of these people had rudimentary

reputations along about 1897, but are now as completely forgotten as the flat in which you lived in that year. The value of the collection resides wholly in the mind of the lady who owns it; but to her the price of it is above rubies. One would say that it would spoil all her pleasure if any one of her heroes or heroines were really to become famous.

I believe, now, to be frank, that my own collection of presentation copies of first editions is not very far away from this lady's autograph albums. It consists largely of the first literary attempts of poets, essayists, and philosophers all of whom might reasonably have been expected to be famous by this time, but whose distinction has somehow gone astray on the eternal camping-ground. Mindful of the fact that the first editions of *Tamerlane*, *Endymion*, the *Rubaiyat*, and so on, were unprized on their appearance, but bring fabulous prices now, I have carefully treasured, for as much as a quarter of a century, the first attempts in literature that have been sent to me in bound and printed form. My library of these books is quite respectable. And every day I rejoice in its ample, unviolated futility.

I shall not say that the Eagle of Fame has not fastened its talons in the back of any one of these children of the fancy. There are exceptions to the halcyon calm of obscurity in which the great majority of my authors still dwell; but not many. In the old-book market, I suppose that an average of about eleven cents apiece might be realized for the volumes in my collection; being for the most part unread and in some cases uncut, they would be classed in the trade as 'in perfect condition.'

I cannot feel at all sad over the thwarted ambition, the blighted hopes of the producers of this futile but beau-

tiful library. I do not really know that their hopes were blighted, or that their ambitions were not fulfilled. There is much pretty verse, there are many bright essays, in my collection. The expression of all these thoughts brought intellectual and artistic satisfaction to the authors. The sum of all the ideas — naturally including those which were borrowed — contained in these quiet, refined, unruffled rows of little books is very great. Nine out of ten of the books missed their mark, but the bolt was beautifully and joyously fired just the same. Their very futility says to me, 'How much there must be in the world, when all this genius makes no mark on the page of fame!' I am not sure that I would not rather have my first editions than if they had all turned out *Tamerlanes* or *Endymions*. Their immortal futility soberly rejoices me.

UNHAPPY ENDINGS

I HAD not been to the play a dozen times in my life, though I'd acted Mother Goose in our own real nursery theatre, and Molière at school. But the actress was such a darling — after I had watched her a few minutes, I knew I could write a play for her. It bubbled into my mind like a fountain of champagne.

It was to be a historical drama. There were no histories for reference in our London hotel, but that did n't matter. And the scene was to be laid in Scotland. I had never been there, but that did n't matter either. I considered that I knew all about history and Scotland.

So I began to write. In the Kensington Museum, in trains, in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwick Castle, on the steamer, I secretly scrawled hurried sentences on scraps of paper, and hid them in my blouse. Nobody no-

ticed my writing, or I'd have been hopelessly embarrassed.

I finished it at home in the country. Locked in my room, I wrote feverishly, day after day, perched on a chair-arm before the high secretary my grandmother left me. It was generally twilight at that desk, for the trees came so near my windows that the shutters always caught in the branches when you tried to open or close them. You had to push very hard. One narrow, tall drawer of the secretary my grandmother used to keep full of gold. I too would fill it with gold, as soon as my play succeeded.

The most recent dramatist of my acquaintance was Shakespeare. So after much thought I used him for stage directions, feeling that Æschylus and Aristophanes did not furnish trustworthy models.

When it was finished, I went down to father's office, and laboriously picked it out on a typewriter.

The famous actress and her more famous husband came to New York. I sent them the play.

In a few days a telegram arrived. They said it was charming, and could I come to see them.

That was a thrilling day's journey to New York, with one's trunk full of Paris gowns and one's heart full of hopes.

In her dressing-room the actress was even lovelier than on the stage. Her beautiful little face was a mere rim around her immense eyes. Those expressive eyes looked rather startled when they passed beyond my Rue de la Paix splendor to my braids tied up with a ribbon.

But she was extraordinarily gracious. They liked the play. The dialogue was delicious. They were considering it quite seriously. They had even chosen a tentative cast. Had I a great deal of experience of the stage?

Well, I had n't any, except the nursery theatre. I told her about Mother Goose and Molière. I had a dim feeling that fluent falsehood might have served me here, but one needs experience in that too.

Enthralled, I sat and watched her meddle with the perfection of her face before a mirror, while her maid changed the slippers on her elastic little feet, and she went on questioning me in a caressing voice.

Born and reared in Scotland, was n't I? she asked.

I said I had never been in Scotland.

She turned at that and declared a doubt.

'My husband is a Scot, and he says you must be one.'

Though elated by this, I could not leave her under a misapprehension. I firmly disclaimed Scotland.

Her engaging countenance was gradually clouding with worry.

Producing plays was a very risky business, she explained. Their last two had been failures. They could n't afford another fiasco. This looked delightful to them, but it did end tragically, and they were distrustful of their own judgment. If only it did n't end so sadly! But it did. I was n't old enough to be interested in cheerful endings.

The iridescent dream was fading.

She asked me to come next day to see her husband. She offered me a box, from which that night I witnessed the latest failure.

I came and met the husband, who, he also, was shocked by the hair-ribbon. Quite obviously, a playwright should be a blasé elderly man with a farce under his arm.

'I don't *want* you to play it if you think it would be a failure,' I assured them haughtily.

It was very discouraging, but since the dramatic world did not seem to

need me, I could go home and be a womanly woman on a pedestal once more. Never again, I perceived, would my grandmother's drawer be full of gold.

Last winter I went to a huge reception given in their honor. Years had not dimmed the actress's enchantment.

I blocked the steady advance of the hand-shaking line a moment.

'Once I sent you a play. You won't remember,' I said.

She caught my hand tight.

'Indeed I do remember,' she contradicted. 'It was most charming. I wrote you afterwards, but you never answered.' The queue behind me pressed hard. 'It was such a clever,

clever play, but so sad! Why would n't you answer my letter?'

A senator's wife gave me a determined shove, and broke our clasp with violence.

'So charming! But so sad!' the actress repeated regretfully to my retreating back.

However, had she known, nothing in the play was half so sad as her rejection of it.

'This sounds too real to be convincing,' objected the First Reader. (The sentiment seems strangely cynical and advanced for a First Reader.) But it *is* real, if not convincing. Lady Forbes-Robertson, beautiful and bewitching, knows that.

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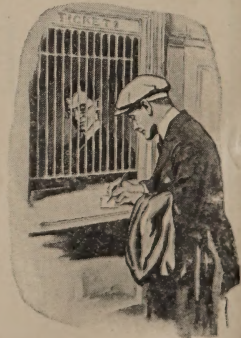
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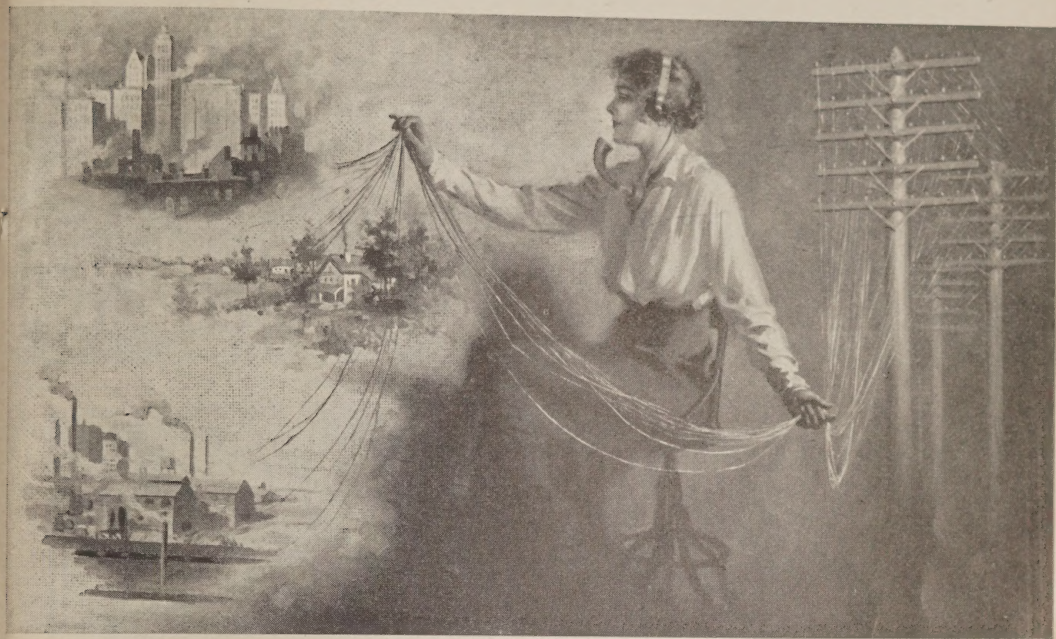


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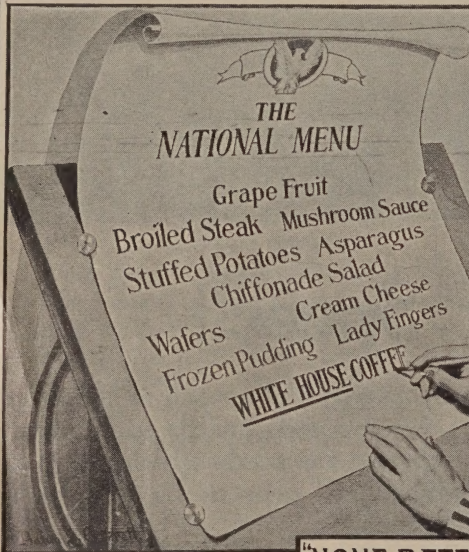
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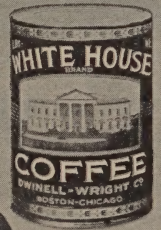


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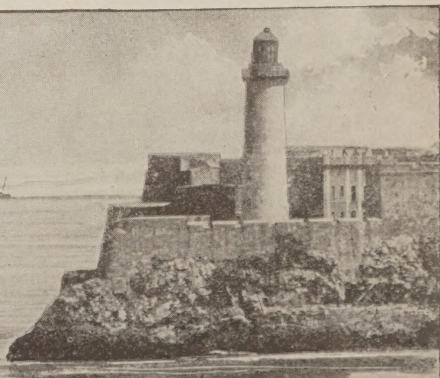
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	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
	%	%	%	%	%
January	14	18	10	10.7	21
February	40	3	7	10	32
March	28	0	14	38	17
April	14	18	6.5	31.6	5
May	32	0	11	13.4	9.5
June	40	0	18	23	28
July	9	25	9.5	19	18.5
August	16	35	0	17	52
September	10	23	10	17	29
October	22	20	22.8	1.5	
November	38	20	18.5	* 3 Loss	
December	21	13	16	21	

** One month in 57 showed a loss.*



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